CHURCH

HYMNS

WITH TUNES

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The present New and Revised Edition of CHURCH HYMNS has occupied the careful attention a Committee appointed for the purpose for a period of over five years.

A New Book.—The result of their labours is not merely a New Edition of the old CHURC HYMNS, but in reality a New Book. Some 250 Hymns included in the Old Edition have been omitte and about 320 others substituted in their place. The number of Hymns for Children has been mo than doubled.

Text.—Special care and attention have been bestowed on the Text of the Hymns, and it is confiden believed that the present Hymn book contains the most accurate reproduction of the authors' texts to found anywhere.

Music.—The general superintendence of the musical portion has been entrusted to Dr. C. H. Lloy Precentor and Musical Instructor of Eton College. Hymns have, as far as possible, been connected w those tunes with which they are popularly associated. **The number of alternative tunes is exceptio ally large.** A special feature has been made of **Plain Song Tunes,** some sixty of which, select and harmonised by Dr. Basil Harwood, of Christ Church, Oxford, have been included. It should be note however, that **in all cases where a** Plain Song **Tune** has been allotted to any hymn, **an alternati modern tune** is also given.

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SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDG

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CHURCH HYMNS

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

WITH TUNES.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY

CHARLES H. LLOYD,

M.A., MUS. DOC. OXON.

THE PLAIN SONG TUNES SELECTED AND HARMONIZED BY

BASIL HARWOOD, M.A., MUS. DOC. OXON.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.
1903.

(Published under the direction of the Church Hymn-Book Committee.)

[EDITION F.]

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PREFACE.

The present edition contains a number of copyright tunes, inserted by permission in the previous edition, and already acknowledged. To these many more are now added. The Editor cordially thanks many owners of copyright tunes (especially the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd.) for their generous permission to include tunes in their possession. In particular he thanks:—

The Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" for *Galilee*, by Dr. Philip Armes; *St. Timothy*, by the Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart.; *Via Pacis* and *St. Joseph of the Studium*, by Sir Joseph Barnby; *St. Beatrice*, by Sir J. F. Bridge, M.V.O.; *Xavier*, by Dr. F. Champneys; *Alford*, *Caritas*, *Come unto Me*, *Dominus regit me*, *Gerontius*, *Pax Dei*, *Requiescat*, *Rivaulx*, *St. Cross*, *St. Cuthbert*, *Stephanos*, and *Vox Dilecti*, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes; *Diademata*, by Sir G. J. Elvey; *Leicester*, by W. Hurst; *St. Columba* and *Southwell*, by H. S. Irons; *Sacramentum Unitatis*, by Dr. C. H. Lloyd; *Father, let me dedicate*, by Sir G. A. Macfarren; *All things bright and beautiful*, *Litany*, *Merton*, *St. Philip*, and *Unde et memores*, by Dr. W. H. Monk; *Dominica*, by Sir H. S. Oakeley; *Victory*, adapted from Palestrina; *Rex Gloriæ*, by Henry Smart; *Credo* and *Sebaste*, by Sir John Stainer; *Litany*, by Dr. E. H. Turpin, and *Monkland*, by J. Wilkes.

Messrs. Novello and Co. for—*O Perfect Love*, *Praise the Lord*, and *Pro omnibus sanctis*, by Sir Joseph Barnby; *Jehovah-Nissi*, by Dr. G. J. Bennett; *St. John the Baptist*, by J. B. Calkin; *Dies Dominica*, *Dunholme*, *Lux Benigna*, and *Thanksgiving*, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes; *Osborne*, by H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg; *Dalkeith*, by T. Hewlett; *Dona Dei*, by H. S. Irons; *Margaret*, by the Rev. T. R. Matthews; *Freshwater* and *Nature*, by Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Bart.; *Nachtlied*, by Henry Smart; *Charity*, *Cross of Jesus*, *Deum videbunt*, *Dignus est Agnus*, *Evening Prayer*, *Exsurgat Deus*, *Simplicity*, and *Woodlynn*, by Sir John Stainer; and *Bishopgarth*, by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

A., for *Laudemus* and *Monkswood;* E. F. A., for *Chapel Brae;* Mr. W. Amps, for *Venice;* The Association for Promoting Christian Knowledge (Dublin), for *Moccas*, by A. R. Reinagle; Mr. T. E. Aylward, for his tune *Sarum Hymnal, No. 46;* Mr. W. S. Bambridge, for *Clewer* and *Granham Hill;* Dr. G. J. Bennett, for *Eastgate;* The Rt. Rev. Bishop Bickersteth, for *Pax tecum*, by G. T. Caldbeck; Mrs. Borrodaile, for *Eternity* and *Warfare*, by Miss L. J. Hutton; Mr. A. M. Bramall, for *Compassion*, by Fountain Meen; Mr. A. H. Brewer, for *Annunciation;* Rev. H. Walter Brock, for *Moseley*, by Henry Smart; Rev. Dr. E. W. Bullinger, for *Bullinger;* Dr. E. Bunnett, for *Agnes;* Victoria Lady Carbery, for *Gretton* and *St. Jude*, by Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, and

St. Hugh, by Dr. E. J. Hopkins; Rev. R. R. Chope, for *St. Aëlred*, *St. Anatolius*, and *St. Bees*, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes; Mr. G. F. Cobb, for *Chesterton* and *Laudate Salvatorem;* Lord Crofton, for *Crofton;* Rev. R. F. Dale, for *St. Catherine;* Mr. P. H. Diemer, for *Enmore;* Mr. E. Edwards, for *Lux;* The Hon. Mrs. W. H. Gladstone, for *Erskine*, by W. H. Gladstone; The Executors of Sir John Goss, for *Peterborough;* Rev. W. J. Hall, for *Eucharistica*, by J. Langran; Rev. J. Hampton, for *Gethsemane*, by the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.; Dr. Basil Harwood, for *Almondsbury;* Mr. W. L. Howlett, for *St. Lawrence*, by the Rev. Dr. L. G. Hayne; Rev. Canon Hutton, for *Ascendit*, *Lincoln*, *St. Eustace*, *St. Gabriel*, and *St. Jerome*, by H. H. Pierson, and for *Soon and for ever*, by H. H. Pierson and H. S. Irons; Mr. Basil Johnson, for *Dulcot* and *Wells;* Mr. H. Lahee, for *Nativity;* Mr. P. Tottenham Lucas, for *Missouri* and *Yarlet;* Messrs. Metzler and Co., for *Redhead*, *No. 66;* Rev. J. Napleton, for *Glebe-hampton;* Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., for *Protector meus* (Anon.); Mr. Arthur Page, for *The Lord of Might;* Dr. Horatio Parker, for *Harbinger;* Sir Walter Parratt, M.V.O., for *Sundown;* Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Bart., for *Jubilate;* Messrs. Pawson and Brailsford, for *St. Margaret*, by E. H. Lemare; Rev. F. Peel, for *God of our fathers;* Signor E. Pieraccini (lately dead), for *St. Salvador;* Mr. Giles Shaw, for *Zoan*, by the Rev. W. H. Havergal; Mr. T. L. Southgate, for *Gideon*, by J. B. Southgate; Mr. T. Worsley Staniforth, for *Jerusalem;* Rev. Dr. G. W. Torrance, for *Adoration;* Mrs. J. Walch, for *Sawley*, by J. Walch; Mr. J. G. Walton, for *St. Finbar;* Mr. C. Lee Williams, for *Thorngrove*, and *Tibberton;* His Grace the Archbishop of York, for *Bread of Heaven*, *Kensington*, *Newington*, *Showers of Blessing*, and *The Shadow of the Cross;* and the Representatives of the late J. M. W. Young, for *St. Remigius.*

Permission has been purchased from the following owners of Copyrights for the use of the undermentioned tunes:—The Proprietors of the "Chorale Book for England" for their arrangement of "Die Nacht ist kommen"; Rev. James Baden Powell, for his settings of *Salve, festa Dies*, for Easter, Ascension, and Whitsuntide; Mr. Cyril Bowdler, for *Bowdler, No. 178;* Mr. A. H. Brown, for *Apostolicus*, *Kettlebaston*, *Orthodoxus*, *St. Ferdinand*, *St. Stythian's*, and *Wimbish;* the Trustees of the Church Hymnary (Scotland), for *Meiningen*, called *Rock of Ages* in that book; The Congregational Union, for *Cairnbrook*, by Dr. E. Prout; Mr. W. Crofton Hemmons, for *Palmyra*, by Dr. J. Summers; The Very Rev. H. H. Dickinson, for *Childhood*, by the Rev. C. J. Dickinson; Mr. J. W. Elliott, for *Oblation;* The Executors of Dr. E. J. Hopkins, for *Christmas Morn* and *Feniton Court;* Mr. H. S. Irons, for *Ecce Homo*, *Fons Lucis*, *Hope*, *Penitence*, *Qui dedit nobis victoriam*, *Regnabit Deus*, *St. Chrysostom*, *St. Julian*, and *St. Paul;* Mrs. M. J. Monk, for *Angel-voices*, by Dr. E. G. Monk; Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., Ltd., for *Intercession* and *Sabbath* (Callcott), *Regent Square* (Smart), and

Tabor (Steggall); Dr. A. L. Peace, for *Edom;* Mr. W. Walker for *Redhead, Nos. 4, 46,* and *47;* Rev. F. G. Wesley, for *Colchester, Hawarden,* and *Houghton,* by Dr. S. S. Wesley.

The Editor expresses his regret if through inadvertence any tunes in which copyright exists have been printed without permission.

Some 250 hymns included in the old edition have been omitted, carrying with them a number of tunes for which there was no further need. At the same time some tunes, which had failed to establish themselves in popular favour, have been replaced by others which it is hoped may prove more attractive. In the task of selection and rejection the Editor has had the assistance of the Rev. Canon Hutton and the Rev. W. Abbott, two members of the Committee who are specially acquainted, the one with the requirements of Cathedral worship, and the other with the practical needs of ordinary parishes. If here and there a tune is found which has no special musical value, it has been inserted on account of associations which could not be ignored. For the harmonies the Editor is mainly responsible. Where he has altered those of the earlier edition, his aim has been to make the different voice parts more interesting, and the effect fuller. Open notes have generally been substituted for the black notes of the old edition, as being easier to read; and, with a few special exceptions, double bars have been placed to correspond with the end of each line of the words.

A special feature has been made of Plain Song tunes, of which about sixty have been included. The selection and harmonization of these demanded technical knowledge of an exceptional kind, and the Editor congratulates himself on having secured for this purpose the invaluable assistance of Dr. Basil Harwood, of Christ Church, Oxford.

At the request of the Committee the Editor has added expression marks; but they are intended rather as suggestions than as authoritative interpretations.

The Editor offers his warm thanks to Mr. Henry King for much valuable advice on many difficult points; and he is deeply grateful to his niece, Miss Kathleen Lloyd, for her ungrudging help in copying tunes, verifying references, correcting proofs, preparing indexes, and supplying composers' dates.

The labour expended on the previous edition by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan and his colleague Mr. J. W. Elliott is cordially acknowledged. The present Editor is very conscious of the imperfection of his own work; but he is not without hope that this book may in some ways tend to the advancement of good and worthy music in the service of the Church.

Eton, *July,* 1903.

GENERAL INDEX.

Tunes marked thus (*) *are Copyright of S.P.C.K., as well as the harmonies of the Plain-Song tunes and many others.*
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Tunes marked thus (‡) *have been expressly composed for this book.*
Questions concerning the Copyright of these HYMNS *and* TUNES *should be addressed to the Secretaries, S.P.C.K., Northumberland Avenue, W.C.*

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
A burdened heart that bleeds ..	123	C. G. Rossetti ..	†Wreford	E. S. Carter.
A few more years shall roll	353	H. Bonar	†Leominster	G. W. Martin.
A Fortress sure is God our King ..	354	G. Thring	Ein' feste Burg.. ..	M. Luther.
Abide with me!	355	H. F. Lyte	†Eventide..	W. H. Monk.
Abroad the regal Banners fly ..	135	J. Dryden (?) ..	(1. Vexilla Regis ..	Sarum.
			(2. Bavaria	German.
According to Thy gracious word ..	244	J. Montgomery ..	†St. Hugh..	E. J. Hopkins.
Again, as evening's shadow falls ..	10	S. Longfellow ..	†Tibberton	C. L. Williams.
All glory, praise, and honour ..	137	J. M. Neale	St. Theodulph	M. Teschner.
			(1. Ave colenda Trinitas	Sarum.
All hail, Adorèd Trinity	199	J. D. Chambers ..	(2.†Chesterton	G. F. Cobb.
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	356	E. Perronet	Miles' Lane	W. Shrubsole.
			(1. Coeli Deus sanctissime	Sarum.
All-Holy Sovereign of the sky ..	64	R. Campbell ..	(2. Angels' Song ..	Ad. from O. Gibbons.
All people that on earth do dwell..	357	W. Kethe	Old 100th (Old Version)	Geneva Psalter.
All praise and thanks to God ..	358	C. Winkworth ..	†Adoration	G. W. Torrance.
			(1. Tallis's Canon ..	T. Tallis.
All praise to Thee .. Part II.	2	Bp. T. Ken	(2. Morning Hymn ..	F. H. Barthélémon
All things bright and beautiful ..	609	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†All things bright and beautiful	W. H. Monk.
All things praise Thee	359	G. W. Conder ..	Te laudant omnia ..	J. F. Swift.
All ye who seek a comfort sure ..	139	E. Caswall	St. Bernard	J. Richardson.
Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!	360	W. C. Dix	†Eucharistica (Elliott)..	J. W. Elliott.
			(1. Alleluia, dulce carmen	Plain Song.
Alleluia! Song of sweetness! ..	118	F. Pott & J. M. Neale	(2. Alleluia, dulce carmen	Webbe's Collection.
Almighty Father, hear our cry ..	318	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	Wareham	W. Knapp.
Almighty God, Thy word is cast ..	120	J. Cawood	Manchester	Robert Wainwright.
Almighty God, Whose Only Son ..	320	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Intercession (Anon.) ..	Anon.
And now, belovèd Lord, Thy soul..	155	E. S. Alderson ..	†Woodlynn	J. Stainer.
And now, O Father, mindful ..	245	W. Bright	†Unde et memores ..	W. H. Monk.
And now the wants are told ..	36	W. Bright	St. Flavian	Day's Psalter.
Angel-voices ever singing	361	F. Pott	†Angel-voices	E. G. Monk.
			(1.†Feniton Court ..	E. J. Hopkins.
Angels, from the realms of glory ..	83	J. Montgomery ..	(2. Angeli	W. Horsley.
Another year hath fled; renew ..	102	A. T. Russell ..	†St. Julian	H. S. Irons.
Approach, my soul, the Mercy-seat	362	J. Newton	St. Peter..	A. R. Reinagle.
Around the throne of God in heaven	610	Mrs. Shepherd ..	Glory	Anon.
			(1.†Stephanos	(H. W. Baker, arr. by
Art thou weary, art thou languid ..	363	J. M. Neale	(2.†Art thou weary ..	W. H. Monk.
				(E. W. Bullinger.
As a shadow life is fleeting Part II.	103	E. Caswall	St. Sylvester	J. B. Dykes.
As now the sun's declining rays ..	11	J. Chandler	St. Peter..	A. R. Reinagle.
As pants the hart for cooling streams	364	Tate and Brady ..	Martyrdom	H. Wilson.
As the bird, whose clarion gay ..	61	W. J. Courthope ..	†Enmore	P. H. Diemer.
As Thou didst rest, O Father ..	39	Bp. A. Barry ..	†Sabbath	W. H. Callcott.
As with gladness men of old ..	109	W. C. Dix	Dix	C. Kocher.
Ashamed of Thee! O dearest Lord	365	(J. Grigg, recast by Bp. W. W. How	†St. Salvador	E. Pieraccini.
Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep ..	280	(M. Mackay and G. Thring	†St. Gabriel (Pierson) ..	H. H. Pierson.
			(1. Commandments ..	Geneva Psalter.
At even, when the sun did set ..	12	Henry Twells ..	(2. Angelus	G. Josephi.
At the Lamb's high feast we sing ..	160	R. Campbell ..	Salzburg	J. Hintze.
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay ..	1	W. Bright	Heathlands	H. Smart.
Author of Life Divine	246	C. Wesley	*‡Hartland	C. H. Lloyd.
Awake, and sing the song	366	(W. Hammond, M. Madan, and A. M. Toplady ..)	†The Day of Praise ..	C. Steggall.
Awake, my soul, and with Part I.	2	Bp. T. Ken	(1. Tallis's Canon ..	T. Tallis.
			(2. Morning Hymn ..	F. H. Barthélémon.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Be present at our table, Lord ..	647	J. Cennick	(Old 100th (Modern Version)	Geneva Psalter.
Be still, my soul .. Part I.	247	Abp. Maclagan ..	Ellesmere	A. R. Reinagle.
Be Thou our Guardian and our Guide	367	I. Williams	Abridge	Isaac Smith.
Before Jehovah's awful throne ..	368	I. Watts & J. Wesley	(Old 100th (Modern Version)	Geneva Psalter.
Before the ending of the day ..	55	F. Pott & J. M. Neale	(1. Telucis ante terminum	Sarum.
			2.†Wells	Basil Johnson.
Before the Lord we bow	369	F. S. Key	Croft's 148th	W. Croft.
Behold a little Child	611	Bp. W. W. How ..	St. Godric	J. B. Dykes.
Behold, the Bridegroom	72	R. M. Moorsom ..	Stalheim	Norwegian?
Behold the Lamb of God	370	M. Bridges	(1. St. John	Old Melody.
			(2.†‡Dignus est Agnus..	J. Stainer.
Behold, the Master passeth by ..	219	(Bp. W. W. How, adptd. from Bp. Ken	*Thanksgiving	J. B. Dykes.
Behold, the shade of night departs	49	(J. H. Newman & R. Campbell	Bristol	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
Behold us, Lord, before Thee met	270	W. Bright	Giessen	Adapted.
Bethlehem! of noblest cities ..	110	E. Caswall	Stuttgart	Gotha Cantional.
Blessèd be Thy Name	371	J. Montgomery ..	Thuringia	Adam Drese.
Blessèd city, Heavenly Salem Pt. I	331	J. M. Neale	(1. Urbs beata	Sarum.
			(2. Oriel	Anon.
Blessing, honour, thanks and praise	281	C. Wesley	Salzburg	J. Hintze.
Blest are the pure in heart	205	(J. Keble and the Mitre Hymn Book	Franconia	Müller's Choralbuch.
Bound upon the accursèd Tree ..	144	H. H. Milman ..	†Ecce Homo	J. V. Watts and H. S. Irons.
Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed ..	248	Josiah Conder ..	†Bread of Heaven ..	Abp. Maclagan.
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	249	Bp. R. Heber ..	†Eucharistica (Langran)	J. Langran.
Brief life is here our portion Pt. II	561	J. M. Neale	St. Alphege	H. J. Gauntlett.
Bright the vision that delighted ..	200	Bp. R. Mant ..	†Redhead, No. 46 ..	R. Redhead.
			(1.†Epiphany	E. J. Hopkins.
Brightest and best of the sons ..	111	Bp. R. Heber ..	(2. Epiphany Hymn ..	J. F. Thrupp.
Brightly gleams our banner ..	612	T. J. Potter & others	†St. Theresa	Arthur Sullivan.
Brother, thou art gone before us ..	282	H. H. Milman ..	*‡Campo santo	C. H. Lloyd.
Bulwark of a mighty nation ..	342	G. Thring	†Eastgate	G. J. Bennett.
By Christ redeemed	250	G. Rawson & Editors	†Redemption	J. Naylor.
By cool Siloam's shady rill	613	Bp. R. Heber ..	Wiltshire	G. Smart.
			(1. Stabat Mater ..	Mechlin.
By the Cross, sad vigil keeping ..	151	Bp. R. Mant ..	(2. Stabat Mater ..	Traditional.
Captain of Israel's host, and Guide	372	C. Wesley	*‡Craigmillar	C. W. Pearce.
Celestial Word, to this our earth ..	73	W. J. Courthope ..	(1. Verbum Supernum prodiens	Sarum.
			(2. Eisenach	J. H. Schein.
Children of the heavenly King ..	373	J. Cennick .. .	Innocents	Anon.
Christ, above all glory seated ..	374	(Bp. J. R. Woodford & W. J. Copeland	†Newton Ferns	Samuel Smith.
Christ is made the sure Part II.	331	J. M. Neale	(1. Urbs beata	Sarum.
			(2. Oriel	Anon.
Christ is our Corner-stone	375	J. Chandler	Gopsal	G. F. Handel.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! ..	161	A. T. Gurney ..	†‡Resurrexit	Arthur Sullivan.
Christ the Lord is risen again ..	162	C. Winkworth ..	Würtemberg	J. Rosenmüller.
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day"..	163	C. Wesley	†Qui dedit nobis victoriam	H. S. Irons.
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies	3	C. Wesley	Ratisbon	Werner's Choralbuch.
Christian, seek not yet repose ..	376	C. Elliott	(1.†Agathos	J. W. Elliott.
			(2.†Vigilate	W. H. Monk
Christians, awake! Salute the happy	84	J. Byrom	Yorkshire	J. Wainwright.
Come, gracious Spirit	190	S. Browne	†Hope	H. S. Irons.
Come, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire	189	Bp. J. Cosin	(1. Veni Creator ..	Plain Song.
			(2. Veni Creator (Sarum)	Sarum.
			(3.†‡Veni Creator (Chant)	Arthur Sullivan.
Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One..	51	J. H. Newman ..	(1. Nunc Sancte nobis..	Plain Song.
			(2. Commandments ..	Geneva Psalter.
Come, Holy Spirit, come; Let Thy	377	J. Hart .. .	†Moccas	A. R. Reinagle.
Come, Holy Spirit, come; Oh hear	614	D. A. Thrupp ..	Franconia	Müller's Choralbuch.
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	378	I. Watts	†Nativity	H. Lahee.
Come, let us join our friends above	379	C. Wesley	Dundee	Scotch Psalter.
Come, let us to the Lord our God..	380	J. Morison	St. David	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
Come, Lord, and tarry not	381	H. Bonar	Langton	Ad. by Mrs. Streatfeild

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare ..	382	J. Newton	St. Lucy	H. J. Poole.
Come, see the place where Jesus lay	164	T. Kelly	Exeter	S. S. Wesley.
Come, sing with holy gladness ..	615	J. J. Daniell ..	Ellacombe	Kocher's Zionharfe.
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus ..	383	C. Wesley	Gotha	H.R.H. The Prince Consort.
Come to our poor nature's night ..	384	G. Rawson	†Missouri	P. Tottenham Lucas.
Come unto Me, ye weary	385	W. C. Dix	†Come unto Me	J. B. Dykes.
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem	386	J. Hupton & J. M. Neale	Unser Herrscher ..	J. Neander.
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	165	J. M. Neale	†St. Kevin	Arthur Sullivan.
Come, ye thankful people, come ..	301	H. Alford	St. George (Elvey) ..	G. J. Elvey.
Commit thou all thy ways	387	J. Wesley	†Carlisle	C. Lockhart.
Conquering kings their titles take	388	J. Chandler	Innocents	Anon.
Creator of the rolling flood	214	Bp. R. Heber ..	†Sarum Hymnal, No. 46	T. E. Aylward.
Creator of the world! to Thee ..	119	(J. M. Neale, J. Chandler, &c.	(1. Te laeta mundi Conditor	Milan.
			(2. St. Gregory	Darmstadt Gesangbuch.
Creator Spirit, by Whose aid ..	191	J. Dryden	Giessen	Adapted.
Creator! Who from heaven Thy throne	68	(J. D. Chambers, Bp. Mant, & J. Julian	(1. Plasmator hominis Deus	Milan.
			(2. Soldau	13th Century.
Crown Him with many crowns ..	389	G. Thring	†Diadematа	G. J. Elvey.
Crown Him with many crowns ..	390	M. Bridges	††Coronæ	Arthur Sullivan.
Day by day we magnify Thee ..	616	John Ellerton ..	†Chapel Brae	E. F. A.
Day is breaking, dawn is bright ..	63	W. J. Courthope ..	*‡Daybreak	C. H. Lloyd.
Day of wrath! Oh, day Part I.	74	W. J. Irons	(1. Dies Irae	Plain Song.
			(2. Dies Irae	J. B. Dykes.
Days and moments quickly Part I.	103	E. Caswall	St. Sylvester	J. B. Dykes.
Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear	335	J. Newton	Tallis's Ordinal	T. Tallis.
Disposer supreme	391	I. Williams	Old 104th	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
Do no sinful action	617	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Warfare	L. J. Hutton.
Draw nigh and take the Body ..	251	J. M. Neale	(1. Sancti venite ..	French Plain Song.
			(2.††Coena Domini ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Eternal Father! strong to save ..	317	W. Whiting	†Melita	J. B. Dykes.
Eternal God! we look to Thee ..	392	J. Merrick	Belmont	S. Webbe, Jun. (?)
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round	344	J. W. Chadwick ..	†God of our fathers ..	F. Peel.
Every morning the red sun	618	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Eternity	L. J. Hutton.
Fair waved the golden corn ..	619	J. H. Gurney ..	Holyrood	J. Watson.
Far from my heavenly home ..	393	H. F. Lyte	St. Augustine	Lowell Mason.
Far from Thy heavenly care ..	124	J. Brownlie	†Farewell	J. Naylor.
Father, again in Jesus' Name ..	125	Lady Lucy E. G. Whitmore ..	Penitentia	E. Dearle.
Father, by Thy love and power ..	13	J. Anstice	*‡Evening Prayer ..	C. H. Lloyd.
Father, ere yet another day is ended	14	H. C. Shuttleworth	*‡Lighten our darkness	Anon.
Father, hear Thy children's call ..	648	T. B. Pollock ..	†Litany No. 1	C. C. Scholefield.
			(1.†Thorngrove	C. Lee Williams.
Father, let me dedicate	106	L. Tuttiett	(2.†Father, let me dedicate	G. A. Macfarren.
Father of all, in Whom alone ..	341	C. Wesley	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle.
Father of all, to Thee	394	J. Julian	†Via Pacis	J. Barnby.
Father of heaven, Whose love ..	395	E. Cooper	†Rivaulx	J. B. Dykes.
Father of love, our Guide and Friend	396	W. J. Irons	Old 137th	Day's Psalter.
Father of men, in Whom are one ..	346	H. C. Shuttleworth	Daughters of Galilee ..	H. M. Gwyther.
Father of mercies, in Thy word ..	397	A. Steele	†Childhood	C. J. Dickinson.
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss ..	398	A. Steele	St. Columba (Macmeikan)	J. M. Macmeikan.
Father, while the shadows fall ..	620	E. Miller	*‡Euphronè	A. M. Goodhart.
Fierce raged the tempest	399	G. Thring	†St. Aëlred	J. B. Dykes.
Fierce was the wild billow	400	J. M. Neale	†Glebehampton	J. Napleton.
Fight the good fight	401	J. S. B. Monsell ..	Duke Street	J. Hatton.
First day of days! wherein, arrayed	56	J. D. Chambers ..	(1. Primo dierum omnium	Sarum.
			(2.†Church Triumphant	J. W. Elliott.
First of Martyrs, thou whose name	95	Anon.	Lübeck	Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch.
For all the Saints who from their..	232	Bp. W. W. How ..	(1. Troyte, No. 2 ..	A. H. D. Troyte.
			(2.†Pro omnibus Sanctis	J. Barnby.
For all Thy Saints, a noble throng	216	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	St. James	R. Courteville.
For all Thy Saints, O Lord	233	Bp. R. Heber ..	Franconia	Müller's Choralbuch.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
"For ever with the Lord"	402	J. Montgomery ..	†Nearer Home	J. B. Woodbury, arr. by Arthur Sullivan.
For the beauty of the earth ..	403	F. S. Pierpoint ..	*Probus	G. R. Sinclair.
For thee, O dear, dear country) Part III. /	561	J. M. Neale	†Jubilate	C. H. H. Parry.
For Thy mercy and Thy grace ..	104	H. Downton ..	Gibbons	O. Gibbons.
Forth from the dark and stormy sky	404	Bp. R. Heber ..	†St. Finbar	J. G. Walton.
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, we go	4	C. Wesley	Norfolk	S. Howard.
Forty days and forty nights ..	126	G. Smyttan	Heinlein	Nuremberg Gesangbuch.
Fountain of mercy! God of love ..	302	A. Flowerdew ..	Oxford New	J. Coombes.
Framer of the earth and sky ..	57	J. H. Newman ..	Vienna	J. H. Knecht.
From all that dwell below the skies	405	I. Watts	Old 100th (Old Version)	Geneva Psalter.
From East to West, from shore to ..	85	J. Ellerton	St. Leonard	H. Smart.
From Egypt lately come	406	T. Kelly	†‡Pilgrimage	Arthur Sullivan.
From every stormy wind that blows	407	H. Stowell	†Shadow of the Cross ..	Archbp. Maclagan.
From foes that would the land devour	408	Bp. R. Heber ..	*‡Patria	T. F. Dunhill.
From Greenland's icy mountains ..	323	Bp. R. Heber ..	Missionary	Lowell Mason.
From highest heaven the Eternal Son	409	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Old 113th	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild ..	621	C. Wesley	†Simplicity	J. Stainer.
Give me the wings of faith to rise ..	234	I. Watts	Chelsea	T. Attwood.
Giver of the perfect gift	127	J. Ellerton	Battishill	J. Battishill.
Glorious things of thee are spoken	410	J. Newton	Austria	F. J. Haydn.
Glory be to Jesus	411	E. Caswall, fr. Italian	Caswall	F. Filitz.
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	15	Bp. T. Ken	Tallis's Canon	T. Tallis.
Glory to Thee, O Lord	99	Emma Toke	Franconia	Müller's Choralbuch.
Go to dark Gethsemane	412	J. Montgomery ..	†Meiningen	Meiningen Gesangbuch.
God from on high hath heard ..	86	Bp. J. R. Woodford	Eden	O. M. Feilden.
God is gone up with a merry noise	181	Bp. R. Heber ..	*‡Ascendit Deus ..	C. H. Lloyd.
God is love: His mercy brightens ..	413	Sir J. Bowring ..	†Langdale	R. Redhead.
God is our Refuge, tried and proved	414	H. F. Lyte	St. Ann	W. Croft.
God is our stronghold and our stay	415	Eliz. Wordsworth ..	Ein' feste Burg ..	M. Luther.
God is working His purpose out ..	324	A. C. Ainger ..	*Benson	M. D. Kingham.
God moves in a mysterious way ..	416	W. Cowper	London New	Scotch Psalter.
God of all grace, Thy mercy send ..	649	J. Brownlie	†Apostolicus	A. H. Brown.
God of our life, to Thee we call ..	288	W. Cowper	Saxony	Old German Chorale
God of mercy, God of grace	417	H. F. Lyte	Dix	C. Kocher.
God of the living, in Whose eyes ..	283	J. Ellerton	†Colchester	S. S. Wesley.
God save our gracious King ..	351	Anon.	National Anthem ..	Uncertain.
God, that madest earth and heaven	16	Bp. R. Heber and Abp. R. Whately	(1. Upsal .. .. .. (2.†Temple	J. Crüger. E. J. Hopkins.
God the Father, God the Son ..	650	J. Brett	†Litany No. 2	Har. by A. Sullivan.
God the Father, God the Son ..	651	Sir H. W. Baker ..	†Litany No. 3	W. H. Monk.
God the Father, seen of none ..	652	R. F. Littledale ..	†‡Evelyn	Arthur Sullivan.
Golden harps are sounding	622	F. R. Havergal ..	Haydn	Ad. from F. J. Haydn.
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost ..	121	Bp. C. Wordsworth	†Charity	J. Stainer.
Gracious Spirit, Life Divine ..	418	J. Julian	†St. Margaret	E. H. Lemare.
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine ..	419	J. Stocker	Kiel	A. J. Romberg.
Great Creator, wise and good ..	62	R. Campbell	Battishill	J. Battishill.
Great God, and wilt Thou condescend	623	A. Gilbert	*‡Lundy	C. H. Lloyd.
Great God of boundless mercy, hear	69	J. D. Chambers ..	(1. Summae Deus clementiae .. .. (2.†Ludborough ..	Milan. T. R. Matthews.
Great God of Hosts, our ears have ..	292	E. Osler	†St. John the Baptist ..	J. B. Calkin.
Great God to Thee, our hearts ..	336	J. Julian	†Bishopgarth	Arthur Sullivan.
Great God, what do I see and hear	75	W. B. Collyer, .. T. Cotterill, &c.	Luther's Hymn ..	Klug's Geistliche Lieder.
Great God, Who, hid from mortal sight	420	J. Chandler	(1. O Luce qui mortalibus (2. St. Luke	French Plain Song. Jeremiah Clark.
Great God, Who madest all for man	345	G. Thring	†Dona Dei	H. S. Irons.
Great King of nations, hear ..	291	J. H. Gurney ..	†Gretton	R. Brown Borthwick
Great Mover of all hearts	421	I. Williams	Innsbruck	H. Isaac.
Great Ruler of the nations	299	Eliz. Wordsworth ..	*‡Rector Omnipotens ..	A. H. Brewer.
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah ..	422	W. Williams ..	(1. Protector meus .. (2. Mannheim	Anon. F. Filitz.
Hail, Festal Day (*Easter*)	166	T. A. Lacey	†Salve! Festa Dies ..	J. Baden Powell.
Hail, Festal Day (*Ascension*) ..	182	T. A. Lacey	†Salve! Festa Dies No 5.	J. Baden Powell.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Hail, Festal Day (*Whitsuntide*) ..	192	T. A. Lacey	†Salve! Festa Dies No. 4	J. Baden Powell.
Hail, gladdening Light	17	J. Keble	†Sebaste	J. Stainer.
Hail, harbinger of Morn	212	C. S. Calverley ..	††Harbinger	Horatio Parker.
			(1. Cœlestis aulæ	
Hail! Princes of the Host of heaven	237	J. Chandler	Principes	Plain Song.
			(2.†Gideon	J. B. Southgate.
Hail the day that sees Him rise ..	183	C. Wesley and T. Cotterill	Innocents	Anon.
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus ..	423	J. Bakewell and M. Madan	Alla Trinità beata ..	Laudi Spirituali.
Hail to the Lord's Anointed ..	424	J. Montgomery ..	Crüger	J. Crüger.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! hearts to heaven	167	Bp. C. Wordsworth	†Lux Eoi	Arthur Sullivan.
Hark, an awful voice is sounding ..	76	E. Caswall	†Merton	W. H. Monk.
Hark! hear ye not the Angel-song ..	87	G. Wither and G. Thring	*†Cantus Angelicus ..	Anon.
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord ..	425	W. Cowper	†St. Bees	J. B. Dykes.
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour	77	P. Doddridge ..	Bristol	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
Hark, the herald Angels sing ..	88	C. Wesley	Mendelssohn	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.
Hark, the sound of holy voices ..	235	Bp. C. Wordsworth	†Deerhurst	J. Langran.
Hark, the voice of love and mercy ..	154	J. Evans	†St. Raphael	E. J. Hopkins.
Have mercy, Lord, on me	128	Tate and Brady ..	St. Bride	S. Howard.
He is gone—A cloud of light ..	184	A. P. Stanley and H. White ..	†St. Patrick	Arthur Sullivan.
He is risen, He is risen	168	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Edom	A. L. Peace.
Head of Thy Church triumphant ..	96	C. Wesley	†Lostwithiel	J. Turle.
Heal us, Emmanuel; hear our prayer	426	W. Cowper	†Sudeley	J. Stainer.
Hear our prayer, O heavenly Father	18	H. Parr	*Odde	A. H. Brewer.
Heavenly Father, from Thy throne	653	E. Shepcote (?) ..	†Lonsdale	F. A. J. Hervey.
Heralds of Christ, to every age ..	240	J. Chandler	Christi perennes nuntii	Milan.
Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest	340	A. G. W. Blunt ..	Clare Market	Mary Palmer.
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee ..	252	H. Bonar	†St. Agnes	J. Langran.
Here we suffer grief and pain ..	624	T. Bilby	Rejoicing	T. Bilby.
High let us swell our tuneful notes	89	P. Doddridge ..	St. Magnus	Jeremiah Clark.
His are the thousand sparkling rills	153	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Erskine	W. H. Gladstone.
His the glory, His the honour ..	343	R. M. Moorsom ..	Godesberg	H. Albert.
Holy Father, in Thy mercy	316	I. S. Stephenson ..	†Cairnbrook	E. Prout.
Holy Ghost, great Gift of grace ..	654	Anon.	Mill Lane	Anon.
Holy Ghost, Illuminator Part II.	187	Bp. C. Wordsworth	(1.†St. Asaph	W. S. Bambridge.
			(2.†Rex Gloriæ	H. Smart.
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God ..	198	Bp. R. Heber ..	†Nicæa	J. B. Dykes.
Holy Spirit! Lord of Light	427	E. Caswall	Veni Sancte Spiritus ..	S. Webbe.
Holy Spirit, Lord of love	271	Abp. Maclagan ..	*Probus	G. R. Sinclair.
Hosanna to the living Lord	428	Bp. R. Heber ..	Baden	J. Pachelbel, ad. by J. Goss.
How beauteous are their feet ..	218	I. Watts	St. Michael	Day's Psalter.
How blessed, from the bonds of sin	348	Jane Borthwick ..	Old 81st	Day's Psalter.
How bright these glorious spirits	236	I. Watts	†St. Jerome	H. H. Pierson.
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	429	J. Newton	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle.
Hushed was the evening hymn ..	625	J. D. Burns	†Hushed was the evening hymn	Arthur Sullivan.
I am not worthy, Holy Lord ..	253	Sir H. W. Baker ..	†Leicester	W. Hurst.
I heard a sound of voices	430	G. Thring	*‡Lucerna ejus est Agnus	B. Harwood.
I heard the voice of Jesus say ..	431	H. Bonar	†Vox Dilecti	J. B. Dykes.
I hunger and I thirst	254	J. S. B. Monsell ..	†Moseley	H. Smart.
I love to hear the story	626	E. Miller	†Bowdler, No. 178 ..	Cyril Bowdler.
I need Thee, precious Jesus ..	432	F. Whitfield	Munich	Würtemberg Gesangbuch.
I praised the earth, in beauty seen	433	Bp. R. Heber ..	†Nature	C. H. H. Parry.
I think when I read that sweet story	627	J. Luke	Salamis	Greek Melody.
If there be that skills to reckon ..	227	J. M. Neale	(1. Quisquis valet numerare	Plain Song.
			(2.†St. Lawrence ..	C. Steggall.
In exile here we wander	434	W. Cooke	St. Avold	M. Haydn.
In His temple now behold Him ..	206	H. J. Pye	Bamberg	Old German Melody, har. by J. C. Bach.
In stature grows the heavenly Child	112	J. Chandler	Tallis's Ordinal	T. Tallis.
In the hour of trial	435	J. Montgomery ..	Bohemia	Old German Melody.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
In the Name of Jesus..	436	C. M. Noel	†Princethorpe	W. Pitts.
In token that thou shalt not fear ..	266	H. Alford	St. James	R. Courteville.
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer ..	437	A. M. Toplady ..	†Tabor	C. Steggall.
It came upon the midnight clear ..	90	E. H. Sears	(1.†Noel	Traditional.
			(2. St. Maria	Old German Melody.
It is a thing most wonderful ..	628	Bp. W. W. How ..	†Gideon	J. B. Southgate.
It is finished! Blessèd Jesus ..	157	Abp. W. D. Maclagan	†Langdale	R. Redhead.
Jerusalem, my happy home.. ..	438	J. Bromehead ..	†Southwell (Irons) ..	H. S. Irons.
Jerusalem on high	439	S. Crossman ..	†Christ Church	C. Steggall.
Jerusalem the golden.. Part IV.	561	J. M. Neale	†Ewing	Alexander Ewing.
Jesu, high in glory	629	H. B. McKeever ..	†North Coates	T. R. Matthews.
			(1.†‡Litany	Arthur Sullivan.
Jesu, in Thy dying woes	156	T. B. Pollock ..	(2.†Litany	E. H. Turpin.
Jesu, Lord, enthroned on high ..	145	Jesse Brett	Supplication	J. Crüger.
Jesu, Lover of my soul	440	C. Wesley	†Hollingside	J. B. Dykes.
Jesu, meek and gentle	441	G. R. Prynne ..	Caswall	F. Filitz.
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All ..	442	H. Collins	†St. Chrysostom (Barnby)	J. Barnby.
Jesu, our Hope, our heart's Desire	443	J. Chandler	†Redhead, No. 66 ..	R. Redhead.
Jesu, our Lord, how rich Thy grace	444	P. Doddridge ..	St. Fulbert	H. J. Gauntlett.
Jesu, still lead on	445	J. Borthwick ..	Thuringia	A. Drese.
Jesu, tender Shepherd, hear me ..	630	M. L. Duncan ..	†Evening Prayer ..	J. Stainer.
Jesu, the very thought of Thee Part I.)	446	E. Caswall	(1. Evan	W. H. Havergal.
			(2.†St. John the Baptist	J. B. Calkin.
Jesu, the world's redeeming Lord..	169	W. J. Copeland ..	(1. Jesu, Redemptor sæculi	Sarum.
			(2. Ely	Bishop Turton.
Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts ..	447	R. Palmer	(1. Jesu, Dulcedo cordium	Sarum.
			(2. Walton	Anon.
Jesu, to Thy Table led	255	R. H. Baynes ..	†Lacrymæ	Arthur Sullivan.
Jesu, we are far away	655	T. B. Pollock ..	†‡Litany, No. 4	Arthur Sullivan.
Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult ..	201	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Gotha	H.R.H. The Prince Consort.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	170	Anon.	Easter Hymn	Lyra Davidica.
Jesus, I my cross have taken ..	448	H. F. Lyte	St. Ambrose	R. Cecil.
Jesus, I will trust Thee	449	M. J. Walker ..	Goshen	Anon.
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now ..	171	F. E. Cox	St. Albinus	H. J. Gauntlett.
Jesus, Lord of life and glory ..	450	J. J. Cummins ..	†St. Raphael	E. J. Hopkins.
Jesus, my Shepherd, here I know ..	451	R. O. Assheton ..	†Sawley	J. Walch.
Jesus! Name of wondrous love ..	101	Bp. W. W. How ..	Battishill	J. Battishill.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..	452	I. Watts	†Galilee	P. Armes.
Jesus! where'er Thy people meet..	453	W. Cowper	Commandments ..	Geneva Psalter.
Joy! because the circling year ..	193	J. Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort ..	Vienna	J. H. Knecht.
Just as I am, without one plea ..	454	C. Elliott	†St. Crispin	G. J. Elvey.
Lamb of God, I look to Thee ..	631	C. Wesley	Vienna	J. H. Knecht.
Lead, kindly Light	455	J. H. Newman ..	(1. Lux in tenebris ..	Arthur Sullivan.
			(2.†Lux benigna ..	J. B. Dykes.
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	456	J. Edmeston ..	Mannheim	F. Filitz.
Let all the world in every corner sing	457	G. Herbert	‡Undique Gloria ..	G. J. Elvey.
Let God arise to lead forth those ..	293	A. C. Ainger ..	†Exsurgat Deus ..	J. Stainer.
Let me be with Thee where Thou art	458	C. Elliott	St. Alban	St. Alban's Tune Book
Let our choir new anthems raise ..	242	J. M. Neale	†St. Joseph of the Studium	J. Barnby.
Let the round world with songs rejoice	238	Bp. R. Mant ..	(1. Exultet orbis gaudiis	Sarum.
			(2. Wainwright	Richard Wainwright.
Let us with a gladsome mind ..	303	J. Milton	††Ever faithful, ever sure	Arthur Sullivan.
Lift the strain of high thanksgiving	332	J. Ellerton	Austria	F. J. Haydn.
Lift up your heads, eternal gates ..	185	Tate and Brady ..	Tiverton	F. J. Grigg.
Lift up your heads, ye gates ..	325	J. Montgomery ..	London New	Scotch Psalter.
Light's abode, celestial Salem ..	459	J. M. Neale	(1. Urbs beata	Sarum.
			(2.†Regent Square ..	H. Smart.
Lo! from the desert homes	213	I. Williams	Croft's 148th	W. Croft.
Lo, God is here! Let us adore ..	460	J. Wesley	(1. Ellesmere	A. R. Reinagle.
			(2. Stirling	Anon.
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	78	C. Wesley and J. Cennick ..	(1. Helmsley	T. Olivers and M. Madan.
			(2. St. Thomas	Webbe's Collection.
Lo! now is our accepted day ..	129	J. M. Neale	(1. Ecce tempus idoneum	Sarum.
			(2. St. Ambrose	Old Melody.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Lo! round the throne, a glorious band	228	R. Hill's Collection, altd. by T. Cotterill and others ..	†Crown of Life	H. H. Pierson.
Lo! the firmament doth bear ..	60	T. Whytehead ..	†St. Pancras (Smart) ..	H. Smart.
Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest	461	H. F. Lyte	Wordsworth	Bp. C. Wordsworth.
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee..	462	J. H. Gurney ..	St. Hildred	Anon.
Lord, cause Thy face on us to shine	310	T. Cotterill	St. Basil	Old Tune.
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	37	J. Fawcett (?) ..	(1. Freu' dich sehr ..	From J. S. Bach.
			(2. St. Thomas ..	Webbe's Collection.
Lord, have mercy when we strive ..	463	Bp. R. Heber ..	†St. Ferdinand	A. H. Brown.
Lord, her watch Thy Church ..	326	H. Downton ..	†Everton	H. Smart.
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	464	E. Codner	†Showers of blessing ..	Abp. Maclagan.
Lord, I would own Thy tender care	632	J. Taylor ..	St. Leonard	H. Smart.
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day ..	130	I. Williams	(1.*‡Rosehill	A. Phillips.
			(2.†St. Philip	W. H. Monk.
Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants ..	179	J. Keble	†St. Hugh	E. J. Hopkins.
Lord, it belongs not to my care ..	465	R. Baxter	†St. Hugh	E. J. Hopkins.
Lord Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear	267	C. Winkworth ..	Berne	J. Schop.
Lord Jesu, think on me	466	A. W. Chatfield ..	†Granham Hill	W. S. Bambridge
Lord Jesu, when we stand afar ..	140	Bp. W. W. How ..	St. Vincent	J. Uglow.
Lord, now we part in Thy blest Name	467	(Bp. R. Heber and J. Dracup ..	†Wareham	W. Knapp.
Lord of Glory, Who hast bought us	312	E. S. Alderson ..	†Caritas	J. B. Dykes.
Lord of grace and holiness	272	A. C. Benson ..	†Osborne	H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg.
Lord of mercy and of might.. ..	468	Bp. R. Heber ..	‡Irene	C. C. Scholefield.
Lord of my life, Whose tender care	19	Anon.	†Palmyra	J. Summers.
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation	469	P. Pusey	†Cloisters	J. Barnby.
Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail	304	J. H. Gurney ..	††Craigmillar	C. W. Pearce.
Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray	40	(P. Doddridge and T. Cotterill ..	Angels' Song	Ad. from O. Gibbons.
Lord of the worlds above	470	I. Watts	Darwell's 148th ..	J. Darwall.
Lord, shall Thy children come ..	273	(Bp. S. Hinds and H. J. Buckoll ..	Steterburg	N. Decius.
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	349	F. R. Havergal ..	Melcombe	S. Webbe.
Lord, teach us how to pray aright	471	J. Montgomery ..	Bangor	Old Welsh Melody.
Lord, Thy word abideth	472	Sir H. W. Baker ..	†St. Cyprian	R. R. Chope.
Lord, to our humble prayers attend	656	J. Brownlie	†Orthodoxus	A. H. Brown.
"Lord, when Thy Kingdom comes"	150	Abp. Maclagan ..	†Kensington	Abp. Maclagan.
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	473	J. D. Carlyle ..	St. Flavian	Day's Psalter.
Lord, Who at Cana's wedding feast	276	(Anon., recast by G. Thring	†Vox Jesu..	Spohr, ad. by J. Barnby
Love Divine, all loves excelling ..	474	C. Wesley	†Cross of Jesus	J. Stainer.
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep ..	633	J. E. Leeson.. ..	Ross	S. S. Wesley.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	38	J. Newton	(1.†Langdale	R. Redhead.
			(2. Sicilian Mariners ..	Sicilian Melody.
My Father, for another night ..	5	Sir H. W. Baker ..	†St. Timothy	H. W. Baker, arr. by W. H. Monk.
My God, accept my heart this day	274	M. Bridges	St. Peter..	A. R. Reinagle.
My God and Father, while I stray	475	C. Elliott	(1. Troyte, No. 1 ..	A. H. D. Troyte.
			(2.†St. Remigius ..	J. M. W. Young.
My God, and is Thy Table spread ..	256	P. Doddridge ..	Rockingham	E. Miller.
My God, how endless is Thy love ..	6	I. Watts	Montgomery	J. Stanley.
My God, my Father, dost Thou call	476	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	Erfurt	Geistliche Lieder, Magdeburg.
My spirit longs for Thee	477	J. Byrom	St. Cecilia	L. J. Hayne.
Nearer, my God, to Thee	478	S. F. Adams.. ..	†Propior Deo	Arthur Sullivan.
New every morning is the love ..	7	J. Keble	Melcombe	S. Webbe.
None other Lamb, none other Name	479	C. G. Rossetti ..	*‡In Te, Domine, speravi	C. H. Lloyd.
Not by Thy mighty hand	113	Bp. J. R. Woodford..	Narenza	Cologne Gesangbuch.
Now dawning glows the Day of days	172	F. J. A. Hort ..	(1. Aurora lucis rutilat	Sarum.
			(2.†Church Triumphant	J. W. Elliott.
Now God be with us, for the night	20	C. Winkworth ..	†Die Nacht ist kommen	Der Böhmischen Brüder Kirchengesang.
Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm ..	107	J. Newton	Abbey	Scotch Psalter.
Now let our mingling voices rise ..	91	M. A. Jevons ..	Exeter	S. S. Wesley.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Now, my tongue, the mystery telling .. .. Part I.	257	E. Caswall and J. M. Neale.. ..	1. Pange lingua ..	Sarum.
			2. St. Thomas	S. Webbe.
Now sinks in night the flaming sun	21	Bp. R. Mant.. ..	1. Jam sol recedit ..	Sarum.
			2.†Almondsbury ..	B. Harwood.
Now thank we all our God	296	C. Winkworth ..	Nun danket	M. Rückert.
Now that the daylight fills the sky	50	J. M. Neale	1. Jam lucis	Plain Song.
			2.†Lux	E. Edwards.
Now the day is over	634	S. Baring-Gould ..	Merrial	J. E. Roe.
Now the labourer's task is o'er ..	284	J. Ellerton	†Requiescat	J. B. Dykes.
Now the thirty years accomplished Part II.	136	J. M. Neale	1. Pange lingua ..	Mechlin.
			2. Oriel	Anon.
O Blest Creator, God Most High ..	70	J. D. Chambers ..	1. Deus Creator omnium	Sarum.
			2. Wareham	W. Knapp.
O Body, bruisèd for my sake Part II.	247	Abp. Maclagan ..	Ellesmere	A. R. Reinagle.
O Brightness of the Eternal Father's face	22	E. W. Eddis	‡St. Nicholas	C. C. Scholefield.
O Christ, our Light, O Fount of light	657	R. M. Moorsom ..	†St. Corentin	H. S. Irons.
O Christ, the true and only Light ..	203	W. Bartholomew and A. T. Russell	Breslau	Har. by Mendelssohn.
			1. Christe, Qui Lux es	Sarum.
O Christ, Who art the Light and Day	54	W. J. Copeland ..	2. Leonburg	German.
			1. Christe, Qui Lux es	Plain Song.
O Christ, Who hast prepared a place	480	J. Chandler	2. St. Pancras(Battishill)	J. Battishill.
			1. Æterna cœli gloria..	Solesmes.
O Christ, Whose glory fills the heaven	67	J. Julian	2. Breslau	Clauder's Psalmodia nova.
O come, all ye faithful	92	F. Oakeley	Adeste fideles	J. Reading (?).
			1. Veni, veni, Emmanuel	Plain Song.
O come, O come, Emmanuel ..	79	J. M. Neale	2. Spires	German.
O day of rest and gladness	41	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Day of Rest	J. W. Elliott.
O Father all creating	277	J. Ellerton	†Lancashire	H. Smart.
O for a closer walk with God ..	481	W. Cowper	Martyrdom	H. Wilson.
O for a faith that will not shrink ..	482	W. H. Bathurst ..	Dunfermline	Scotch Psalter.
O God of Bethel! by Whose hand ..	483	P. Doddridge & J. Logan	St. David	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
O God of God! O Light of Light ..	484	J. Julian	†Peterborough	J. Goss.
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord ..	485	Tate and Brady ..	St. Stephen	W. Jones, of Nayland.
O God of love, O King of peace ..	294	Sir H. W. Baker ..	St. Gregory	Darmstadt Gesangbuch.
O God of mercy, God of might ..	486	G. Thring	†St. Chrysostom (Irons)	H. S. Irons.
			1. Rector potens ..	Sarum.
O God of truth, O Lord of might ..	52	J. M. Neale	2. Kent	J. F. Lampe.
O God of truth, Whose living word	487	T. Hughes	Salisbury..	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
O God, our Father, Thee we praise	42	J. Julian	1. Die parente temporum	Solesmes.
			2. Brockham	Jeremiah Clark.
O God, our Help in ages past ..	488	I. Watts	St. Ann	W. Croft.
O God the Son Eternal	220	Bp. R. Heber, recast by J. Keble ..	Tenbury	F. A. G. Ouseley.
O God, Thou art my God alone ..	489	J. Montgomery ..	Wainwright	Richard Wainwright.
O God, unseen yet ever near ..	258	E. Osler	Tallis's Ordinal.. ..	T. Tallis.
O God, Who gavest Thy servant	97	Bp. R. Heber ..	Wach' auf, mein Herz	Har. by J. S. Bach.
O Hand of bounty, largely spread	490	Bp. R. Heber ..	Surrey	H. Carey.
O happy band of pilgrims	491	J. M. Neale	†St. Anselm	J. Barnby.
O heavenly Jerusalem	492	I. Williams	St. Alphege	H. J. Gauntlett.
O Jesu, I have promised	493	J. E. Bode	Kreuznach	Magdeburg Gesangbuch.
O Jesu, King most wonderful Part II.	446	E. Caswall	†St. John the Baptist ..	J. B. Calkin.
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace ..	59	J. Chandler	1. Splendor paternæ ..	Sarum.
			2. Wach'auf, mein Herz	Har. by J. S. Bach.
O Jesu, Lord, Thy Cross I see ..	321	J. Brett	Delhi	E. F. Rimbault.
O Jesu, Thou art standing	494	Bp. W. W. How ..	†St. Catherine	R. F. Dale.
O King, enthroned on high	194	J. Brownlie	†St. Stythian's	A. H. Brown.
O King of earth and air and sea ..	495	Bp. R. Heber ..	‡Rex terrarum	T. F. Dunhill.
O King of kings, before Whose throne	496	J. Quarles & T. Darling	†Colchester	S. S. Wesley.
O King of kings! Thy blessing shed	352	Anon...	†Wimbish	A. H. Brown.
O King of Saints, O Lord of might	337	Jesse Brett	Giessen	Adapted.
O Light that knew no dawn ..	8	J. Brownlie	†Jubilee	F. C. Chattock.
O Light, Whose beams illumine all	497	E. H. Plumptre ..	St. Petersburg	D. Bortnianski.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
O Lord, how happy should we be	498	J. Anstice	Innsbruck	H. Isaac.
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see ..	499	J. Chandler	1. O qui perpetuus ..	Plain Song.
			2. Melcombe	S. Webbe.
O Lord, in all our trials here ..	500	E. Toke	Coventry	S. Howard.
O Lord of heaven and earth ..	313	Bp. C. Wordsworth	†Almsgiving	J. B. Dykes.
O Lord our Banner, God of might	295	Eliz. Wordsworth ..	†Jehovah-Nissi	G. J. Bennett.
O Lord, turn not Thy face away ..	131	J. Marckant & Bp. R. Heber	St. Mary	Archdeacon Prys's Book of Psalms.
O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art	501	C. Wesley	Magdalen College ..	W. Hayes.
O Love, how deep!	502	J. M. Neale	1. O Amor quam exstaticus	French Plain Song.
			2. Eisenach	J. H. Schein.
O Love so strong, O Power so sweet	503	W. Bright	Ely	Bp. Turton.
O Love, Who formedst me to wear	504	C. Winkworth ..	Spires	German.
O Master, it is good to be	243	A. P. Stanley ..	St. Basil	Old Tune.
O merciful Creator, hear	132	F. Pott and others..	1. Audi, benigne Conditor	Sarum.
			2. St. Luke	Jeremiah Clark.
O most merciful	505	Bp. R. Heber ..	Sicilian Mariners ..	Sicilian Melody.
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending .. .. ..)	278	Mrs. R. Gurney ..	1. †O perfect Love ..	J. Barnby.
			2. †Crofton	Lord Crofton.
O praise ye the Lord	208	H. J. Pye	†Annunciation	A. H. Brewer.
O sacred head! sore wounded ..	141	J. W. Alexander & Compilers ..	Passion Chorale ..	H. L. Hassler, har. by J. S. Bach.
O Saving Victim, opening wide Part II.	262	E. Caswall	O Salutaris Hostia ..	French Plain Song.
O Saviour! is Thy promise fled ..	506	Bp. R. Heber ..	Brockham	Jeremiah Clark.
O Saviour, may we never rest ..	507	W. H. Bathurst ..	†Holy Trinity	J. Barnby.
O Saviour, precious Saviour ..	508	F. R. Havergal ..	†Zoan	W. H. Havergal.
O Saviour, Who for man hast trod..	186	Based on R. Campbell and J. Chandler	1. Opus peregisti Tuum	Sarum.
			2. Illsley	J. Bishop.
O Son of God, our Captain	211	J. Ellerton	Eirene	F. R. Havergal.
O sons and daughters, let us sing ..	173	J. M. Neale	1. O filii et filiæ (Old form)	Plain Song.
			2. O filii et filiæ (Modern form)	Plain Song.
O Sovereign Lord of Nature's might	66	W. J. Courthope ..	1. Magnæ Deus potentiæ	Plain Song.
			2. St. Gregory	Darmstadt Gesangbuch.
O Spirit of the living God	327	J. Montgomery ..	Winchester New ..	Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch.
O Strength and Stay, upholding all creation .. ..)	53	John Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort		
O Thou, before the world began ..	259	C. Wesley, recast by J. Keble (?)	Eirene	F. R. Havergal.
			Old 112th (Vater unser)	Har. by J. S. Bach.
O Thou, from Whom all goodness..	509	T. Haweis, recast by T. Cotterill	Tallis's Ordinal ..	T. Tallis.
O Thou, in Whom Thy Saints repose	334	J. Ellerton	†Colchester	S. S. Wesley.
O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend	510	Charlotte Elliott ..	†St. Eustace	H. H. Pierson.
O Thou, the Eternal Son of God ..	146	W. C. Dix	Windsor	Este's Psalter.
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight	511	J. Wesley	Göldel	J. H. Schein.
O Thou, Who at thy Eucharist ..	260	Major W. H. Turton	†Sacramentum Unitatis	C. H. Lloyd.
O Thou, Who by a star didst guide	114	J. M. Neale	†Jerusalem	T. Worsley Staniforth
O Thou, Who makest souls to shine	311	Bp. J. Armstrong ..	†St. Lawrence	L. G. Hayne.
O Thou, Whom heavenly Hosts obey	289	Tate and Brady ..	Breslau	Clauder's Psalmodia nova.
O Throned, O Crowned with all renown	180	Abp. Benson ..	†St. Ursula	F. Westlake.
O Trinity of Blessèd Light	71	J. M. Neale	1. O lux beata	Sarum.
			2. Melcombe	S. Webbe.
O Wisdom, that with God's own breath	80	H. C. Beeching ..	Steterburg	N. Decius.
O Word of God above..	333	I. Williams & others	The Day of Praise ..	C. Steggall.
O Word of God Incarnate	512	Bp. W. W. How ..	Carlsruhe	M. Vulpius.
Object of my first desire	513	A. M. Toplady ..	Zurich	J. Schop.
O'er the shoreless waste of waters ..	268	Bp. W. W. How ..	St. Hilary	Ganther.
Of the Father Sole-begotten ..	93	J. M. Neale & others	1. Corde Natus (Old form)	13th Century.
			2. Corde Natus (Modern form)	13th Century.
Oft in danger, oft in woe	514	H. K. White, E. Bickersteth, and F. S. Fuller Maitland	University College ..	H. J. Gauntlett.
Oh bless the Lord, my soul	515	J. Montgomery ..	†Venice	W. Amps.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Oh, come and mourn with me awhile	147	F. W. Faber	(1.†St. Cross	J. B. Dykes.
			(2. Babylon's Streams ..	T. Campion.
Oh come, loud anthems let us sing	516	Tate and Brady ..	Montgomery	J. Stanley.
Oh ! for a heart to praise my God ..	517	C. Wesley	†St. Jude	R. Brown-Borthwick.
Oh ! for a thousand tongues to sing	518	C. Wesley	Wiltshire	G. Smart.
Oh, help us, Lord ; each hour ..	519	H. H. Milman ..	Bedford	W. Wheall.
Oh ! let him, whose sorrow ..	520	F. E. Cox	†St. John Baptist ..	O. M. Feilden.
Oh ! quickly come, dread Judge ..	521	L. Tuttiett	†St. Finbar	J. G. Walton.
Oh render thanks to God above ..	522	Tate and Brady ..	Warrington	R. Harrison.
Oh what, if we are Christ's	523	Sir H. W. Baker ..	St. Michael	Day's Psalter.
Oh, what the joy and the glory ..	524	J. M. Neale	O quanta qualia ..	Ancient Melody.
Oh, who are they, so pure and bright	100	W. J. Irons	†Kettlebaston	A. H. Brown.
Oh worship the King	525	Sir R. Grant	Hanover	W. Croft.
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	81	J. Chandler	(1. Jordanis oras prævia	Sarum.
			(2. Winchester New ..	Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch.
On the Resurrection morning ..	174	S. Baring-Gould ..	Melton	C. E. Willing.
On the waters dark and drear ..	319	W. C. Dix	Vienna	J. H. Knecht.
Once again to meet the day	9	Lord Coleridge ..	Altenburg	M. Vulpius.
Once in royal David's city	635	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Irby	H. J. Gauntlett.
Once more the solemn season calls	122	J. Chandler, etc. ..	Bangor	Old Welsh Melody.
Once, only once, and once for all ..	261	W. Bright	Albano	Vincent Novello.
Onward, Christian soldiers	526	S. Baring-Gould ..	†St. Gertrude	Arthur Sullivan.
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	527	H. Auber	†St. Cuthbert	J. B. Dykes.
Our day of praise is done	43	J. Ellerton	†Venice	W. Amps.
Out of the deep I call	133	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Southwell	Denham's Psalter.
Palms of glory, raiment bright ..	528	J. Montgomery ..	Lübeck	Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch.
Peace, perfect peace	529	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	(1.†Pax tecum	G. T. Caldbeck.
			(2.†Yarlet	P. Tottenham Lucas.
Pleasant are Thy courts above ..	530	H. F. Lyte	†Maidstone	W. B. Gilbert.
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high ..	531	J. Montgomery ..	†Ludborough	T. R. Matthews.
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	532	H. F. Lyte	(1. Praise, my soul ..	J. Goss.
			(2. Alleluia, dulce carmen	Webbe's Collection.
Praise, Oh praise our God and King	305	Sir H. W. Baker ..	†Monkland	German Melody, arr. by J. Wilkes.
Praise the Lord : to-day we raise ..	298	A. C. Ainger	†Praise the Lord ..	J. Barnby.
Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him	533	(Foundling Hospital Collection ..	Austria	F. J. Haydn.
Praise to God, immortal praise ..	306	A. L. Barbauld ..	Lübeck	Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch.
Praise to God Who reigns above ..	221	R. M. Benson ..	†Xavier	F. Champneys.
Praise to our God, Whose bounteous	300	J. Ellerton	Hilderstone	P. Hart.
Praise to the Holiest in the height	534	J. H. Newman ..	(1. Westminster ..	J. Turle.
			(2.†Gerontius	J. B. Dykes.
Praise we our God with joy	535	Anon.	†Laudemus Dominum ..	A.
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire ..	536	J. Montgomery ..	St. Columba (Macmeikan)	J. M. Macmeikan.
Rejoice, the Lord is King	537	C. Wesley	†Harewood	S. S. Wesley.
Rejoice to-day with one accord ..	297	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Ein' feste Burg ..	M. Luther.
Rejoice, ye pure in heart	538	E. H. Plumptre ..	†Deum videbunt ..	J. Stainer.
			(1. Winchester New ..	Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch.
Ride on ! Ride on in majesty ..	138	H. H. Milman ..	(2.†Palmæ	W. G. Cusins.
Rock of ages, cleft for me	539	A. M. Toplady ..	†Rock of ages	R. Redhead.
Sabbath of the Saints of old ..	158	T. Whytehead ..	†Houghton	S. S. Wesley.
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise	23	J. Ellerton	(1.†Ellers	E. J. Hopkins.
			(2.†Pax Dei	J. B. Dykes.
Saviour, Blessèd Saviour	540	G. Thring	†Princethorpe	W. Pitts.
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	24	J. Edmeston ..	Lugano	Italian Melody.
Saviour, sprinkle many nations ..	328	Bp. A. C. Coxe ..	†Bethany	H. Smart.
Saviour ! when in dust to Thee ..	541	Sir R. Grant ..	†Penitence	H. S. Irons.
Saviour, Who exalted high	542	Bp. R. Mant ..	*‡Appledore	C. H. Lloyd.
Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding	269	W. A. Mühlenberg	Sicilian Mariners ..	Sicilian Melody.
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph .. .. Part I.	187	Bp. C. Wordsworth	(1.†St. Asaph	W. S. Bambridge.
			(2.†Rex Gloriæ	H. Smart.
See the destined day arise	148	Bp. R. Mant ..	†Dulcot	Basil Johnson.
See the golden sun arise	65	W. J. Courthope ..	†Pendrea	M. J. Monk.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Servants of God, awake.. ..	44	E. Scott and T. Cotterill	Croft's 148th	W. Croft.
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve	543	C. Wesley . ..	St. Etheldreda	Bishop Turton.
Shine Thou upon us, Lord	350	J. Ellerton	†Hawarden	S. S. Wesley.
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	544	J. Ellerton	‡Holy City	Arthur Sullivan.
Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle Part I.	136	J. M. Neale.. ..	(1. Pange lingua .. (2. Oriel	Mechlin. Anon.
Sing to God in sweetest measures..	241	R. Campbell ..	Evangelists	German.
Sing to the Lord a joyful song ..	545	J. S. B. Monsell ..	*‡Cantate Deo	C. H. Lloyd.
Soldiers of Christ! arise	546	C. Wesley	Narenza	Old German Chorale.
Soldiers of the Cross, arise	322	Bp. W. W. How ..	Innocents	Anon.
Soldiers, who are Christ's below ..	547	J. H. Clark	Orientis partibus ..	Old French Melody.
Songs of praise the Angels sang ..	548	J. Montgomery ..	Culbach	Scheffler's Geistliche Hirtenlieder.
Sons of men, behold from far ..	115	C. Wesley and Bp. R. Heber	(†Qui dedit nobis victoriam	H. S. Irons.
Soon and for ever	549	J. S. B. Monsell ..	†Soon and for ever ..	H. H. Pierson and H. S. Irons.
Source of light and life divine ..	58	J. Chandler	†Simplicity	J. Stainer.
Spirit blest, Who art adored ..	658	T. B. Pollock ..	†Agnes	E. Bunnett.
Spirit of God, that moved of old ..	195	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	Wainwright	Richard Wainwright.
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love ..	196	Foundling Hospital Collection	Pentecost	W. Boyd.
Stand up, and bless the Lord ..	550	J. Montgomery ..	St. Michael	Day's Psalter.
Stars of the morning, so gloriously	222	J. M. Neale	Trisagion	H. Smart.
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	25	J. Keble	(1.‡Sun of my soul .. (2. Hursley	H. Percy Smith. P. Ritter.
Sunset and evening star	285	Lord Tennyson ..	‡Freshwater	C. H. H. Parry.
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	45	Isaac Watts	†St. Paul	H. S. Irons.
Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go	26	F. W. Faber.. ..	‡Valete	Arthur Sullivan.
Sweet Saviour! in Thy pitying grace	134	R. M. Moorson ..	†Brecknock	S. S. Wesley.
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	142	Cento by W. Shirley, etc.	†Cross of Jesus	J. Stainer.
Sweetly sang the Angels	636	J. Julian	*‡Carmen Angelorum ..	T. F. Dunhill.
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	551	C. W. Everest ..	Breslau	Clauder's Psalmodia nova.
Tell it out among the heathen ..	329	F. R. Havergal ..	‡Regnabit Deus ..	H. S. Irons.
Tempted oft to go astray	210	J. S. B. Monsell ..	‡Glenyarrah	F. S. Kelly.
Ten thousand times ten thousand..	552	H. Alford	†Alford	J. B. Dykes.
The Church's One Foundation ..	553	S. J. Stone	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley.
The day departs	27	Jane Borthwick ..	(1. St. Wilfrid .. .. (2.†Monkswood	Mainzer Choralbuch. A.
The day is gently sinking to a close	28	Bp. C. Wordsworth	†Nachtlied	H. Smart.
The day is past and over	29	J. M. Neale	(1.†St. Anatolius(Brown) (2.†St. Anatolius (Dykes)	A. H. Brown. J. B. Dykes.
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	30	J. Ellerton	(1.‡St. Clement .. .. (2.‡Radford	C. C. Scholefield. S. S. Wesley.
The eternal gifts of Christ the King	239	J. M. Neale	Æterna Christi munera	Plain Song.
The foe behind, the deep before ..	175	J. M. Neale	The foe behind	J. Naylor.
The God of Abraham praise.. ..	554	T. Olivers	Leoni	Old Hebrew Tune.
The head that once was crowned ..	555	T. Kelly	St. Magnus	Jeremiah Clark.
The heavenly Word (proceeding) forth .. .. Part I.	262	J. M. Neale	(1. Verbum Supernum prodiens .. .. (2. St. Vincent	Mechlin. J. Uglow.
The highest and the holiest place..	207	H. Alford	St. Etheldreda	Bishop Turton.
The King of love my Shepherd is ..	556	Sir H. W. Baker ..	†Dominus regit me ..	J. B. Dykes.
The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice	557	J. Conder	†St. Paul	H. S. Irons.
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow	82	Bp. R. Heber ..	†The Lord of might ..	A. Page.
The morning bright with rosy light	637	T. O. Summers ..	*‡Dayspring	C. H. Lloyd.
The old year's long campaign is o'er	108	S. J. Stone	*‡Erigeneia	A. M. Goodhart.
The people that in darkness sat ..	116	J. Morison	Dundee	Scotch Psalter.
The radiant morn hath passed away	31	G. Thring	(1.†St. Gabriel (Ouseley) (2.†St. Corentin	F. A. G. Ouseley. H. S. Irons.
The righteous souls that take their flight	286	Anon.	The righteous souls ..	Highmore Skeats, sen
The roseate hues of early dawn ..	558	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Castle Rising	F. A. J. Hervey.
The Saints of God! Their conflict past	229	Abp. W. D. Maclagan	Rest	J. Stainer.
The shadows of the evening hours..	32	A. A. Procter ..	St. Simon	J. Crüger.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
The Son of God goes forth to war ..	230	Bp. R. Heber ..	†St. Ann	W. Croft, arr. by Arthur Sullivan.
The Sower went forth sowing ..	307	W. St. Hill Bourne	†St. Beatrice	J. F. Bridge.
The spacious firmament on high ..	559	J. Addison	†Peterborough	J. Goss.
The strain upraise of joy and praise	560	J. M. Neale	Troyte, No. 2	A. H. D. Troyte.
The strife is o'er, the battle done ..	176	F. Pott	†Victory	From Palestrina.
The sun is sinking fast	33	E. Caswall	1. †St. Columba (Irons)	H. S. Irons.
			2. †Sundown	W. Parratt.
The tide of time is rolling on ..	105	I. Gregory Smith ..	†Dunholme	J. B. Dykes.
The voice that breathed o'er Eden	279	J. Keble	St. Alphege	H. J. Gauntlett.
The wise may bring their learning	638	Anon.	†Christmas Morn ..	E. J. Hopkins.
The world is very evil Part I.	561	J. M. Neale	Pearsall	Katholische Gesangbuch, St. Gall.
Thee we adore, Eternal Lord ..	562	T. Cotterill	Erfurt	Har. by J. S. Bach.
Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour!	263	Bp. J. R. Woodford	1. Adoro Te devote ..	French Plain Song.
			2. Old 124th	C. Goudimel.
Thee will I love, my Strength ..	563	J. Wesley	Surrey	H. Carey.
There is a blessed home	564	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Beulah	Old Melody.
There is a book, who runs may read	565	J. Keble	St. Flavian	Day's Psalter.
There is a green hill far away ..	639	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	Horsley	W. Horsley.
There is a happy land	640	A. Young	Happy Land	Indian Air.
There is a land of pure delight ..	566	I. Watts	York	Scotch Psalter.
There is no night in heaven	567	F. M. Knollis ..	Ben Rhydding	A. R. Reinagle.
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	568	J. Crewdson	Queenstown	J. S. Mitchell.
There's a Friend for little children	641	A. Midlane	†Eden Grove	S. Smith.
There were ninety and nine that safely lay	569	E. C. Clephane ..	†Compassion	Fountain Meen.
Therefore we, before Him bending Part II.	257	E. Caswall and J. M. Neale	1. Pange lingua ..	Sarum.
			2. St. Thomas	S. Webbe.
They come, God's messengers of love	223	R. Campbell ..	Angels' Song (Old Form)	Ad. from O. Gibbons.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old ..	338	E. H. Plumtre ..	St. Matthew	W. Croft.
Thine for ever! God of love	570	M. F. Maude ..	†Newington	Abp. Maclagan.
Thine for ever! Thine for ever ..	275	Bp. C. Wordsworth	†Newton Ferns	Samuel Smith.
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			2. †Dies Iræ	J. B. Dykes.
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			2. †Dominica	H. S. Oakeley.
This is the day the Lord hath made	48	Isaac Watts ..	Irish	Isaac Smith.
Thou art gone to the grave	287	Bp. R. Heber ..	†Clewer	W. S. Bambridge.
Thou art gone up on high	188	E. Toke	1. †Ascension	H. J. Gauntlett.
			2. †Ascendit	H. H. Pierson.
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Thy way, not mine, O Lord	579	H. Bonar	Eden	O. M. Feilden.
Till He come—Oh let the words ..	264	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	Tichfield	J. Richardson.
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			1. Gloriosi Salvatoris ..	Plain Song.
To the Name that brings Salvation	580	J. M. Neale	2. Oriel	Anon.
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise	308	W. C. Dix	‡Golden Sheaves ..	Arthur Sullivan.
To whom but Thee, O God of grace	149	W. J. Irons	Saxony	Old German Chorale.
True Light, that lightest all ..	581	G. Thring	*‡Beacon	C. V. Stanford.
Try us, O God, and search the ground	582	C. Wesley	Bedford	W. Wheall.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
We are but little children weak ..	643	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Alstone	C. E. Willing.
We give Thee but Thine own ..	315	Bp. W. W. How ..	†Alma Mater	R. Redhead.
We have not seen, we cannot see ..	202	J. M. Neale	Manchester	Robert Wainwright.
We know not a voice of that River	583	C. G. Rossetti ..	*‡Achnasheen	C. H. Lloyd.
We love the place, O God	584	W. Bullock and Sir H. W. Baker ..	†Quam dilecta	H. L. Jenner.
We love Thee, Lord; yet not alone	585	J. A. Elliott.. ..	St. Matthew	W. Croft.
We plough the fields, and scatter ..	309	J. M. Campbell ..	Wir pflügen	J. A. P. Schulz.
We praise the King of realms on high	586	R. M. Moorsom ..	Abbey	Scotch Psalter.
We praise Thy grace, O Saviour ..	209	Bp. W. W. How ..	†Argyle	E. H. Turpin.
We praise Thy Name, O Lord Most High	217	Anon.	Mainzer	J. Mainzer.
We pray Thee, heavenly Father ..	265	V. S. S. Coles ..	†Dies Dominica	J. B. Dykes.
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We sing the glorious conquest ..	204	John Ellerton ..	Missionary	Lowell Mason.
We sing the praise of Him Who died	588	T. Kelly	Brockham	Jeremiah Clark.
We speak of the realms of the blest	644	E. Mills	Realms of the blest ..	Anon.
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We thank Thee, O our Father ..	645	C. M. MacSorley ..	*Laudate Salvatorem ..	G. F. Cobb.
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When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend	593	H. F. Lyte	St. Sepulchre	G. Cooper.
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While the sun is shining	646	T. A. Stowell ..	†Ruth	Samuel Smith.
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L. = Latin; Gr. = Greek; Ger. = German; It. = Italian; Dan. = Danish; Syr. = Syriac; A.S. = Anglo-Saxon; W. = Welsh.

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8	ἄτερ ἀρχῆς ἀπέραντον	*Gregory Nazianzus*
17	φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης ..	(?) *Athenogenes*
22	φῶς ἱλαρον ἁγίας δόξης ..	(?) *Athenogenes*
29	τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών ..	*St. Anatolius*
72	ἰδοὺ ὁ Νυμφίος	*Anon.*
124	τῆς πατρῴας δόξης σου	*Anon.*
134	Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε	*Theoktistus*
165	ᾄσωμεν πάντες λαοί	*St. John of Damascus*
194	βασιλεῦ οὐράνιε παράκλητε ..	*Anon.*
242	τῶν ἱερῶν ἀθλοφόρων	*St. Joseph the Hymnographer*
400	ζοφερᾶς τρικυμίας	*St. Anatolius*
466	μνώεο Χριστέ	*Synesius*
649	Κύριε ἐλέησον, ἀντιλαβοῦ, κ.τ.λ.	*Anon.*
656	ὑπὲρ τῆς ἄνωθεν εἰρήνης	*Anon.*

No. 222 Based upon the Greek of St. Joseph the Hymnographer

,, 363 Based upon the Greek of Stephen the Sabaite

,, 491 Based upon the Greek of St. Joseph the Hymnographer

LATIN.

11	Labente jam solis rotâ	*C. Coffin*
12	Jam sol recedit igneus	*St. Ambrose*
33	Sol praeceps rapitur	*18th cent.*
42	Die parente temporum	*18th cent.*
49	Ecce jam noctis	*st. Gregory the Great*
50	Jam lucis orto sidere	*Ambrosian*
51	Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus	*st. Ambrose*
52	Rector potens, verax Deus	*Ambrosian*
53	Rerum Deus tenax vigor	*Ambrosian*
54	Christe, qui lux es et dies	*Ambrosian*
55	Te lucis ante terminum	*Ambrosian*
56	Primo dierum omnium ..	*st. Gregory the Great*
57	Æterne rerum Conditor	*St. Ambrose*
58	Lucis Creator optime .. (?)	*St. Gregory the Great*
59	Splendor paternae gloriae	*St. Ambrose*
60	Immense coeli Conditor (?)	*St. Gregory the Great*
61	Ales diei nuntius	*A. C. Prudentius*
62	Telluris ingens Conditor (?)	*St. Gregory the Great*
63	Nox, et tenebrae et nubila ..	*A. C. Prudentius*
64	Coeli Deus sanctissime	*Ambrosian*
65	Lux ecce surgit aurea	*A. C. Prudentius*
66	Magnae Deus potentiae	*Ambrosian*
67	Æterna coeli gloria	*Ambrosian*
68	Plasmator hominis Deus	*7th cent.*
69	Summae Deus clementiae	*Ambrosian*
70	Deus Creator omnium	*St. Ambrose*
71	O Lux beata Trinitas	*St. Ambrose*
73	Verbum supernum prodiens	*5th cent.*
74	Dies irae, dies illa	*Thomas of Celano*
76	En clara vox redarguit	*Ambrosian, 5th cent.*
79	Veni, veni, Emmanuel	*12th cent.*
80	O Sapientia quae ex ore	*12th cent.*
81	Jordanis oras praevia	*C. Coffin*
85	A solis ortûs cardine	*Coelius Sedulius*
86	Jam desinant suspiria	*C. Coffin*
92	Adeste fideles	*15th or 16th cent.*
93	Corde natus ex Parentis ..	*A. C. Prudentius*
95	O qui tuo, dux martyrum ..	*J. B. de Santeüil*
110	O sola magnarum urbium ..	*A. C. Prudentius*
112	Divine, crescebas, Puer ..	*J. B. de Santeüil*
117	Quae stella sole pulchrior	*C. Coffin*
118	Alleluia, dulce carmen	(?) *11th cent.*
119	Te laeta, mundi Conditor	*C. Coffin*
122	Solemne nos jejunii	(?) *11th cent.*
127	Summi largitor praemii (?)	*St. Gregory the Great*
129	Ecce tempus idoneum (?)	*St. Gregory the Great*
132	Audi, benigne Conditor	*St. Gregory the Great*
135	Vexilla Regis prodeunt	*Fortunatus*
136	Pange lingua gloriosi praelium certaminis	*Fortunatus*
137	Gloria, laus et honor	*St. Theodulph of Orleans*
139	Quicunque certum quaeritis	*18th cent.*
148	Lustra sex, qui jam peregit	*Fortunatus*
151	Stabat mater dolorosa .. (?)	*Pope Innocent III.*
160	Ad regias Agni dapes	(?) *6th cent.*
166	Salve, festa dies	*Fortunatus*
169	Jesu Redemptor saeculi, Verbum ..	*11th cent.*
172	Aurora lucis rutilat	*Ambrosian*
173	O filii et filiae	*13th cent.*
176	Finita jam sunt praelia ..	(?) *12th cent.*
177	Salve, festa dies	*Fortunatus*
178	Chorus novae Hierusalem	*St. Fulbert of Chartres*
182	Salve, festa dies	*Fortunatus*
186	Opus peregisti tuum	*C. Coffin*
189	Veni, Creator Spiritus	*9th or 10th cent.*
191	Veni, Creator Spiritus	*9th or 10th cent.*
192	Salve, festa dies	*Fortunatus*
193	Beata nobis gaudia	(?) *St. Hilary*
199	Ave! colenda Trinitas	(?) *11th cent.*
212	Praecursor altus luminis	*The Venerable Bede*
213	Nunc suis tandem	*C. Coffin*
227	Quisquis valet numerare	*15th cent.*
237	Coelestis aulae principes ..	*J. B. de Santeüil*
238	Exultet orbis gaudiis	*11th cent.*
239	Æterna Christi munera	*Ambrosian*
240	Christi perennes nuntii ..	*J. B. de Santeüil*
241	Psallat chorus corde mundo	*Adam of St. Victor*
251	Sancti venite, corpus Christi sumite	*7th cent.*
257	Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium	*St. Thomas Aquinas*
262	Verbum supernum prodiens Nec Patris	*St. Thomas Aquinas*
263	Adoro Te devote	*St. Thomas Aquinas*
331	Urbs beata, Hierusalem	(?) *6th cent.*
333	Patris aeterni Soboles coaeva	*C. Guiet*
374	Æterne Rex altissime	*13th cent.*
375	Angularis fundamentum	(?) *6th cent.*
388	Victis sibi cognomina	*18th cent.*
391	Supreme quales, Arbiter ..	*J. B. de Santeüil*
420	O Luce qui mortalibus	*C. Coffin*
421	Supreme Motor cordium	*C. Coffin*
427	Veni, Sancte Spiritus .. (?)	*Pope Innocent III.*
443	Jesu nostra Redemptio	*7th cent.*
446	Jesu dulcis memoria	*St. Bernard of Clairvaux*

447 Jesu dulcedo cordium *St. Bernard of Clairvaux*
459 Jerusalem luminosa .. .. .. *15th cent.*
480 Nobis, Olympo redditus .. *J. B. de Santeüil*
492 Coelestis O Jerusalem .. .. .. *17th cent.*
499 O quam juvat fratres, Deus .. .. *C. Coffin*
502 Apparuit benignitas: O amor quam *15th cent.*
524 O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata *Peter Abelard*
544 Alleluia! piis edite laudibus .. .. (?) *5th cent.*
547 Pugnate, Christi milites .. .. *18th cent.*
560 Cantemus cuncti melodum .. *Balbulus Notker*
561 Hora novissima, tempora pessima *St. Bernard of Morlaix*
575 Tu Trinitatis Unitas .. *St. Gregory the Great*
580 Gloriosi Salvatoris .. .. .. *15th cent.*
657 Luminis fons, lux et origo lucis .. *Alcuin*

GERMAN.

20 Die Nacht ist kommen, drin wir ruhen sollen *P. Herbert*
27 Der Tag ist hin .. .. *J. A. Freylinghausen*
141 O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden *P. Gerhardt*
162 Christus ist erstanden, Von des Todes Banden *M. Weisse*
171 Jesus lebt! mit ihm auch ich .. *C. F. Gellert*
203 O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht .. *J. Heermann*
231 Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne *H. T. Schenk*
267 Ach lieber Herre, Jesu Christ *H. von Laufenberg*
290 Was Gott thut das ist wohlgethan *B. Schmolck*
296 Nun danket alle Gott .. .. .. *M. Rinkart*
309 Im Anfang war's auf Erden (v. 3) *M. Claudius*
347 Verborgne Gottesliebe du .. *G. Tersteegen*
348 O hochbeglückte Seele .. .. *C. J. P. Spitta*
354 Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott .. *M. Luther*
358 Sei Lob und Ehr' dem höchsten Gut *J. J. Schütz*
387 Befiehl du deine Wege .. .. *P. Gerhardt*
445 Jesu geh' voran .. .. *N. L. von Zinzendorf*
460 Gott ist gegenwärtig .. .. *G. Tersteegen*
469 Christe, du Beistand deiner Kreuzgemeine *M. A. von Löwenstern*
504 Liebe die du mich zum Bilde .. .. *J. Scheffler*
511 Seelenbräutigam, O du Gotteslamm *N. L. von Zinzendorf*
520 Wem in Leidenstagen .. .. *H. S. Oswald*
563 Ich will dich lieben, meine Stärke .. *J. Scheffler*
603 Wer Gott vertraut, hat wohl gebaut *J. Magdeburg*

DANISH.

577 Igjennem Nat og Traengsel .. *B. S. Ingemann*

ITALIAN.

411 Viva, viva, Gesù .. .. .. (?) *18th cent.*

SYRIAC.

343 Shubkha l'rakhmaik Mshikka malkan .. *Anon.*

WELSH.

422 Arglwydd arwain trwy'r anialwch *W. Williams*

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586 Nu scylun hergan Hefaenrices uard .. *Cædmon*

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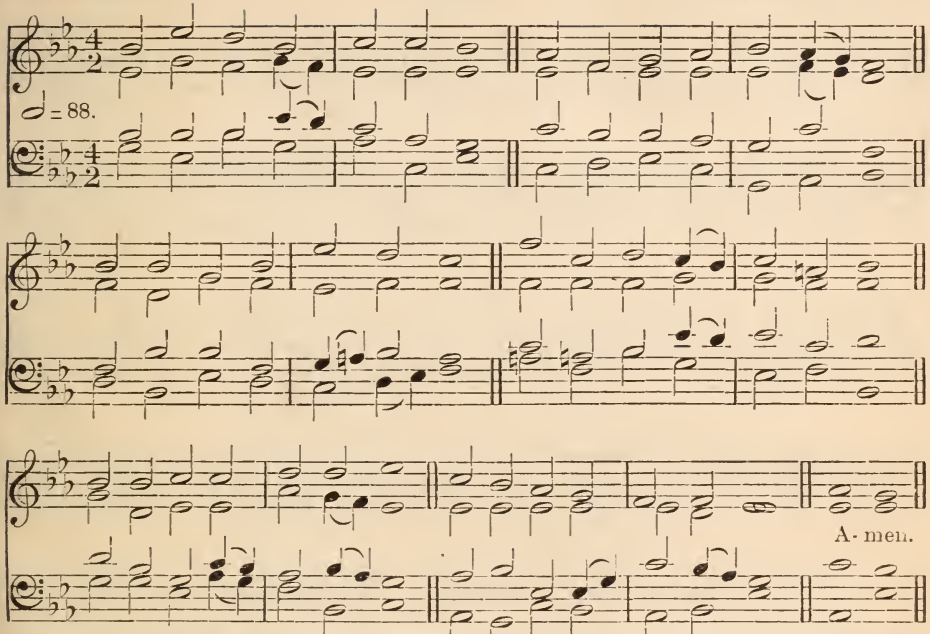
1 Morning.

HEATHLANDS. Six 7's. H. SMART, 1813–1879.



mf AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
p Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

mf If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
p Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

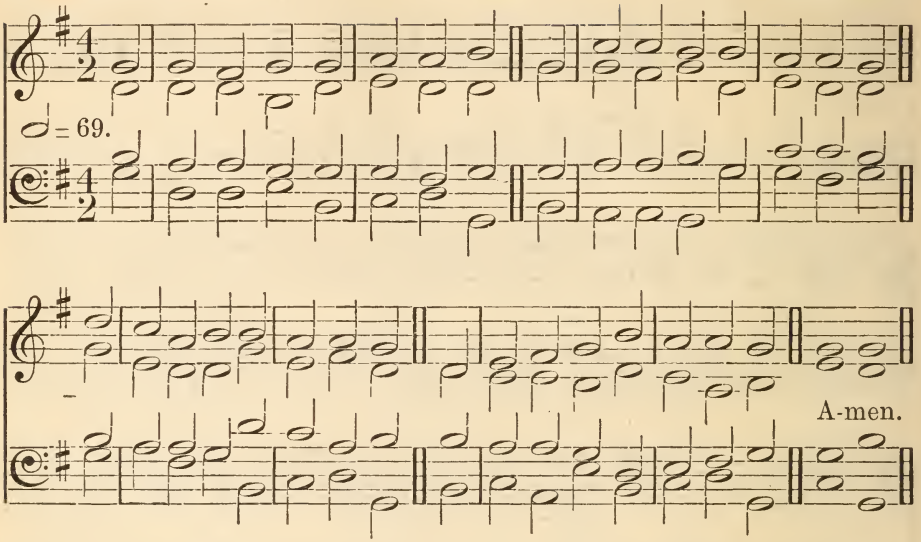
mf We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
p Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

mf Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
cr All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
f Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

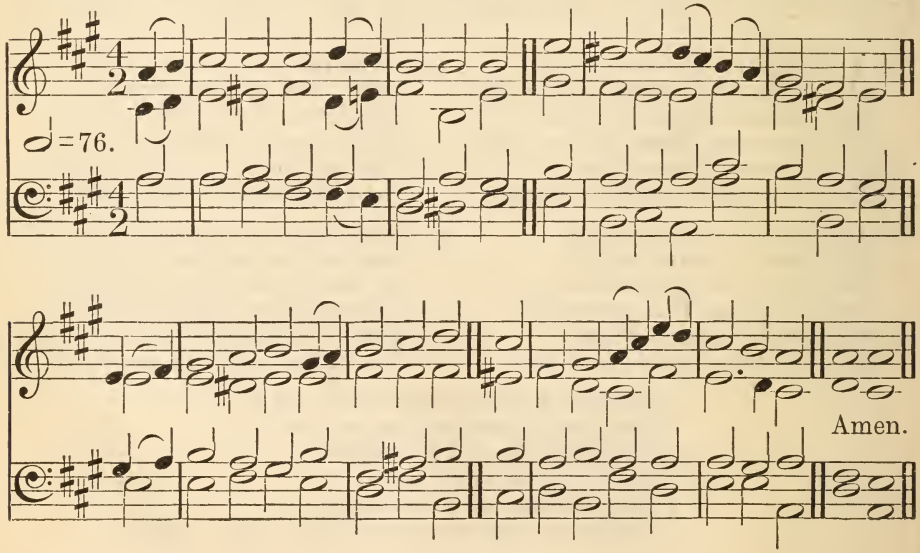
p Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
cr That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
f So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise. Amen.

Morning.

Tallis's Canon (*First Tune*). L.M. T. Tallis, 1520?–1585.



Morning Hymn (*Second Tune*). L.M. F. H. Barthélémon, 1741–1808.



Morning.

PART I.

f AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

mf Thy precious time mis-spent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

f By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King. Amen.

PART II.

f ALL praise to Thee, Who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake!

mf Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

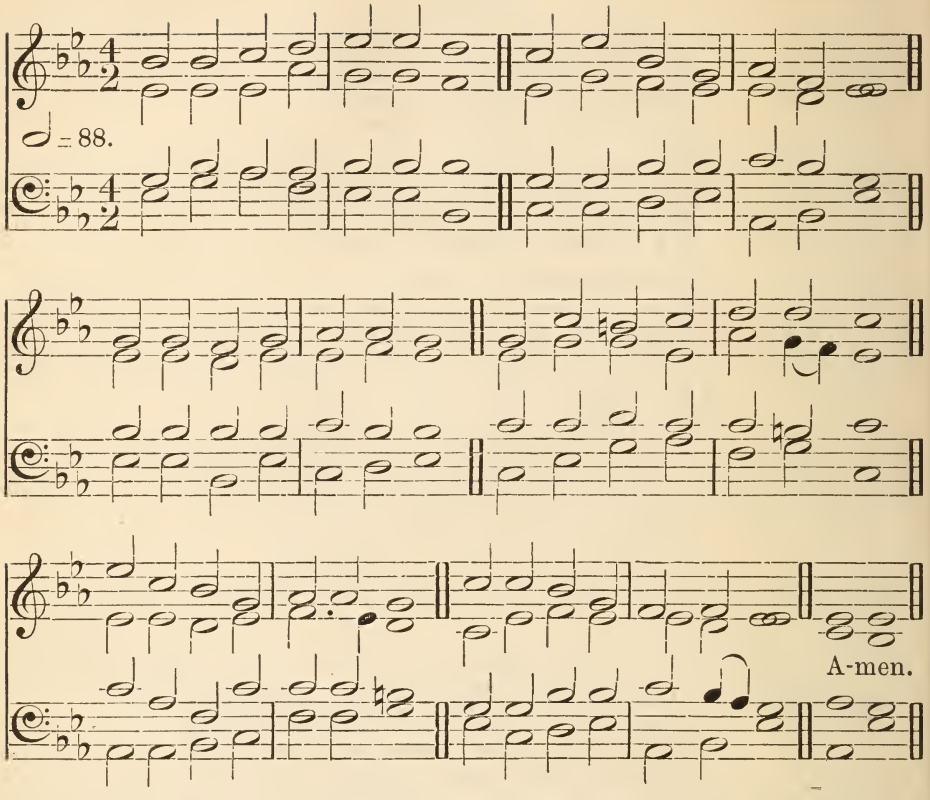
Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

f Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

3

Morning.

Ratisbon. Six 7's. Werner's *Choralbuch*, 1815.



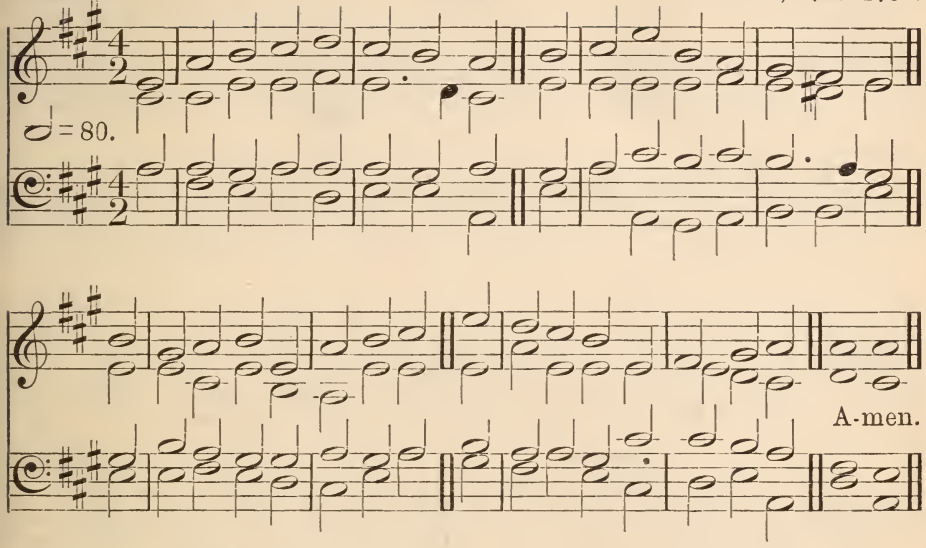
mf CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear!

p Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see:
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

mf Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
cr More and more Thyself display,
f Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

Morning.

NORFOLK. L.M. S. HOWARD, 1710–1782.



mf FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, we go
Our daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh let us cheerfully fulfil;
In all our works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

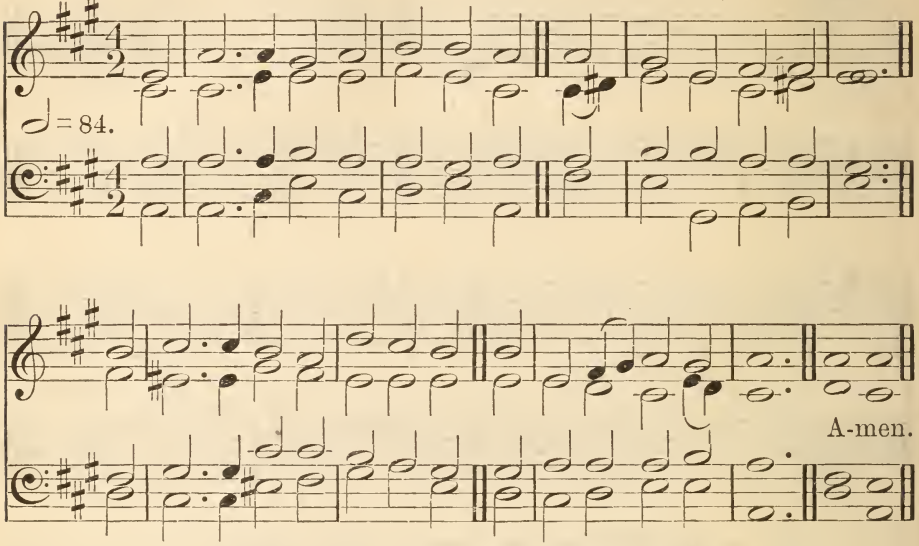
Thee may we set at our right hand,
Whose eyes our inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all our works to Thee.

Give us to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven. Amen.

Morning.

St. Timothy. C.M. H. W. Baker, 1821–1877.
Arr. by W. H. Monk.



mf MY Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy Holy Name be blest.

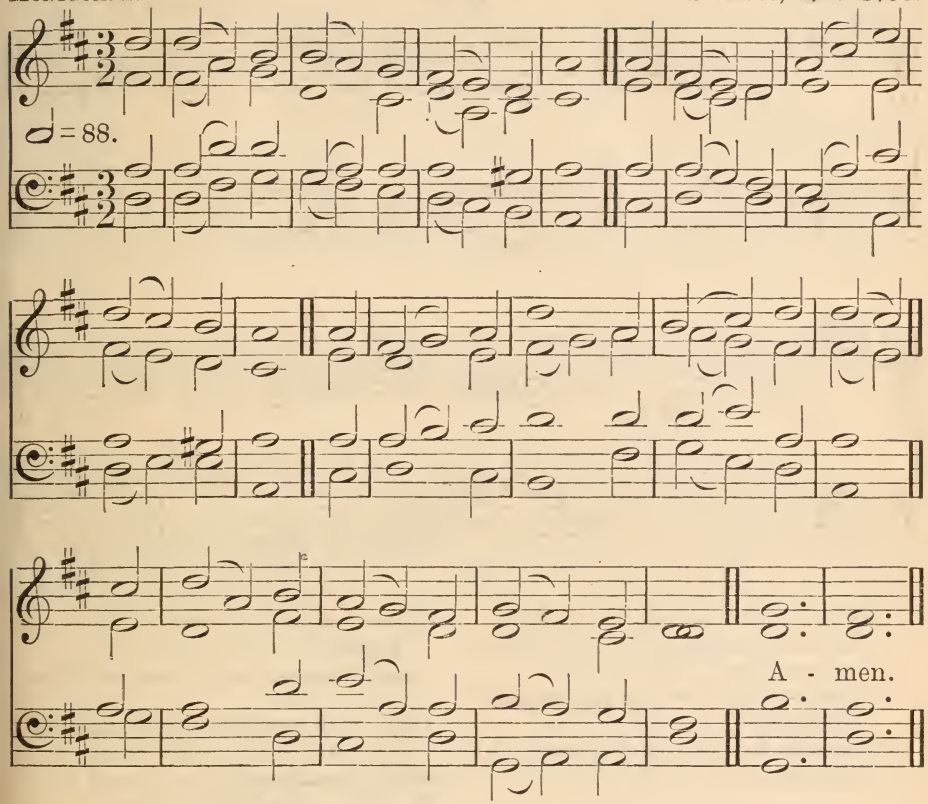
Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

My Father, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.

Morning.

MONTGOMERY. L.M. J. STANLEY, 1713–1786.



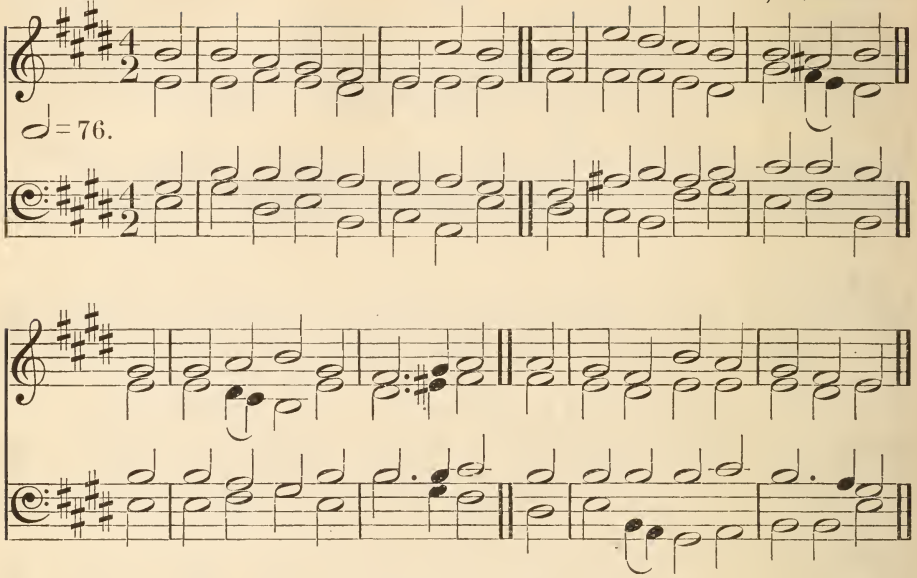
mf MY God, how endless is Thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days:
f Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. Amen.

Morning.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.



mf NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

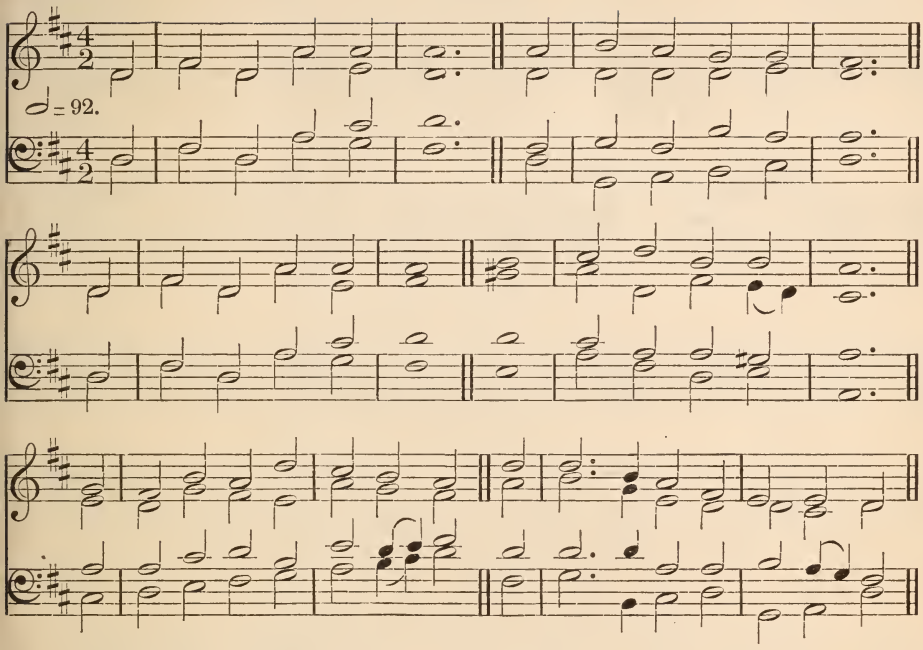
Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Morning.

JUBILEE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. F. C. CHATTOCK.



f O LIGHT that knew no dawn,
That shines to endless day,
All things in earth and heaven
Are lustred by Thy ray;
No eye can to Thy throne ascend,
Nor mind Thy brightness comprehend.

p Thy grace, O Father, give,
That I may serve in fear:
Above all boons, I pray,
Grant me Thy voice to hear;
From sin Thy child in mercy free,
And let me dwell in light with Thee.

mf That, cleansed from stain of sin,
I may meet homage give,
And, pure in heart, behold
And serve Thee while I live;
Clean hands in holy worship raise,
And Thee, O Christ, my Saviour, praise.

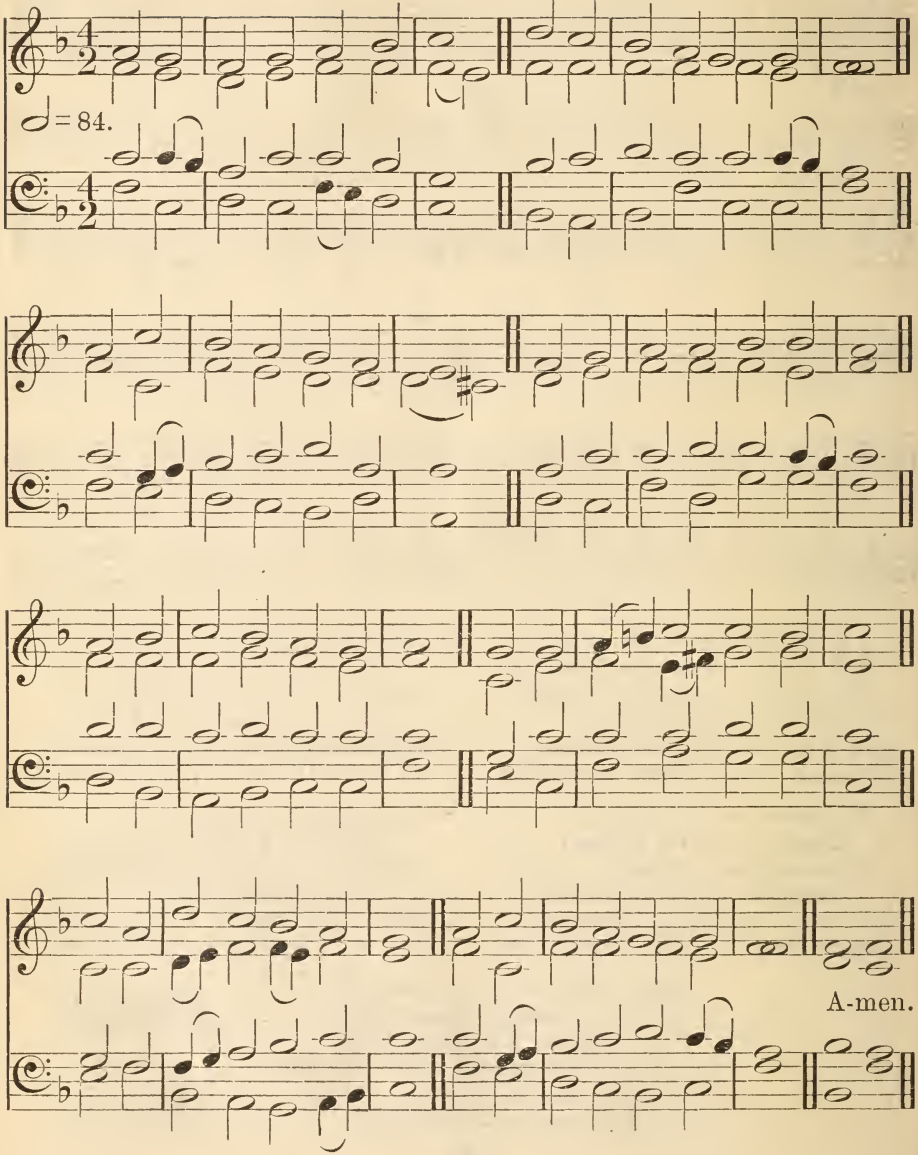
p In supplication meek
To Thee I bend the knee;
O Christ, when Thou shalt come,
In love remember me,
And in Thy kingdom, by Thy grace,
Grant me a humble servant's place.

mf Thy grace, O Father, give,
I humbly Thee implore;
cr And let Thy mercy bless
Thy servant more and more.
f All grace and glory be to Thee
From age to age eternally.

9

Morning.

ALTENBURG. Eight 7's. M. VULPIUS, 1560–1616?



Morning.

mf ONCE again to meet the day
Time hath borne us on our way;
Once again to God we bring
Prayer's most lowly offering;
We, the making of Thine hand,
In Thy strength alone we stand;
p God of mercy, God of might!
Guard us till the fall of night.

p Round us always as we move
Folded be Thy tender love;
If we wander from the way,
Lead us back, O Lord, we pray;
If temptations close us in,
If we doubt, or faint, or sin,
God of mercy, God of power!
Leave us not in that dark hour.

mf All we do and all we are,
Thou art with us everywhere;
Under Thine all-seeing eye
We must live, and we must die.
O'er the creatures of Thy word
Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord;
p God of mercy, God of might!
Guard us, keep us, day and night.

cr Then when time is past and gone,
When the Day of Doom comes on,
f When the trumpet calls the dead,
When the heavens and earth are fled,
Shrivelling at the only breath
Of the tempest of Thy wrath,
dim Save us then, O God of might!
By Thy mercies infinite! Amen.

Also the following:

As the bird, whose clarion gay—61
Behold the shade of night departs—49
Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One—51
Day is breaking, dawn is bright—63
Great God of boundless mercy, hear—69
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!—198
Now that the daylight fills the sky—50
O Christ, Whose glory fills the heaven—67
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace—59
See the golden sun arise!—65

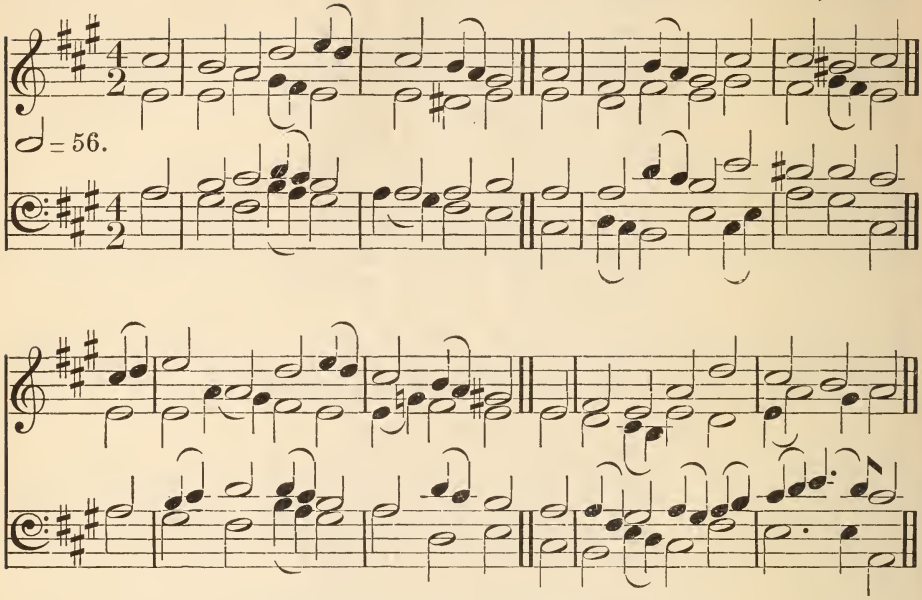
Afternoon.

The following may be used:

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide—355
Again, as evening's shadow falls—10
As now the sun's declining rays—11
Father, ere yet another day is ended—14
Lead, kindly Light—455
O God of truth, O Lord of might—52
O Strength and Stay—53
The day is gently sinking to a close—28
The sun is sinking fast—33

10 Evening.

TIBBERTON. L.M. C. LEE WILLIAMS, *b.* 1852.



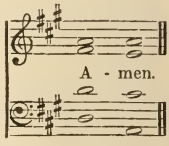
May also be sung to "Commandments," *No.* 12.

mf AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

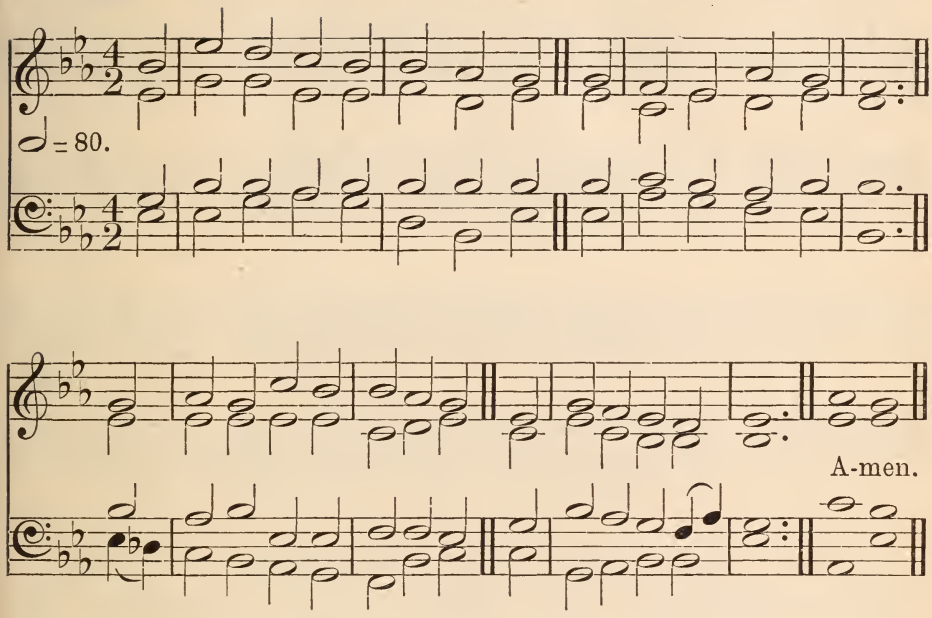
p O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou,
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

mf Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.



Evening.

St. Peter. C.M. A. R. Reinagle, 1799–1877.



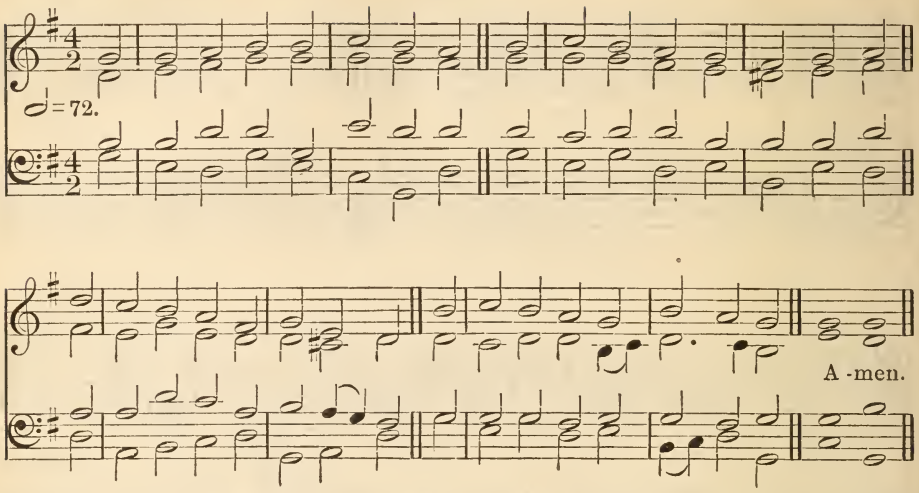
p AS now the sun's declining rays
Towards the eve descend,
E'en so our years are sinking down
To their appointed end.

Lord, on the Cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh;
Oh, grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those arms to die!

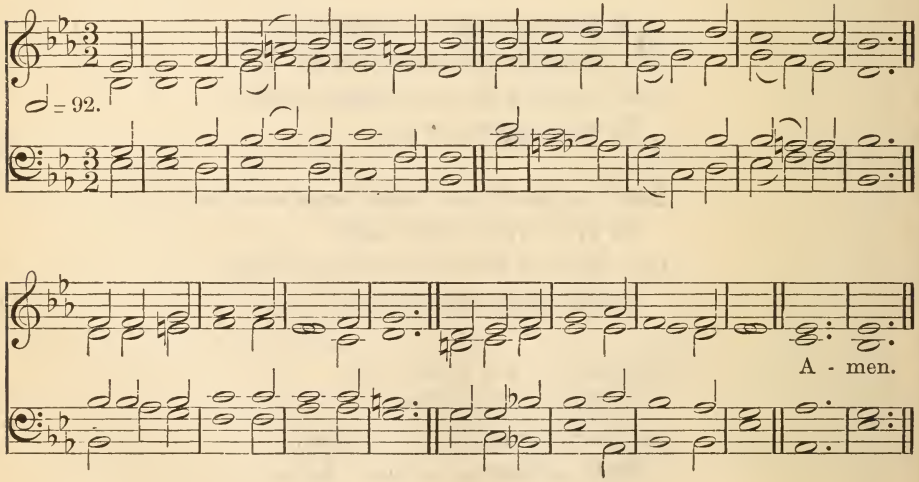
f All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Evening.

COMMANDMENTS (*First Tune*). L.M. *Geneva Psalter*, 1549.



ANGELUS (*Second Tune*). L.M. G. JOSEPHI, *c.* 1657.



Evening.

mf AT even, when the sun did set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
cr We know and feel that Thou art here.

p O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

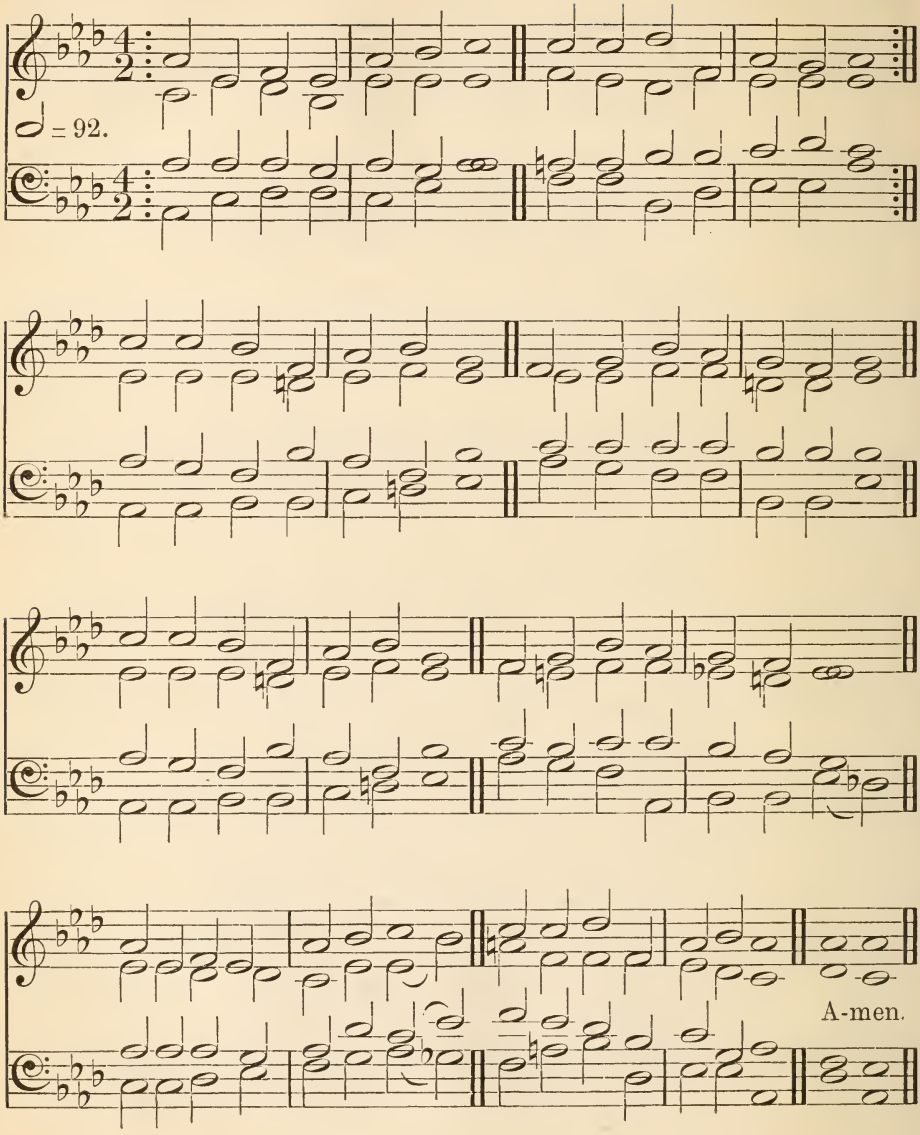
And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

mf O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
p Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

Evening.

Evening Prayer. Ten 7's. C. H. Lloyd, *b.* 1849.



Evening.

mf FATHER, by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace;
Thou, Whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our couch from ill,
Lull Thy children to repose:
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

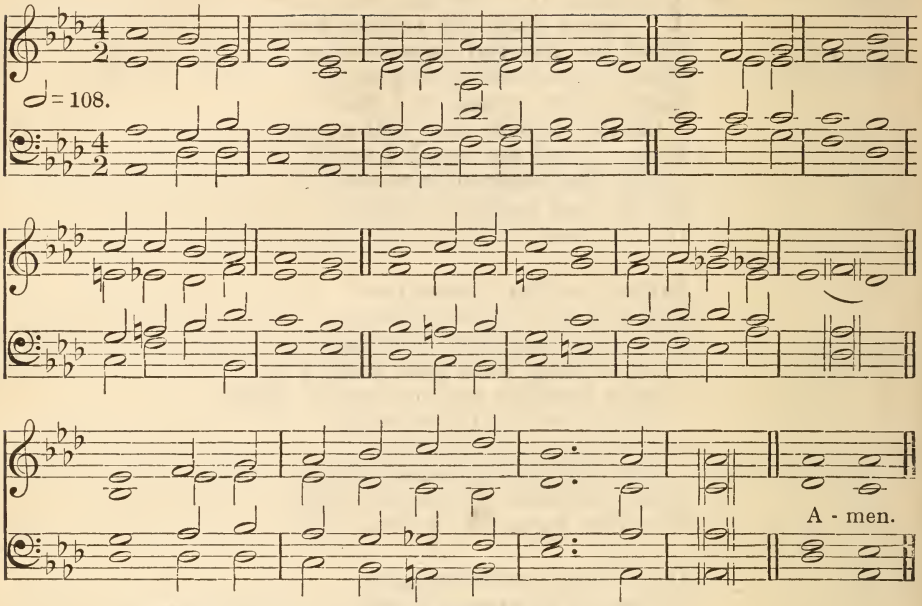
Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer:
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray;
Wordly thoughts and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to Thy Cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view;
Blessèd Saviour, yet through Thee
Pray that these may pardoned be.

p Holy Spirit, breathing balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigils keep.
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

mf Blessèd Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Then when shrinks the lonely heart,
Thou, O God, most present art.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head;
Let Thy Angels' guardian-host
Keep all evil from our bed,
cr Till the flood of morning rays
f Wakes us to a song of praise. Amen.

Evening.

LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS. 11.11.10.10. Anon, 1902.



mf FATHER, ere yet another day is ended,
Into Thy hands be all its hours commended;
Angels about our way keep watch and ward,
Lighten our darkness with Thy peace, O Lord.

When falls on life's gay noon the night of sadness,
Oh may we feel Thee near, Eternal Gladness;
Our feeble faith uphold, new strength afford,
Lighten our darkness with Thy Presence, Lord.

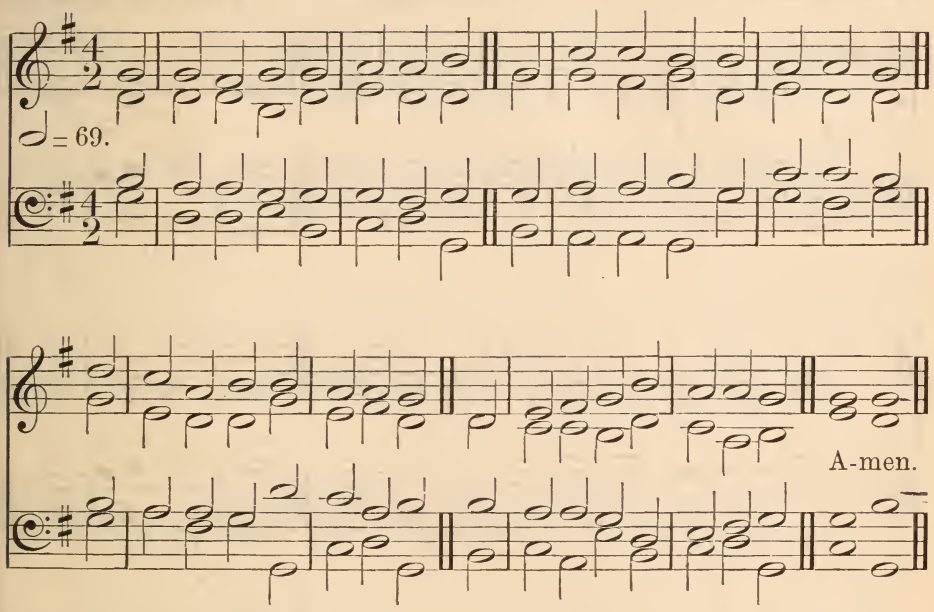
Sunshine and cloud are Thine; yet gloom is dreary,
Hope yields to fear, and we grow weak and weary,
Lead us to rest on Thy unfailing word,
Lighten our darkness with Thy love, O Lord.

Pain wrings the heart, and fierce temptations try us:
Dimly we know that Elder Brother by us,
Who in the garden suffered and implored,
Lighten our darkness for His sake, our Lord.

Father, when earthly life for us is ended,
Into Thy hands its deeds and years commended,
Now our one guide, be then our one reward,
Lighten our darkness in Thy heaven, O Lord. Amen.

Evening.

TALLIS'S CANON. L.M. T. TALLIS, 1520?–1585.



f GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

p Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

mf Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

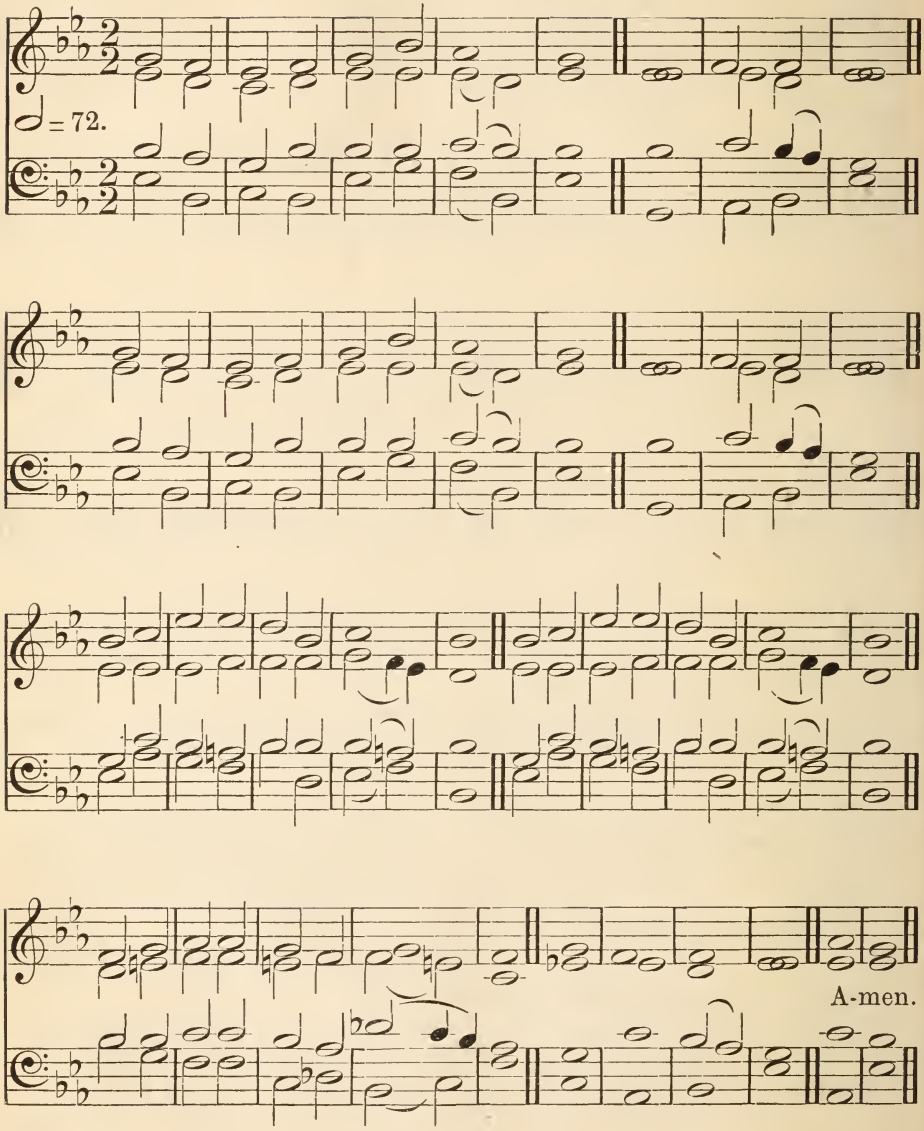
p Oh may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
mf Sleep, that may me more vigorous [make
To serve my God when I awake.

p When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

f Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

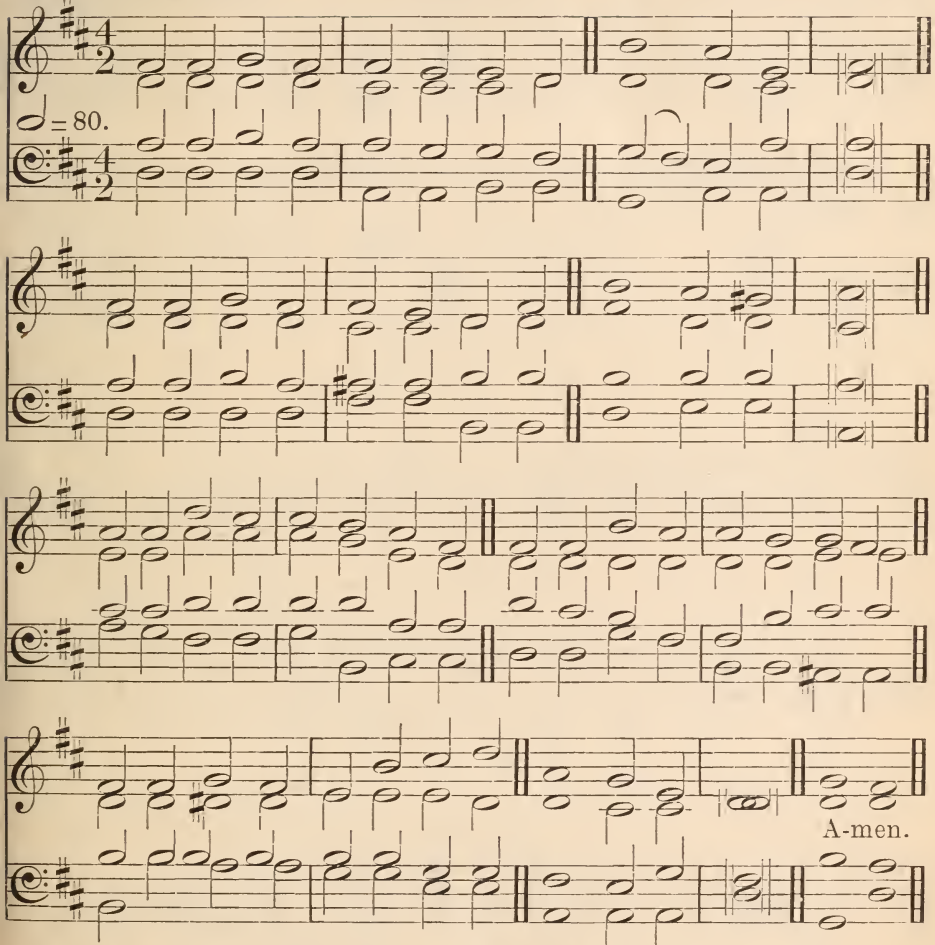
16 Evening.

Upsal (*First Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. J. Crüger, 1598–1662.



Evening.

TEMPLE (*Second Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. E. J. HOPKINS, 1818–1901.

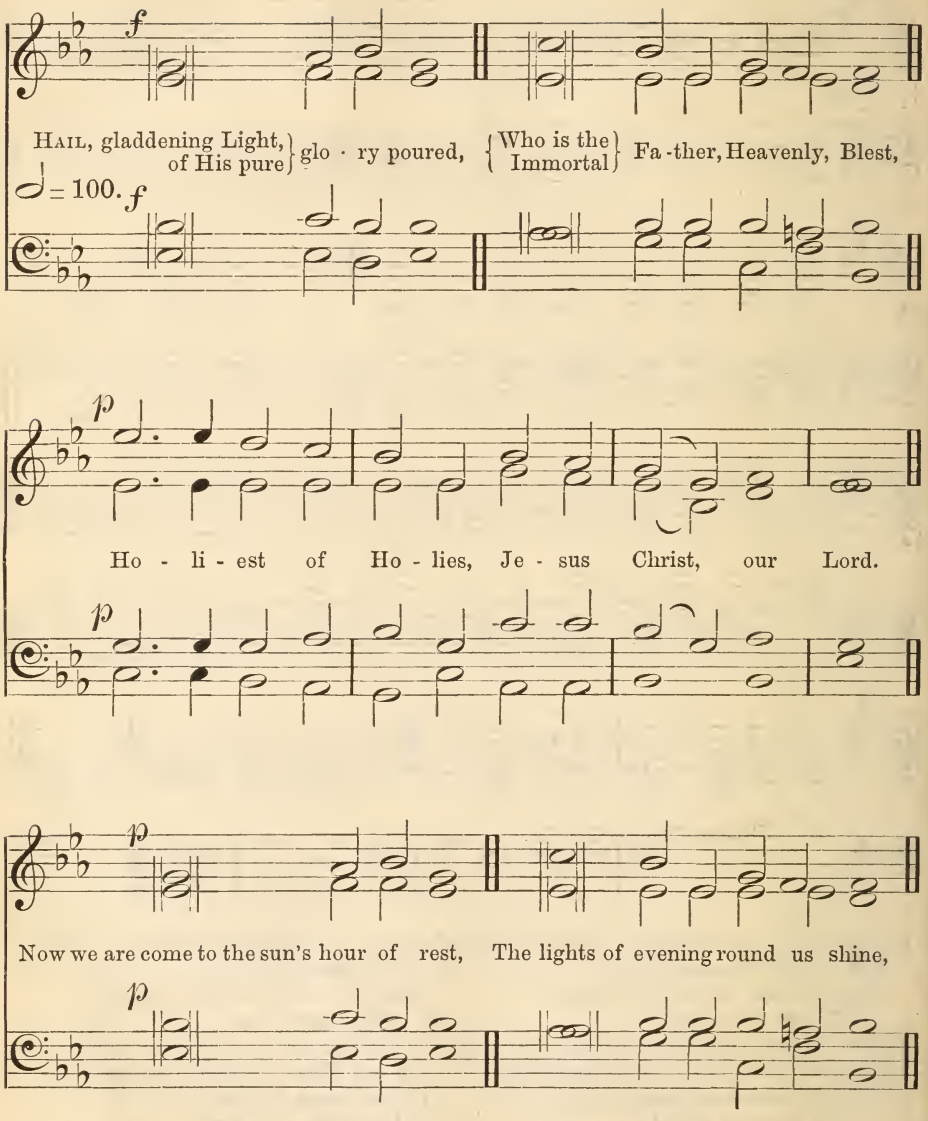


p GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil has given,
For rest the night;
mf May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
p Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

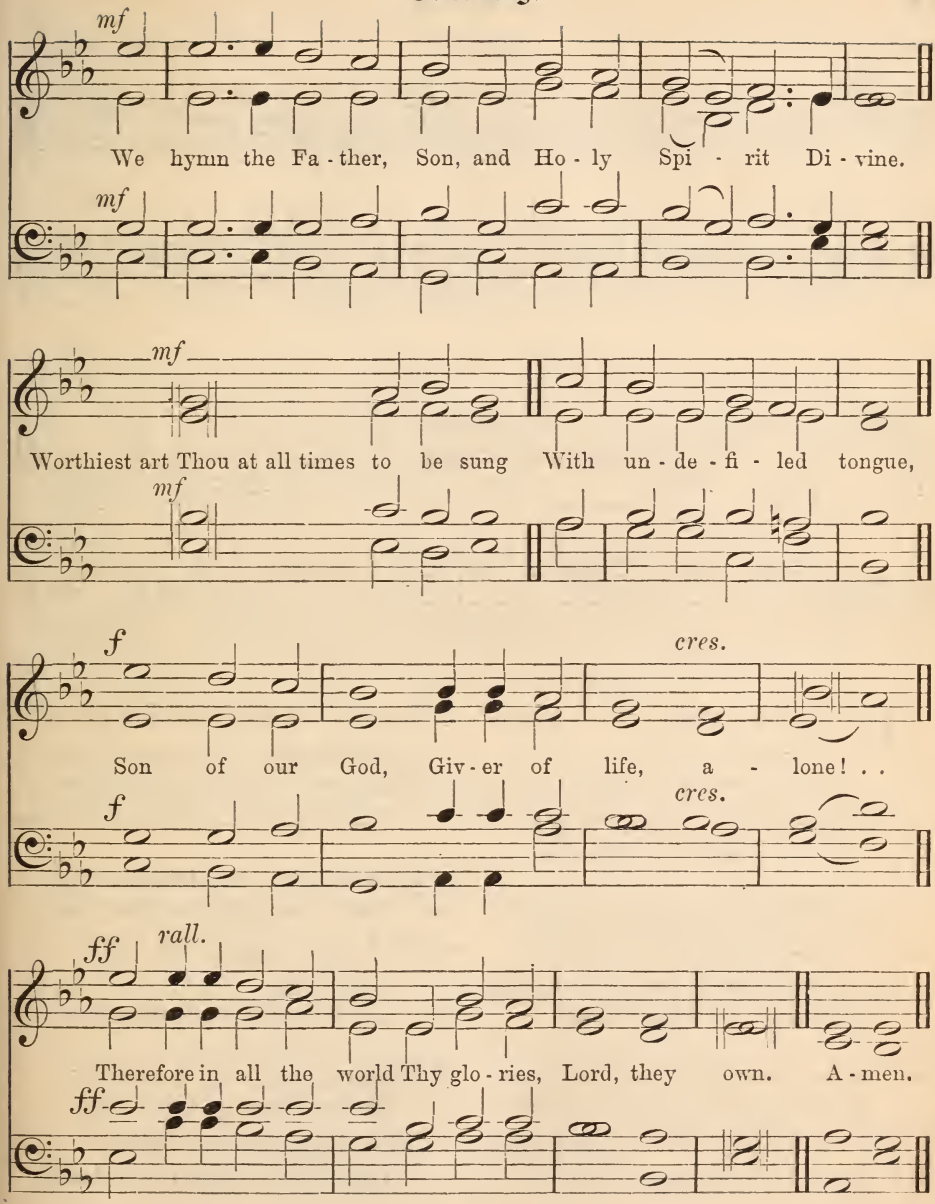
mf Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
p And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
mf When the last dread trump shall wake [us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
f But to reign in glory take us,
p With Thee on high. Amen.

Evening.

SEBASTE. Irregular. J. STAINER, 1840-1901.

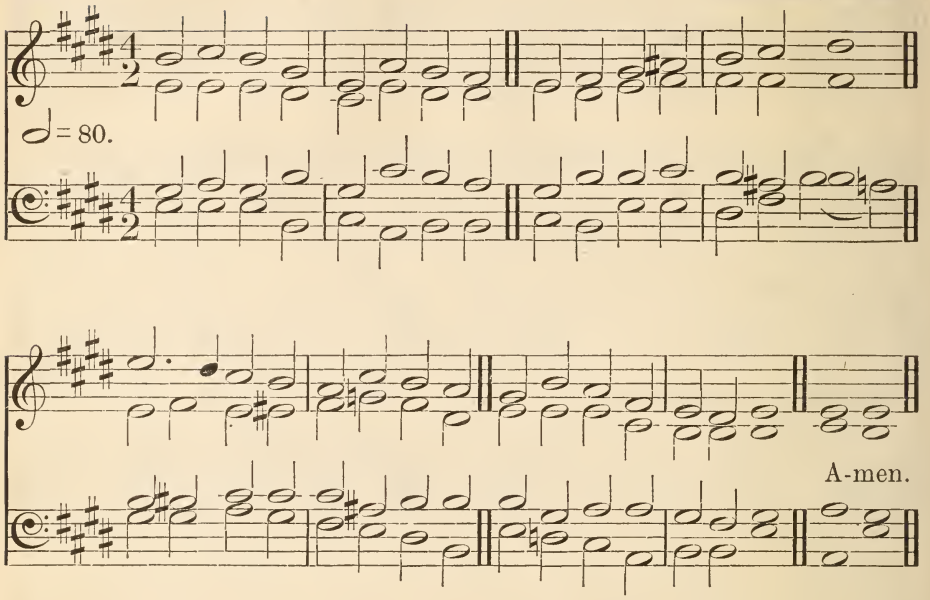

f
HAIL, gladdening Light, of His pure glo · ry poured, Who is the Immortal Fa-ther, Heavenly, Blest,
♩ = 100. f
p
Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord.
p
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of evening round us shine,
p

Evening.


mf
We hymn the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit Di - vine.
mf
mf
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung With un - de - fi - led tongue,
mf
f
cres.
Son of our God, Giv - er of life, a - lone! . .
f
cres.
ff
rall.
Therefore in all the world Thy glo - ries, Lord, they own. A - men.
ff

Evening.

ODDE. 8.7.8.7. A. H. BREWER, *b.* 1865.



mf HEAR our prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere we lay us down to sleep;
Bid Thine Angels, pure and holy,
Round our bed their vigils keep.

Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the Cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

p Keep us through this night of peril
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
When our pilgrimage is made.

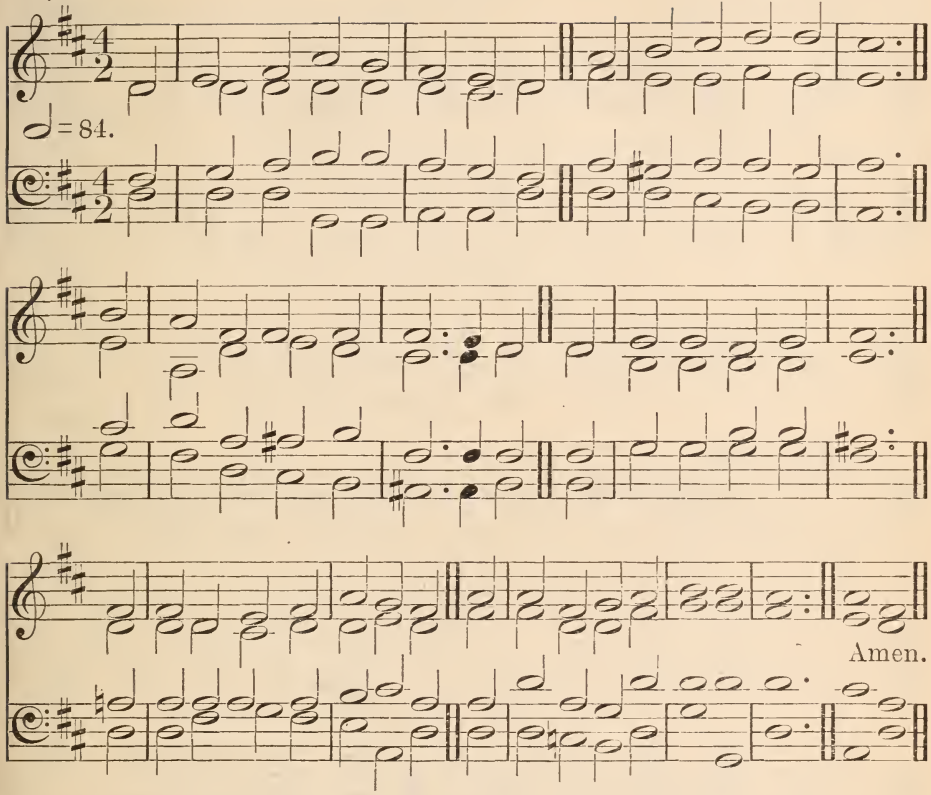
mf None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son has bought.

p Pardon all our past transgressions,
cr Give us strength for days to come;
mf Guide and guard us with Thy blessing
dim Till Thine Angels bear us home.

f Honour, glory, might, dominion,
To the Father and the Son,
With the Everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

Evening.

PALMYRA. 8.6.8.6.8.8. J. SUMMERS, *b.* 1843.



p LORD of my life, Whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here, lowly, at the hour of prayer,
Before Thy throne I bow:
mf I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

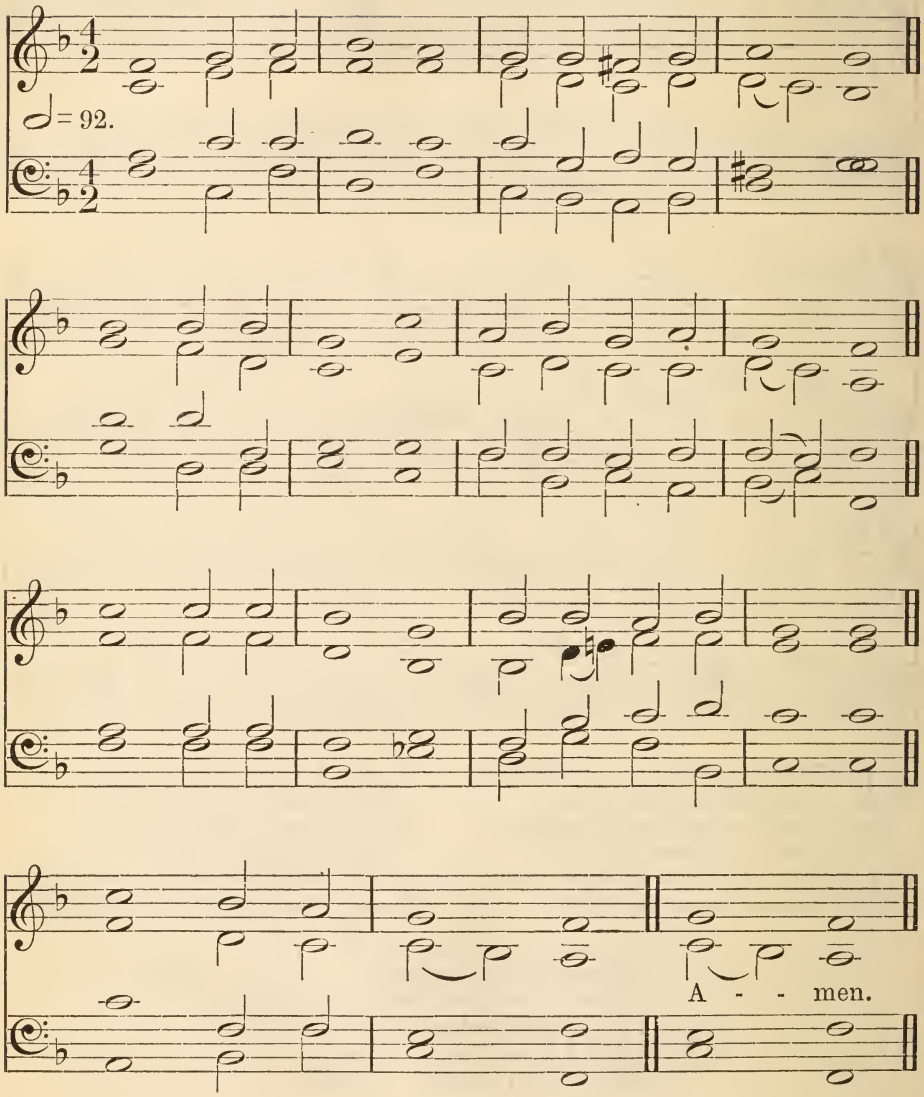
p Oh may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow,
To Thee, and to Thy glory live,
Dead else to all below,
mf Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

mf With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray;
f All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer through eternity. Amen.

Evening.

11.11.11.5.

Die Nacht ist kommen. *Der Böhmischen Brüder Kirchengesang*, 1566.



Evening.

p NOW God be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow we to rest may yield us,
For He will shield us.

Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body from all harm defend us;
Thine Angels send us.

Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
cr All day serve Thee; in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

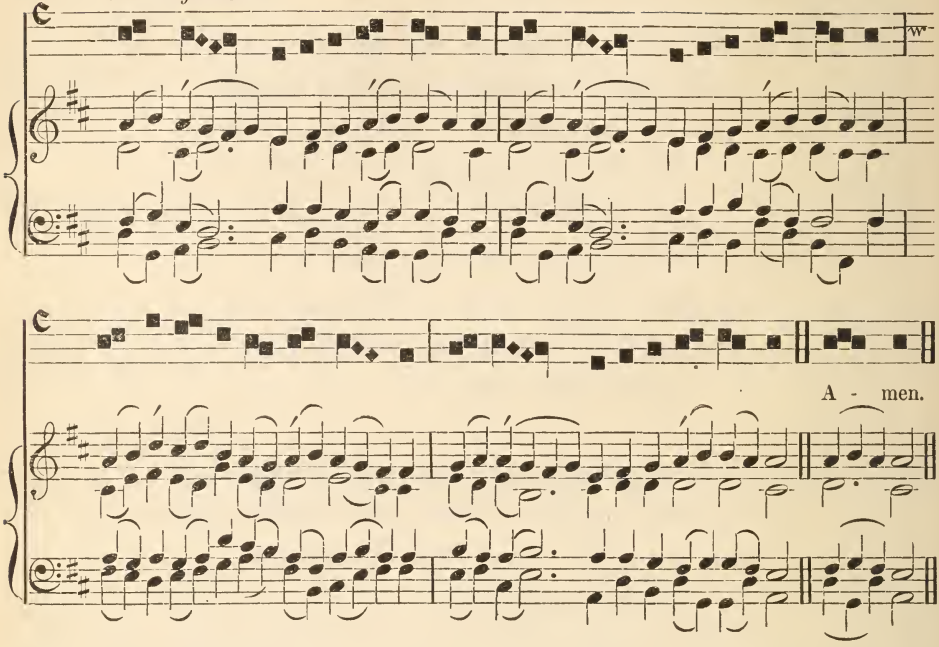
p We have no refuge: none on earth to aid us,
cr Save Thee, O Father, Who Thine own hast made us;
mf But Thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

f Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever. Amen.

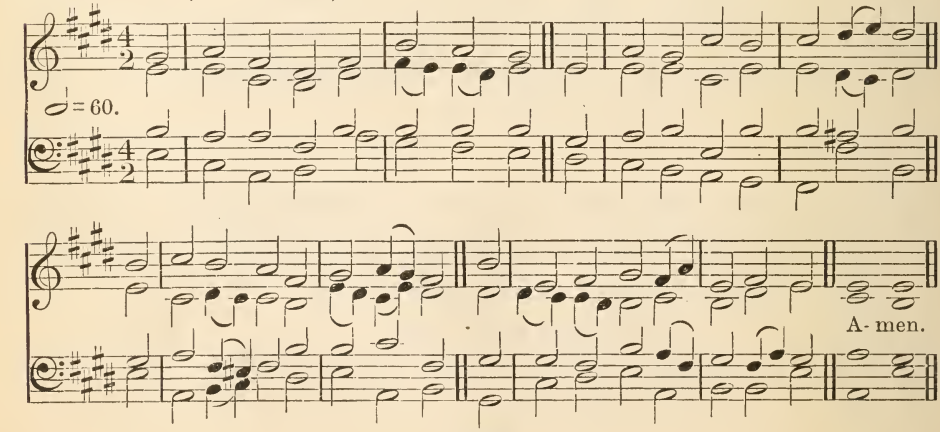
Evening.

JAM SOL RECEDIT IGNEUS (*First Tune*). MODE VIII. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



ALMONDSBURY (*Second Tune*). L.M. BASIL HARWOOD, *b.* 1859.



Evening.

mf NOW sinks in night the flaming sun;
O Thou, our Everlasting Day,
Thrice Holy Godhead, Three in One,
Thy brightness to our hearts display:

To Thee we hymn the morning lay,
To Thee our evening vows are given;
Grant us, as here to Thee we pray,
To praise Thee in the courts of heaven.

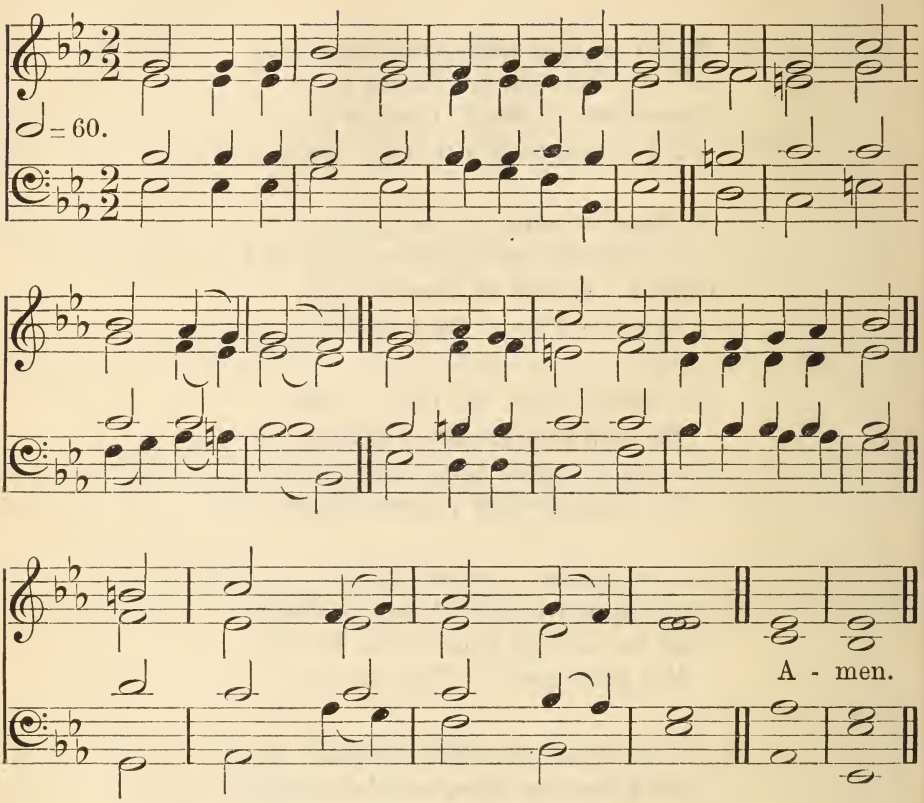
No shadows there, nor clouds impede
The view with visions of affright:
Nor sun nor moon those mansions need;
f The Lamb is their perpetual Light.

p Oh, yet unseen by mortal sight,
May in our souls that scene endure,
That we, through hope of that delight,
May purer grow as Thou art pure.

cr And when the day shall come that we
Shall know no more, as now, in part,
May we unveiled Thy Presence see,
Be like, and know Thee as Thou art:

f And evermore with voice and heart
Join concert with Thy heavenly Host,
And bear, in praising Thee, our part,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

St. Nicholas. 10.6.10.6. C. C. Scholefield, *b.* 1839.



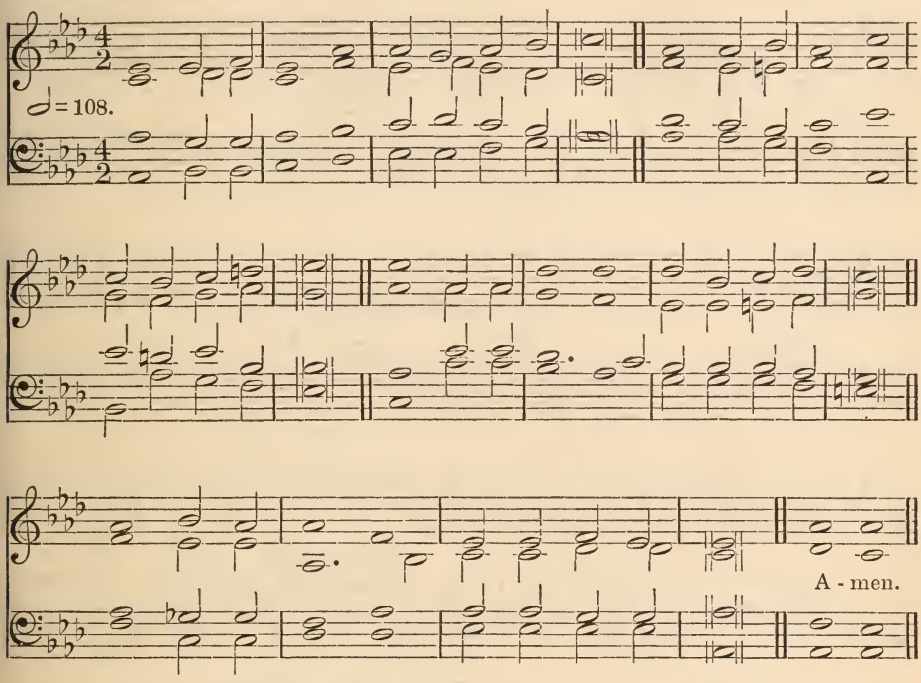
mf O BRIGHTNESS of the Eternal Father's face,
Most holy, heavenly, blest,
Lord Jesu Christ, in Whom His truth and grace
Are visibly expressed;

p Now that the daylight fades, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine:
cr We praise once more the Father and the Son
And Holy Ghost Divine.

f Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Praise from Thy Saints, O Lord;
Be Thou, O Son of God, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored! Amen.

Evening.

ELLERS (*First Tune*). 10.10.10.10. E. J. HOPKINS, 1818–1901.



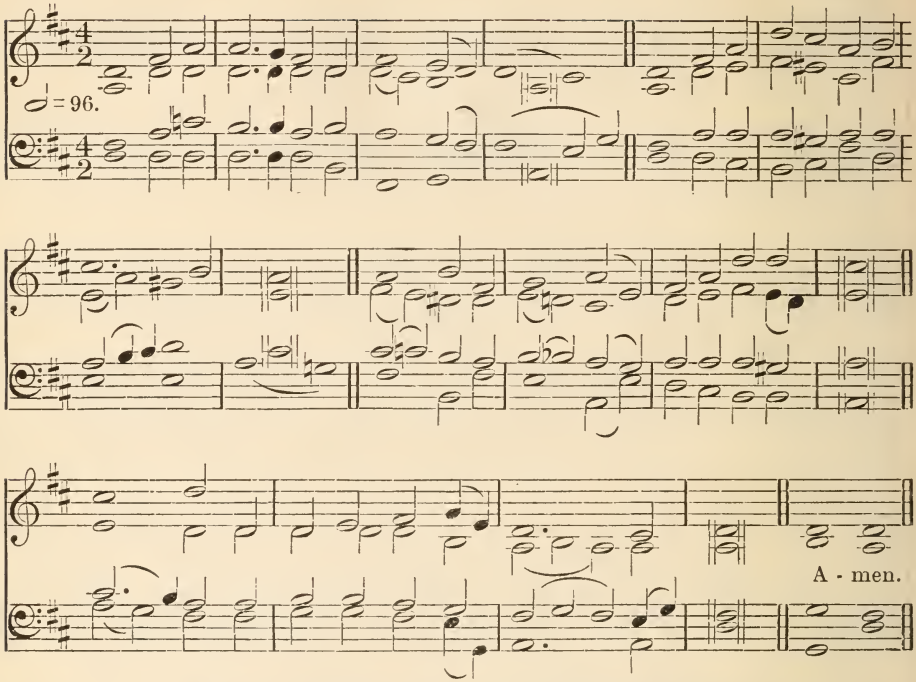
mf SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise:
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
p Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
cr Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
mf From harm and danger keep Thy children free;
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

p Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
mf With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
p Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

p Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
mf Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
p Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

PAX DEI (*Second Tune*). 10.10.10.10. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



mf SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise:
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
p Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

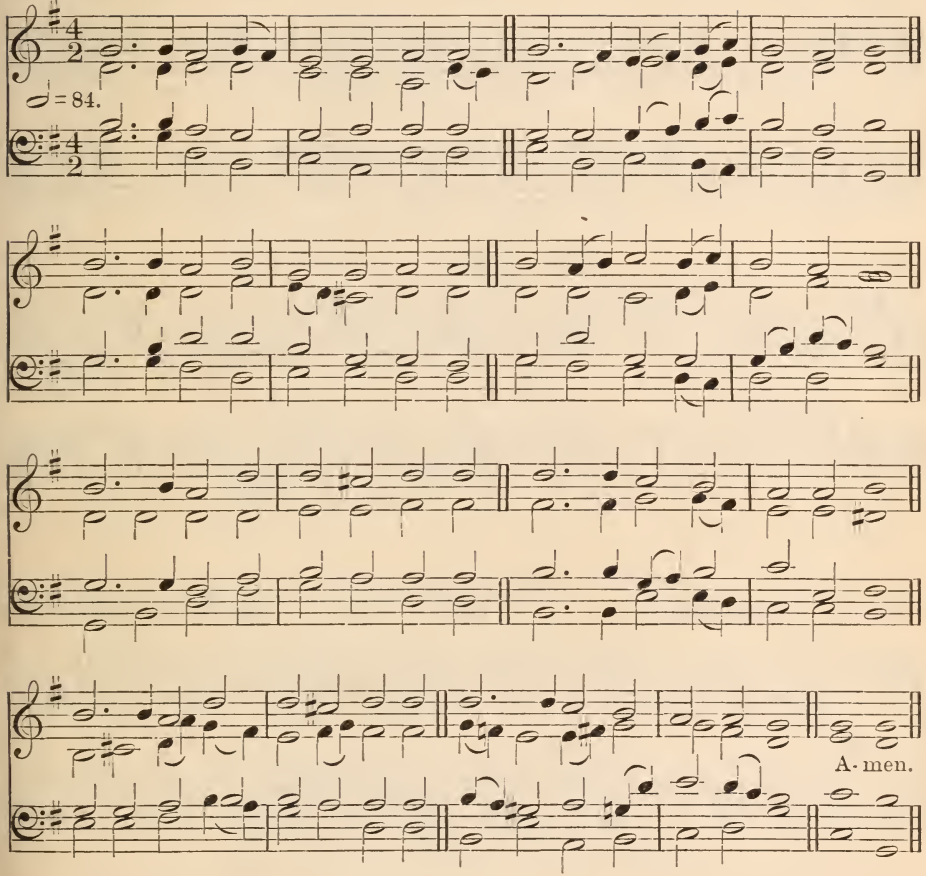
Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
cr Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
mf From harm and danger keep Thy children free;
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

p Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
mf With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
p Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

p Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
mf Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
p Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

Evening.

Lugano. 8.7.8.7. D. Italian Melody.



p SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal; [ing,
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

mf Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

p Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;

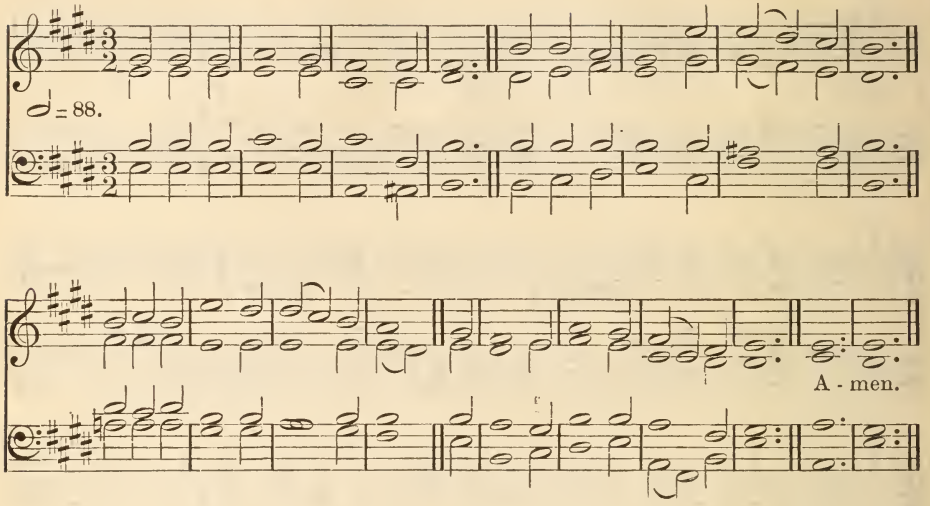
mf Thou art He Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

p Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,

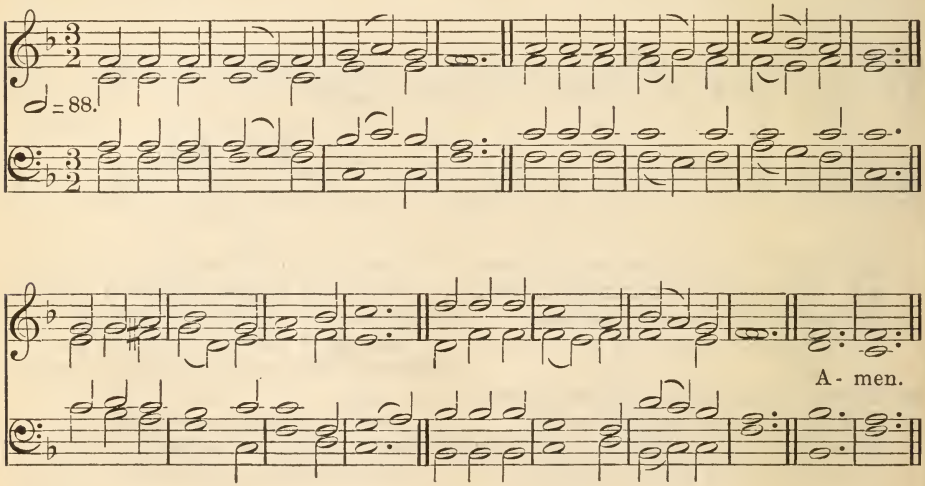
mf May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.
Amen.

Evening.

Sun of my Soul (*First Tune*). L.M. H. Percy Smith, 1825–1898.



Hursley (*Second Tune*). L.M. P. Ritter, 1760–1846.



Evening.

mf SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

p When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

mf Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

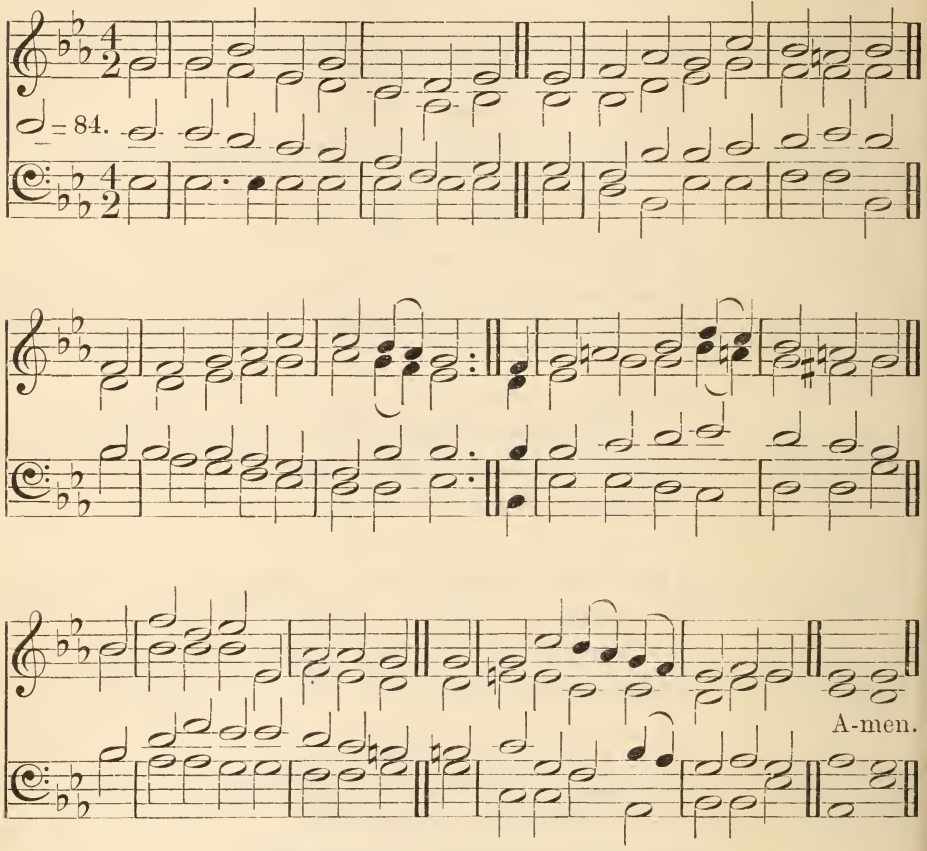
p If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

mf Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
cr Till in the ocean of Thy love
f We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

26 Evening.

VALETE. Six 8's. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

p SWEET Saviour! bless us 'ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
cr Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

Evening.

The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
cr Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
cr Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

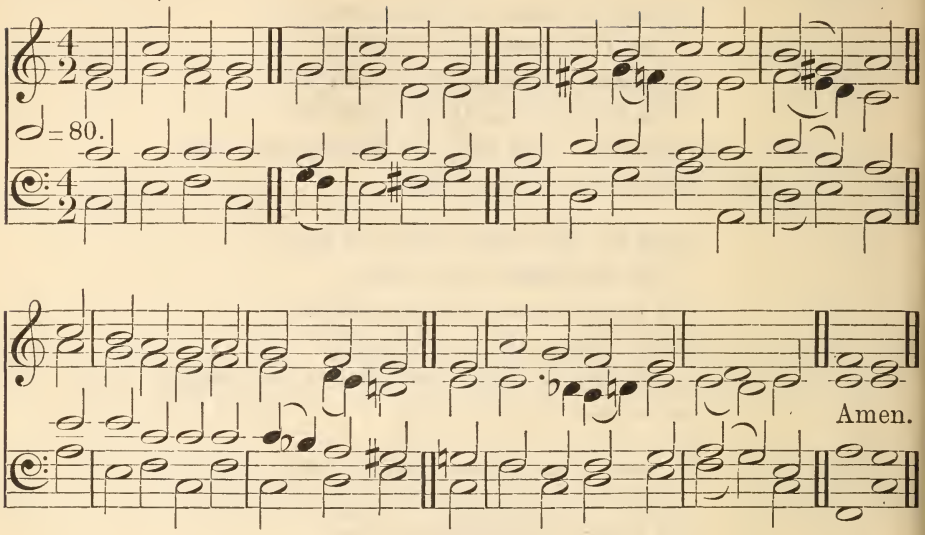
f Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
mf Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

mf For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
f Oh let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our All!
mf Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

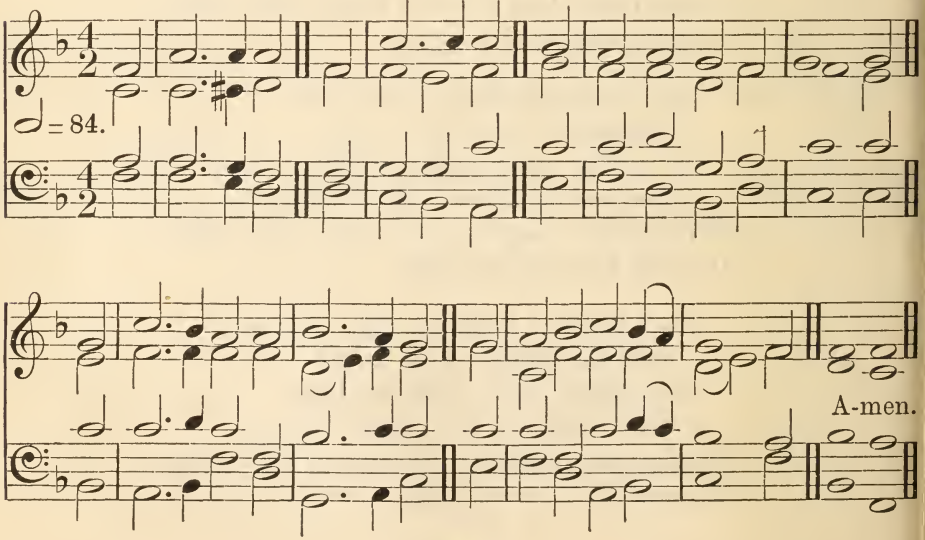
p Sweet Saviour! bless us: night is come;
Amid the darkness near us be!
Good Angels watch about our home;
And we are one day nearer Thee!
cr Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, be our Light. Amen.

Evening.

St. Wilfrid (*First Tune*). 4.4.7.8.7. *Mainzer Choralbuch.*



Monkswood (*Second Tune*). 4.4.7.8.7. A., 1894.



Evening.

mf THE day departs;
Our souls and hearts
Long for that better morrow,
When Christ shall set His people free
From every care and sorrow.

The sunshine bright
Is lost in night;
O Lord, Thyself unveiling,
Shine on our souls with beams of love,
All darkness there dispelling.

Be Thou still nigh,
With sleepless eye,
While all around are sleeping,
And Angel-guards, at Thy command,
Afar all danger keeping.

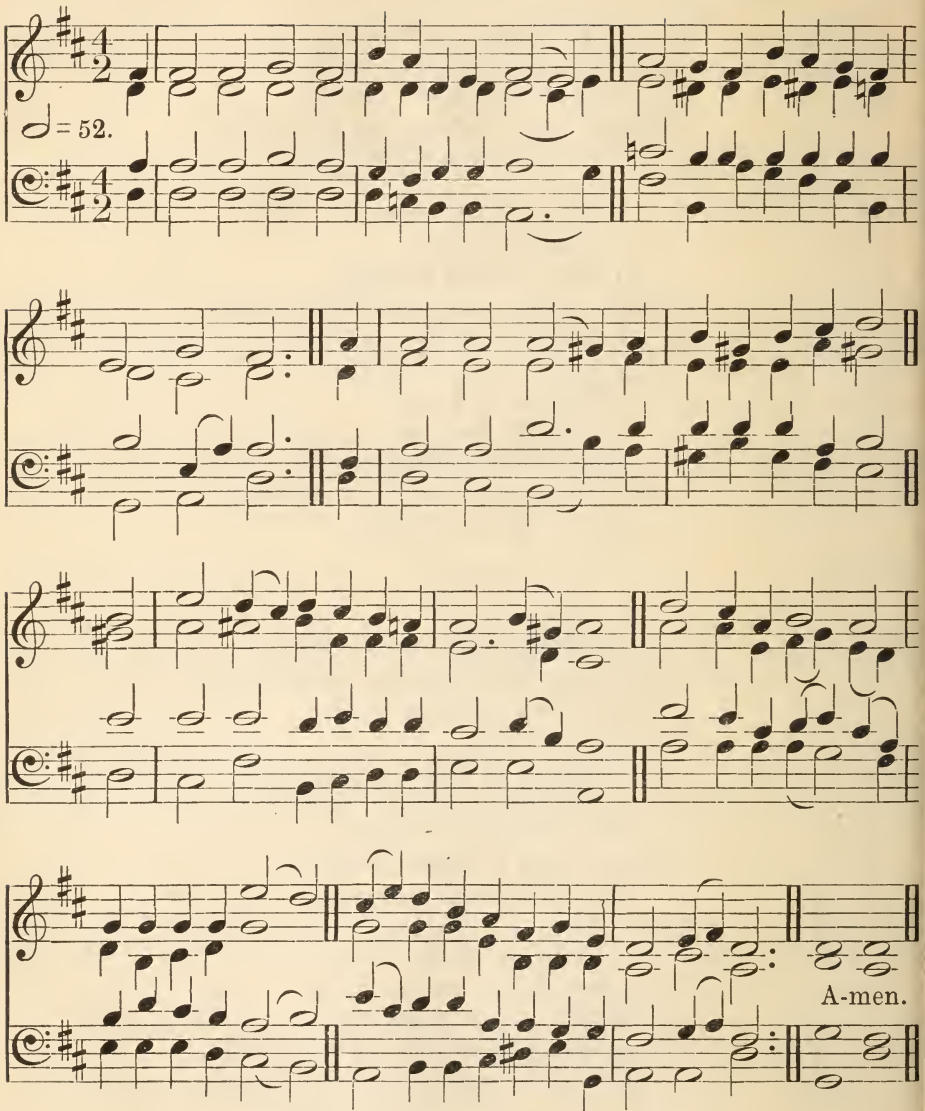
The land above,
Of peace and love,
No earthly beams need brighten;
For all its borders Christ Himself
Doth with His glory lighten.

f May we be there,
That joy to share,
Glad Hallelujahs singing:
With all the ransomed evermore
Our joyful praises bringing.

p Lord Jesu, Thou
Our Refuge now,
Forsake Thy servants never;
cr Uphold and guide that we may stand
Before Thy throne for ever. Amen.

Evening.

NACHTLIED. Six 10's. H. SMART, 1813–1879.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Evening.

p THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
mf O Brightness of Thy Father's glory,—Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

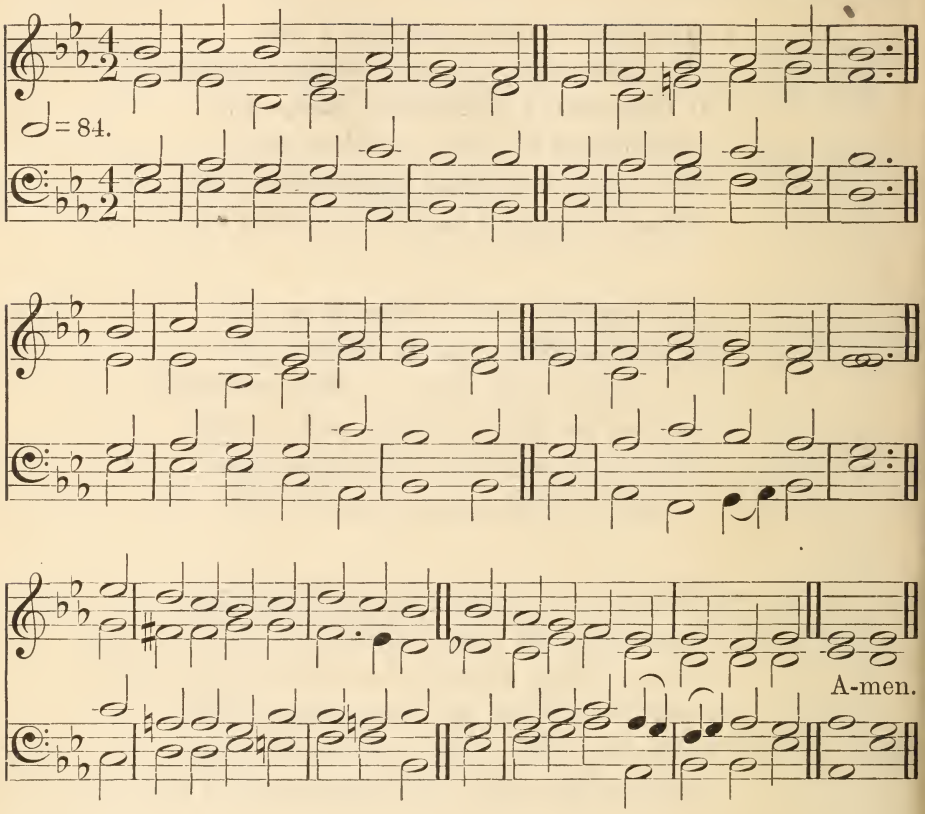
p Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
mf O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

mf Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
p Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes, and human succours fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice,—(*f*) "Fear not, for it is I."

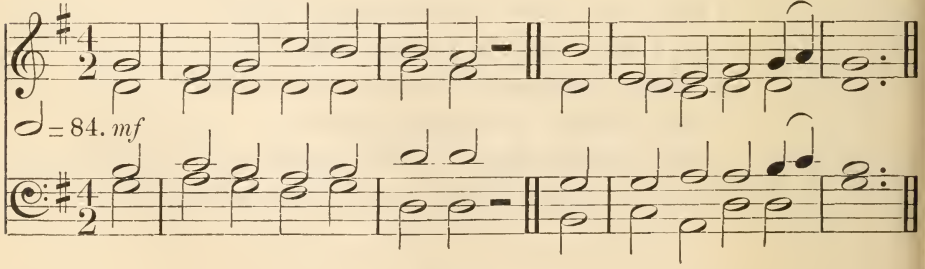
p The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
mf In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide. Amen.

29 Evening.

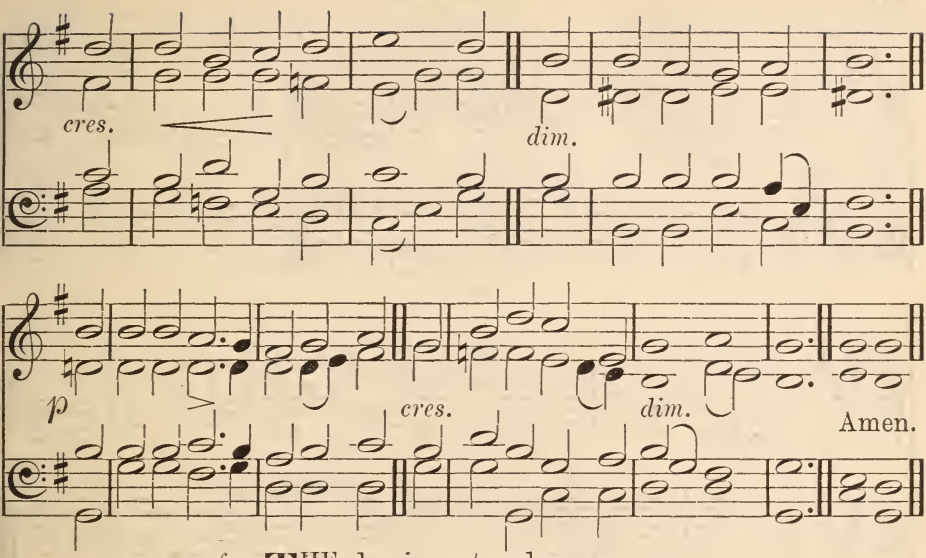
St. Anatolius (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6.8.8. A. H. Brown, *b.* 1830.



St. Anatolius (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7.6.8.8. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



Evening.



mf THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
p And guard me through the coming night.

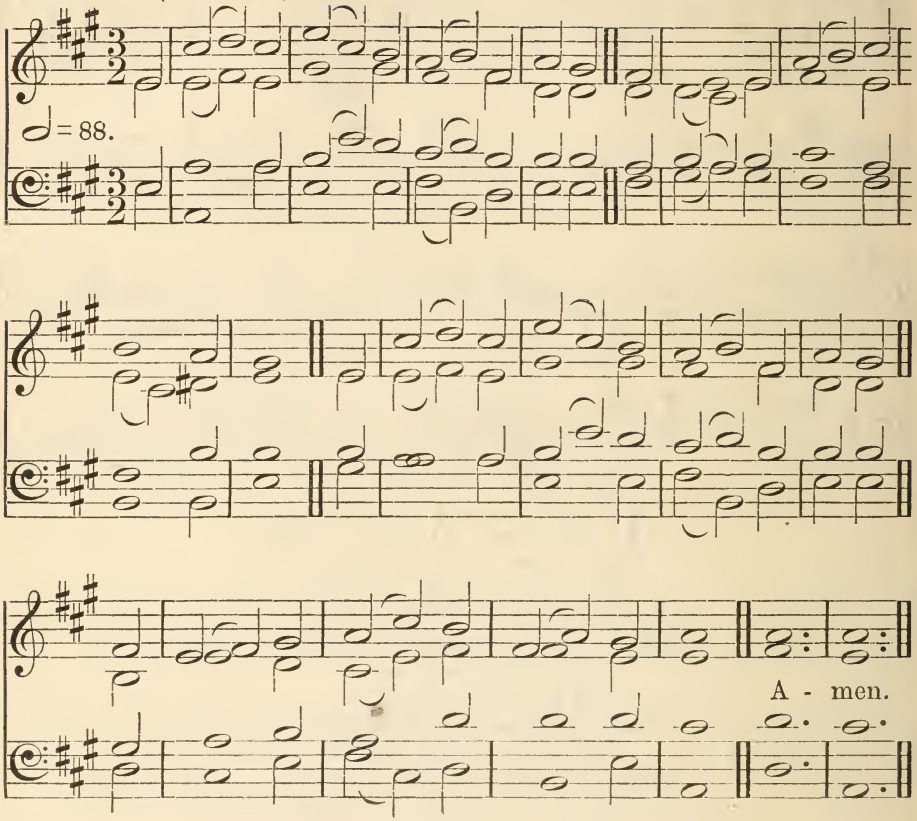
mf The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
p And guard me through the coming night.

mf The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
p And guard me through the coming night.

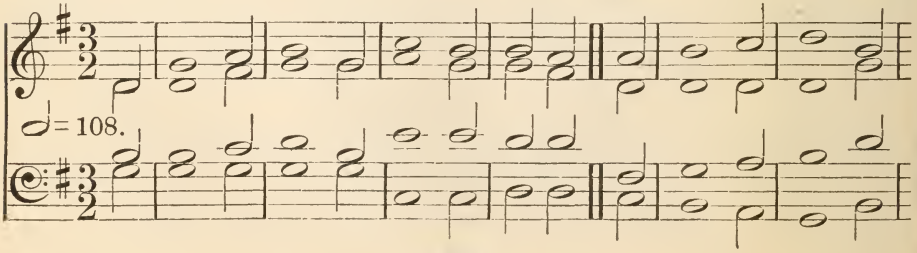
mf Be Thou my soul's preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving Jesu, hear my call,
p And guard and save me from them all. Amen.

Evening.

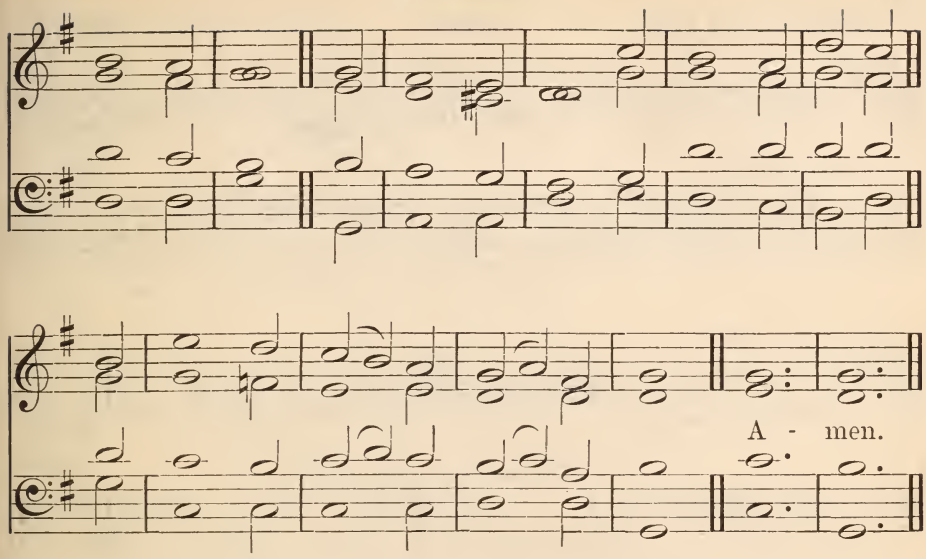
St. Clement (*First Tune*). 9.8.9.8. C. C. Scholefield, *b.* 1839.



Radford (*Second Tune*). 9.8.9.8. S. S. Wesley, 1810–1876.



Evening.



mf THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
f To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

mf We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

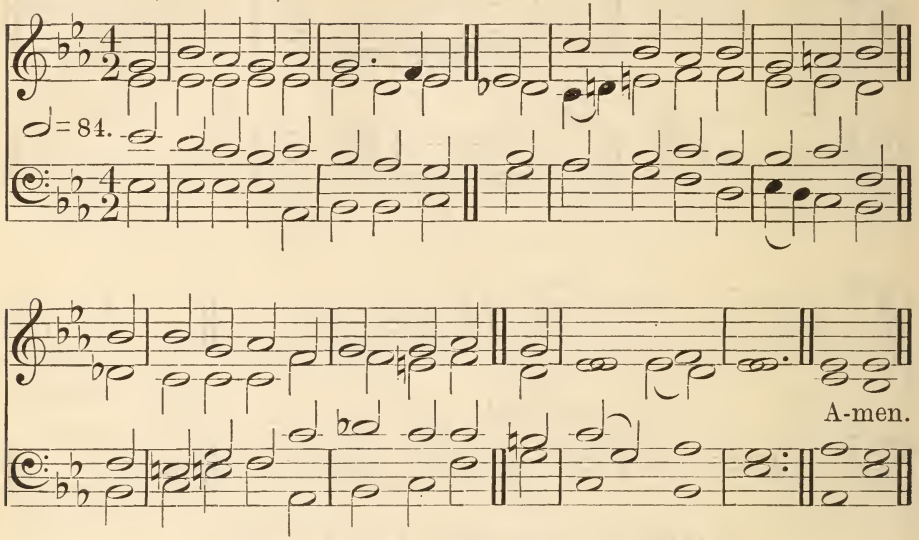
As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

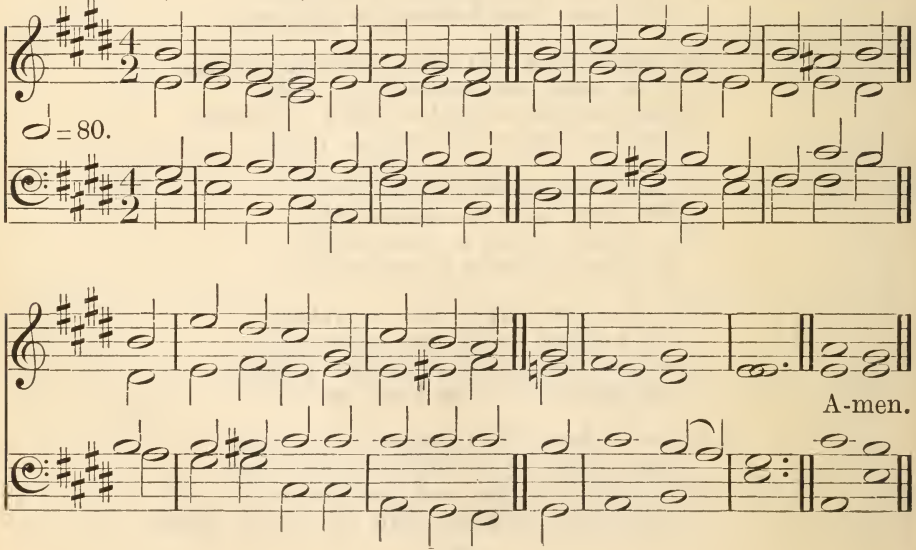
f So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

Evening.

St. Gabriel (*First Tune*). 8.8.8.4. F. A. G. Ouseley, 1825–1889.



St. Corentin (*Second Tune*). 8.8.8.4. H. S. Irons, *b.* 1834.



Evening.

mf THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
p Creep on once more.

mf Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;—
p Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

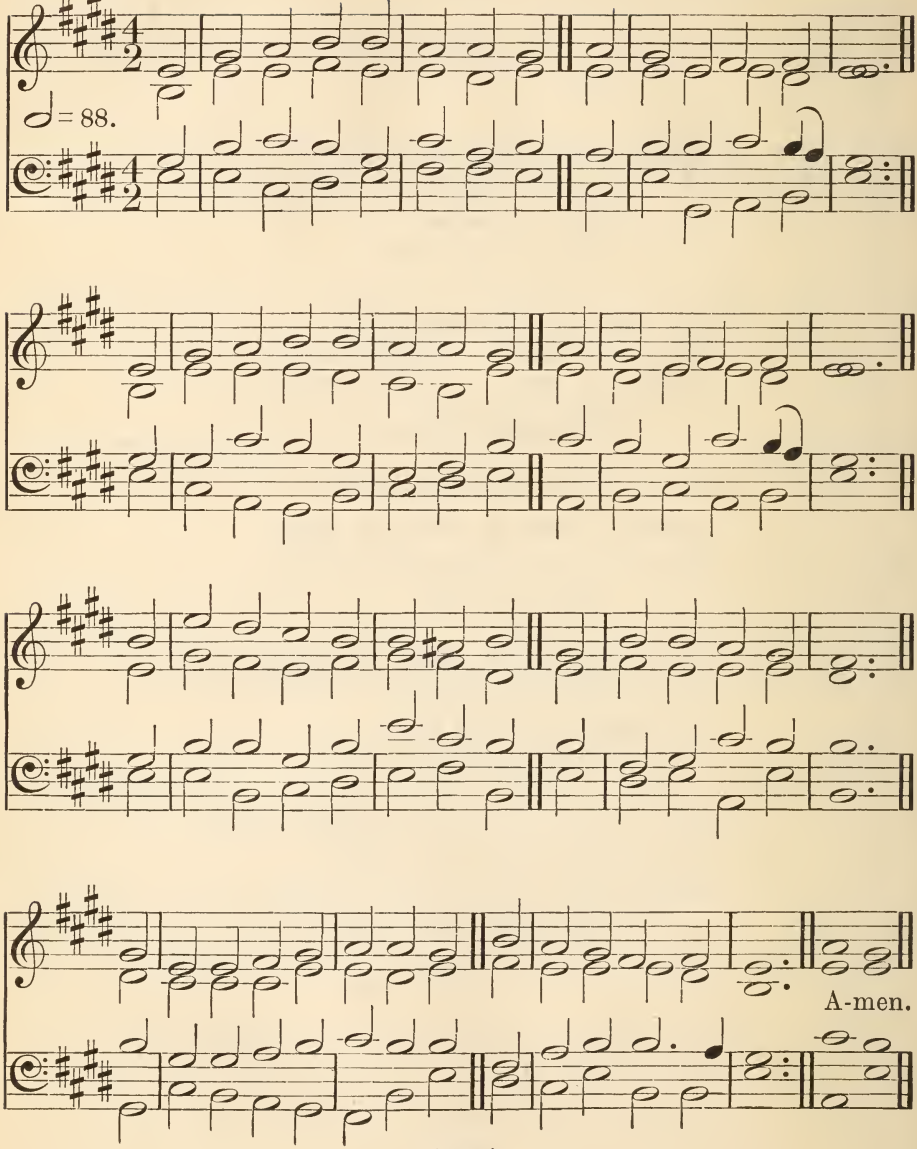
mf Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

cr Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging Angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

f Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all! Amen.

32 Evening.

St. Simon. D.C.M. J. Crüger, 1598–1662.



Evening.

p THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

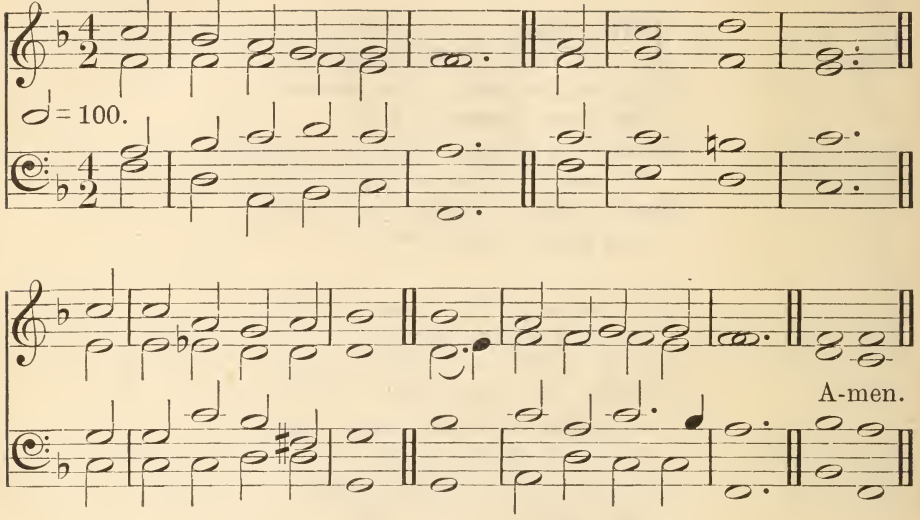
The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise:
cr The brightness of the coming light
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

p Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
cr Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

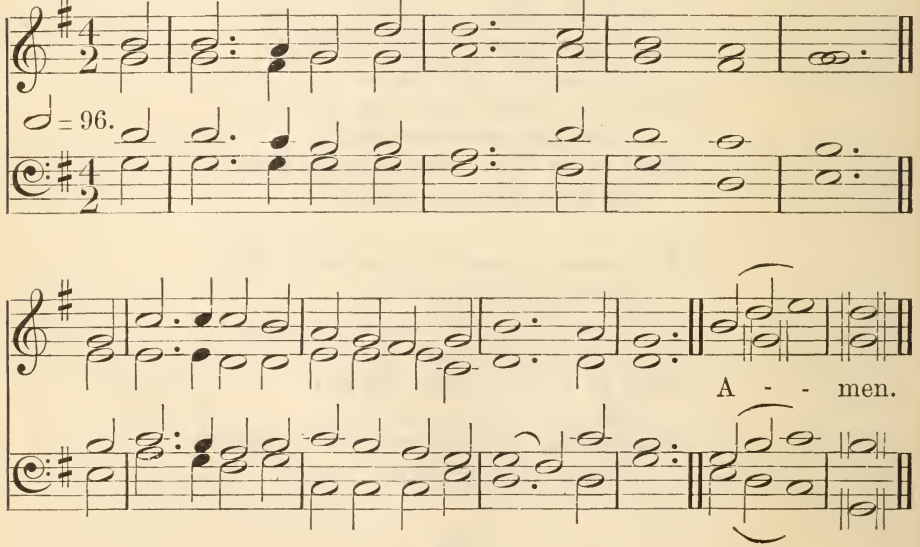
p Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,—
Oh give us now repose. Amen.

Evening.

ST. COLUMBA (*First Tune*). 6.4.6.6. H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.



SUNDOWN (*Second Tune*). 6.4.6.6. W. PARRATT, *b.* 1841.



Evening.

p THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
f Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

p As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

mf So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

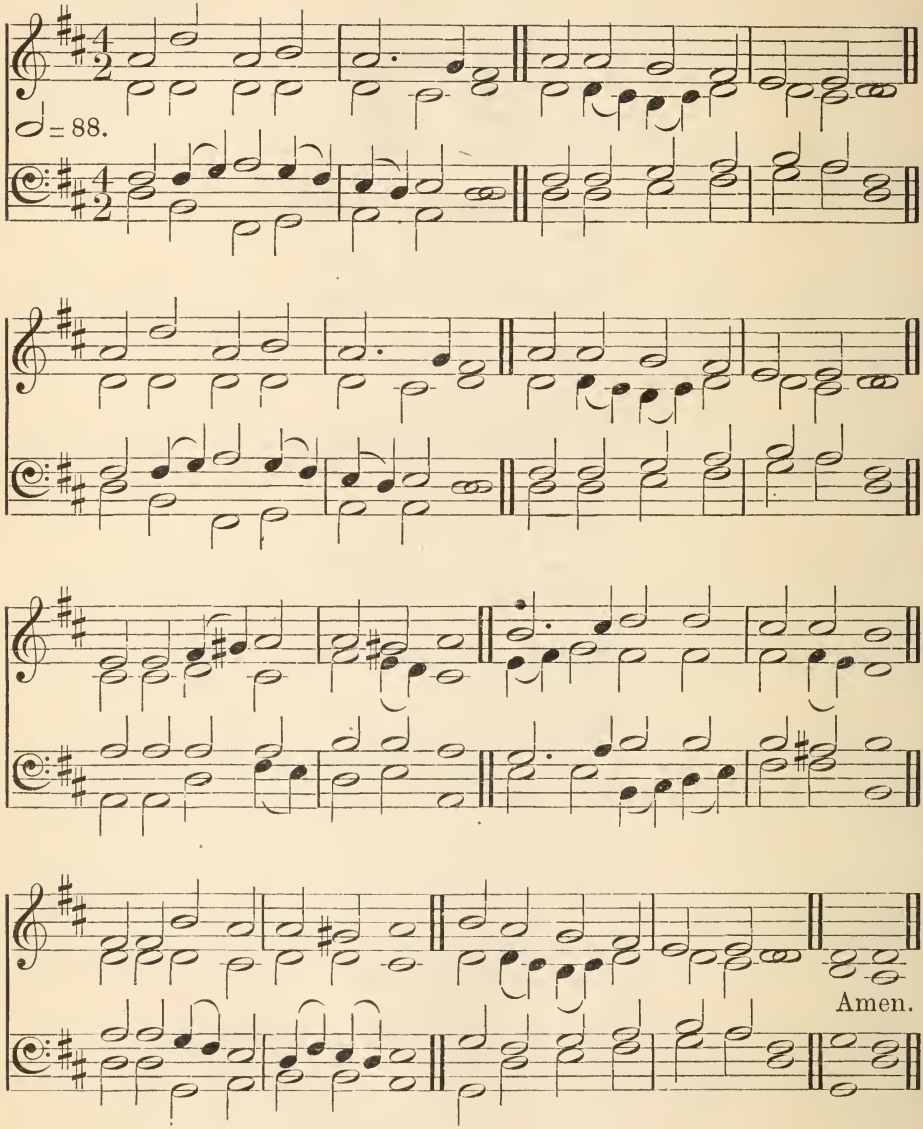
Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

f Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

Evening.

Salzburg. Eight 7's. J. Hintze, 1622-1702.



Evening.

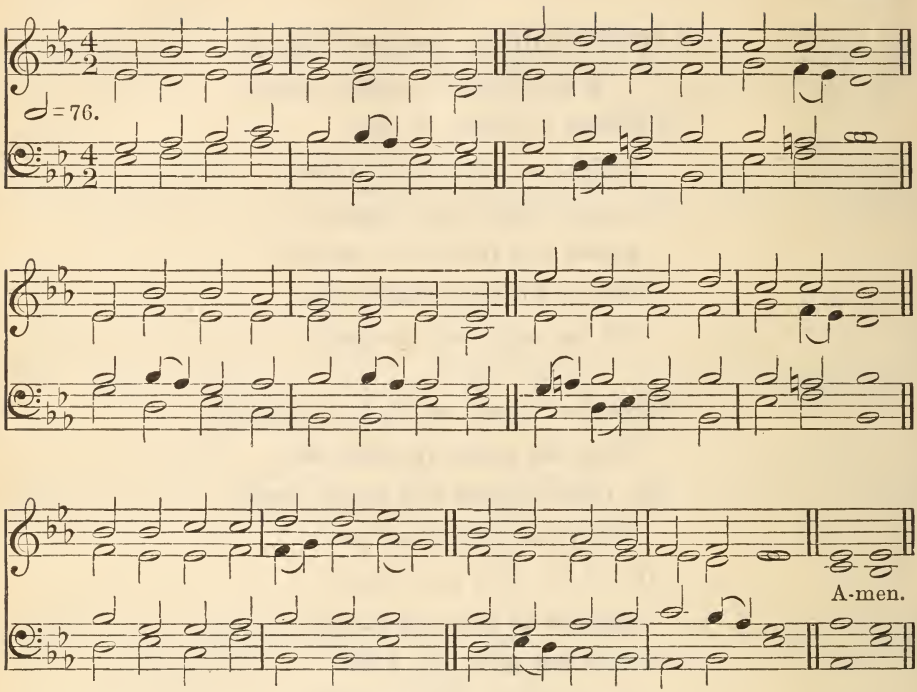
mf THROUGH the changes of the day
Kept by Thy sustaining power,
Offerings of thanks we pay,
Father, in this evening hour.
Praises to Thy Name belong,
Source and Giver of all good;
While we lift our evening song,
Fill our souls with gratitude.

From the dangers which have frowned,
From the snares in secret set,
We have, through Thy mercy, found
Safety and deliverance yet.
All the day that mercy hath
Guarded us from ills untold,
All the day along our path
Scattered blessings manifold.

Spirit, Who hast been our Light
And the Guardian of our way,
Let Thy mercy and Thy might
Keep us to another day:
Help us, Father, so to spend
All our moments as they flee,
That, when life and labour end,
We may fall asleep in Thee. Amen.

Evening.

DRETZEL. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7. German.



mf THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
p Jesu, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

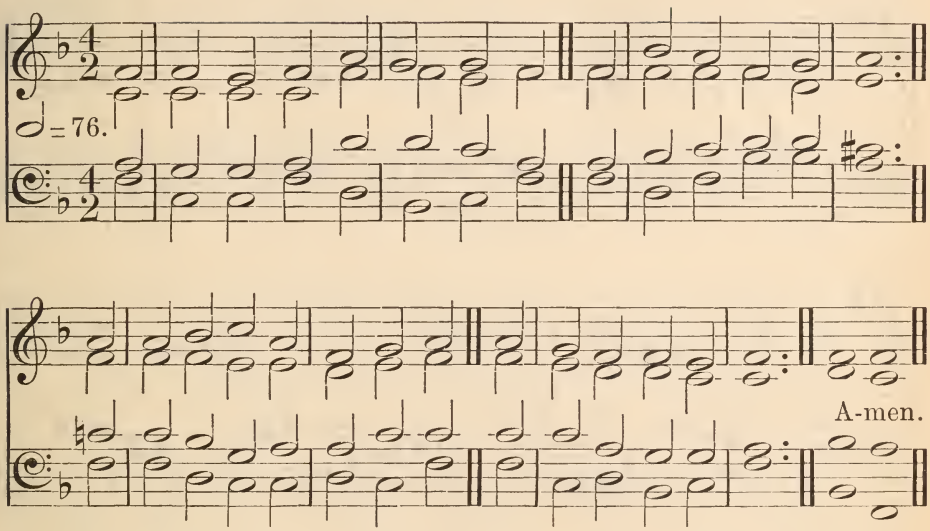
mf Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose;
p And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
Amen.

Also the following:

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide—355
All-Holy Sovereign of the sky—64
Before the ending of the day—55
Creator! Who from heaven Thy throne—68
Great Creator, wise and good—62
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer—437
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom—455
Lo! the firmament doth bear—60
O Blest Creator, God Most High—70
O God of truth, O Lord of might—52
O God, Thou art my God alone—489
O Sovereign Lord of Nature's might—66
O Strength and Stay, upholding all creation—53
O Trinity of Blessèd Light—71
Source of light and life divine—58
The roseate hues of early dawn—558

Close of Service.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



mf AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

f For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

p Oh wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!

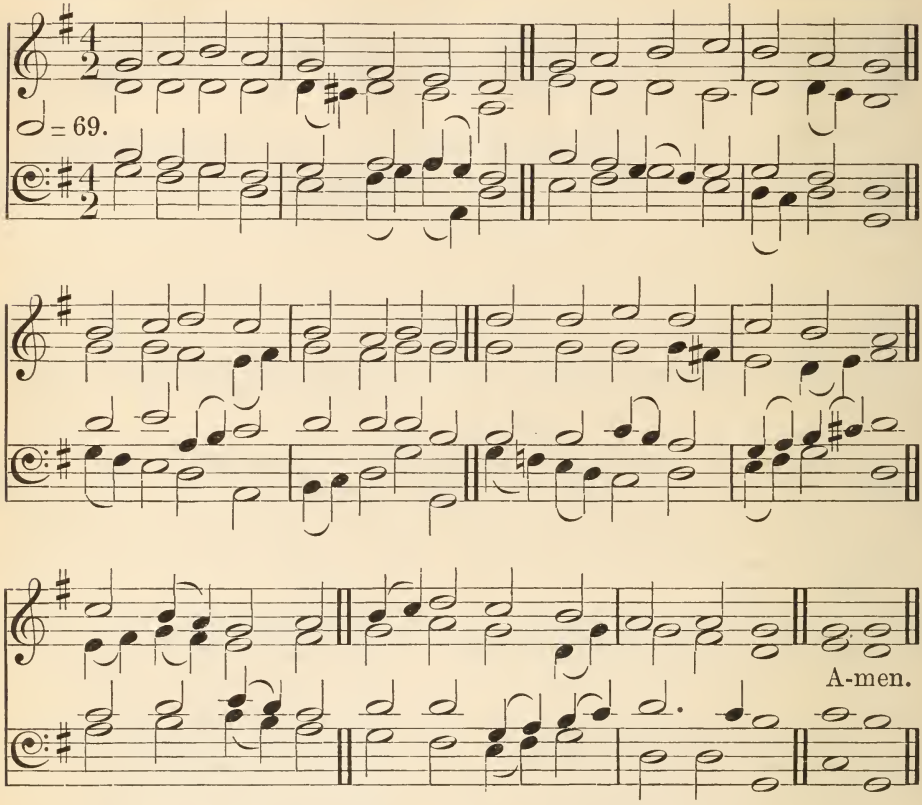
mf O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

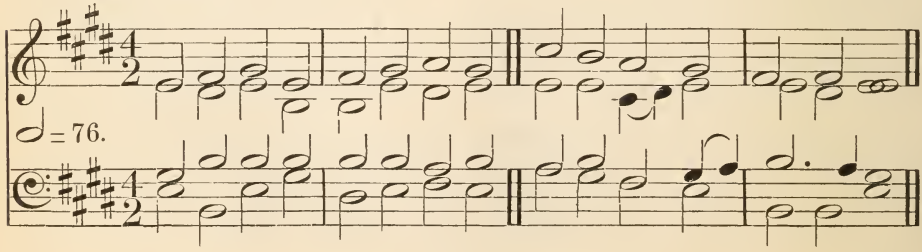
f All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Close of Service.

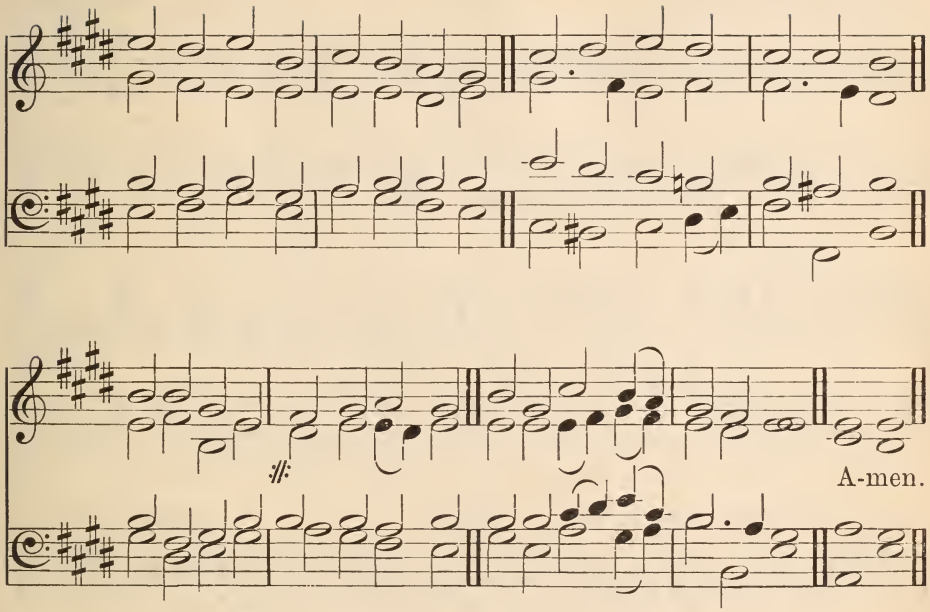
FREU' DICH SEHR (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. From J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.



ST. THOMAS (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. WEBBE'S *Collection*, 1792.



Close of Service.



May also be sung to "St. Raphael," *No.* 154.

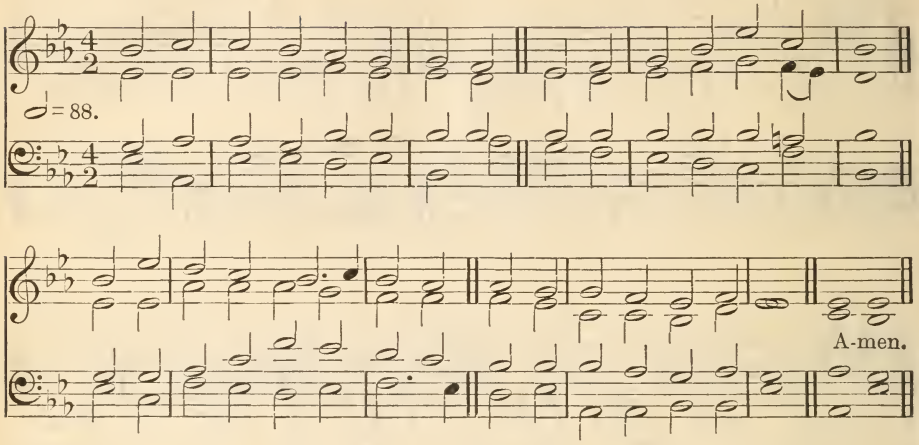
mf LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
cr Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
p Oh refresh us,
In this dry and barren place.

f Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

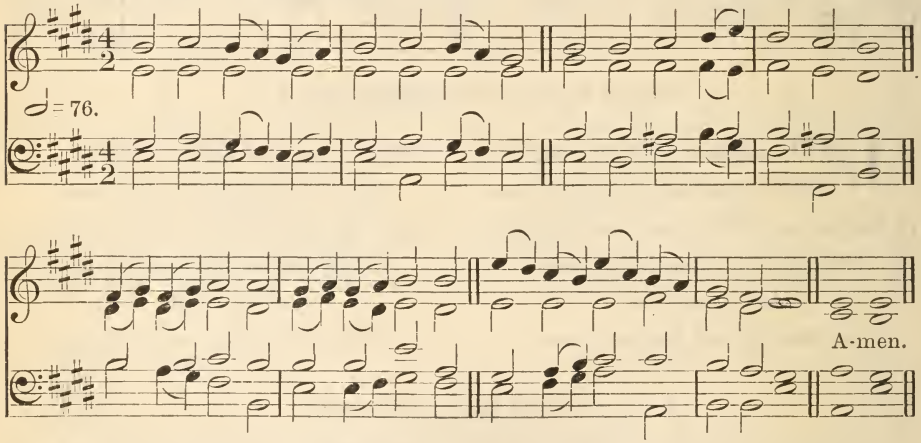
p So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
cr Borne on Angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day. Amen.

Close of Service.

Langdale (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. R. Redhead, 1820–1901.



Sicilian Mariners (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. Sicilian Melody.



p MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
cr And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
dim Rest upon us from above.

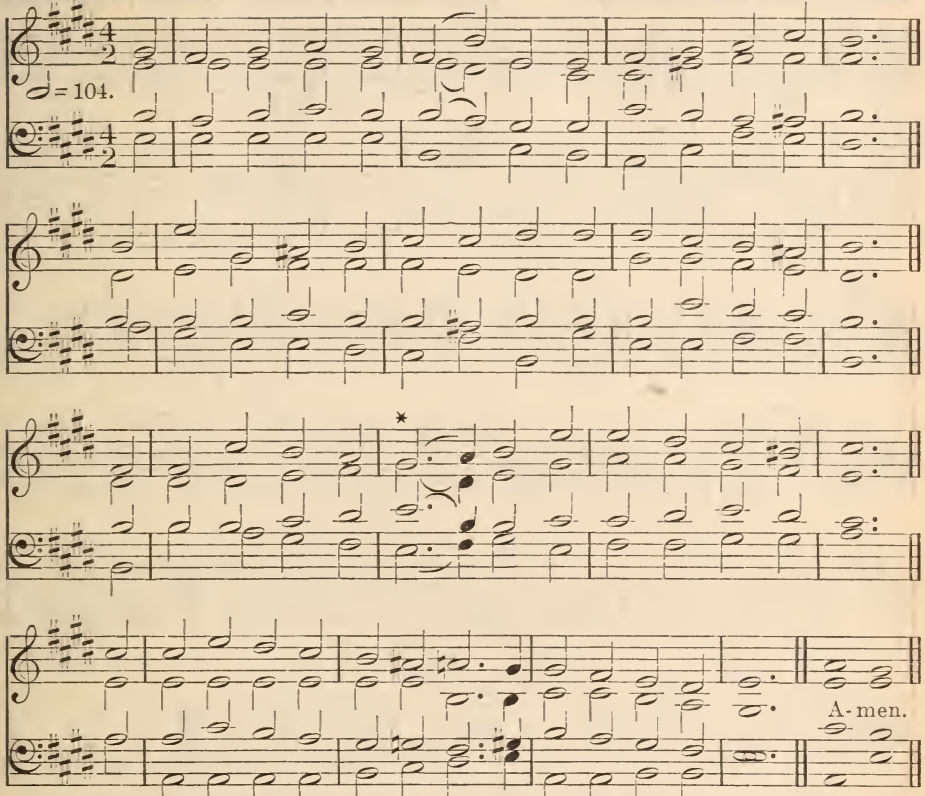
p Thus may we abide in union
cr With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
dim Joys which earth cannot afford.
Amen.

Also the following:

Lord, now we part in Thy blest Name—467

Sunday.

SABBATH. 13.14.14.14. W. H. CALLCOTT, 1807–1882.



mf AS Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er nature's finished birth,
As Thou didst in Thy work rejoice, and bless the new-born earth,
So give us now that Sabbath rest, which makes Thy children free—
Free for the work of love to man, of thankfulness to Thee.

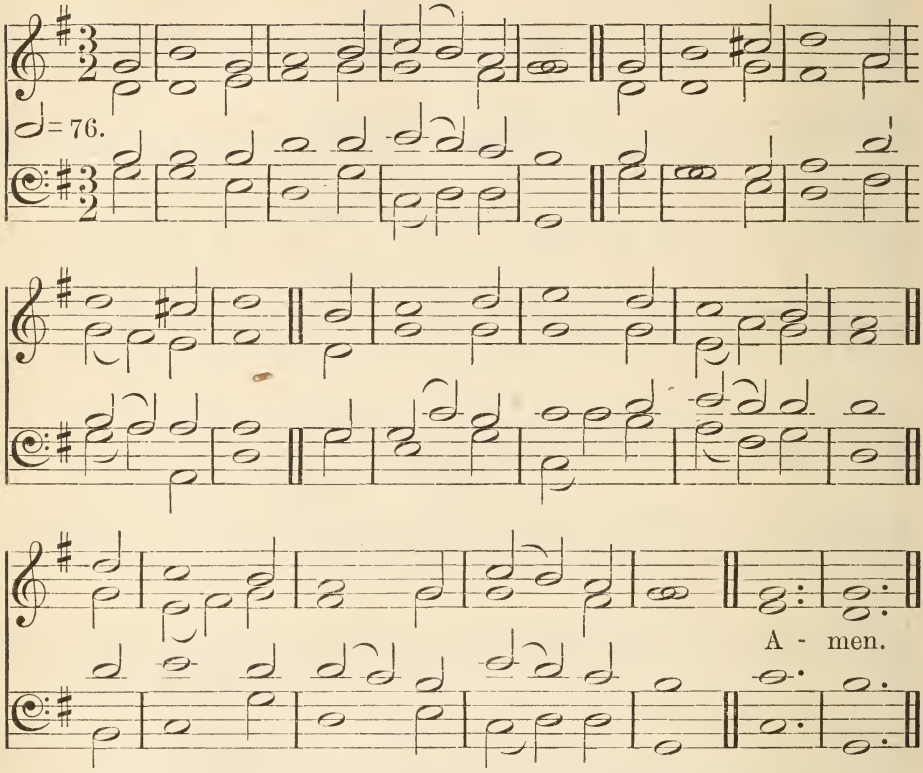
But in Thy worship, Father, Oh lift our souls above,
By holy word, by prayer and hymn, by eucharistic love;
Till e'en the dull cold work of earth, the earth which Christ hath trod,
Shall be itself a silent prayer, to raise us up to God.

So lead us on to heaven, where in Thy Presence blest
The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,
Where faith is lost in vision, where love hath no alloy,
And through eternity there flows the deepening stream of joy.

f To Thee, Who giv'st us freedom, our Father and our King;
To Thee, the risen Lord of life, our ransomed spirits sing;
Thou fill'st the Church in earth and heaven, O Holy Ghost;—to Thee
In warfare's toil, in victory's rest, eternal glory be. Amen.

* The slurs are required in Verse 3.

Angels' Song (Modern Form). L.M. Adapted from O. Gibbons, 1583–1625.



mf LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Thy temple rise.

Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

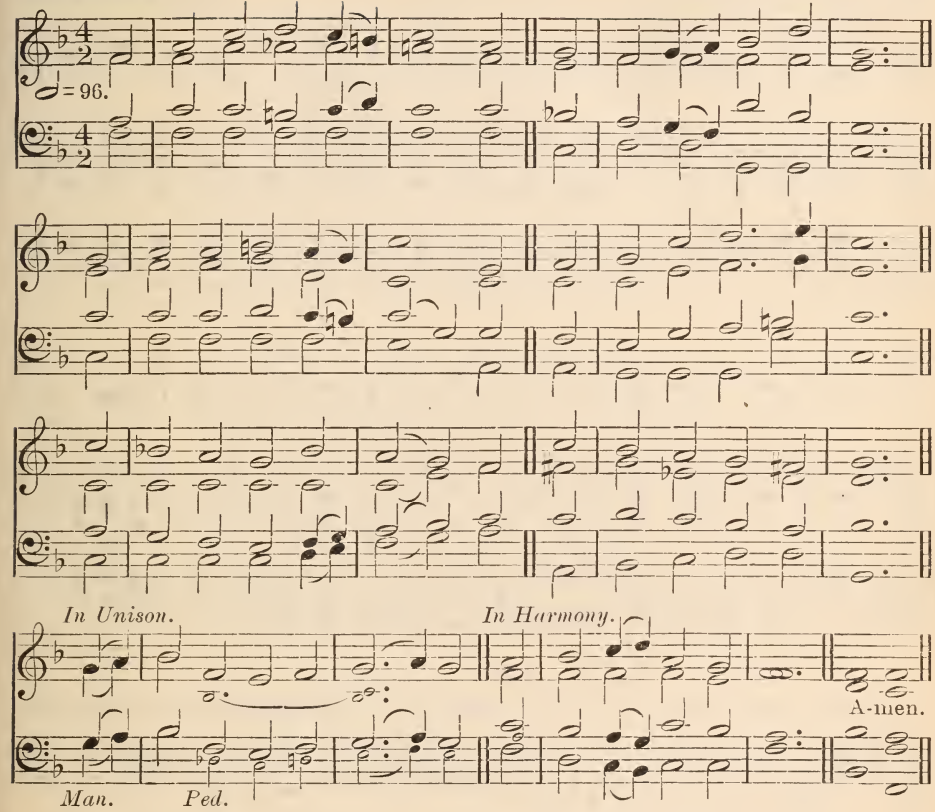
f In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

mf No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

f O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes;
And let the world's true Sun arise! Amen.

Sunday.

DAY OF REST. • 7.6.7.6. D. J. W. ELLIOTT, *b.* 1833.



f O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

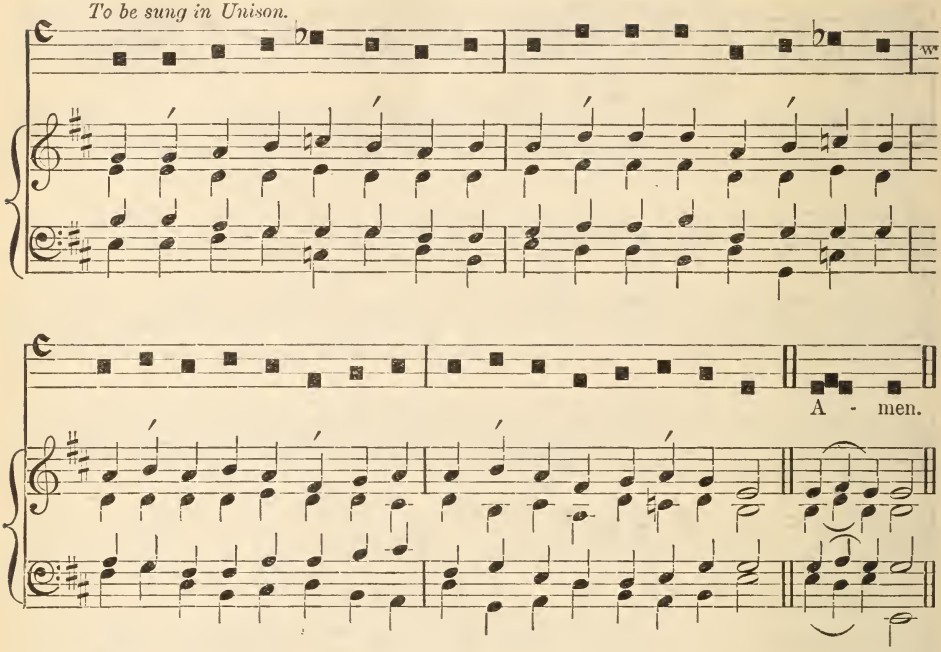
On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

mf To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

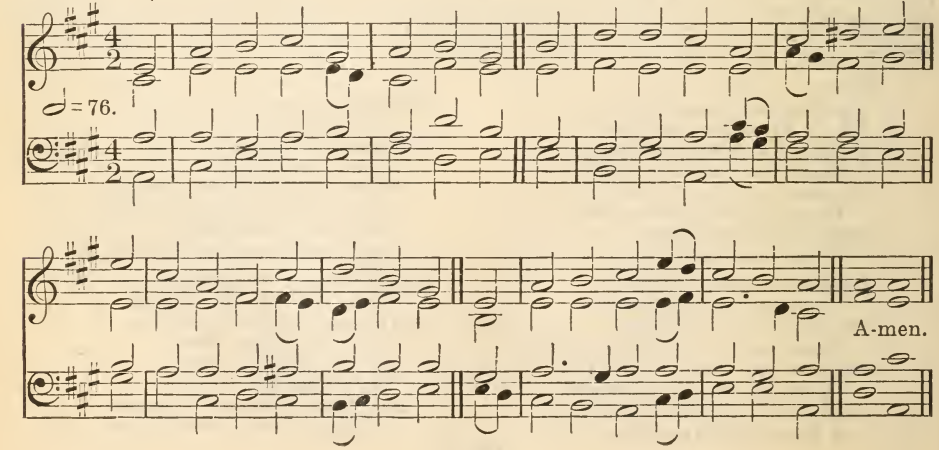
p New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the Blest.
f To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

DIE PARENTE TEMPORUM (*First Tune*). MODE I. SOLESMES.

To be sung in Unison.



BROCKHAM (*Second Tune*). L.M. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1669–1707.



Sunday.

mf O GOD, our Father, Thee we praise,
On this Thy day, the First of days,
Great Source of all, Creation's might,
Who call'st earth's darkness into light.

This day Thy Well-Beloved Son
Rose from the dead—His victory won;
This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame.

Oh may our weary hearts this day
Be cheered and blest by love's sweet ray;
That we, through love, may praise aright
The great First Source of life and light.

Father, Who by Thy power benign,
In man Thine Image didst enshrine;
With Thy great love our spirits fill
That heart and hand may do Thy will.

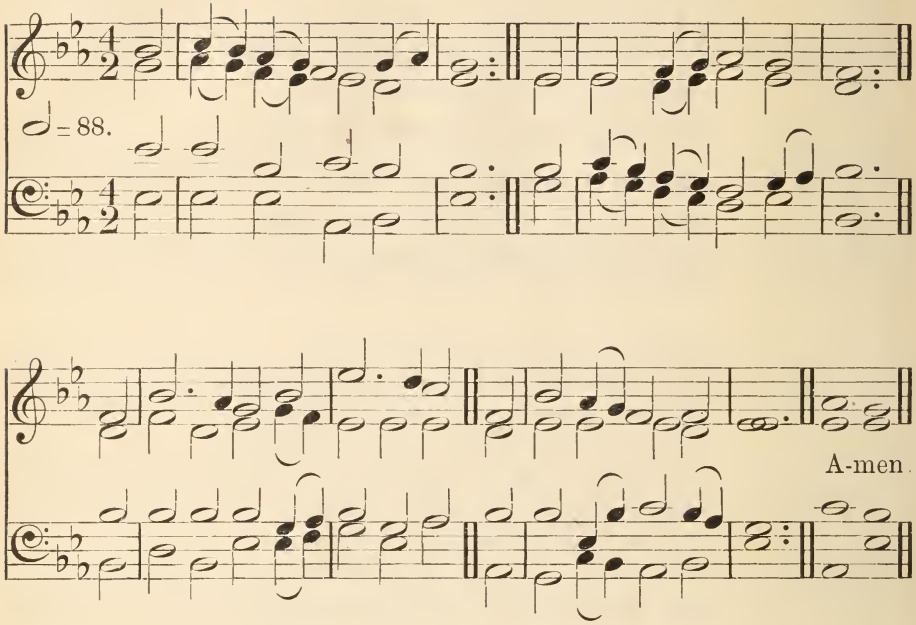
Jesu, with Whom we here would be,
Dead unto sin, entombed with Thee;
By love inflamed may we arise
Each unto Thee a sacrifice.

Spirit Divine, in Whom we live,
To us Thy holy unction give,
Until our hearts shall burn to see
Thy love which binds all love to Thee.

O Great and Holy Three in One,
Father and Spirit with the Son,
Who wrought salvation's mystery,
Knit all our hearts, O God, to Thee. Amen.

Sunday.

VENICE. S.M. W. AMPS, *b.* 1824.



mf OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

p Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
f But Oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

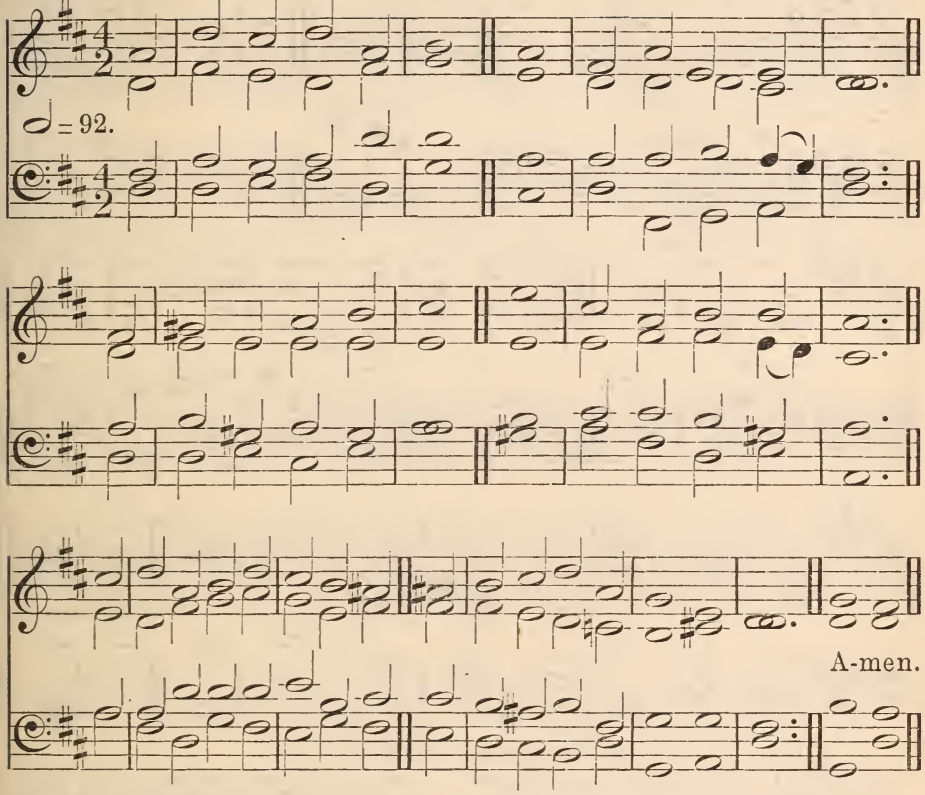
mf Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine Angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

cr A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
f And songs of Angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

Sunday.

CROFT'S 148TH. 6.6.6.6.8.8. W. CROFT, 1678–1727.

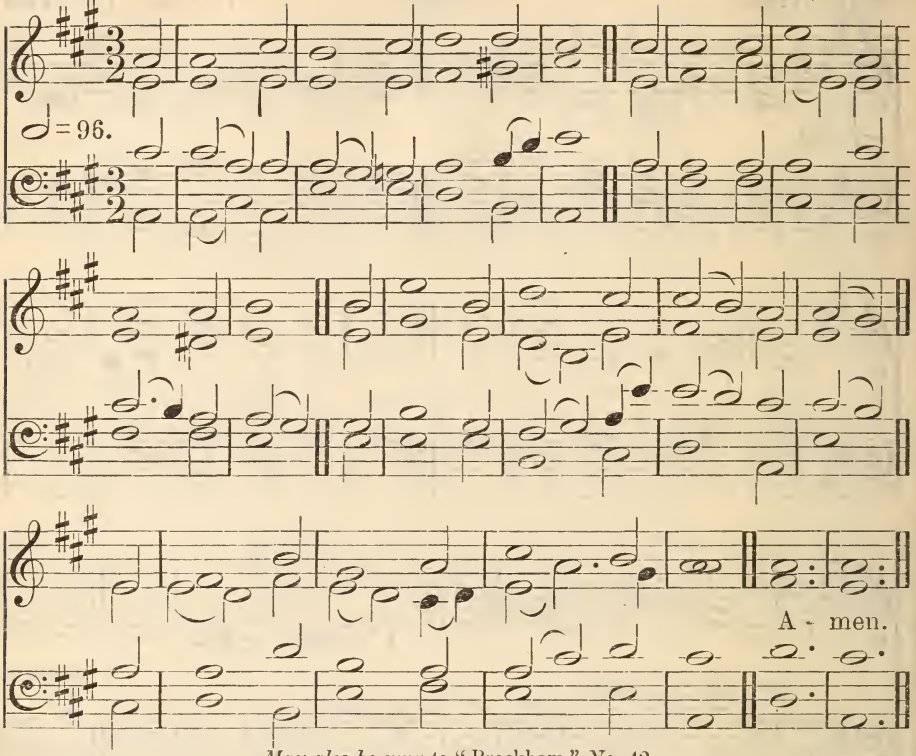


f SERVANTS of God, awake,
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

Upon this happy morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with Hosanna rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign! Amen.

St. Paul. L.M. H. S. Irons, *b.* 1834.



May also be sung to "Brockham," *No.* 42.

f SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

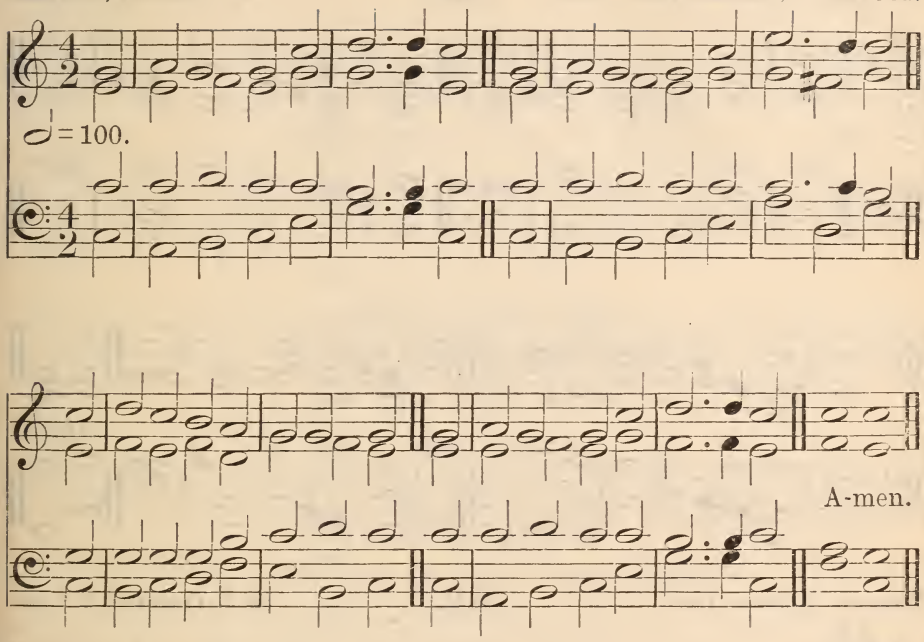
p Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

f My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And sweet supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

f Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

REDHEAD, No. 4. L.M. R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



THIS day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured:
p O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

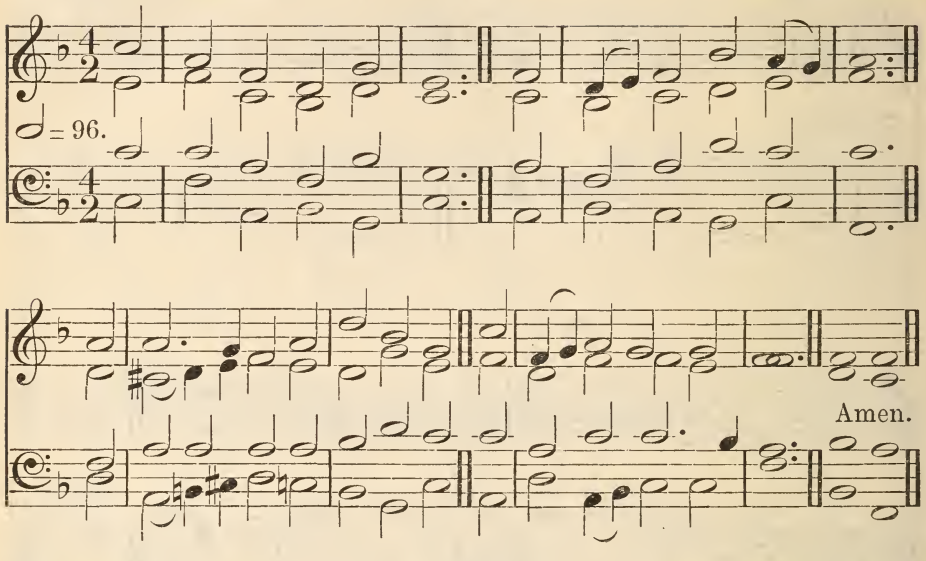
f This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again:
p O Jesu, may we raisèd be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

mf This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
p O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

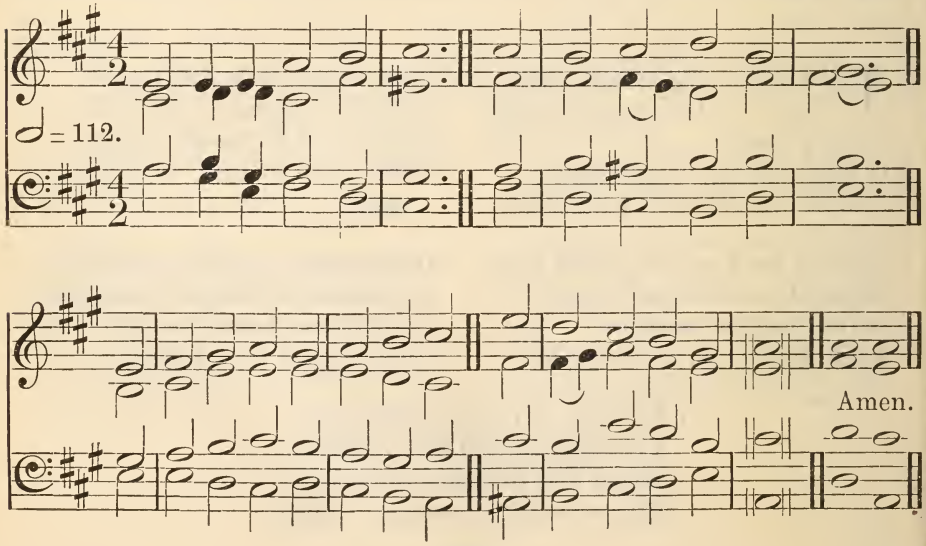
p O day of light, and life, and grace!
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of Love,
Give we again to God above!

f All praise to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

THE DAY OF PRAISE (*First Tune*). S.M. C. STEGGALL, *b.* 1826.



DOMINICA (*Second Tune*). S.M. H. S. OAKELEY, *b.* 1830.



Sunday.

mf THIS is the day of Light.
Let there be light to-day.
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

p This is the day of Rest.
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

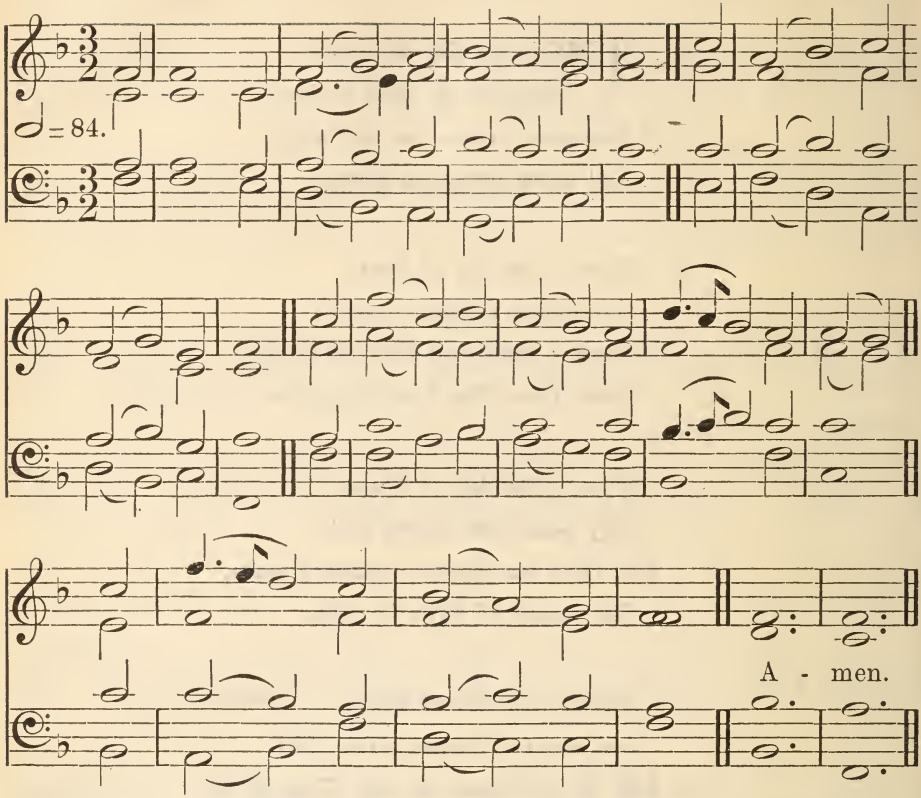
This is the day of Peace.
Thy peace our spirits fill!
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of Prayer.
Let earth to heaven draw near:
mf Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
p Come down to meet us here.

This is the First of days!
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

Sunday.

IRISH. C.M. I. SMITH, *d.* 1800 (?).



mf THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
f Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

mf To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
f To-day the Saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

f Hosanna to the Anointed King,
To David's Holy Son!
p Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

f Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Amen.

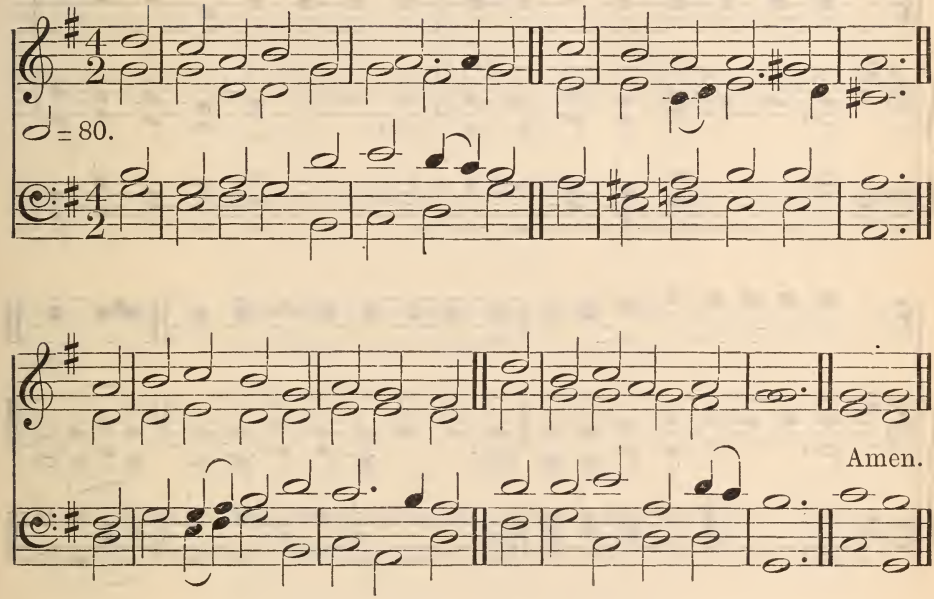
Also the following:

First day of days! wherein arrayed—56
Framer of the earth and sky—57
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be—524
Source of light and life divine—58

49

Daily.

Bristol. C.M. Ravenscroft's *Psalter*, 1621.



EARLY MORNING.

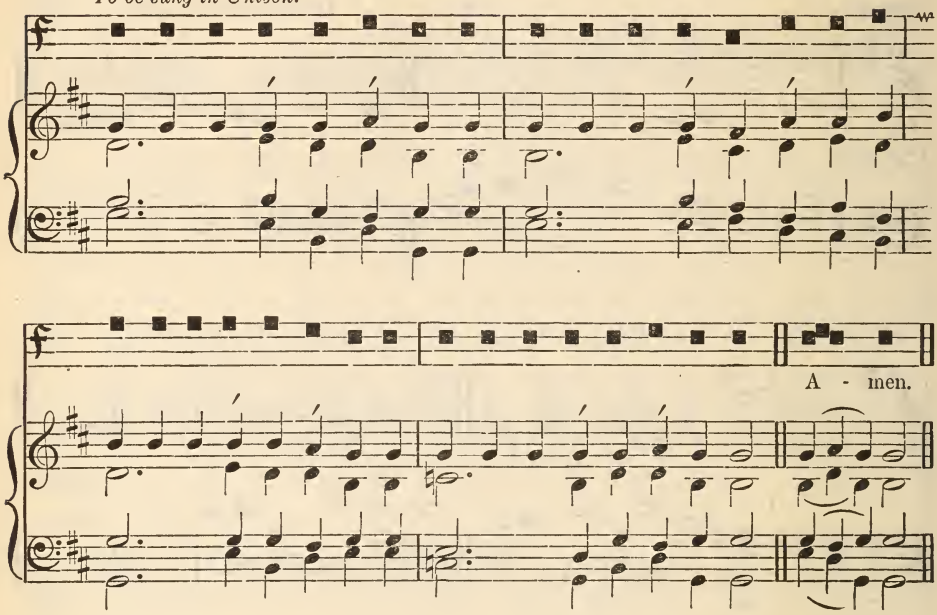
mf BEHOLD, the shade of night departs,
And beauteous shines the day;
Then to the Lord with grateful hearts
Let us unite to pray:

p To pray for pardon of the past,
For grace from sin to cease;
For guidance now, and at the last
For never-ending peace.

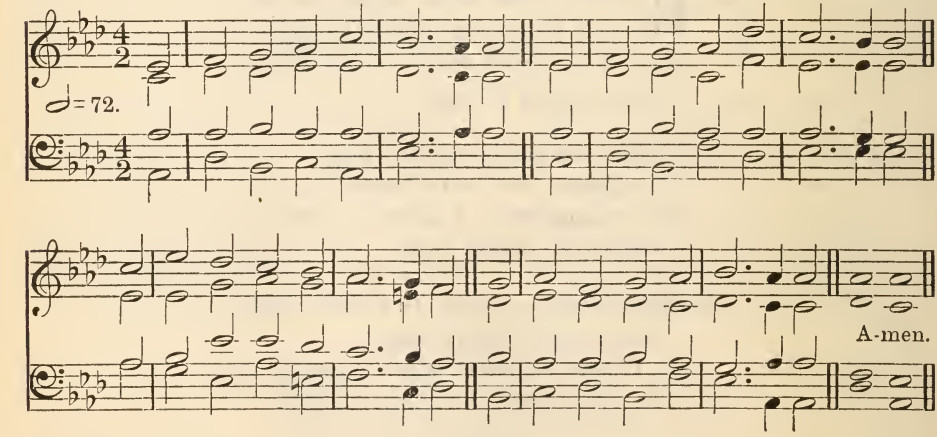
mf These blessings grant, O Father, Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
f To Whom be praise, blest Three in One,
In every time and place. Amen.

JAM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE (*First Tune*). MODE VI. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.



LUX (*Second Tune*). L.M. E. EDWARDS, *b.* 1830.



MORNING.

mf NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
Lift we our hearts to God on high,
That He in all we do or say
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

May He restrain our tongues, lest strife
Break forth to mar the peace of life;
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh may our inmost hearts be pure,
Our thoughts from folly kept secure,
The pride of fleshly sense subdued
By temperate use of drink and food!

So when the daylight leaves the sky,
And night's dark hours once more are nigh,
May we, unsoiled by sinful stain,
Sing glory to our God again.

f All praise to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
One God, both now and evermore. Amen

NUNC SANCTE NOBIS SPIRITUS (*First Tune*). MODE VIII. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.

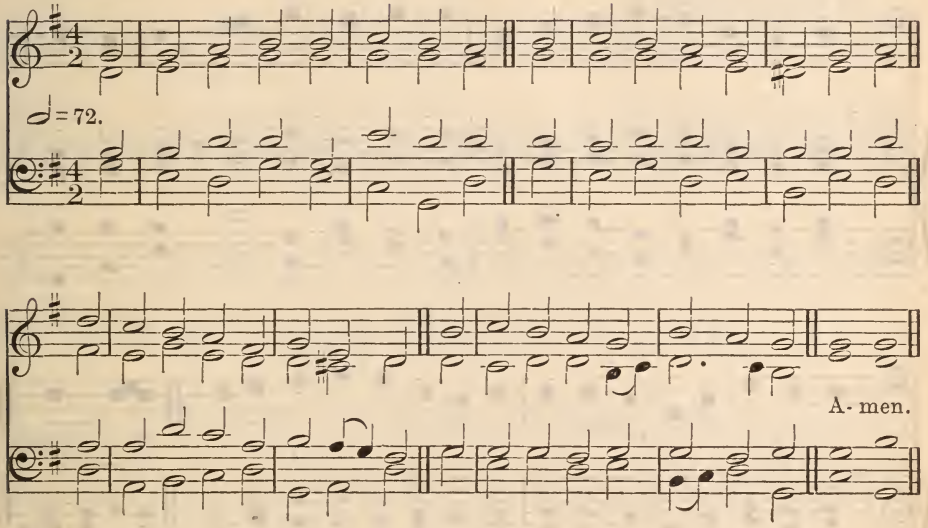
THIRD HOUR.

p COME, Holy Ghost, Who ever One
Art with the Father, and the Son;
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

mf Let heart, and lips, and strength, and mind,
Sound forth our witness to mankind;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

f Now to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise and thanks and glory given
By men on earth, by Saints in heaven. Amen.

COMMANDMENTS (*Second Tune*). L.M. *Geneva Psalter*, 1542.



THIRD HOUR.

p COME, Holy Ghost, Who ever One
Art with the Father, and the Son;
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

mf Let heart, and lips, and strength, and mind,
Sound forth our witness to mankind;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

f Now to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise and thanks and glory given
By men on earth, by Saints in heaven. Amen.

RECTOR POTENS, VERAX DEUS (*First Tune*). MODE II. transposed. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.

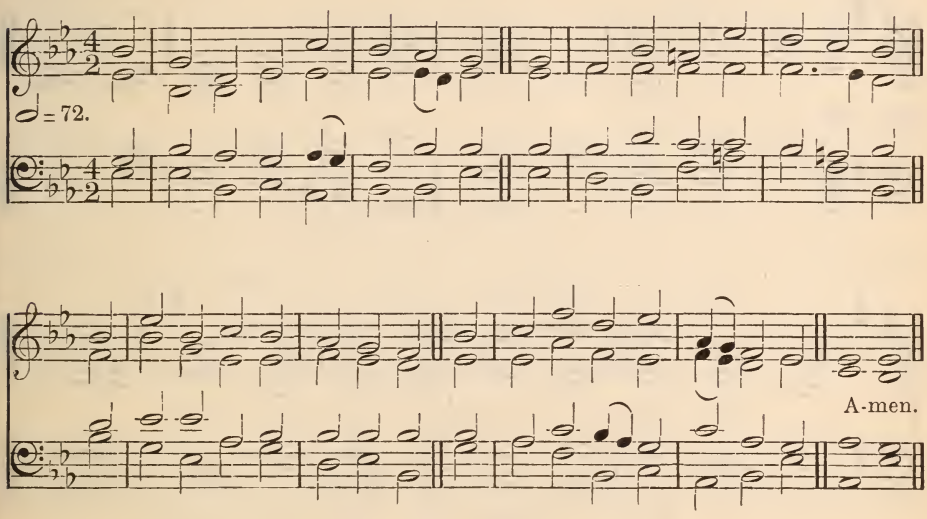
SIXTH HOUR.

mf O GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
Who orderest time and change aright,
Sending the early morning ray,
Lighting the glow of perfect day;

Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire:
And while Thou keepst the body whole,
Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

KENT (*Second Tune*). L.M. J. F. LAMPE, *d.* 1751.



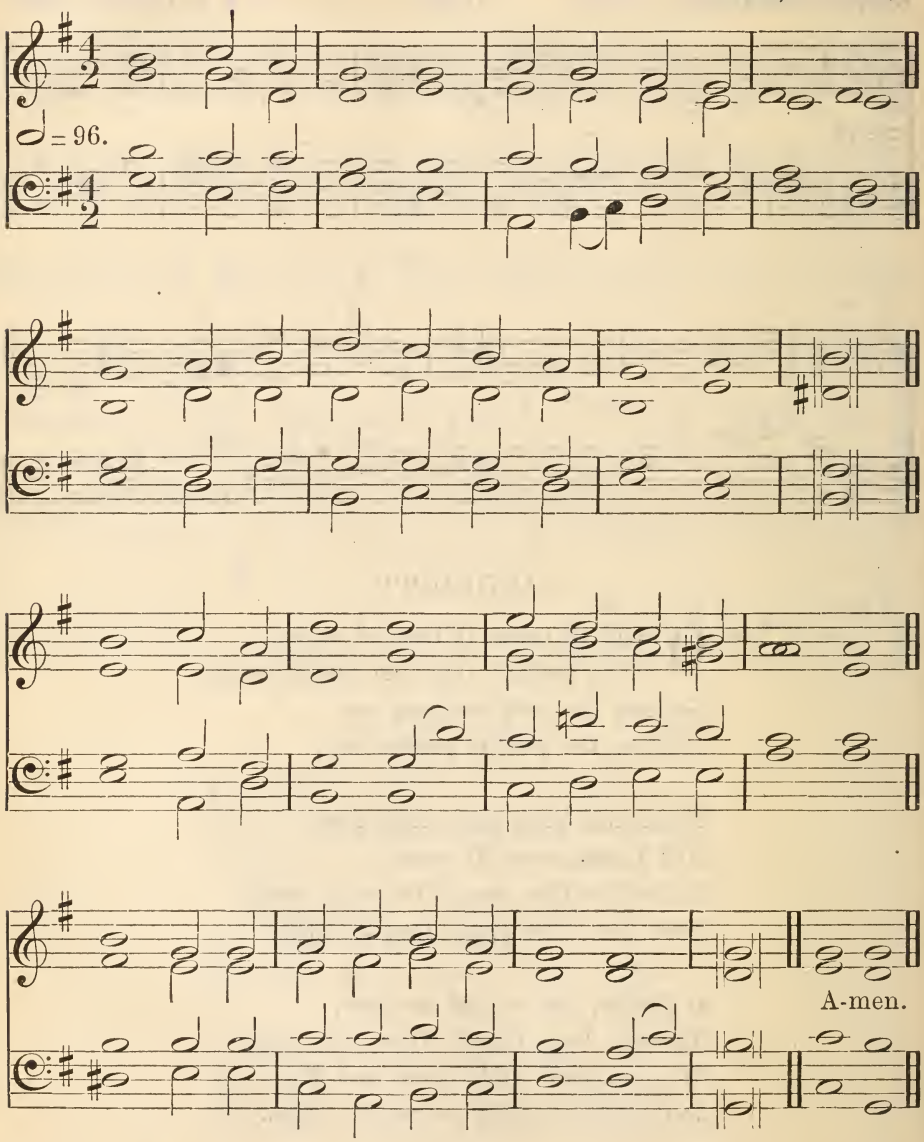
SIXTH HOUR.

mf O GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
Who orderest time and change aright,
Sending the early morning ray,
Lighting the glow of perfect day;

Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire:
And while Thou keepst the body whole,
Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

EIRENE. 11.10.11.10. F. R. HAVERGAL, 1836–1879.



NINTH HOUR.

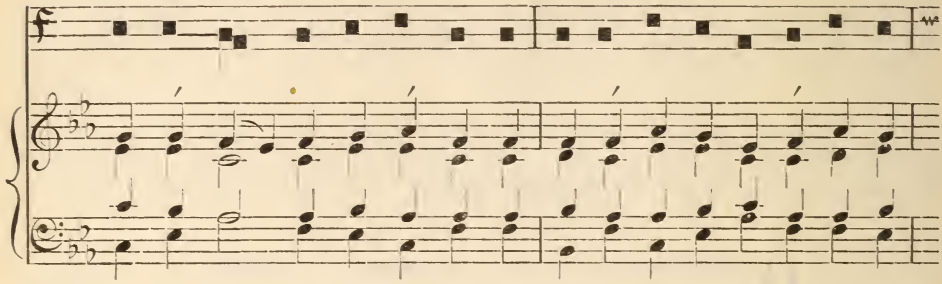
mf O STRENGTH and Stay, upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide;

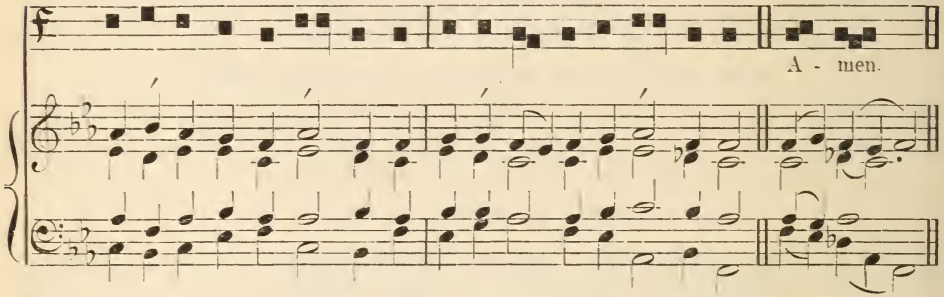
p Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy deathbed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

mf Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy Co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored. Amen.

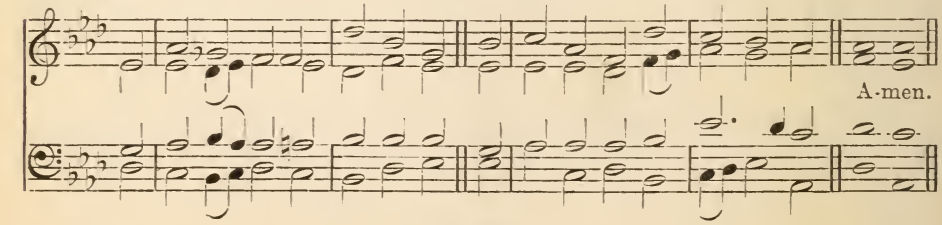
CHRISTE, QUI LUX ES ET DIES (*First Tune*). MODE II. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.





LEONBURG (*Second Tune*). L.M. German.



EVENING.

mf O CHRIST, Who art the Light and Day,
Who shed'st through night Thy searching ray,
Who very Light of Light art known,
And heaven's own Light to earth hast shown,

All-holy Lord, to Thee we bend,
Thy servants through this night defend;
Oh grant us, Lord, in Thee to rest,
Our night with quiet slumbers blest.

Let but the eyes light slumber take,
The heart to Thee be aye awake,
Be Thy right hand upheld above
Thy servants resting in Thy love.

Our Sun and Shield, behold from high,
Bid all the powers of darkness fly;
Thy servants guard and guide for good,
The purchase of Thy precious Blood.

Be mindful of us, Lord, we pray,
Whilst in this mortal flesh we stay;
Thou only canst the soul defend,
Be present with us to the end. Amen.

TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM (*First Tune*). MODE VIII. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.

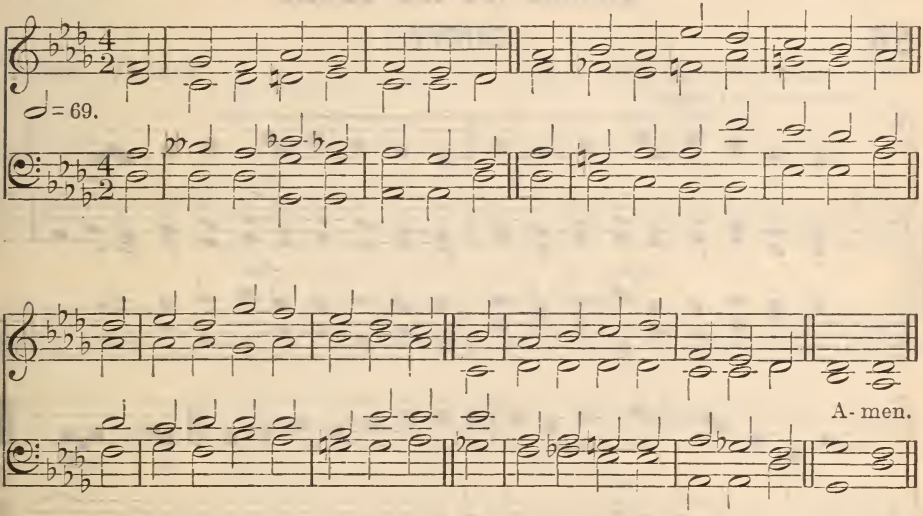
LATE EVENING.

mf BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That Thou with wonted love wouldst keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

Our souls from evil dreamings keep
Through all the unguarded hours of sleep;
Our ghostly foe do Thou prevent,
And let our rest be innocent.

cr Hear Thou our prayer, Almighty King!
Hear Thou our praises, while we sing,
f Adoring with the heavenly Host
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

WELLS (*Second Tune*). L.M. BASIL JOHNSON, *b.* 1861.



LATE EVENING.

mf BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That Thou with wonted love wouldst keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

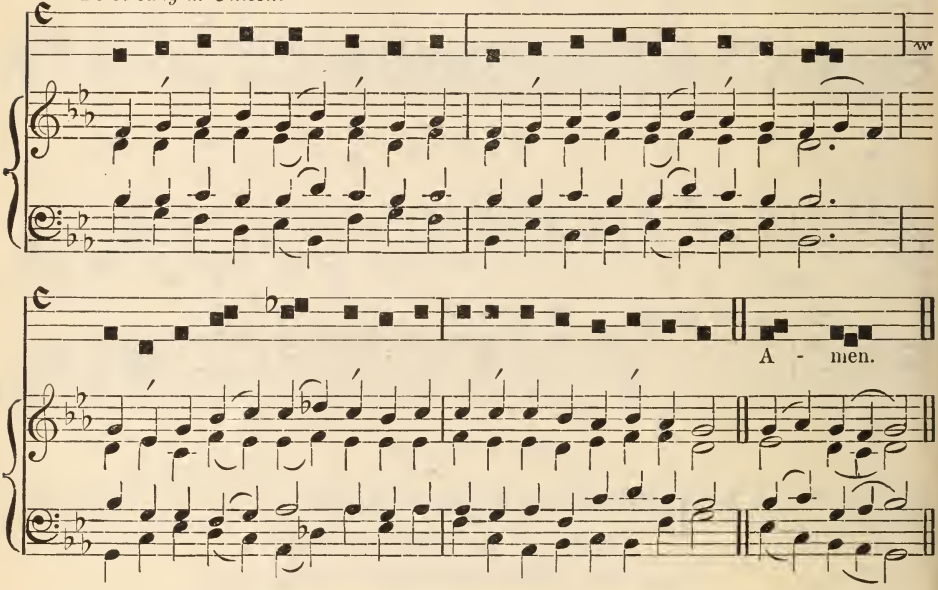
Our souls from evil dreamings keep
Through all the unguarded hours of sleep;
Our ghostly foe do Thou prevent,
And let our rest be innocent.

cr Hear Thou our prayer, Almighty King!
Hear Thou our praises, while we sing,
f Adoring with the heavenly Host
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

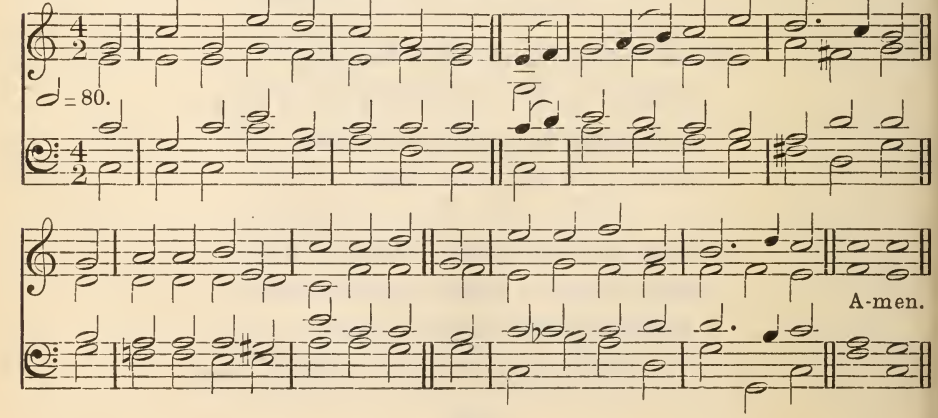
56 Sunday.

PRIMO DIERUM OMNIUM (*First Tune*). MODE IV. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



CHURCH TRIUMPHANT (*Second Tune*). L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT, *b.* 1833.



MORNING.

f FIRST day of days! wherein, arrayed
In light and beauty, earth was made;
And life to give us from the dead
Victorious our Creator sped!

Let us with joyful hearts arise,
And, chasing slumber from our eyes,
Right early seek the Lord of grace,
As erst the Prophet sought His face;

mf That He may hearken to our prayer,
Stretch forth His arm with kindly care,
And every past offence forgiven,
Restore us to our home in heaven;

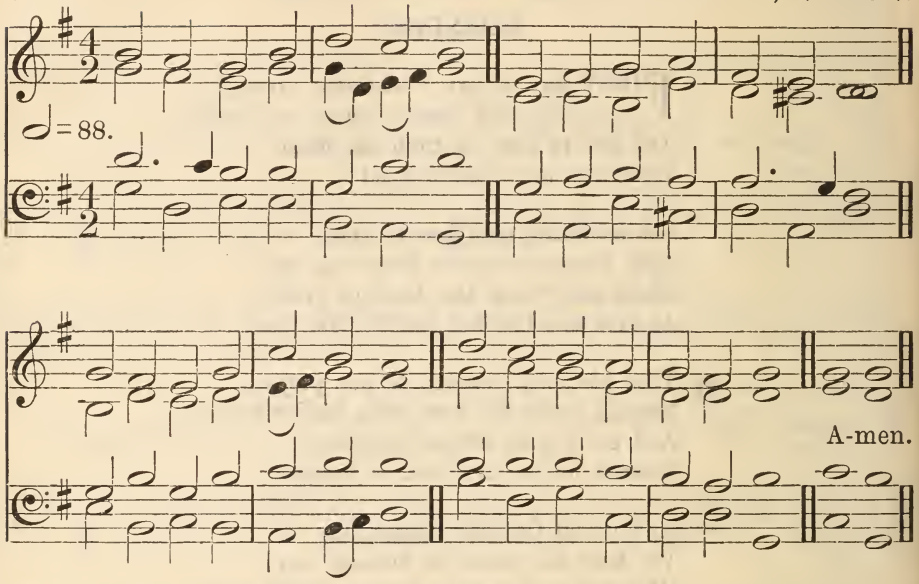
mf And as on this His sacred day
We here our thankful homage pay
Of praise and prayer, each peaceful hour
May o'er us ample blessings shower.

p Father of majesty and light!
Put every evil thought to flight;
From deeds unholy and impure
Our frames, Thy workmanship, secure;

cr That, from all carnal bondage free,
And made for ever pure, to Thee
We may in adoration raise,
Our hope, perpetual songs of praise.

f Glory to God the Father be!
Like glory, Only Son, to Thee;
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite. Amen.

VIENNA. 7.7.7.7. J. H. KNECHT, 1752–1817.



mf FRAMER of the earth and sky,
Ruler of the day and night,
At Thy word the shadows fly,
Morn returns, and all is bright.

Through the midnight hours forlorn,
Thou, the Lord of light, art near;
Taught by Thee, the bird of morn
Tells that day will soon appear.

Tossed upon the stormy tide,
Seamen hail the morning's ray;
He who thrice his Lord denied
Found repentance with the day.

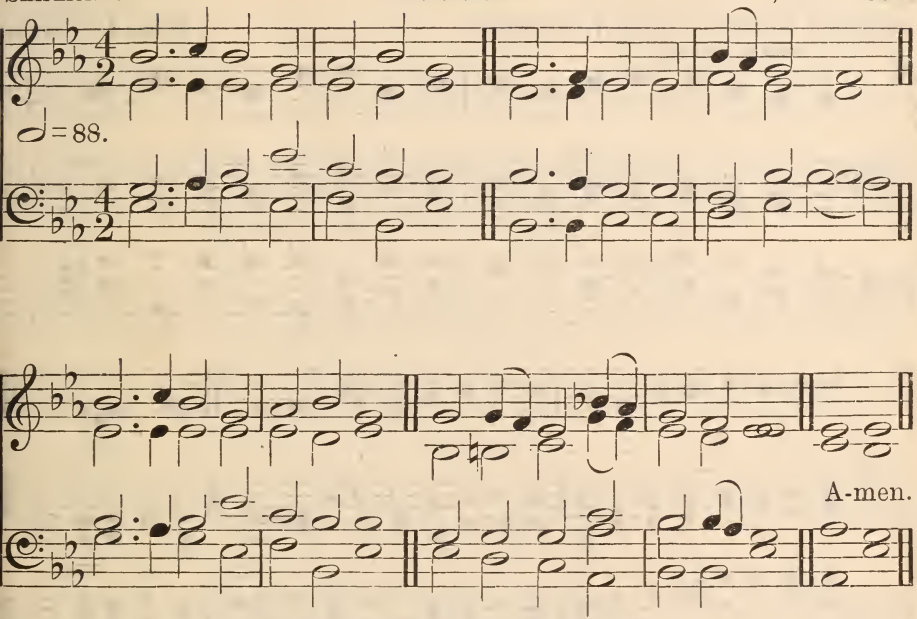
f Let us then our hearts arouse,
Morning calls us to awake,
Bids us haste to pay our vows,
And our meek confessions make.

p Jesu, Master, when we fall
Turn on us Thy healing face;
With that look our souls recall
Unto penitential grace.

mf Sin's destructions, Lord, repair,
In our darkened bosoms shine:
Thine the early morning prayer,
Morning hymns of glory Thine.

f Glory to the Father be,
Equal glory to the Son;
With the Spirit, One and Three,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

SIMPLICITY. 7.7.7.7. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.



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EVENING.

mf SOURCE of light and life divine,
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst give Thy sunbeams birth
O'er the new created earth.

Shade of eve and morning ray
Took from Thee the name of day;—
p Now the shades of night are nigh,
Listen to our suppliant cry.

mf May we ne'er, by guilt oppressed,
Lose the way to endless rest;
p May no thoughts impure and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

mf May we, ere it be too late,
Knocking at the heavenly gate,
Every thought of evil shun,
Till the prize of life be won.

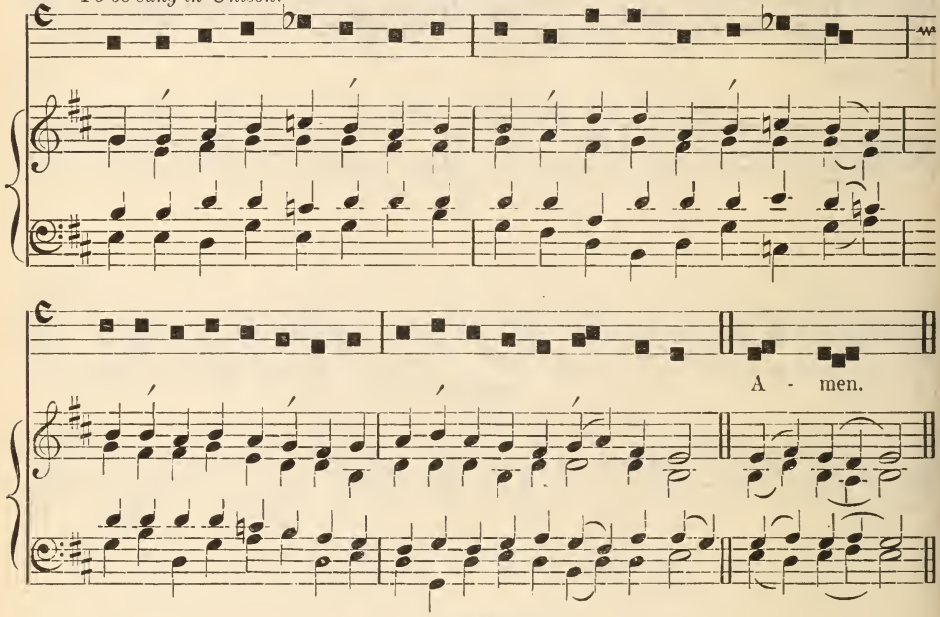
p Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
f Praise and glory be to Thee,
Now and through Eternity. Amen.

59

Monday.

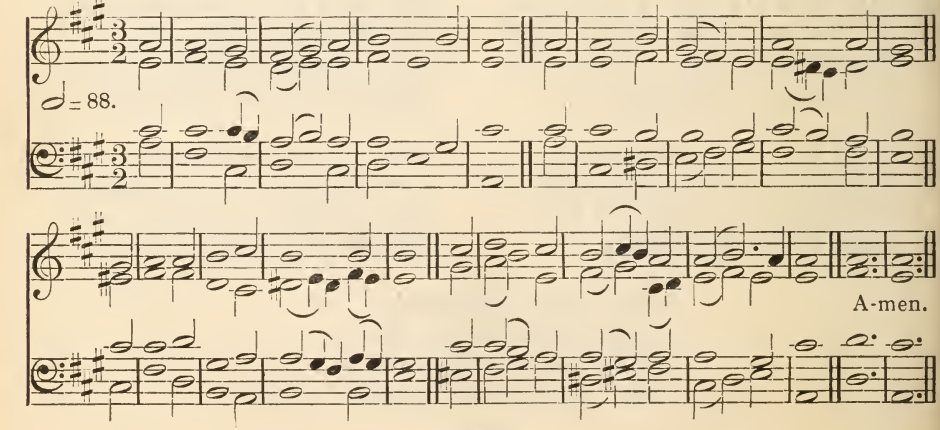
SPLENDOR PATERNÆ GLORIÆ (*First Tune*). MODE I. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



L.M.

WACH' AUF, MEIN HERZ (*Second Tune*). Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.



MORNING.

p O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

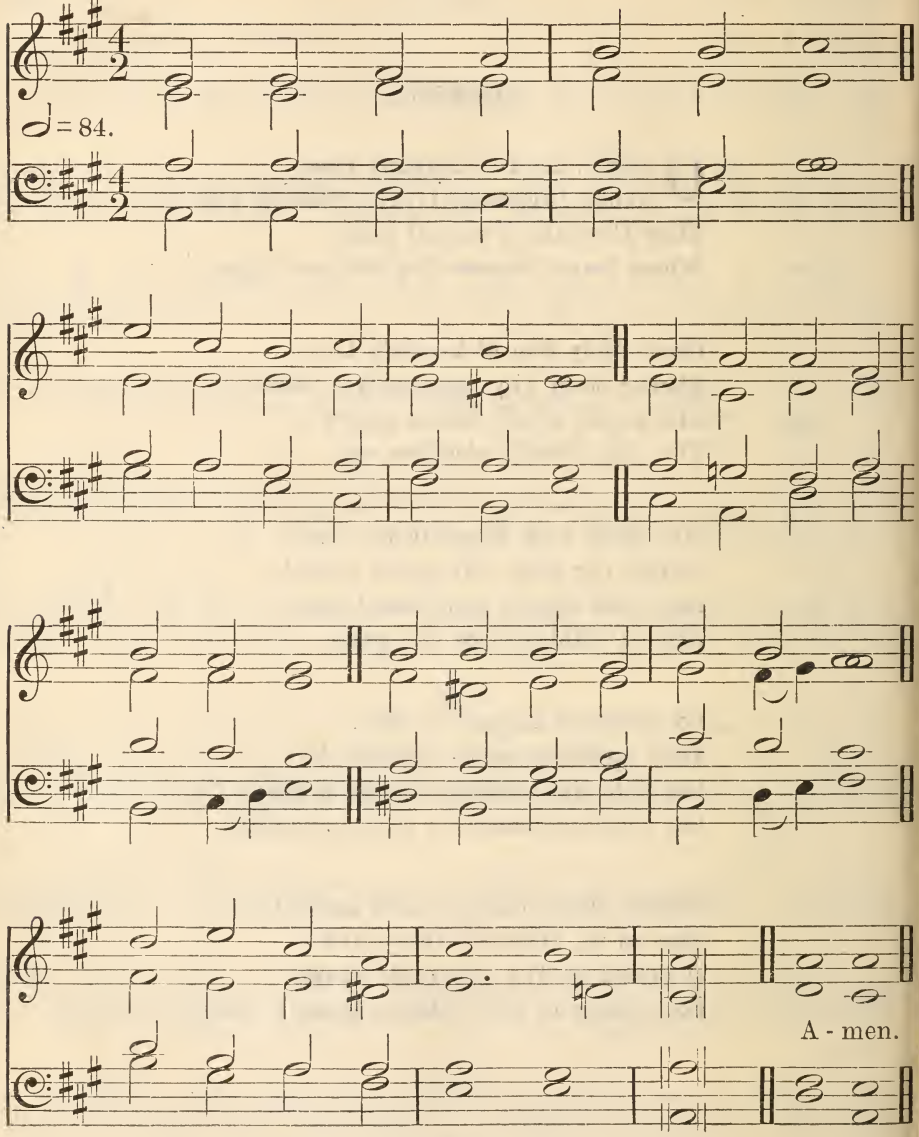
Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

So gladly let us pass the day,
With meekness for its morning ray,
Our faith like noontide shining bright,
Our souls undimmed by shades of night.

f Dawn's glory gilds the earth and skies;
Rise on us, Heavenly Glory, rise;
O Father in Thy Son made known,
Son, sharer of Thy Father's throne! Amen.

St. Pancras. Five 7's. H. Smart, 1813–1879.



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EVENING.

mf LO! the firmament doth bear
Floods of water high in air,
Whence each day the dew and rain
Fall upon the thirsty plain,
Soon to mount to heaven again:

Emblem of the grace in store
In God's Presence evermore,
That on lowly hearts and true
Falling like the silent dew
To its Fountain mounts anew.

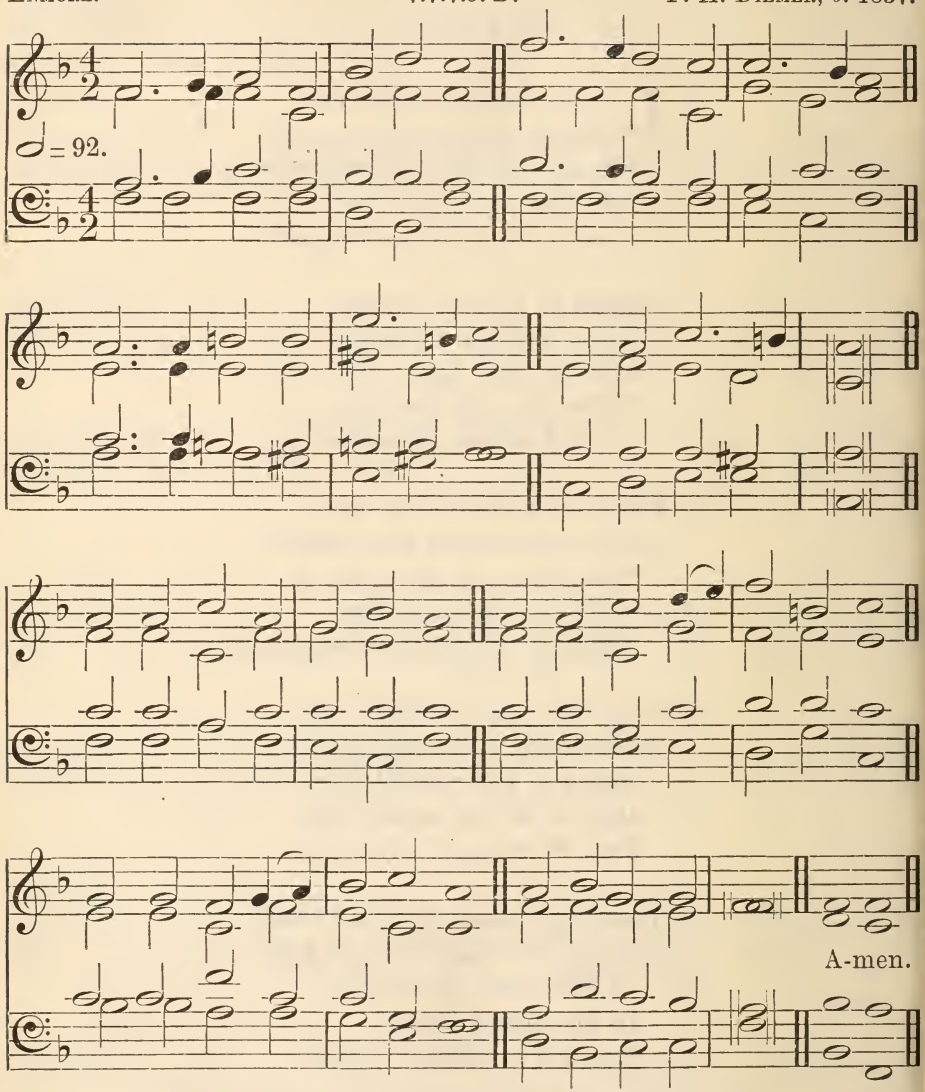
p Day by day, then, be it ours,
Lord, to drink those holy showers;
That within our souls may lie
cr Wells of water never dry,
f Springing up to heaven most high.

p Thou Who dost the Spirit give,
Fount of life, by which we live:
Biding in His peaceful ways
Bear we all our earthly days
Fruit of love and holy praise.

p Thou Who tookest flesh and blood,
That our eyes might look on God:
cr To Thy Name all glory be,
In the Blessèd Trinity,
f Now and to eternity. Amen.

61 Tuesday.

ENMORE. 7.7.7.5. D. P. H. DIEMER, *b.* 1837.



May also be sung to "Daybreak," *No.* 63, *or* "Pendrea," *No.* 65.

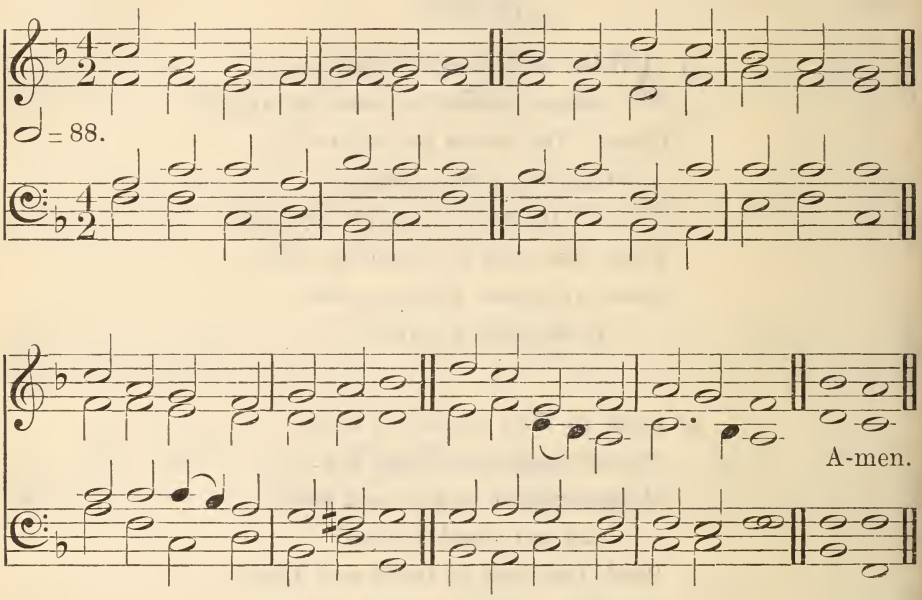
MORNING.

f AS the bird, whose clarion gay
Sounds before the dawn is grey,
Christ, Who brings the spirit's day,
Calls us, close at hand:
"Wake!" He cries, "and for My sake,
From your eyes dull slumber shake!
Sober, righteous, chaste, awake!
At the door I stand!"

mf Lord, to Thee we lift on high
Fervent prayer and bitter cry:
Hearts aroused to pray and sigh
May not slumber more:
Break the sleep of Death and Time,
Forged by Adam's ancient crime;
And the light of Eden's prime
To the world restore!

p Now before Thy throne, while we
Ask, upon our bended knee,
That this blessing granted be,
And Thy grace implore;
cr Unto God the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
One in Three, be glory done,
f Now and evermore. Amen.

BATTISHILL. 7.7.7.7. J. BATTISHILL, 1738–1801.



EVENING.

mf GREAT Creator, wise and good,
At Whose voice the waters fled,
And the earth in beauty stood,
Rising from the ocean's bed:

At Whose voice the fruitful earth
Robed herself in fairest dress,
Golden flowers received their birth,
Grateful herbage, man to bless.

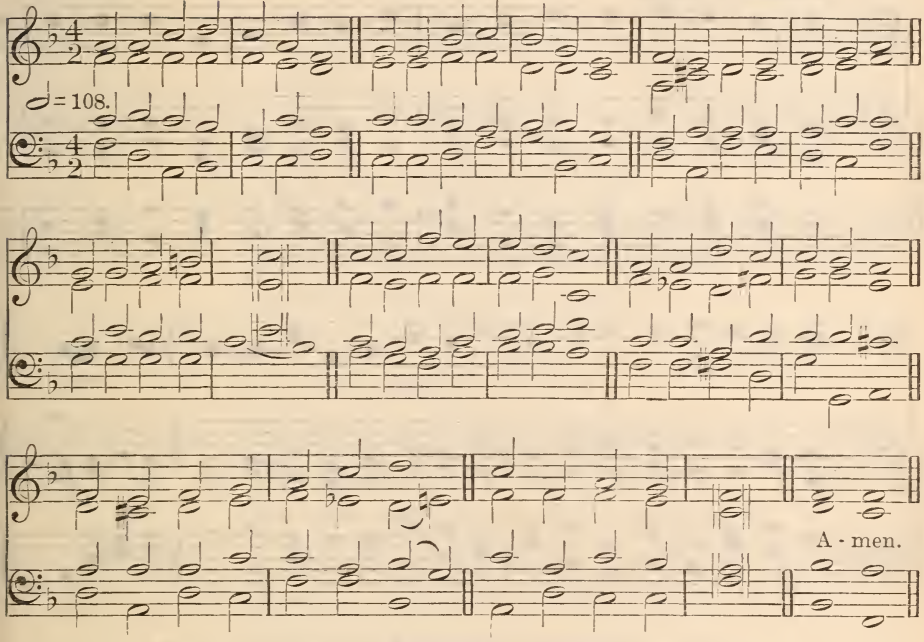
p Father, with Thy freshening grace
Bathe the wounded spirit's sore;
Till our tears the past efface,
And we fall from Thee no more.

Till we learn the narrow road,
Shun the world's polluted breath,
cr Joy in nothing but our God,
f Triumph o'er the power of death.

mf Father, to our prayer give ear,
Hear us, O Co-equal Son,
Hear us, Blessèd Comforter;
Ever Three and ever One. Amen.

63 Wednesday.

DAYBREAK. 7.7.7.5. D. C. H. LLOYD, *b.* 1849.



May also be sung to "Enmore," *No.* 61, *or* "Pendrea," *No.* 65.

MORNING.

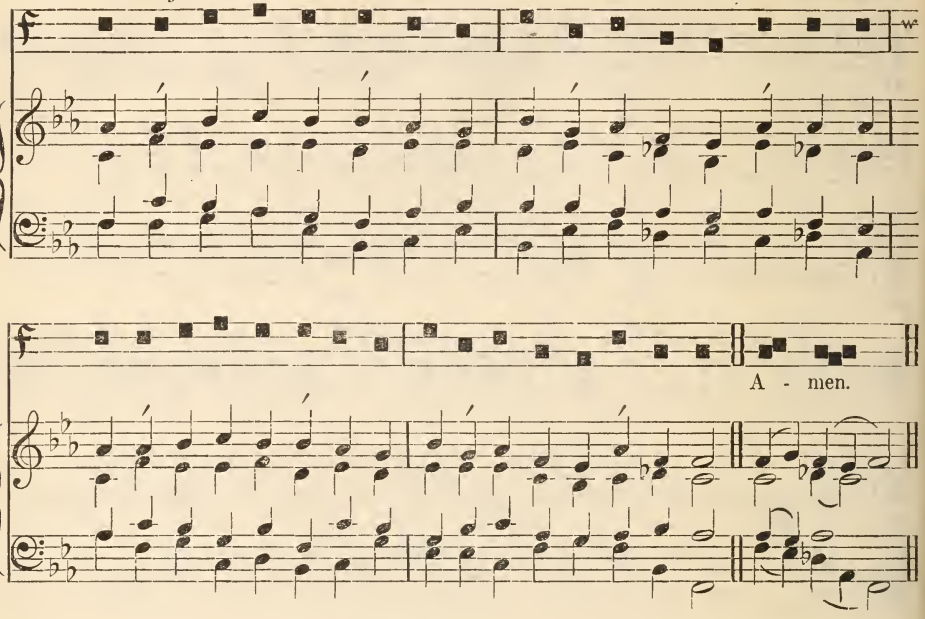
mf DAY is breaking, dawn is bright:
Hence, vain shadows of the night!
Mists that dim our mortal sight,
cr Christ is come! Depart!
f Darkness routed lifts her wings
As the radiance upwards springs:
Through the world of wakened things
Life and colour dart.

mf Thee, O Christ, alone we know:
Singing even in our woe,
With pure hearts to Thee we go:
On our senses shine!
In Thy beams be purged away
All that leads our thoughts astray!
Through our spirits, King of day,
Pour Thy light divine!

p Now before Thy throne, while we
Ask, upon our bended knee,
That this blessing granted be,
And Thy grace implore;
cr Unto God the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
One in Three, be glory done,
f Now and evermore. Amen.

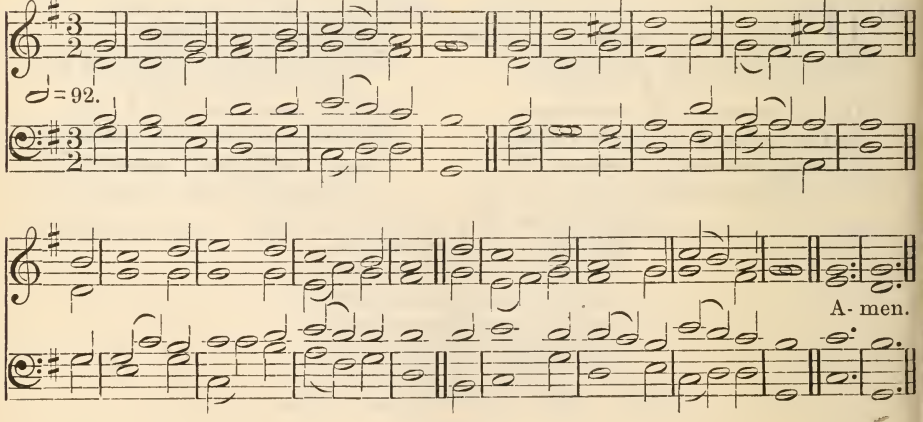
Cœli Deus Sanctissime (*First Tune*). Mode II. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



L.M.

Angels' Song (Modern Form) (*Second Tune*). Adapted from O. Gibbons, 1583–1625.



EVENING.

mf ALL-Holy Sovereign of the sky,
Whose voice this day enthroned on high
Those orbs that shine so bright and fair,
And Thy Almighty power declare;

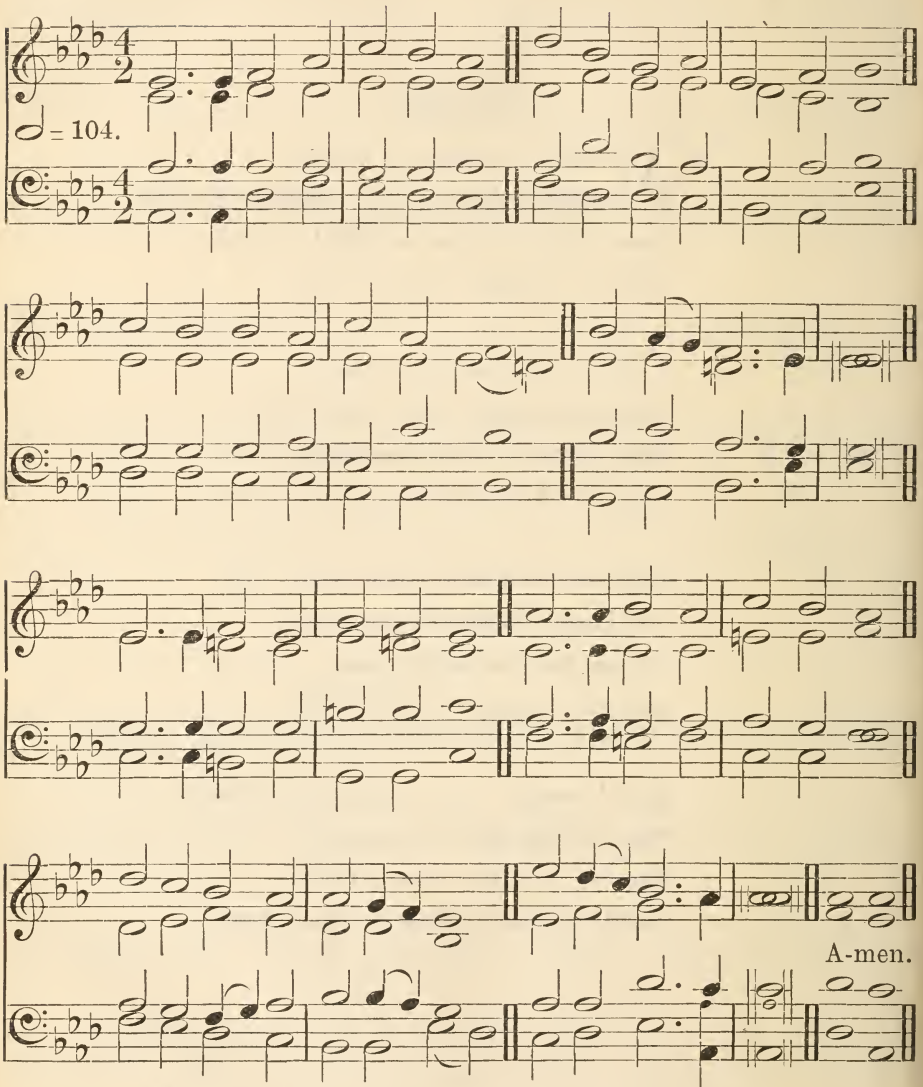
By Thy appointment to divide
The morning from the evening tide;
With influence sweet the earth to cheer,
And bless with grateful change the year.

Shine on our hearts, Thou better Day,
And inward darkness chase away;
Let evil flee before Thy smile,
And sin no more our souls defile.

Such blessings, Lord, our prayers implore,
This evening, and for evermore;
Hear us, O Father, hear, O Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

65 Thursday.

PENDREA. 7.7.7.5. D. M. J. MONK, *b.* 1858.



May also be sung to "Enmore," *No.* 61, *or* "Daybreak," *No.* 63.

MORNING.

mf SEE the golden sun arise!
Let no more our darkened eyes
Snare us, tangled by surprise
In the maze of sin!
From false words and thoughts impure
Let this Light, serene and sure,
Keep our lips without secure,
Keep our souls within.

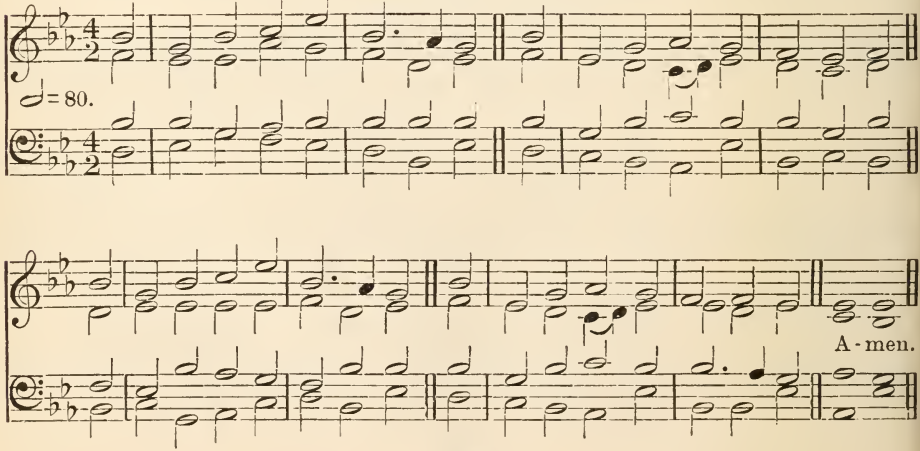
So may we the day-time spend,
That, till life's temptations end,
Tongue, nor hand, nor eye offend!
One, above us all,
Views in His revealing ray
All we do, and think, and say,
Watching us from break of day
Till the twilight fall.

p Now before Thy throne, while we
Ask, upon our bended knee,
That this blessing granted be,
And Thy grace implore;
cr Unto God the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
One in Three, be glory done,
f Now and evermore. Amen.

MAGNÆ DEUS POTENTIÆ (*First Tune*). MODE II. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.

ST. GREGORY (*Second Tune*). L.M. *Darmstadt Gesangbuch*, 1698.



EVENING.

mf O SOVEREIGN Lord of Nature's might,
Who badst the water's birth divide;
Part in the heavens to take their flight,
And part in ocean's deep to hide;

These low obscured, on airy wing
Exalted those, that either race,
Though from one element they spring,
Might serve Thee in a different place;

Grant, Lord, that we Thy servants all,
Saved by Thy tide of cleansing blood,
No more 'neath sin's dominion fall,
Nor fear the thought of death's dark flood!

Thy varied love each spirit bless,
The humble cheer, the high control;
Check in each heart its proud excess,
But raise the meek and contrite soul!

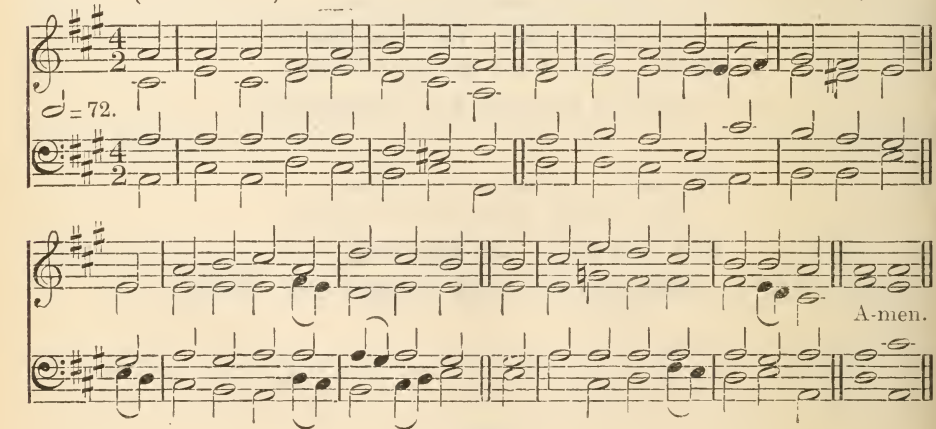
This boon, O Father, we entreat;
This blessing grant, Eternal Son;
And Holy Ghost, the Paraclete;
Both now, and while the ages run. Amen.

67 Friday.

ÆTERNA CŒLI GLORIA (*First Tune*). MODE VI. SOLESMES.

To be sung in Unison.

BRESLAU (*Second Tune*). L.M. CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia nova*, 1630.



MORNING.

mf O CHRIST, Whose glory fills the heaven,
Our only Hope, in mercy given;
Child of a Virgin meek and pure;
Son of the Highest evermore:

Grant us Thine aid Thy praise to sing,
As opening days new duties bring;
That with the light our life may be
Renewed and sanctified by Thee.

p The morning star fades from the sky,
cr The sun breaks forth; night's shadows fly:
f O Thou, true Light, upon us shine:
Our darkness turn to light divine.

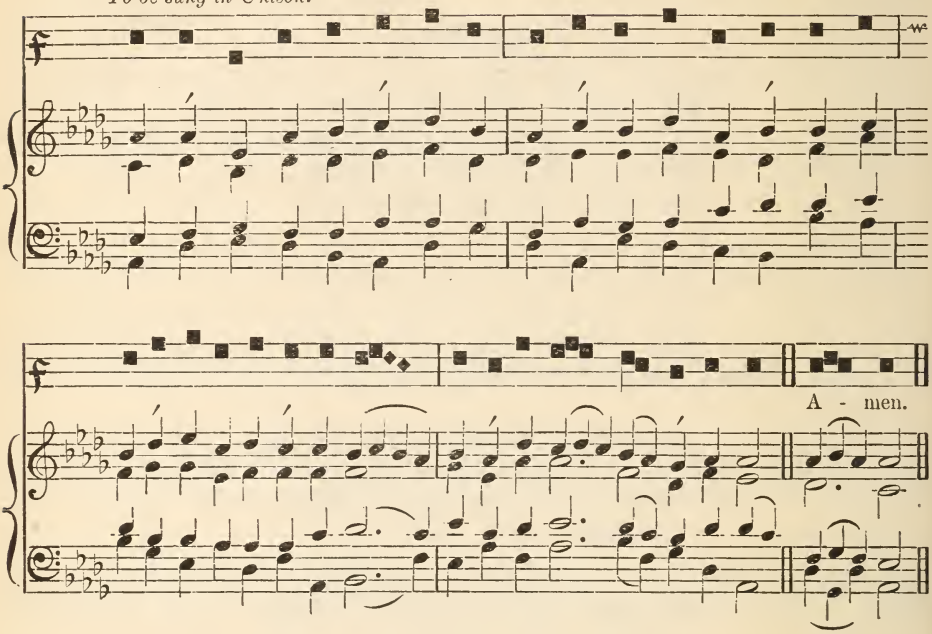
p Within us grant Thy light to dwell;
And from our souls dark sins expel;
Cleanse Thou our minds from stain of ill,
And with Thy peace our bosoms fill.

mf To us strong faith for ever give,
With joyous hope, in Thee to live;
That life's rough way may ever be
Made strong and pure by charity.

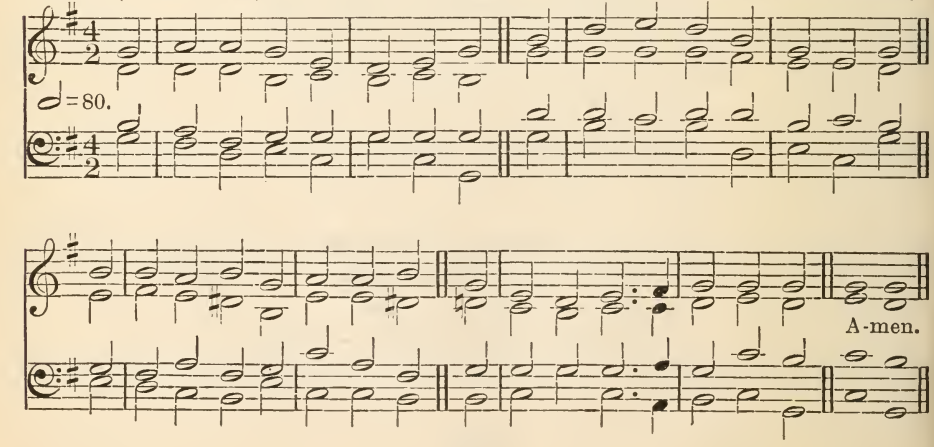
f All laud to God, the Father, be:
All laud, Eternal Son, to Thee:
All laud, as is for ever meet,
To God, the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

PLASMATOR HOMINIS DEUS (*First Tune*). MODE VIII. Milan.

To be sung in Unison.



SOLDAU (*Second Tune*). L.M. Pentecost Hymn of 13th Century.



EVENING.

mf CREATOR! Who from heaven Thy throne
Ordainest all things, God alone!
Who badst the earth to being bring
Cattle and beast and creeping thing;

And as, to life called forth by Thee,
Those varied forms began to be,
To man's subjection Thou didst give
All things which on the earth do live;

Do Thou,—when lawless passion sways
Our minds and hearts to evil ways;
And thoughts of ill, unholy seed,
Are ripening into word and deed;—

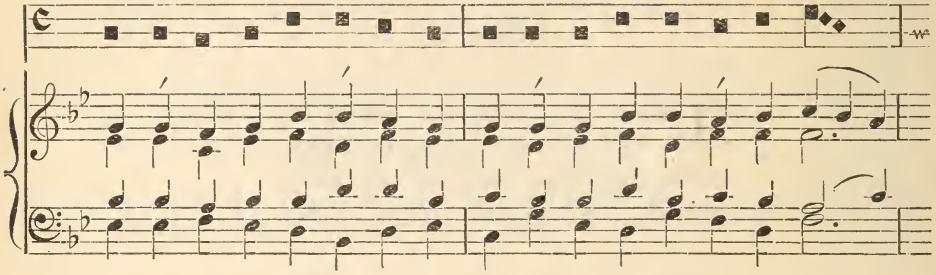
To us Thy promised blessings give,
Beneath Thy grace grant us to live:
From guilty strife Thy flock release,
Make fast the gentle bands of peace.

These favours, Lord, of Thee we pray,
Thy blessing grant, this closing day;
Sole Sovereign of the heavenly Host,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

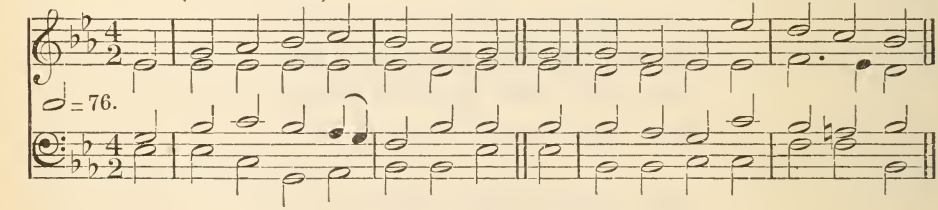
69 Saturday.

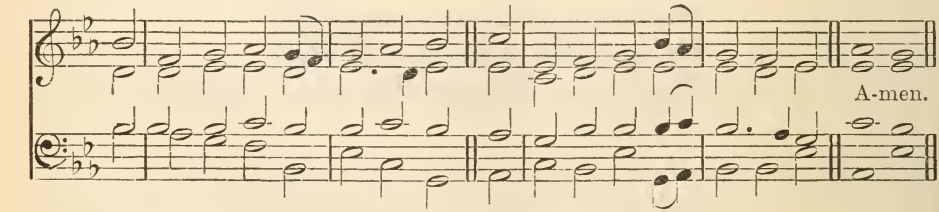
SUMMÆ DEUS CLEMENTIÆ (*First Tune*). MODE VIII. Milan.

To be sung in Unison.



LUDBOROUGH (*Second Tune*). L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS, *b.* 1826.





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MORNING.

mf GREAT God of boundless mercy, hear;
Thou Framer of this earthly sphere:
One in eternity of might,
In Whom the immortal Three unite.

O listen to our thankful lays
Of mingled penitence and praise;
And set our hearts from error free,
More fully to rejoice in Thee.

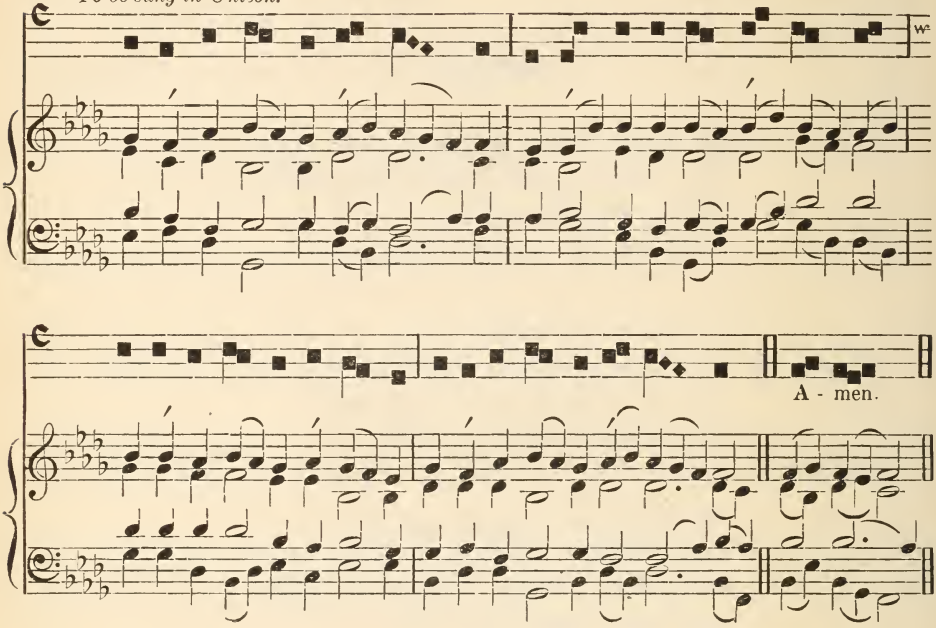
Our hearts and reins in pity heal,
And with Thy chastening fires anneal;
Gird Thou our loins, each passion quell,
And every worldly lust expel.

f Now as our anthems, upward borne,
Awake the silence of the morn,
Enrich us with Thy gifts of grace,
From heaven, Thy blissful dwelling-place!

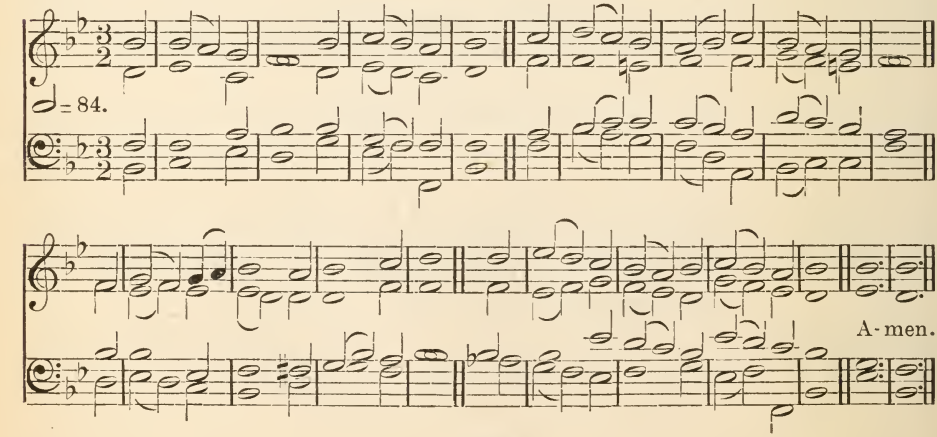
p Most gracious Father, grant our prayer;
Co-equal Only Son, give ear;
cr Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete,
f Reign throughout ages infinite. Amen.

DEUS CREATOR OMNIUM (*First Tune*). MODE IV. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



WAREHAM (*Second Tune*). L.M. W. KNAPP, 1698–1768.



EVENING.

mf O BLEST Creator, God Most High,
Great ruler of the starry sky,
dim Who, robing day with beauteous light,
Hast clothed in soft repose the night,

p That sleep may wearied limbs restore
And fit for toil and use once more;
May gently soothe the careworn breast
And lull our anxious grief to rest.

mf We thank Thee for the day that's gone;
We pray Thee, now the night comes on,
Oh help us sinners as we raise
To Thee our votive hymn of praise.

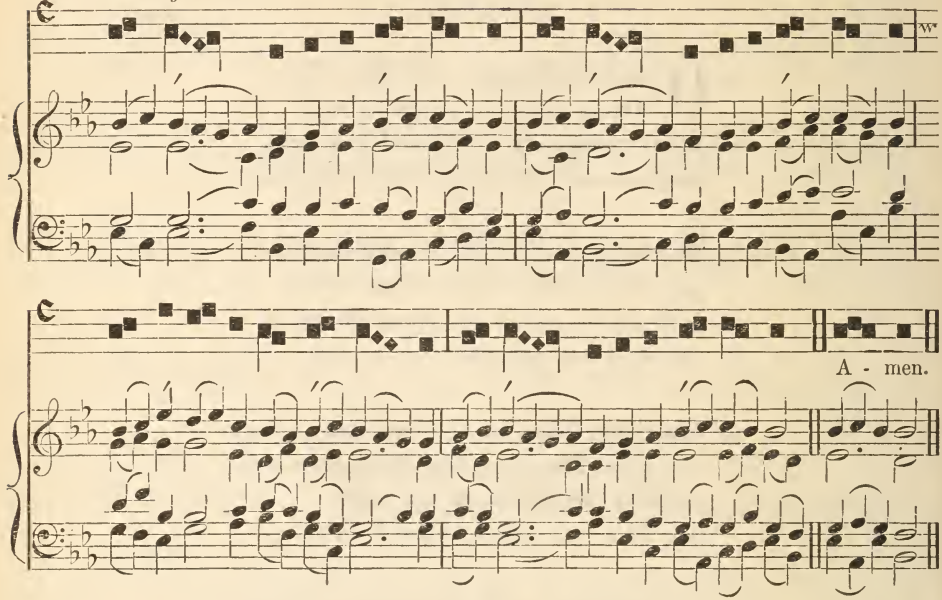
f To Thee our hearts their music bring,
To Thee our lips in concord sing:
To Thee our rapt affections soar,
And Thee our chastened souls adore.

p Lord, when the parting beams of day
In evening's shadows fade away,
cr Let faith no wildering darkness know,
f But night with faith's own splendour glow.

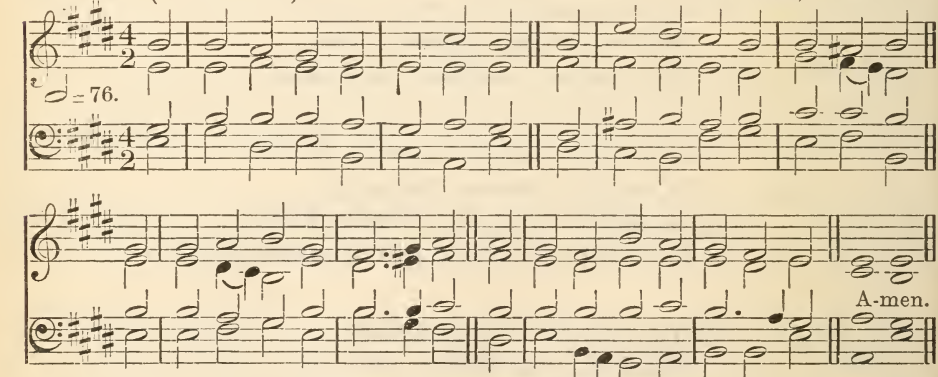
mf God over all, of mighty sway,
Shield us, great Trinity, we pray,
cr Whom with the Angels we adore,
f One God, One Lord, for evermore. Amen.

O Lux beata Trinitas (*First Tune*). Mode VIII. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



Melcombe (*Second Tune*). L.M. S. Webbe, 1740–1816.

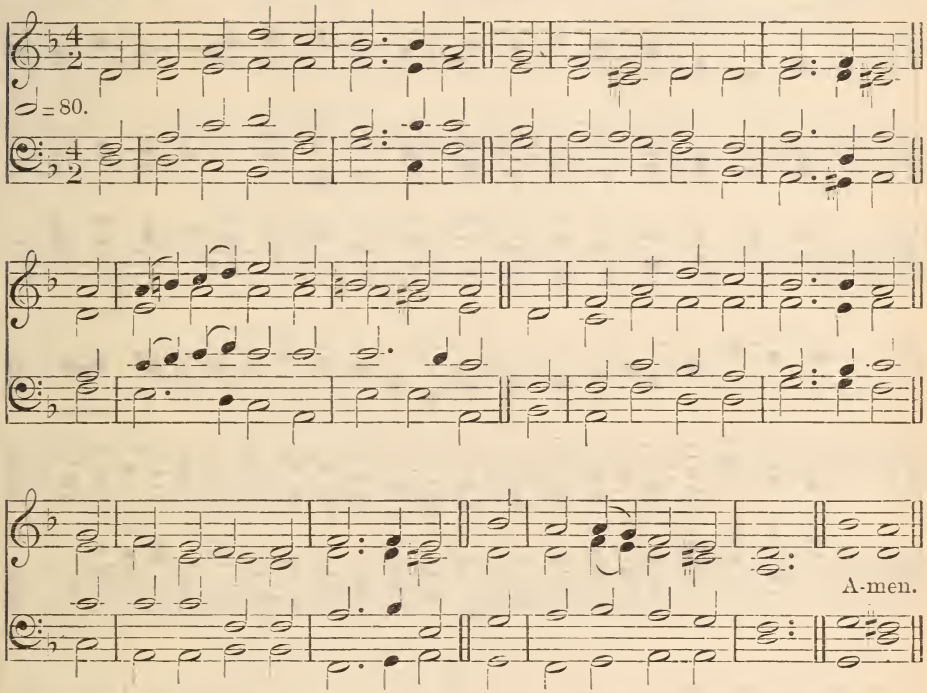


mf O TRINITY of Blessèd Light,
O Unity of primal Might,
The fiery sun now goes his way;
Shed Thou within our hearts Thy ray.

To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
Oh grant us with Thy Saints on high
To praise Thee through eternity.
Amen.

Advent.

STALHEIM. 8.8.8.8.8.6. LINDEMAN'S *Koralbog*, 1838.



mf "BEHOLD, the Bridegroom draweth nigh;"
Hear ye the oft-repeated cry?
Go forth into the midnight dim,
For blest are they whom He shall find
With ready heart and watchful mind;
f Go forth, my soul, to Him.

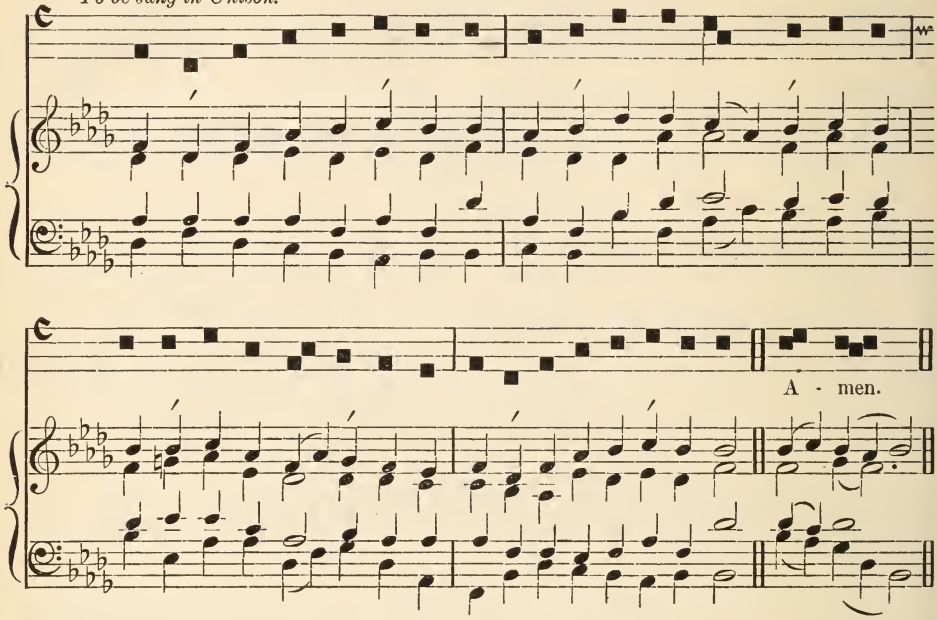
mf "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh by;"
The call is echoed from the sky;
Go forth, ye servants, watch and wait:
p The slothful cannot join His train,
No careless one may entrance gain;
f Awake, my soul,—'tis late.

p O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
We cry to Thee with one accord;
To us Thy pitying mercy show,
That none may reach the door too late,
When Thou shalt enter at the gate
And to Thy kingdom go.

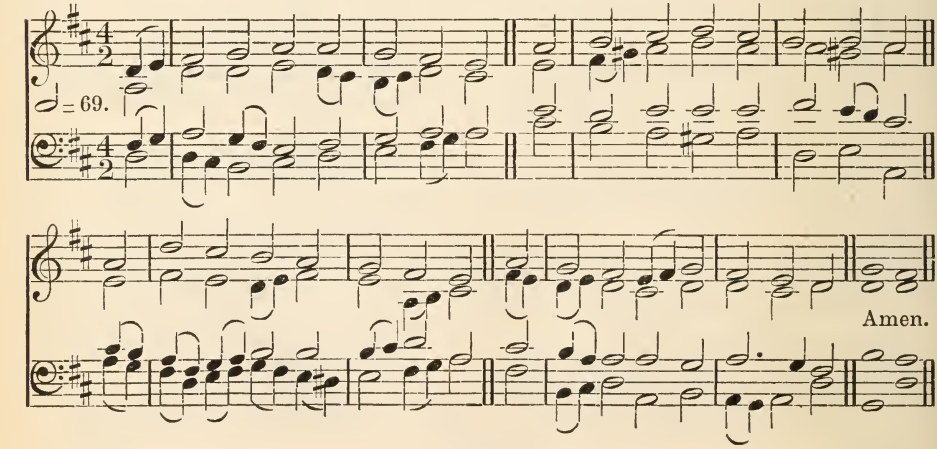
mf "Behold, the Bridegroom draweth near;"
The warning falls on every ear, [all;
The night of dread shall come to
f Then, O my soul, renew thy light,
And trim thy lamp that it burn bright;
dim Soon shall I hear the call.
Amen.

VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS (*First Tune*). MODE II. transposed. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



EISENACH (*Second Tune*). L.M. J. H. SCHEIN, 1586–1630.



Advent.

mf CELESTIAL Word, to this our earth
Sent down from God's eternal clime,
To save mankind by mortal birth
Into a world of change and time;

Lighten our hearts; vain hopes destroy;
And in Thy love's consuming fire
Fill all the soul with heavenly joy,
And melt the dross of low desire.

p So when the Judge of quick and dead
Shall bid His awful summons come,
To whelm the guilty soul with dread,
And call the blessèd to their home,

Saved from the whirling, black abyss,
cr For evermore to us be given
To share the feast of saintly bliss,
f And see the face of God in heaven. Amen.

Advent.

Dies Iræ (*First Tune*). Modes I. & II. Ancient Plain Song.

Part I., verses 1, 2, 7 and 8. Part II., verses 5 and 6.

To be sung in Unison.

Part I., verses 3 and 4. Part II., verses 1, 2, 7 and 8.

Part I., verses 5 and 6. Part II., verses 3, 4 and 9.

Advent.

PART I.

1.

DAY of wrath! Oh, day of mourning!
See fulfilled the Prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

2.

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

3.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

4.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5.

Lo, the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded:

6.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading!
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

PART II.

1.

THINK, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation!

2.

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me:
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

3.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that Reckoning Day's conclusion!

4.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

5.

Thou the sinful woman savest;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

6.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

7.

With Thy favoured sheep, oh! place me,
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

8.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy Saints surrounded.

9.

Low I kneel, with heart submission,
See, like ashes my contrition;
Help me in my last condition!

For General Ending, see next page.

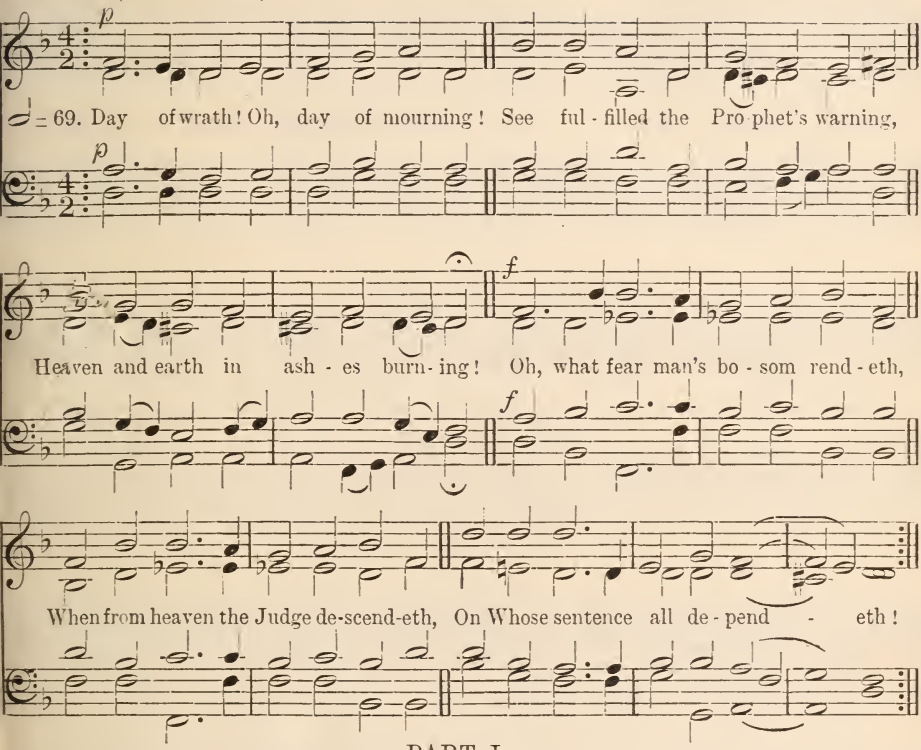
General Ending.

GENERAL ENDING.

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord all pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant him Thine eternal rest! Amen

Advent.

DIES IRÆ (*Second Tune*). 8.8.8. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


p
♩ = 69. Day of wrath! Oh, day of mourning! See ful-filled the Pro-phet's warning,
p
f
Heaven and earth in ash-es burn-ing! Oh, what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,
f
When from heaven the Judge de-scend-eth, On Whose sentence all de-pend - eth!

PART I.

p DAY of wrath! Oh, day of mourning!
See fulfilled the Prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

f Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

f Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

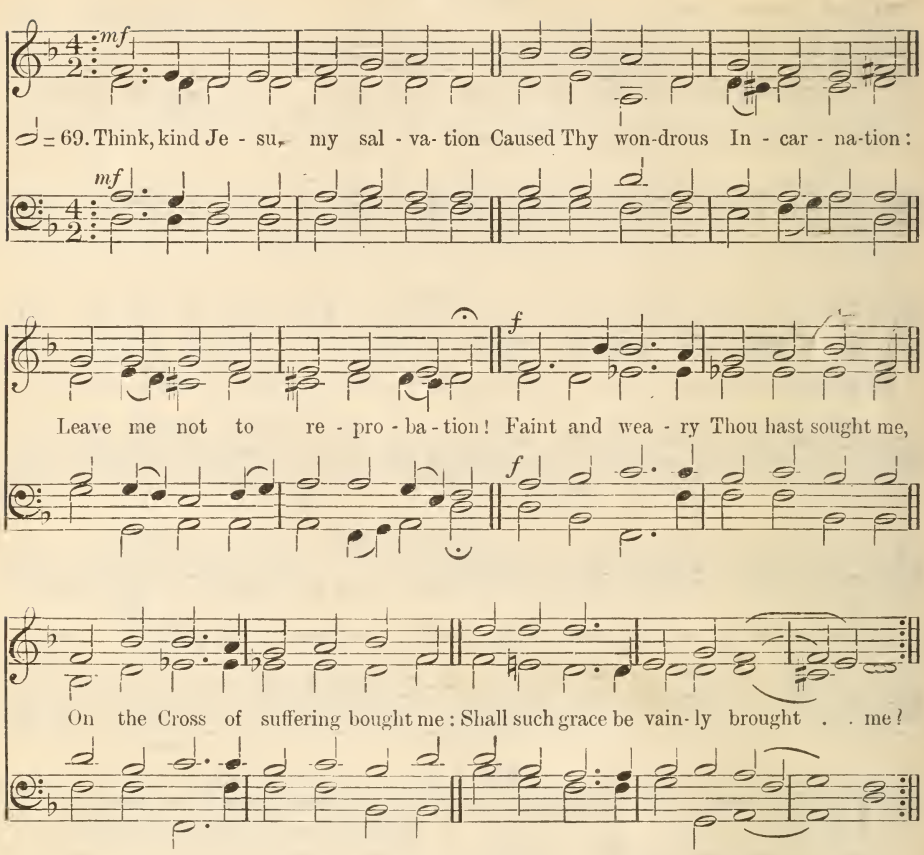
p Death is struck, and nature quaking,
cr All creation is awaking,
dim To its Judge an answer making.

mf Lo, the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded:

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

p What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

f King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
p Fount of pity, then befriend us!


mf
♩ = 69. Think, kind Je - su, my sal - va - tion Caused Thy won-drous In - car - na-tion:
mf
Leave me not to re - pro - ba - tion! Faint and wea - ry Thou hast sought me,
f
f
On the Cross of suffering bought me: Shall such grace be vain-ly brought . . me?

PART II.

mf THINK, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me:
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

p Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that Reckoning Day's conclusion!

pp Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

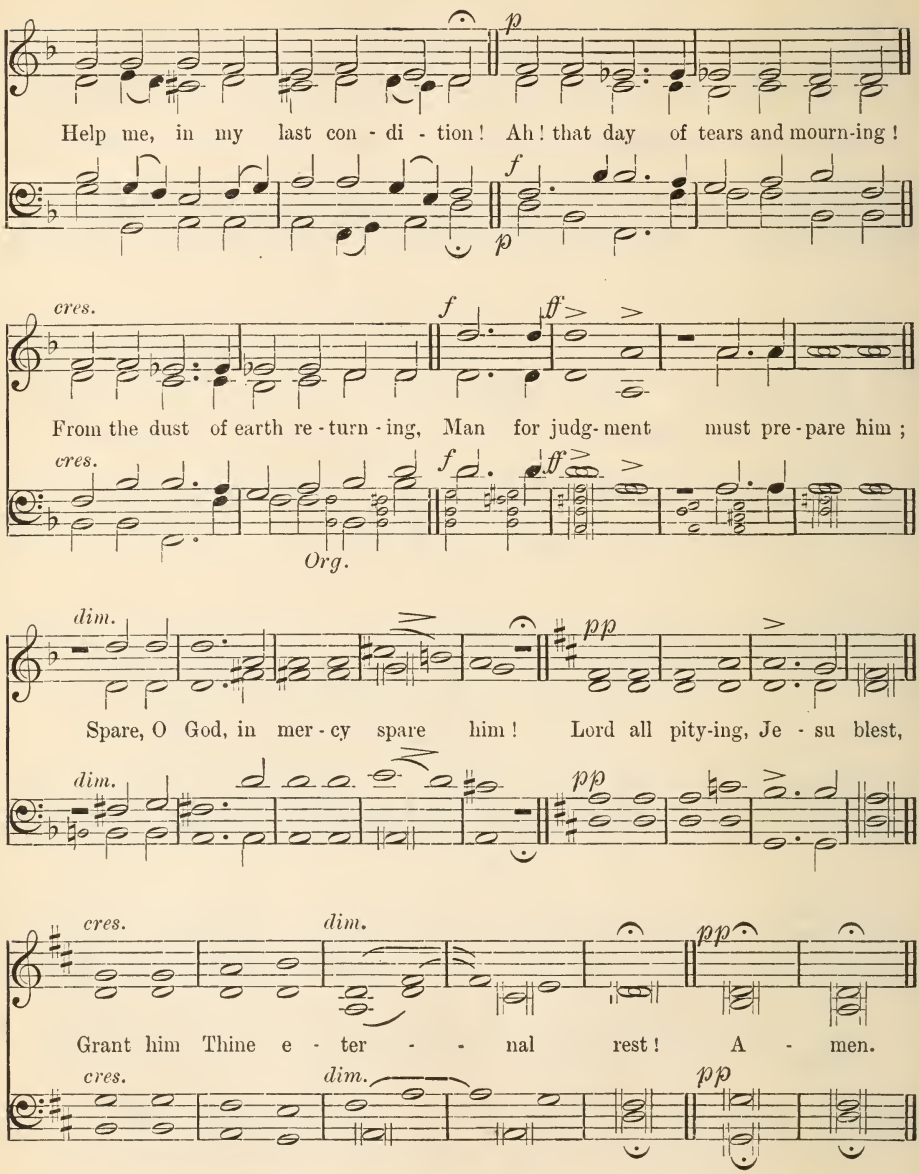
mf Thou the sinful woman savest;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing:
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

Advent.

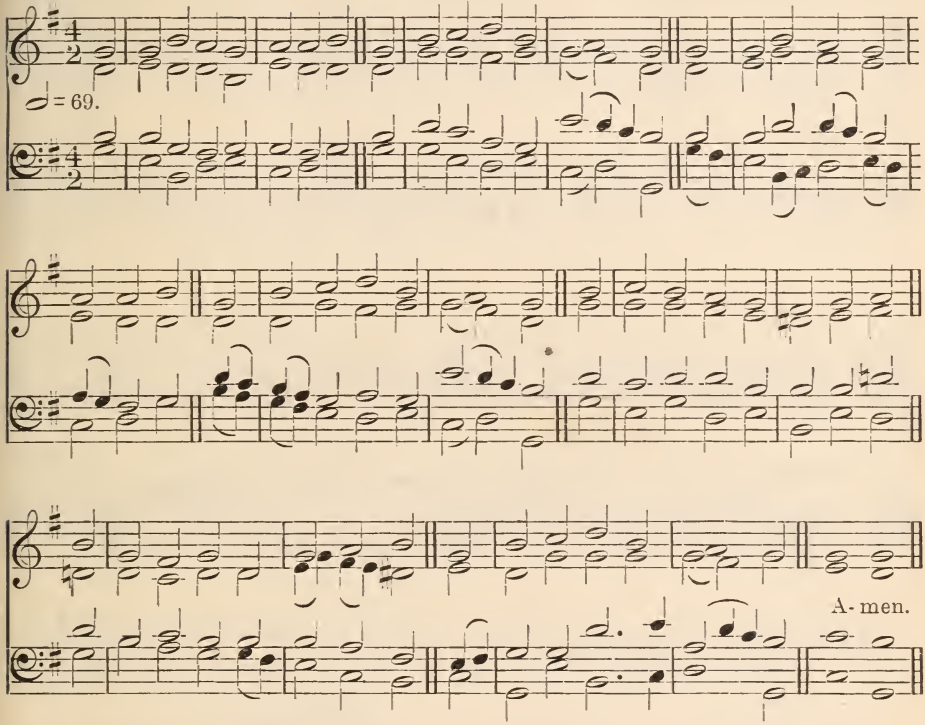
p
cres.
ten.
With Thy fa-voured sheep, oh! place me, Nor a - mong the goats a - base me;
p
cres.
rall.
a tempo.
f
But to . . Thy right hand up - raise me. While the wick - ed are con-found-ed,
rall.
a tempo.
f
ff
rit.
p
Doomed to flames of woe un - bounded, Call me, with Thy Saints sur - round - ed.
ff
rit.
p
a tempo.
p
Low I kneel, with heart sub - mis - sion, See, like ash - es my con - tri - tion;
a tempo.
p

Advent.


p
Help me, in my last con - di - tion! Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing!
f
p
cres.
f
ff
From the dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for judg - ment must pre - pare him;
cres.
f
ff
Org.
dim.
pp
Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! Lord all pity-ing, Je - su blest,
dim.
pp
cres.
dim.
pp
Grant him Thine e - ter - - - nal rest! A - men.
cres.
dim.
pp

Advent.

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. KLUG'S *Geistliche Lieder*, 1535.



mf GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
f The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
p Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

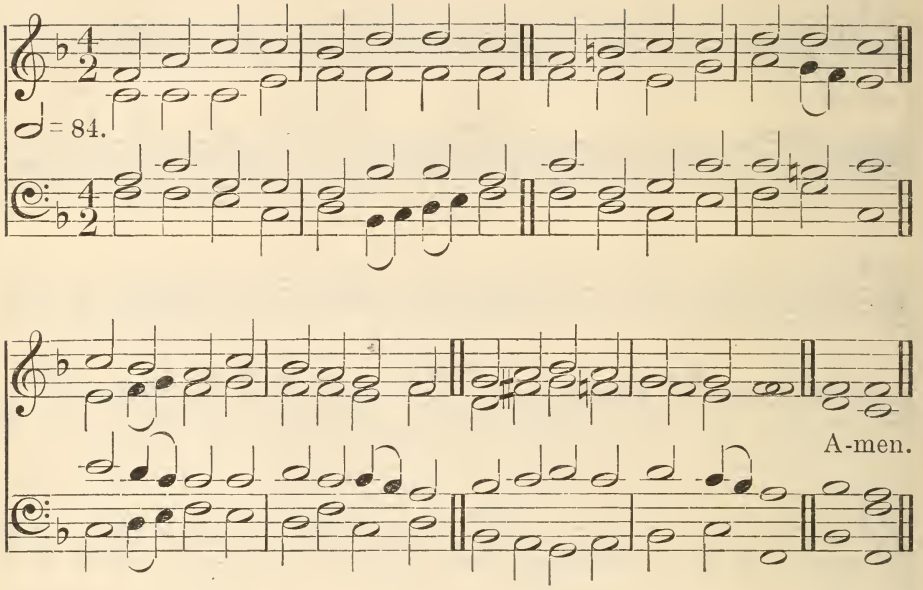
f The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His Presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

p But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

mf Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
cr Beneath His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
f And thus prepare to meet Him.
Amen.

Advent.

MERTON. 8.7.8.7. W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.



f HARK, an awful voice is sounding:
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise:
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

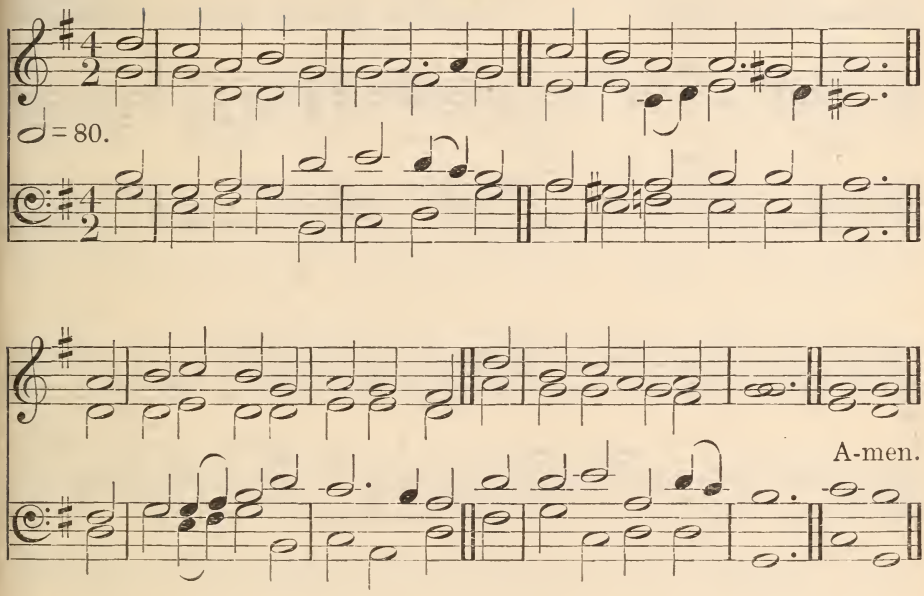
mf Lo! the Lamb so long expected
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us all, with tears of sorrow,
Pray that we may be forgiven.

p So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
cr May He then as our Defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.

f Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the Co-eternal Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

Advent.

BRISTOL. C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.



f HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

p He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

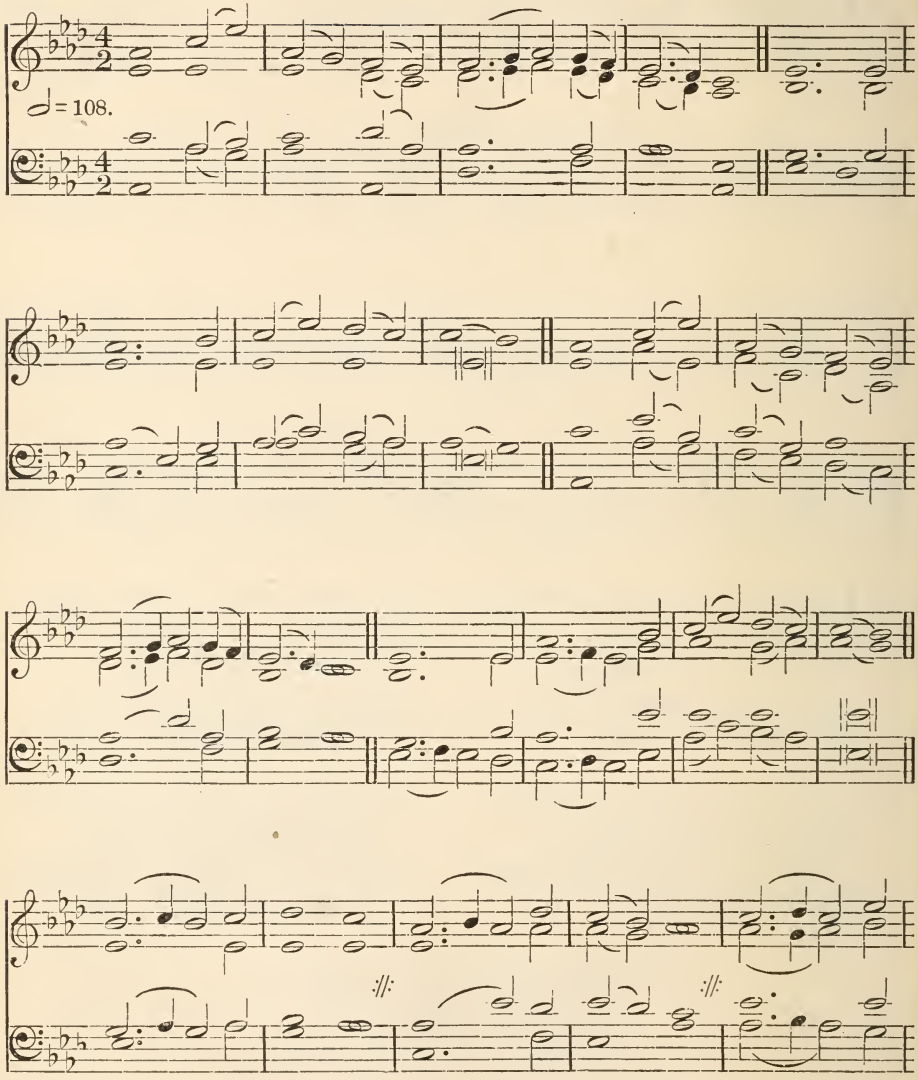
f Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name. Amen.

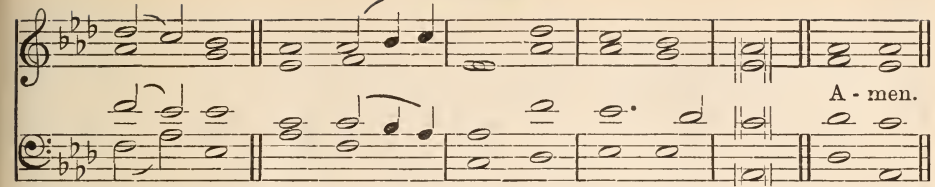
78

Advent.

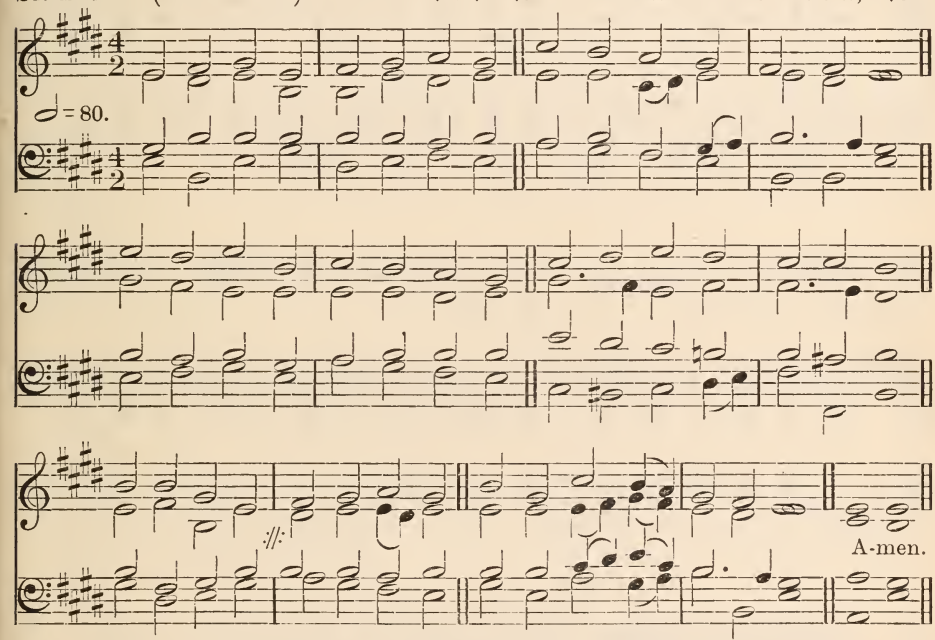
8.7.8.7.4.7.

HELMSLEY (*First Tune*). T. OLIVERS, 1675, AND M. MADAN, 1726–1790.





St. Thomas (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. Webbe's *Collection*, 1792.



f LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!
Thousand thousand Saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign!

p Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see.

mf The dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

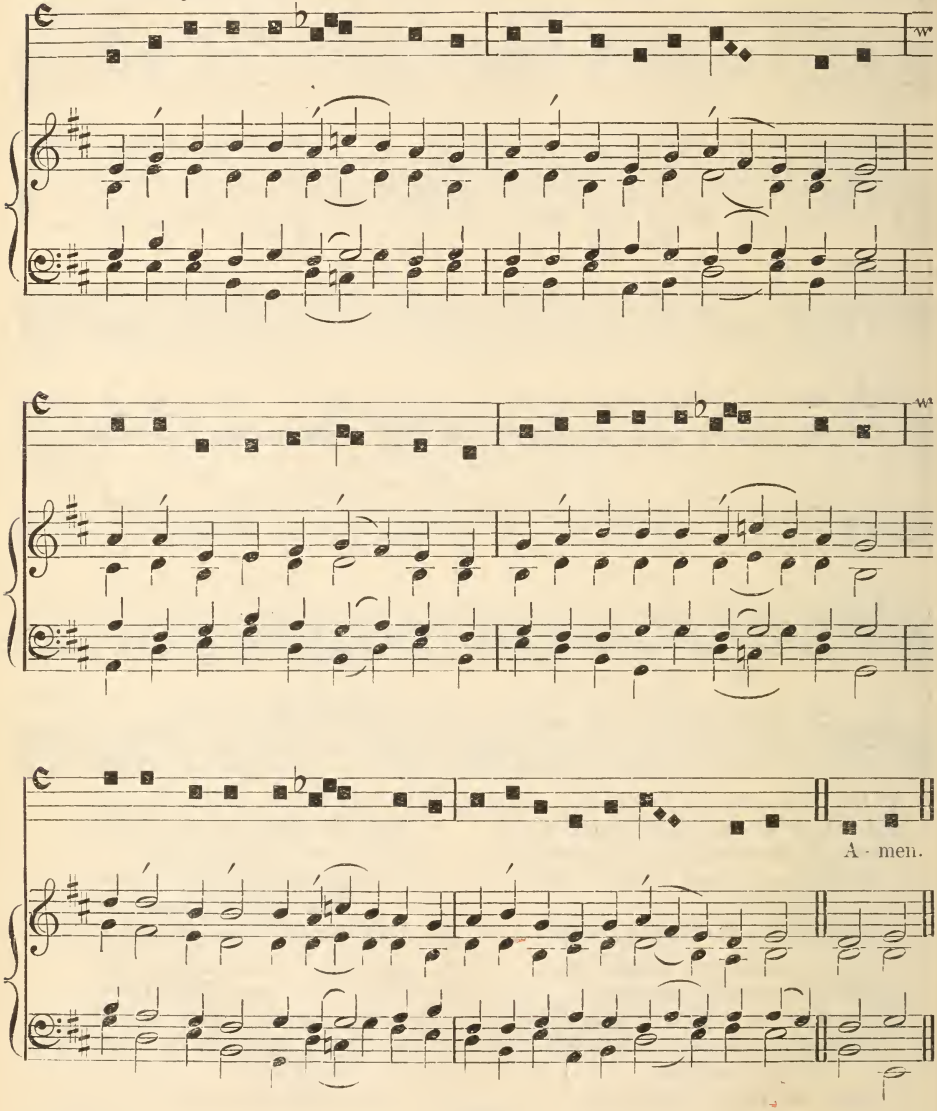
f Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
Alleluia!

ff Thou shalt reign and Thou alone.
Amen.

79

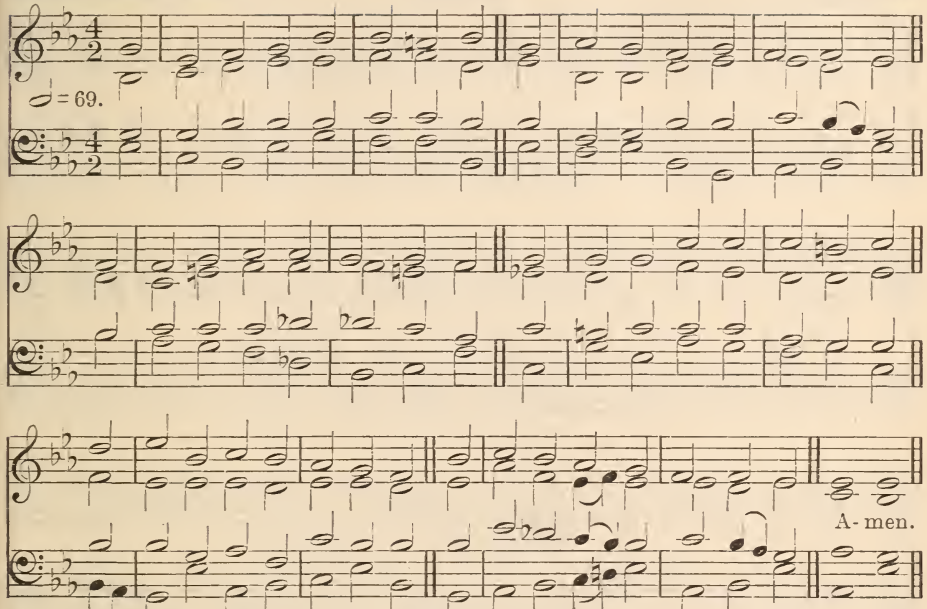
VENI, VENI EMMANUEL (*First Tune*). MODE I. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.



Advent.

SPIRES (*Second Tune*). Six 8's. German.



mf O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
f Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

mf O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
f Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel.

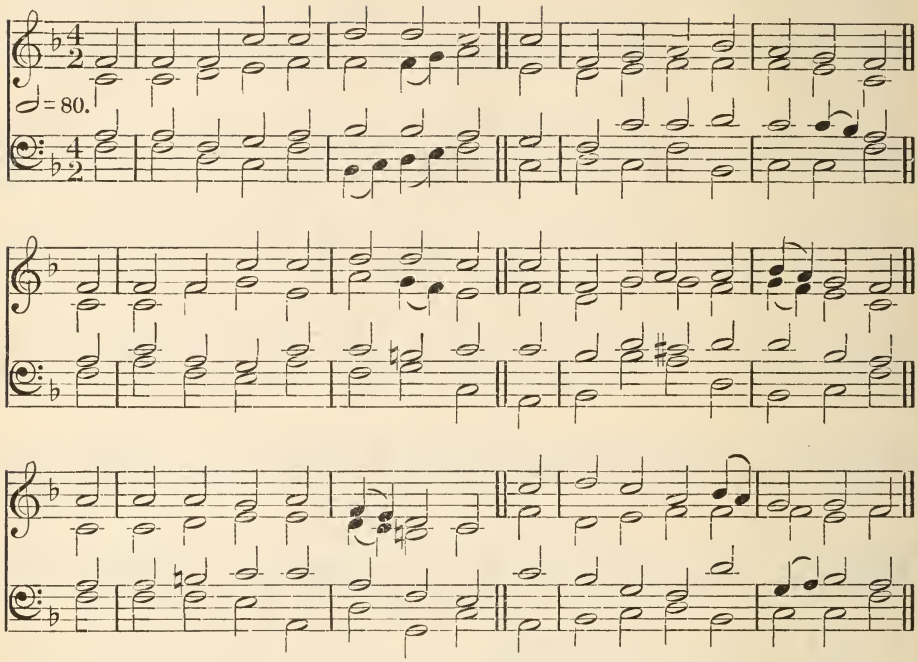
mf O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
f Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

mf O come, Thou key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
f Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

mf O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
f Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel. Amen.

Advent.

STETERBURG. Six 8's. N. DECIUS, *d.* 1541.



O Sapientia quæ ex ore Altissimi prodisti, attingens a fine usque ad finem, fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia, Veni ad docendum nos viam prudentiæ.

mf O WISDOM, that with God's own breath
Didst wake the world to life from death,
And all things still from pole to pole
In calm obedience dost control:
Come, with mild strength our spirits sway,
And guide us on our heavenward way.

O Adonai, et Dux domus Israel, qui Moysi in igne flammæ rubi apparuisti, et in Sina legem dedisti, Veni ad redimendum nos in brachio extento.

O Prince, Who didst in wrath uprise
To scatter Israel's enemies,
To Moses gav'st the fiery sign,
And Thine own law to keep us Thine;
See Thy loved Church again a slave;
Again stretch forth Thine arm and save.

Advent.

O Radix Jesse, qui stas in signum populorum, super quem continebunt reges os suum, quem gentes deprecabuntur, Veni ad liberandum nos ; jam noli tardare.

O, sprung from Jesse's royal tree,
Thou Rod of power and majesty,
Our glorious ensign, hailed afar,
Daunting proud kings and men of war;
Come quickly, and from East and West
Rally the nations to Thy rest.

O Clavis David, et Sceptrum domus Israel, qui aperis et nemo claudit, claudis et nemo aperit, Veni et educ vinctum de domo carceris, sedentem in tenebris et umbra mortis.

O Key, that canst unlock the door
Of heaven, and none can shut it more,
O righteous Sceptre, that canst quell
Even our arch-foe, the lord of hell;
Come, rescue him who languisheth
In this dark prison-house of death.

O Oriens Splendor lucis æternæ et Sol justitiæ, Veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis.

O Splendour of the eternal Light,
Spring forth and dawn upon our sight;
Glad Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Disperse our sins and miseries;
Shine, shine on us who draw sad breath
In this dark universe of death.

O Rex gentium et Desideratus earum, Lapisque angularis qui facis utraque unum, Veni, salva hominem quem de limo formasti.

O Thou, to Whom the nations bring
Their heart's desire and hail Thee King;
The world's, the Church's corner-stone;
Who all the peoples hast made one;
Come, save poor man; 'tis Thou Who must;
For Thou didst form him of the dust.

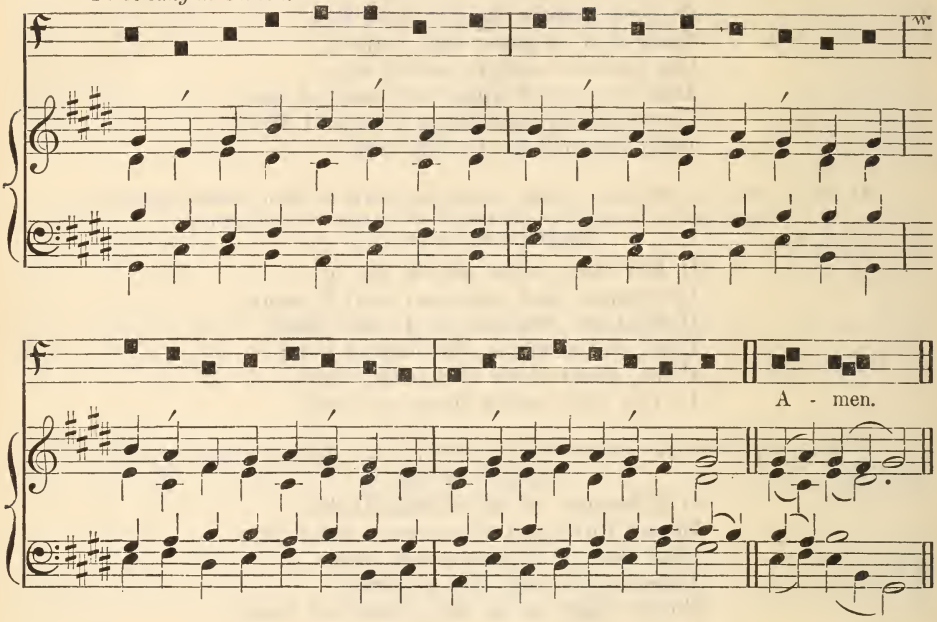
O Emmanuel, Rex et Legifer noster, expectatio gentium et Salvator earum, Veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster.

O Thou, for Whom the nations wait,
Their promised Saviour, tarrying late!
Our King and Lawgiver art Thou;
Be so to them and save them now.
O come, with them and us to dwell,
Our King, our God, Emmanuel.

Advent.

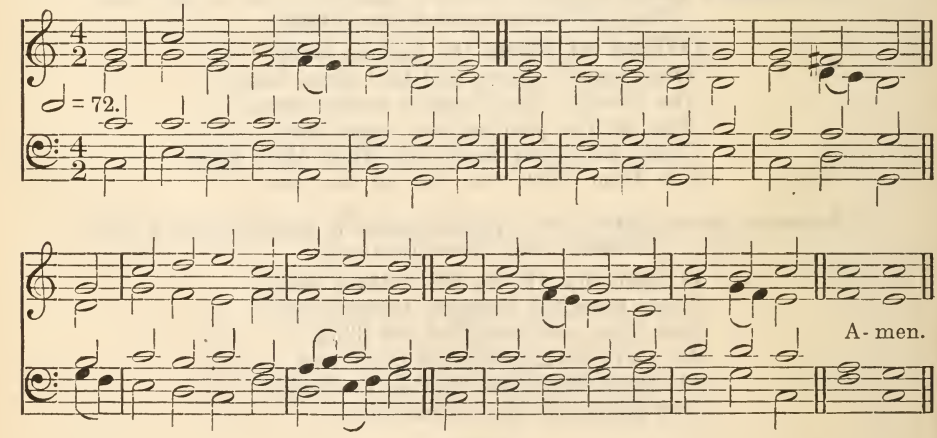
JORDANIS ORAS PRÆVIA (*First Tune*). MODE IV. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



L.M.

WINCHESTER NEW (*Second Tune*). *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690.



Advent.

f ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh!
Awake and hearken; for He brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

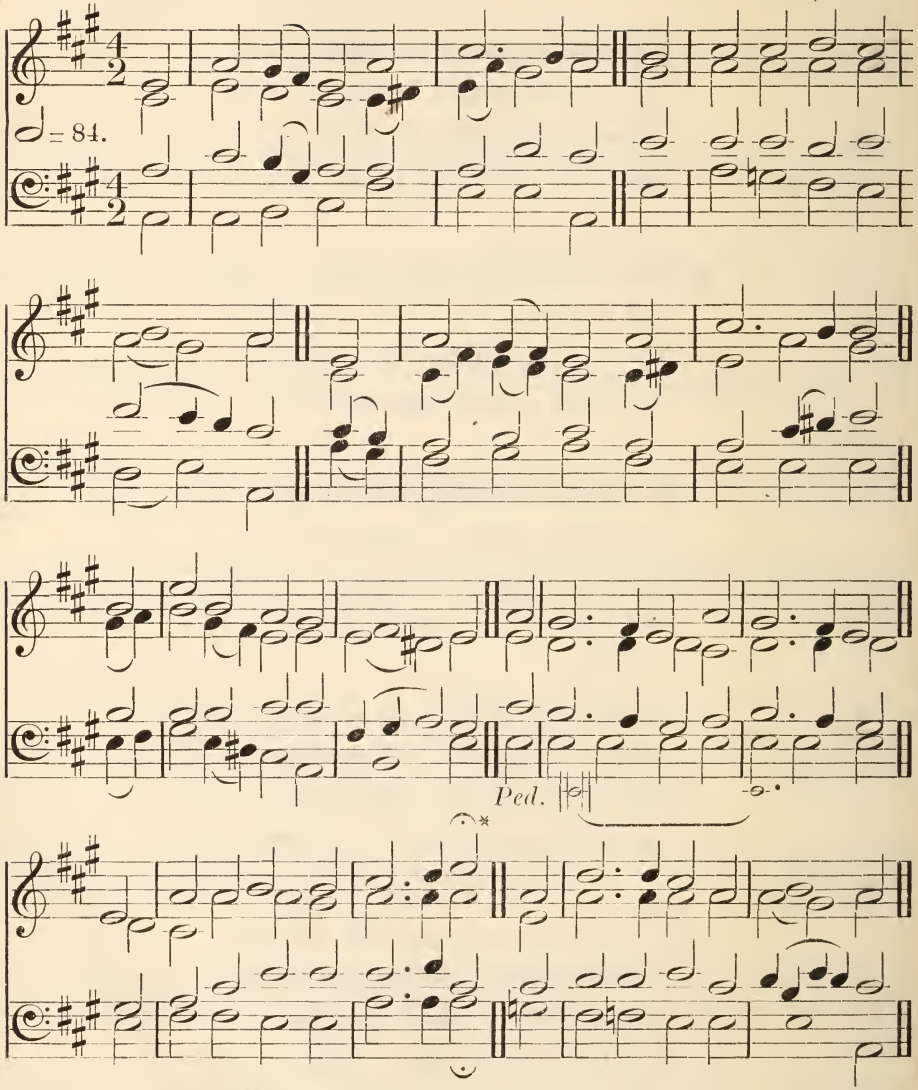
mf Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest!
Yea! let us each our heart prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward;
dim Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

mf Stretch forth Thine hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

f To Him Who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given:
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

THE LORD OF MIGHT. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. A. PAGE, *b.* 1846.



May also be sung to "Luther's Hymn," *No.* 75.

* This pause to be observed in the last verse only.

Advent.

f THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder:
mf Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
cr And at His left hand and His right
f The rocks were rent asunder.

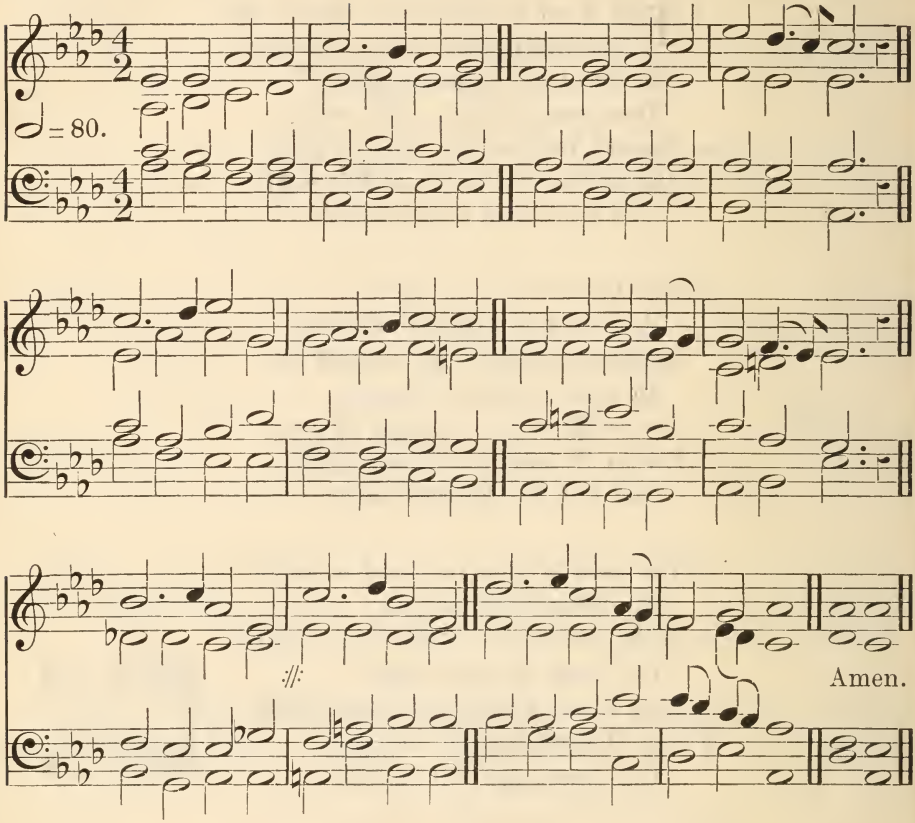
mf The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger;
p For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His Blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

f The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
cr With trumpet-sound, and Angel-song,
ff And Hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

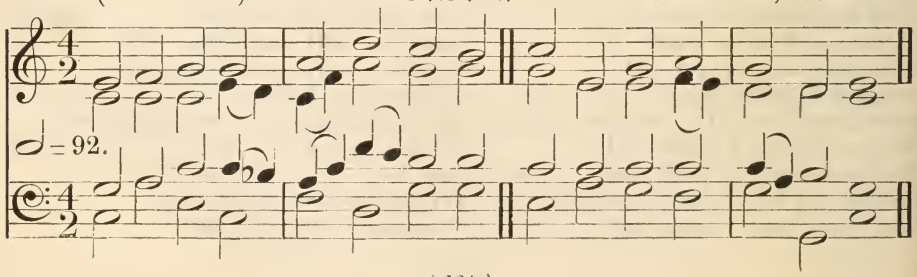
Also the following:

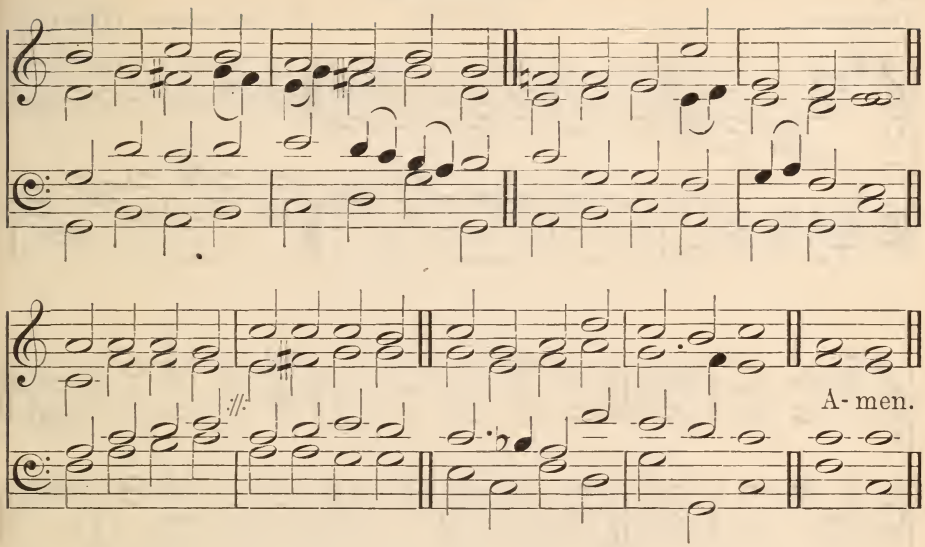
A few more years shall roll—353
Christian, seek not yet repose—376
Come, Lord, and tarry not—381
Father of all, in Whom alone—341 [2nd S.]
Father of mercies, in Thy word—397 [2nd S.]
Hail to the Lord's Anointed—424
Hosanna to the living Lord!—428 [1st S.]
Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping—326
Lord of mercy and of might—468
Lord, Thy word abideth—472 [2nd S.]
Love Divine, all loves excelling—474
O Saviour! is Thy promise fled?—506
O Word of God Incarnate—512 [2nd S.]
Oh! quickly come, dread Judge of all—521
The world is very evil—561 [Part I.]
Thou Judge of quick and dead—573
Thy kingdom come, O God—578
Ye servants of the Lord—608

Feniton Court (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. Hopkins, 1818–1901.



Angeli (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. W. Horsley, 1774–1858.





mf ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
f Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
p Come and worship;
f Worship Christ, the new-born King!

mf Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant Light.
p Come and worship;
f Worship Christ, the new-born King!

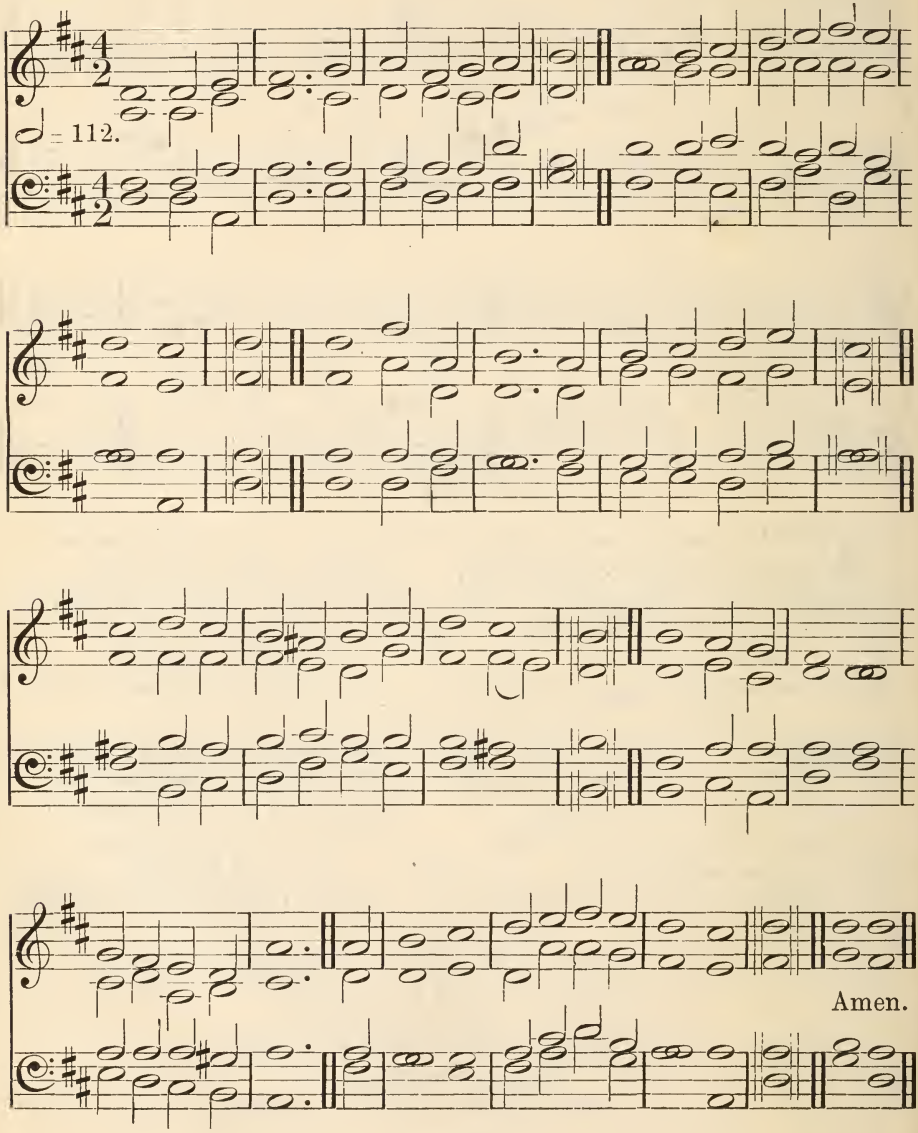
mf Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star.
p Come and worship;
f Worship Christ, the new-born King!

mf Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
p Come and worship;
f Worship Christ, the new-born King!

p Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
cr Justice now repeals the sentence,
f Mercy calls you—break your chains.
p Come and worship;
f Worship Christ, the new-born King! Amen.

Christmas.

YORKSHIRE. Six 10's. J. WAINWRIGHT, 1723–1768.



Christmas.

f CHRISTIANS, awake! Salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of Angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

mf Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the Angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
f This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

mf He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rung:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
p Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

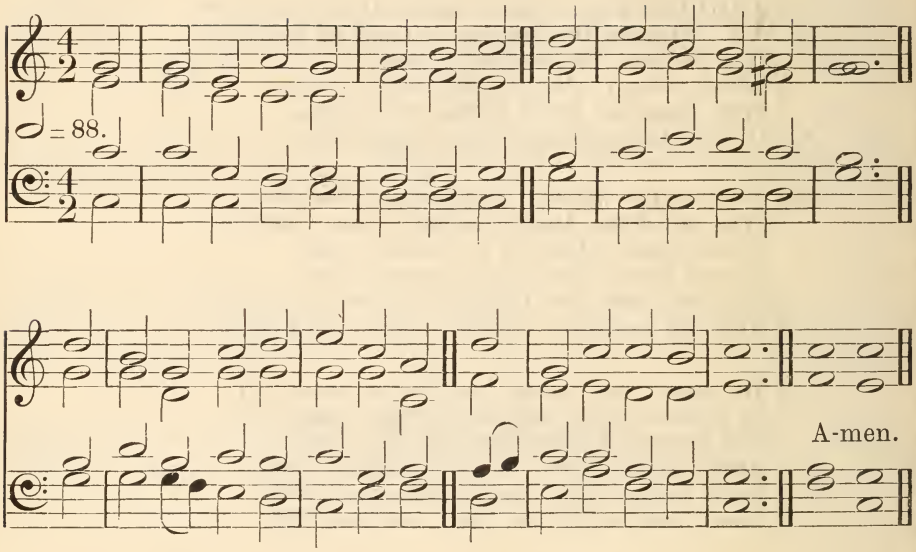
mf To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the Blessèd Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

p Like Mary let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who has retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

f Then may we hope, the Angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

85 Christmas.

St. Leonard. C.M. H. Smart, 1813–1879.



f FROM East to West, from shore to shore,
Let earth awake and sing
The holy Child Whom Mary bore,
The Christ, the Lord, the King!

mf For lo! the world's Creator wears
The fashion of a slave;
Our human flesh the Godhead bears,
His creature, man, to save.

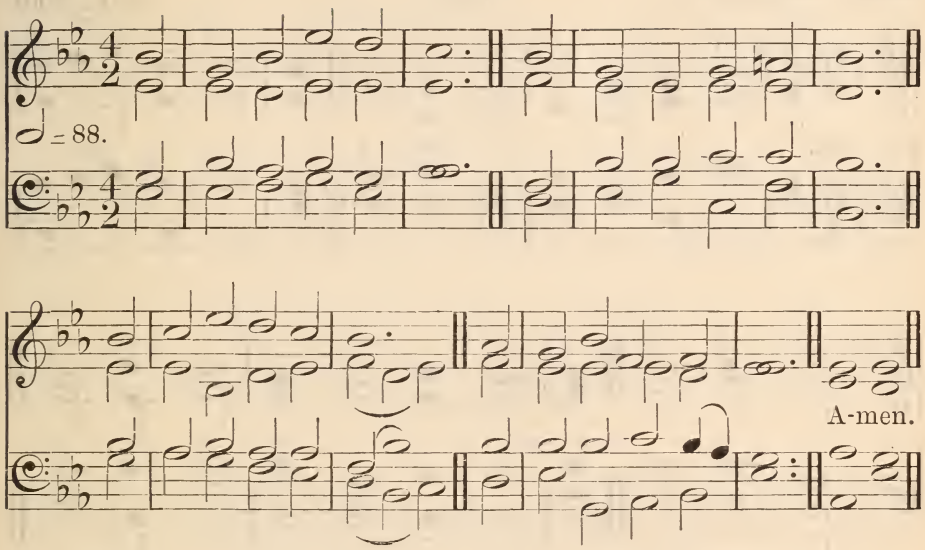
He shrank not from the oxen's stall,
Nor scorned the manger-bed;
And He, Whose bounty feedeth all,
At Mary's breast was fed.

To shepherds poor the Lord Most High,
Great Shepherd, was revealed;
While Angel-choirs sang joyously
Above the midnight field.

All glory be to God above;
And on the earth be peace
To all who long to taste His love,
Till Time itself shall cease. Amen.

Christmas.

EDEN. 6.6.6.6. O. M. FEILDEN, *b.* 1837.



mf GOD from on high hath heard!
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
The skies unfold, and lo!
Descends the gift of Peace!

Hark! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell;
The Hosts of heaven proclaim
"God comes on earth to dwell!"

Haste with the shepherds; see
The mystery of Grace:
p A manger-bed, a Child,
Is all the eye can trace.

mf Is this indeed the Christ?
Is this the Eternal Son?
Who, ere the worlds began,
Was with the Father One?

f Yes, Faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds His glory now,
And hails Him Lord and God,
To Whom all creatures bow.

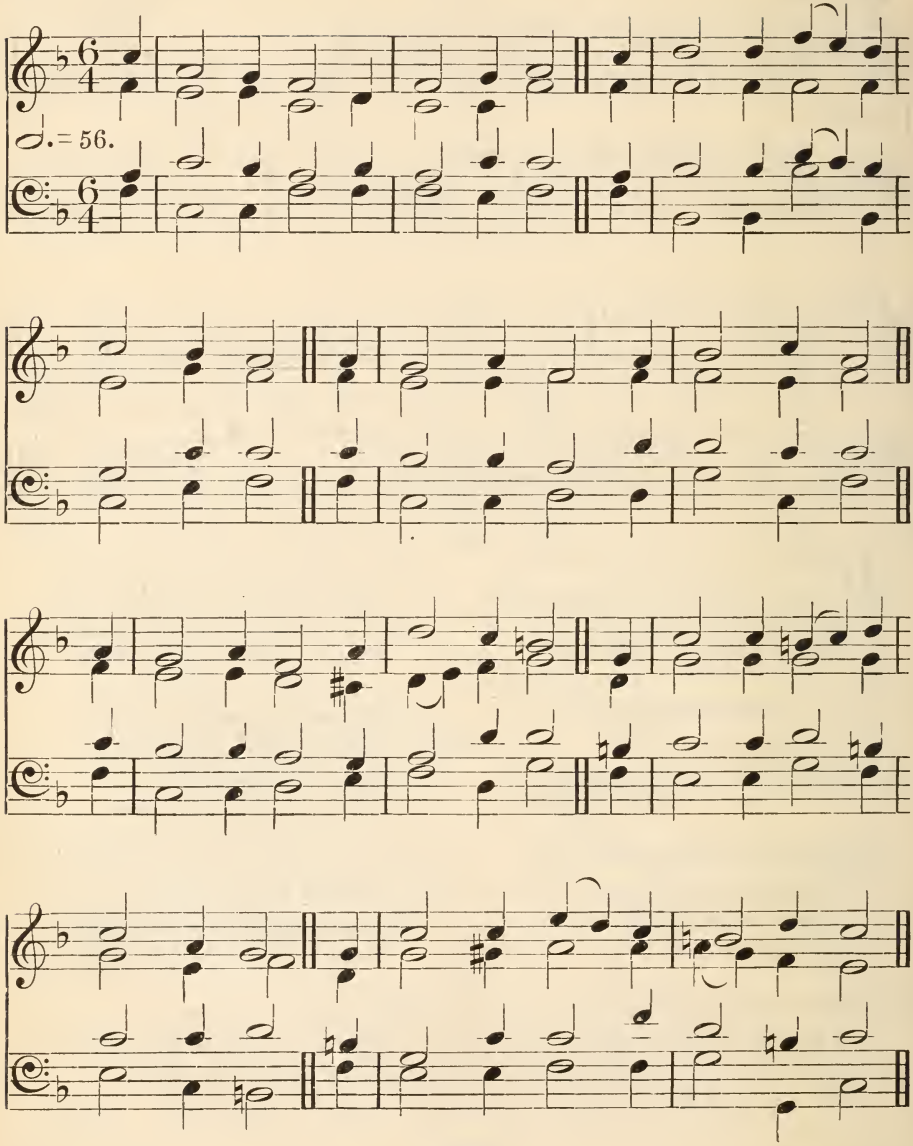
Faith sees the sapphire throne
dim Where Angels evermore
p Adoring tremble still,
And trembling still adore.

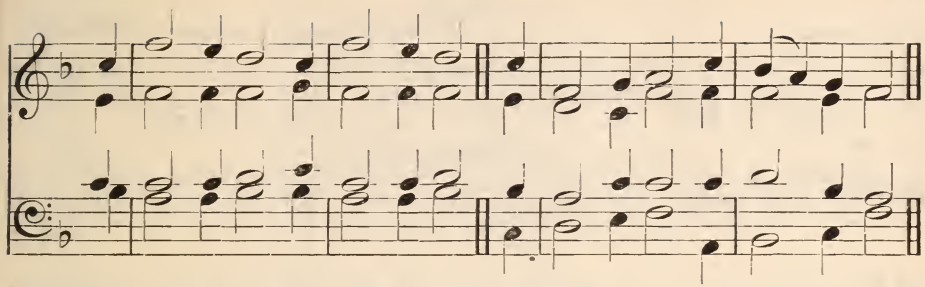
mf Though silent, Thou dost speak
And bid us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

Fill us with holy love,
Heal Thou our earthly pride;
cr Be born within our hearts,
f And ever there abide. Amen.

Christmas.

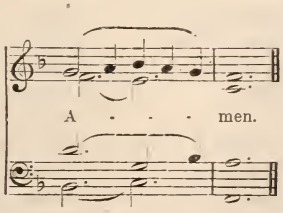
CANTUS ANGELICUS. D.L.M. Anon., 1901.





mf HARK! hear ye not the Angel-song
The hills of Bethlehem among?
p To you this day, the Incarnate Word,
To you, the Everlasting Lord,
cr To you on earth, this happy morn,
To you the Prince of Peace is born;
f Whilst heaven re-echoes yet again,
p Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men.

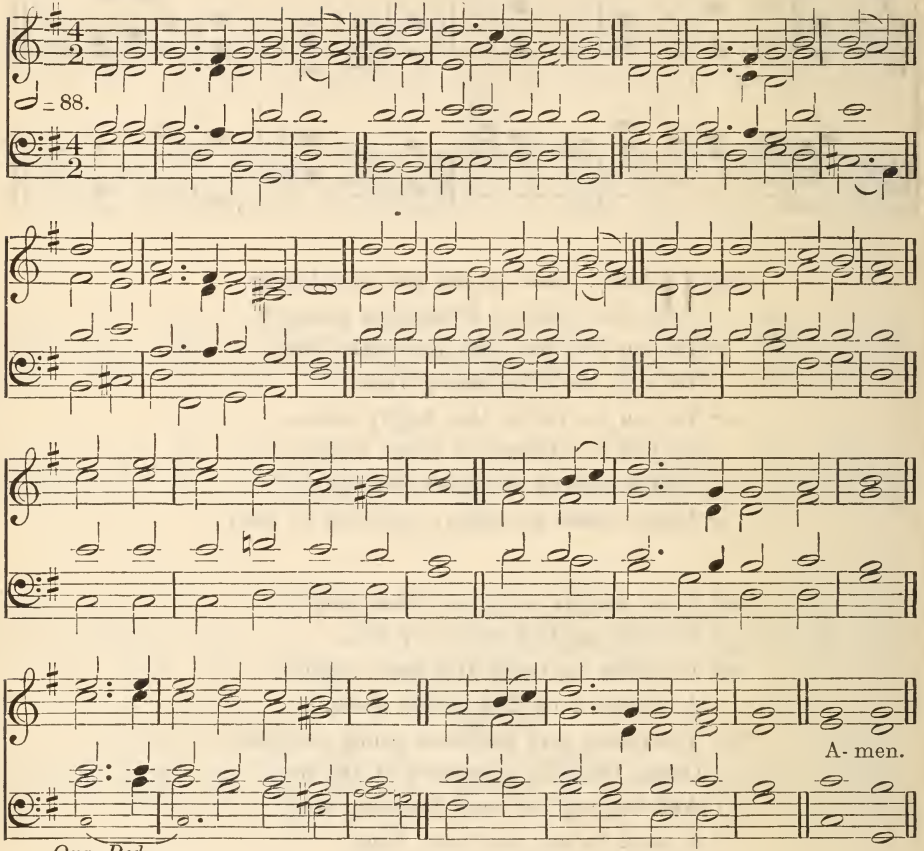
mf Thus Angels sang, and thus sing we,
f To God on high all glory be;
mf Let Him on earth His peace bestow,
And unto men His favour show.
cr Then men and maidens, young and old,
Come, join the shepherds at the fold,
f And singing list, and listening sing
A carol to our new-born King.



Christmas.

Ten 7's.

MENDELSSOHN. F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847.



This tune may be sung in Unison throughout, except the 9th line.

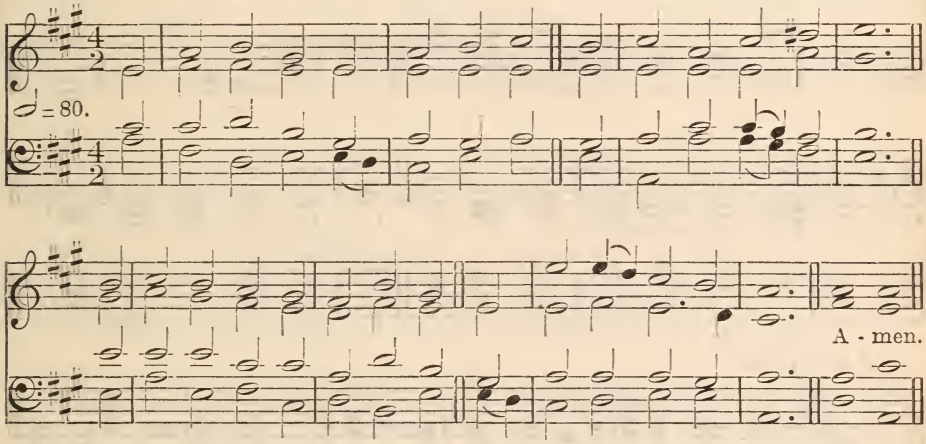
f HARK, the herald Angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King.
p Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
mf God and sinners reconciled!"
f Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies!
With the Angelic Host proclaim
" Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
ff Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

f Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord!
p Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
cr Hail the Incarnate Deity!
f Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
ff Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

f Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
mf Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
f Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
ff Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King! Amen.

89

St. Magnus. C.M. Jeremiah Clark, 1669–1707.



f HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the Angelic throng,
For Angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.

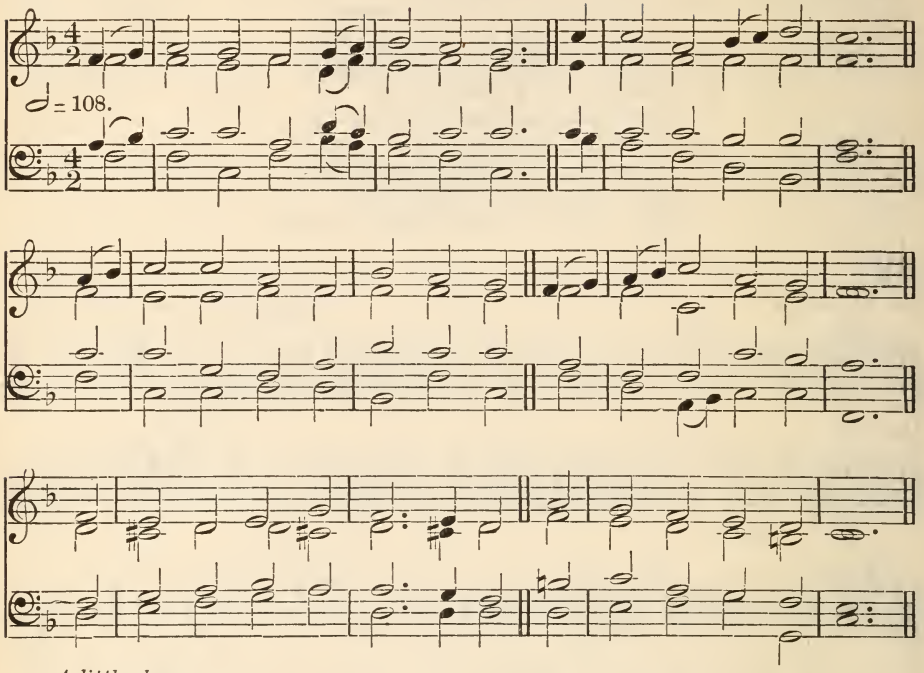
mf Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
p For, lo! the Incarnate Saviour comes
With grace and truth from heaven.

mf Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
f Let heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a Child is born!

f Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

p When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
cr And learn of the celestial choir
f Their own immortal strains! Amen.

Noel (*First Tune*). D.C.M. Traditional Air.



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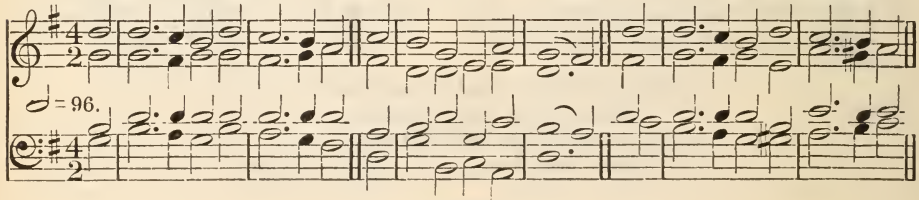
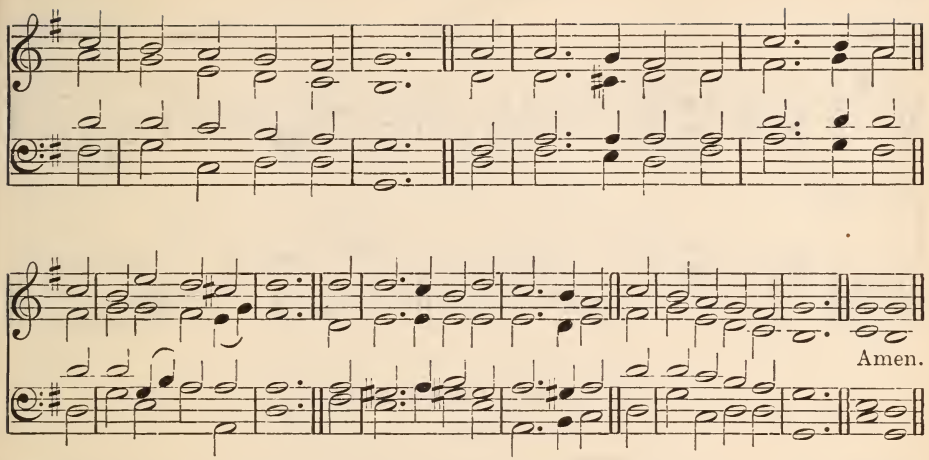
St. Maria (*Second Tune*). D.C.M. Old German Melody.





mf IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
p Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King:—
pp The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.

mf Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
p O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
cr And ever o'er its Babel sounds
mf The blessèd Angels sing.

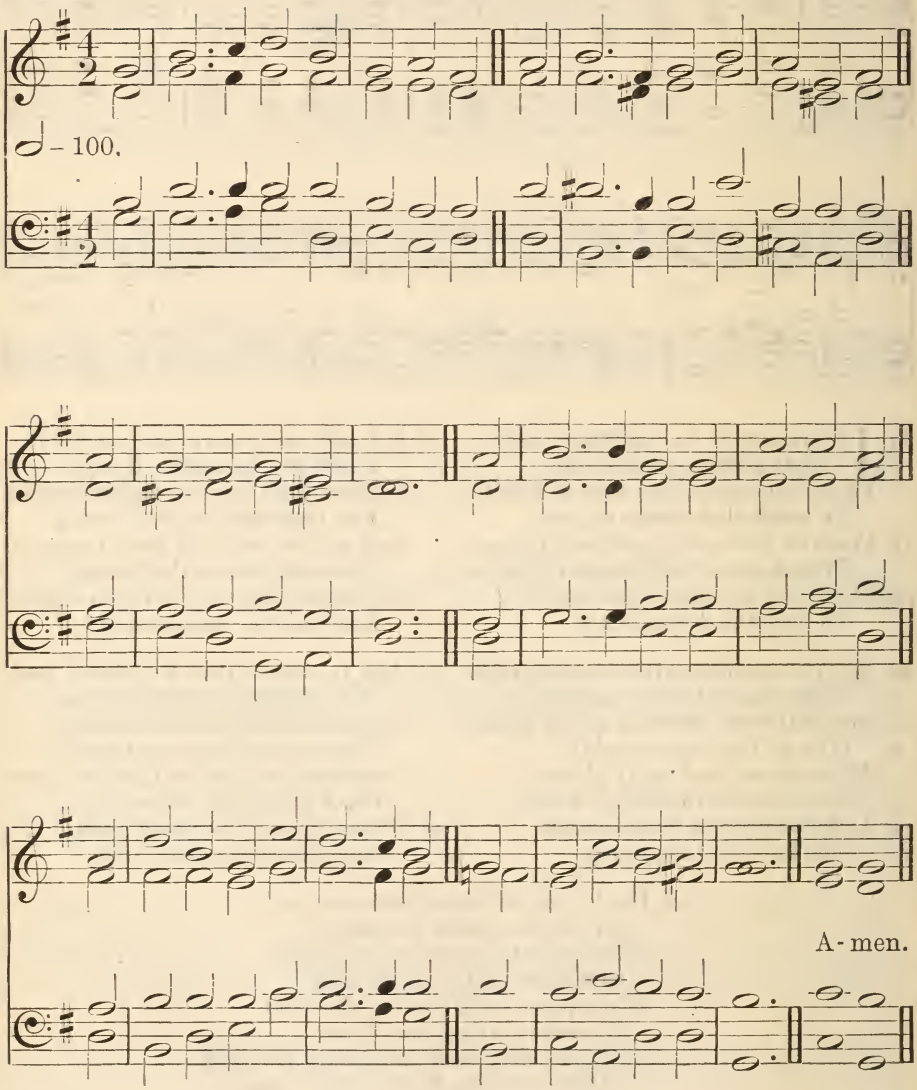
p Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the Angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
The song of love they bring;
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing!

mf And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
cr Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
mf Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.

mf For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
cr Its ancient splendours fling,
f And the whole world send back the song
Which now the Angels sing. Amen.

Christmas.

EXETER. 8.8.6. D. S. WESLEY, 1766–1837.



Christmas.

f NOW let our mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus from His glory came
To bless the sons of earth.

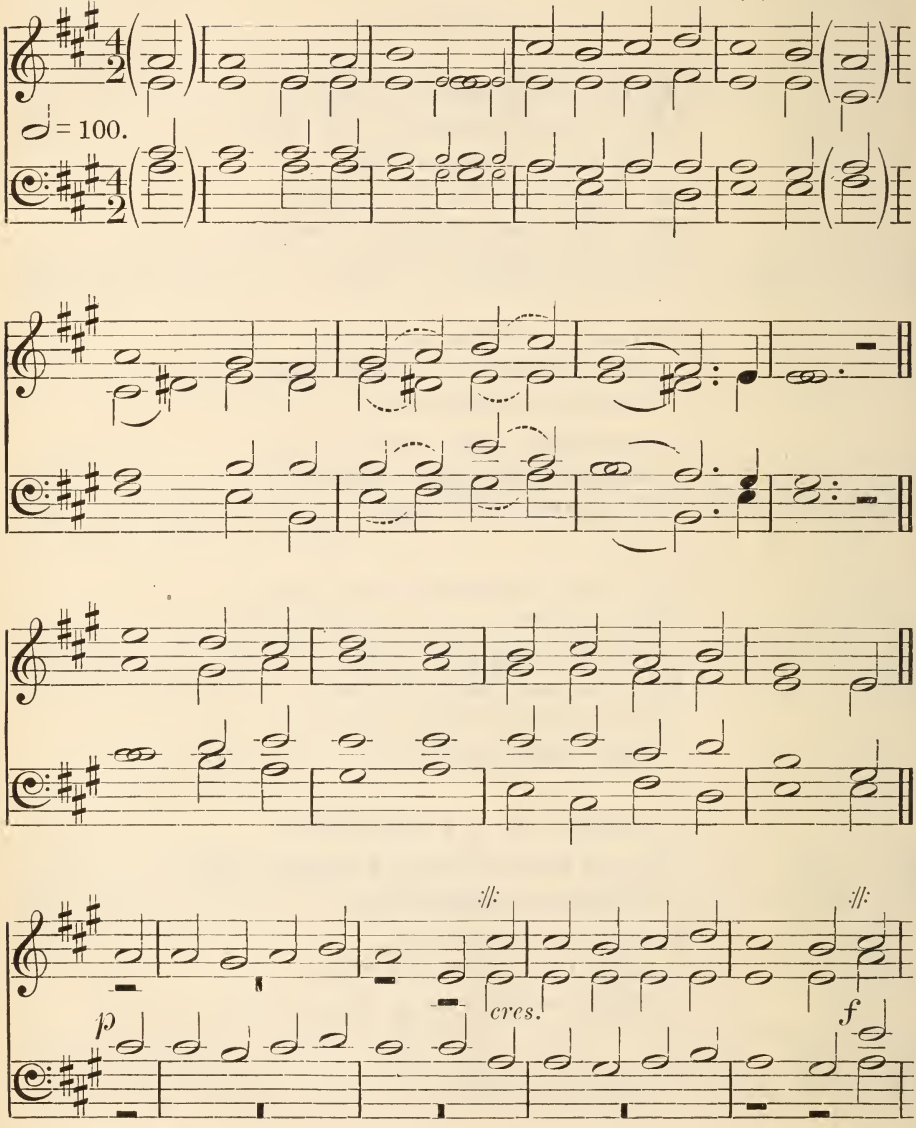
p He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
mf To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

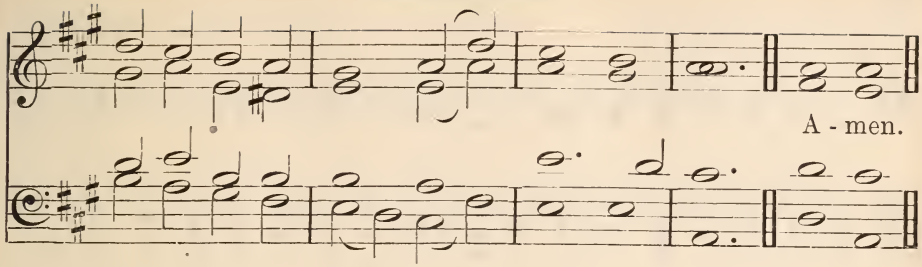
mf He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
f Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant Host
And Saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. Amen.

Christmas.

ADESTE FIDELES. Irregular. J. READING (?), 1677–1764.





f O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels;
p O come let us adore Him,
cr O come let us adore Him,
f O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

f God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
p O come let us adore Him,
cr O come let us adore Him,
f O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

f Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
"Glory to God
In the highest";
p O come let us adore Him,
cr O come let us adore Him,
f O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

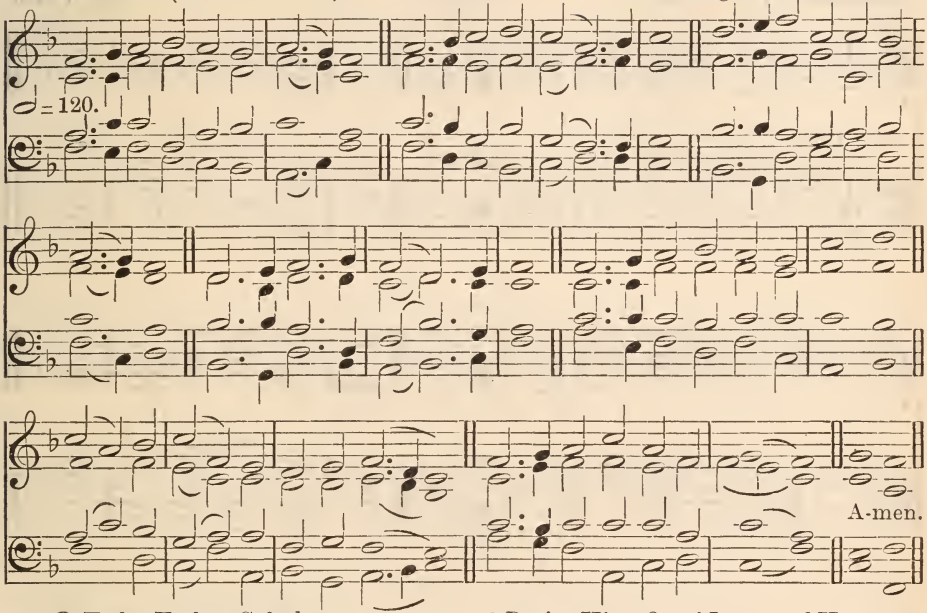
f Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given:
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
p O come let us adore Him,
cr O come let us adore Him,
f O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord. Amen.

Christmas.

Corde Natus (Old Form). Modes V. & VI. Plain Song of 13th Century.

To be sung in Unison.

CORDE NATUS (Modern Form). 8.7.8.7.8.7.7. Plain Song of 13th Century.



mf OF the Father Sole-begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

He is here, Whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the writings of the Prophets
Promised since the world began:
Then foretold, now manifested
To receive the praise of man
Evermore and evermore!

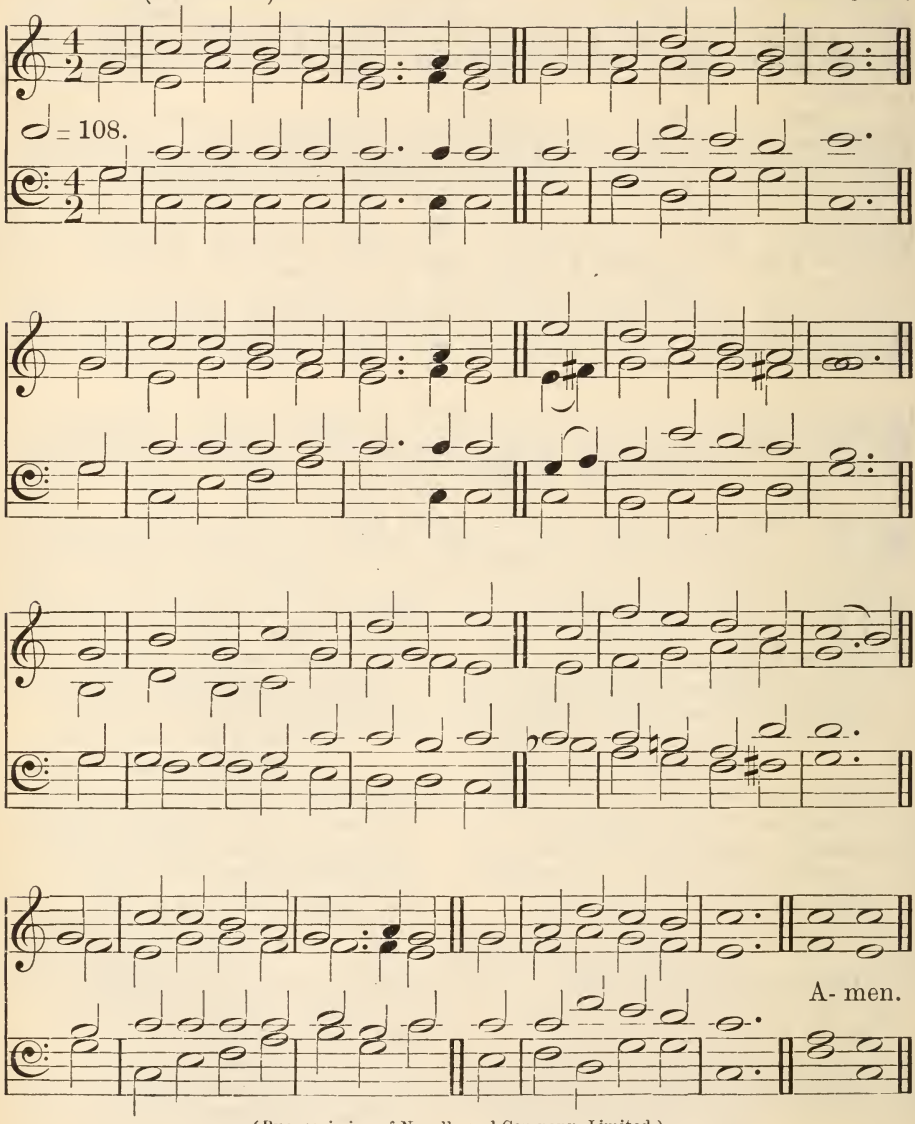
O that ever-blessèd birthday,
When the Virgin full of grace,
Of the Holy Ghost incarnate
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

f Praise Him, O ye Heaven of Heavens!
Praise Him, Angels in the height!
Every power and every virtue
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

mf Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing,
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering;
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

f Laud and honour to the Father!
Laud and honour to the Son!
Laud and honour to the Spirit!
Ever Three and ever One,
Con-substantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore!
Amen.

BETHLEHEM (*First Tune*). D.C.M. Old Carol.



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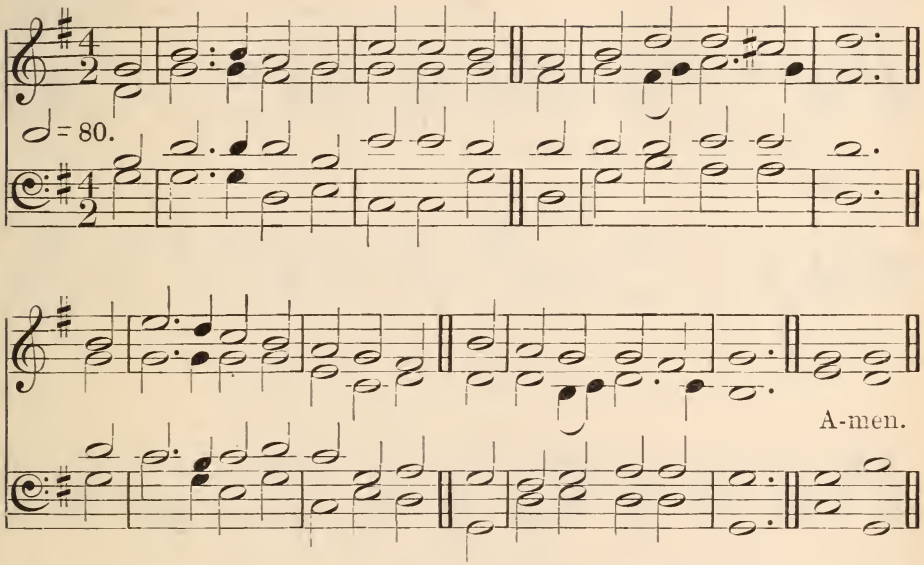
Christmas.

WINCHESTER OLD (*Second Tune*). C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592.



mf WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town this day,
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

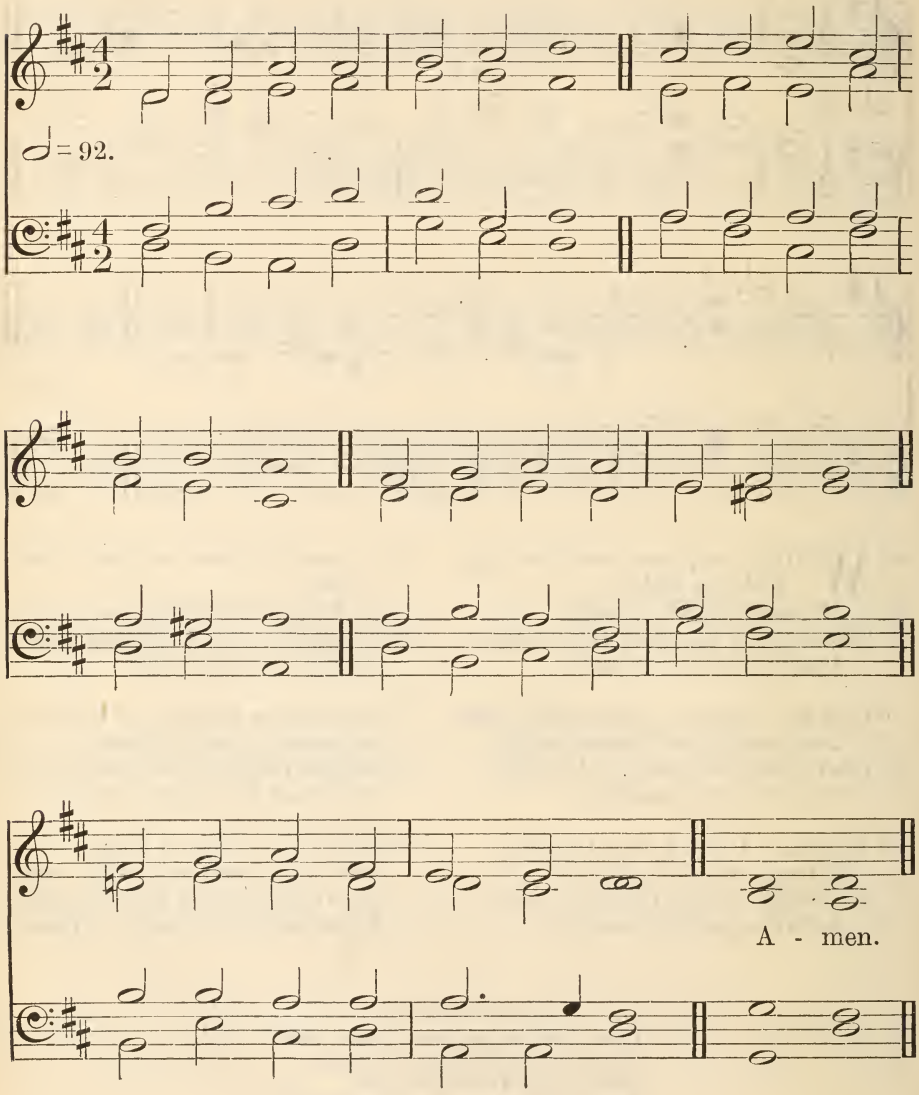
f "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace: [men,
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
Begin and never cease." Amen.

Also the following:

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus—383
Hail to the Lord's Anointed—424
Once in royal David's city—635
Songs of praise the Angels sang—548

St. Stephen's Day.

LÜBECK. 7.7.7.7. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S *Gesangbuch*, 1704.



St. Stephen's Day.

mf FIRST of Martyrs, thou whose name
Answers to thy crown of fame;
Not of flowers that see decay
Weave we this thy crown to-day.

Like a gem each rugged stone
Sparkling with thy life-blood shone;
Ne'er could stars such lustre shed,
Studded round thy saintly head.

Every bruise upon Thy brow
Glistens with a heavenly glow;
And thy wounded countenance
Brightens to an Angel's glance.

Victim thou art called to be
To the Victim slain for thee:
First to own Thy Lord in death,
Earliest witness to the faith:

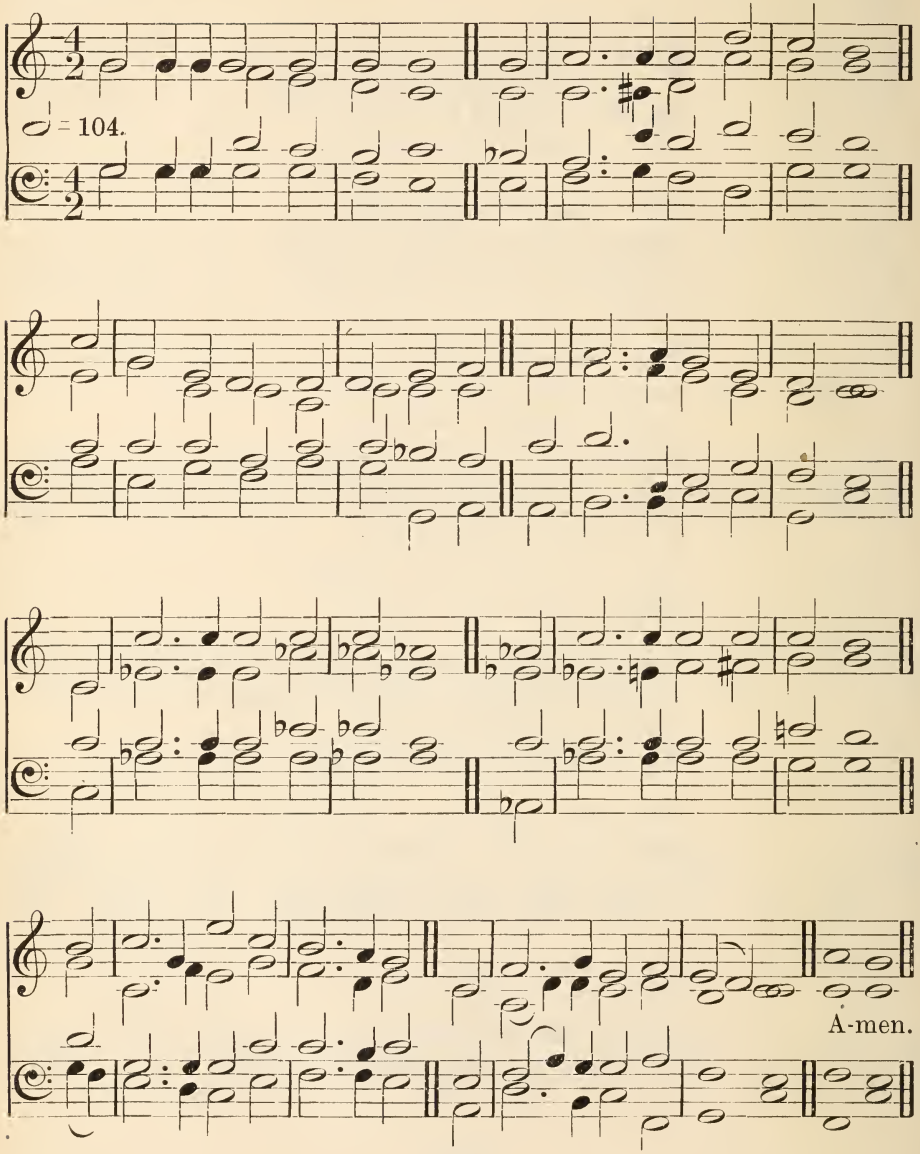
First to tread the crimson sea,
Through the pathway marked for thee;
Leading on the Martyr host
To the heavenly Canaan's coast.

Thou, who didst dispense thy store
Daily to the sick and poor,
Now art come a welcome guest
To the Lamb's high marriage-feast.

f Glory to the Father be;
Glory, Virgin-born to Thee;
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Praised by men and Angel host. Amen.

St. Stephen's Day.

LOSTWITHIEL. 7.7.8.7. D. J. TURLE, 1802–1882.



St. Stephen's Day.

f HEAD of Thy Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

p While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
cr Thy love we praise which knows our days
And ever brings us nigher:
f We clap our hands exulting
In Thine Almighty favour:
The love divine, which made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

mf Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation:
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
f The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
Through Thee we shall break through them all
And sing the song of Moses.

mf By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us:
cr And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
f Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To call us up to heaven. Amen.

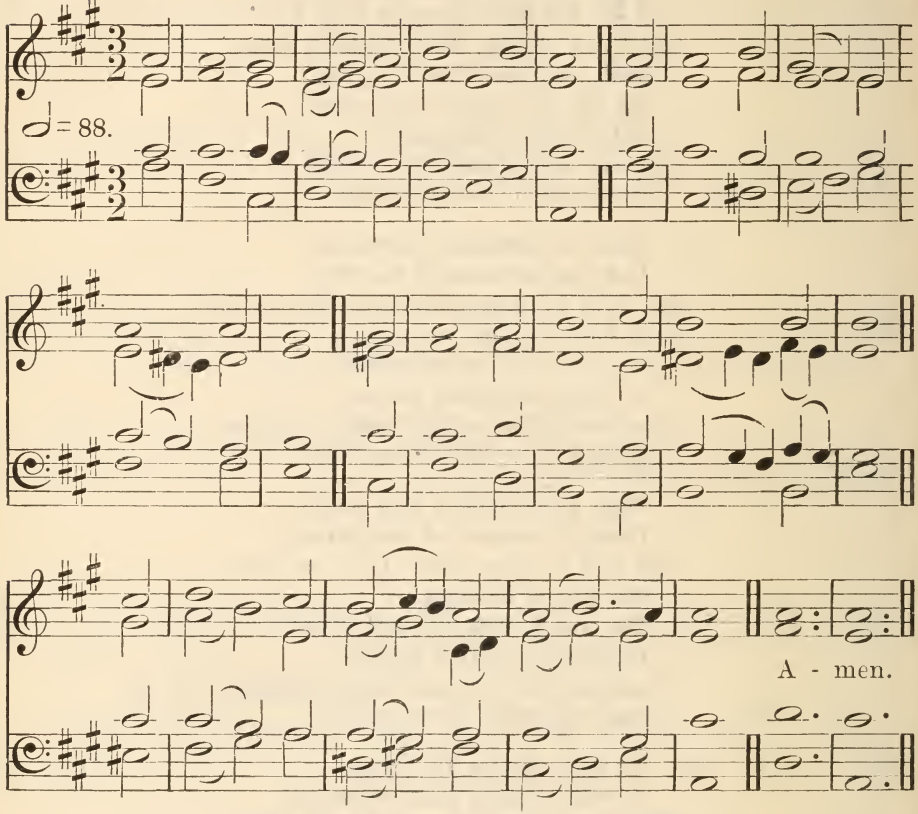
Also the following:

Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams—187 [Part II.]
The Son of God goes forth to war—230

97 St. John the Evangelist's Day.

L.M.

Wach' auf, mein Herz. Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750.



May also be sung to "St. Gregory," *No.* 119.

mf O GOD! Who gavest Thy servant grace,
Amid the storms of life distrest,
To look on Thine Incarnate face,
And lean on Thy protecting breast:

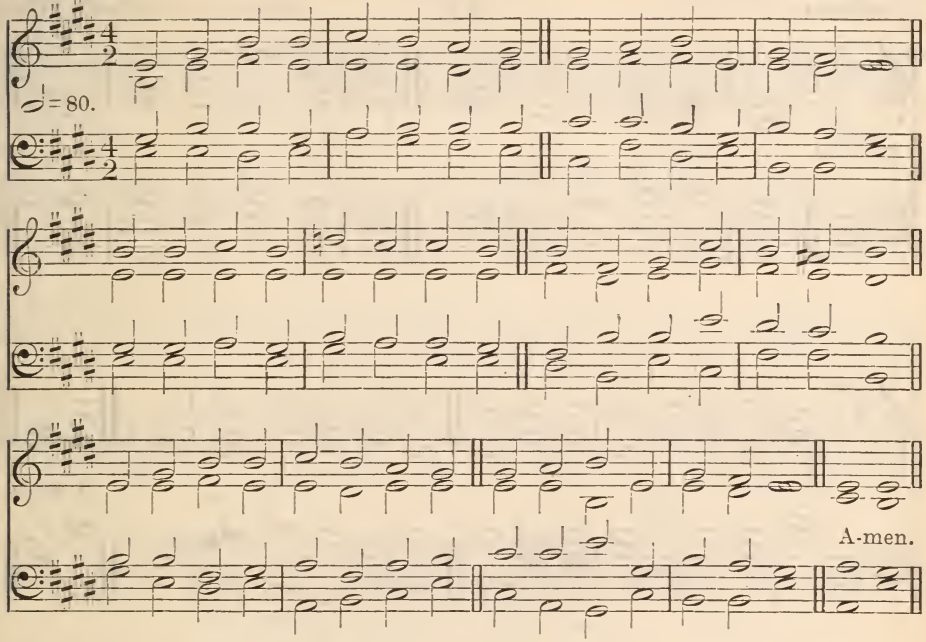
To see the Light that dimly shone,
Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,
Pure Image of the Eternal One
Through shadows of Thy mortal veil!

Be ours, O King of Mercy, still
To feel Thy Presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will,
To hear Thy voice, and know Thy love:

And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee.
Amen.

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

MANNHEIM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. F. FILITZ, 1804–1876.



mf WORD Supreme, before creation,
Born of God eternally,
Who didst will for our salvation
To be born on earth, and die;
Well Thy Saints have kept their station,
Watching till Thine hour drew nigh.

Now 'tis come, and Faith espies Thee:
Like an eaglet in the morn,
One in steadfast worship eyes Thee,
Thy beloved, Thy latest born:
In Thy glory he descries Thee
Reigning from the Tree of scorn.

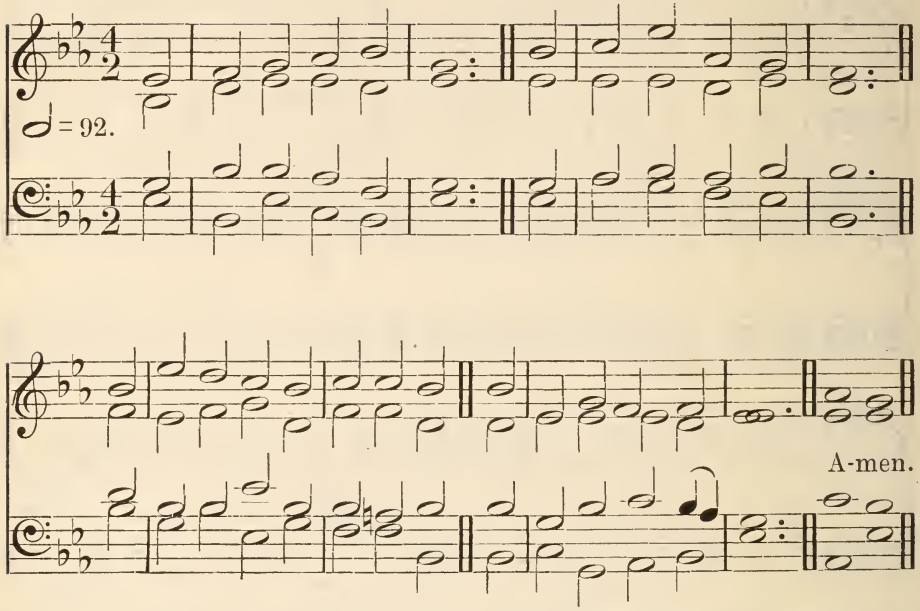
p He first, hoping and believing,
Did beside the grave adore;
Latest he, the warfare leaving,
Landed on the eternal shore;
And his witness we receiving
Own Thee Lord for evermore.

cr Lo! heaven's doors lift up, revealing
How Thy judgments earthward move;
f Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,
Wine-cups from the wrath above;
p Yet o'er all a soft voice stealing—
"Little children, trust and love!"

f Thee, the Almighty King eternal,
Father of the eternal Word,
Thee, the Father's Word supernal,
Thee, of Both, the Breath adored,
Heaven and earth and realms infernal
Own, One glorious God and Lord. Amen.

The Innocents' Day.

FRANCONIA. S.M. MÜLLER'S *Choralbuch*, 1738.



mf GLORY to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win!

Glory to Thee, O Lord!
For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's heavenly crown.

Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

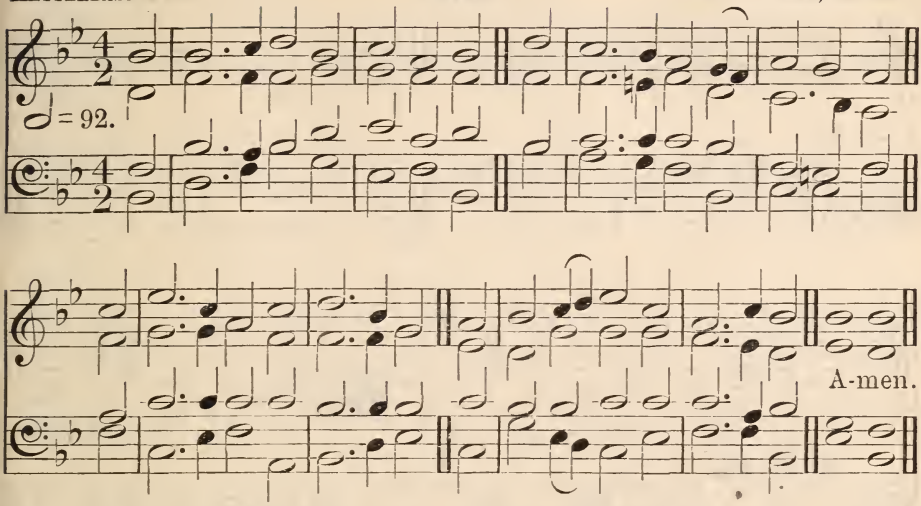
Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land!

p Oh, that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright!
Oh, that as free from wilful sin
We shrank not from Thy sight!

Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
cr In life to glorify Thy power,
f In death to praise Thy Name.
Amen.

The Innocents' Day.

KETTLEBASTON. L.M. A. H. BROWN, *b.* 1830.



mf OH, who are they, so pure and bright,
Before the throne arrayed in white?
They stand serene and calmly fair,
As conscious of high welcome there.

That starry crown around their brow,
It tells their sacred glory now:
Blest virgin-souls, who, faultless, come
From font of grace—or martyrdom.

p And in their mouth is found no guile,
Christ's Holy Innocents, whose smile
Shines purer, from their knowing not
Upon their souls sin's conscious blot.

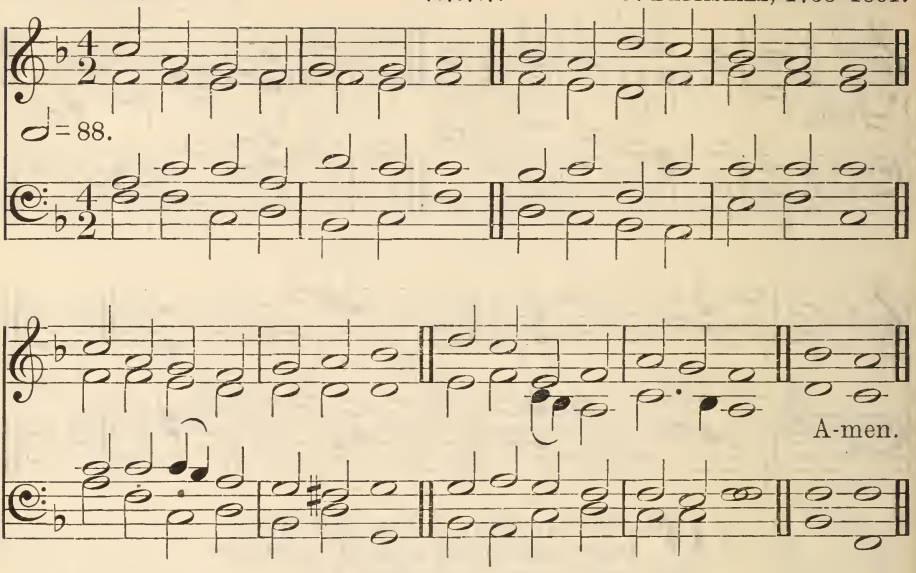
mf These, these are they, the undefiled,
The child-like Saint—the saint-like child—
Marked with Christ's cross or earth's dark frown,
But wearing there that starry crown.

p O help us, Saviour, by Thy grace
Near Thee to win that heavenly place;
cr Now following where Thy footsteps trod,
Blameless and harmless sons of God. Amen.

Also the following: We are but little children weak—643

101 The Circumcision.

BATTISHILL. 7.7.7.7. J. BATTISHILL, 1738–1801.



mf JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name decreed of old;
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.

f Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth
For the promise that it gave,—
"Jesus shall His people save."

p Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

f Jesus! Only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

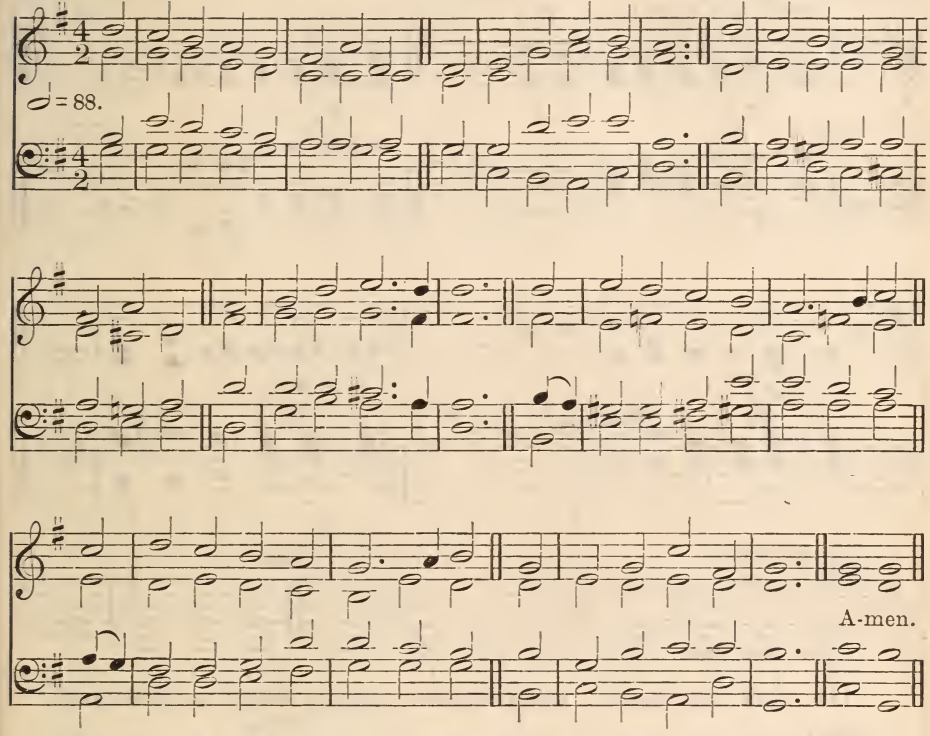
mf Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above!
dim Pleading only this we flee,
p Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

Also the following:

Conquering kings their titles take—388
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds—429
To the Name that brings Salvation—580

102 New Year's Eve.

St. Julian. 8.6.8.6.8.8.6. H. S. Irons, *b.* 1834.



mf ANOTHER year hath fled; renew,
Lord, with our days, Thy love!
dim Our days are evil here and few;
cr We look to live above:
mf We will not grieve, though day by day
We pass from earthly joys away;
Our joy abides in Thee.

p Yet, when our sins we call to mind,
We cannot fail to grieve;
cr But thou art pitiful and kind,
And wilt our prayer receive:
mf O Jesu, evermore the same,
Our hope we rest upon Thy Name:
Our hope abides in Thee.

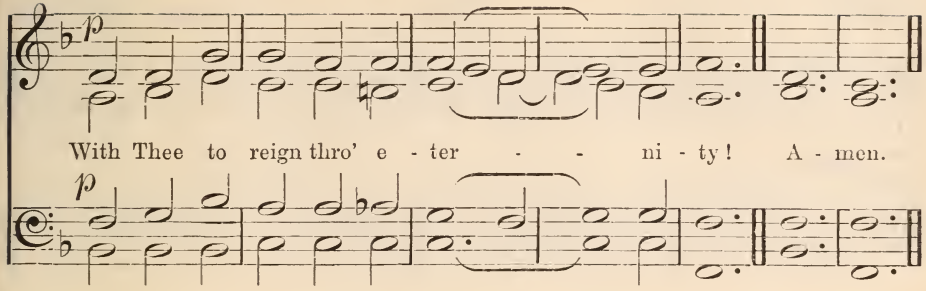
For all the future, Lord, prepare
Our souls with strength divine;
Help us to cast on Thee our care,
And on Thy servants shine:
p Life without Thee is dark and drear,
cr Death is not death if Thou art near;
f Our life abides in Thee. Amen.

New Year's Eve.

St. Sylvester. Irregular. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.

Verses 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6, 7, 8.
♩ = 56.
Verses 5 and 9.
pp
cres.
Life pass - eth soon: Death draw-eth near: Keep us, good Lord,
mf
dim.
Till Thou ap - pear; With Thee to live, With Thee to die,

New Year's Eve.



PART I.

1.

p DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

2.

Soon our souls to God Who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight:
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

3.

Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, Oh teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;

4.

Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

5.

pp Life passeth soon:
Death draweth near:
cr Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
mf With Thee to live,
dim With Thee to die,
p With Thee to reign through eternity!

PART II.

6.

p AS a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

7.

Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy glorious rest we win.

8.

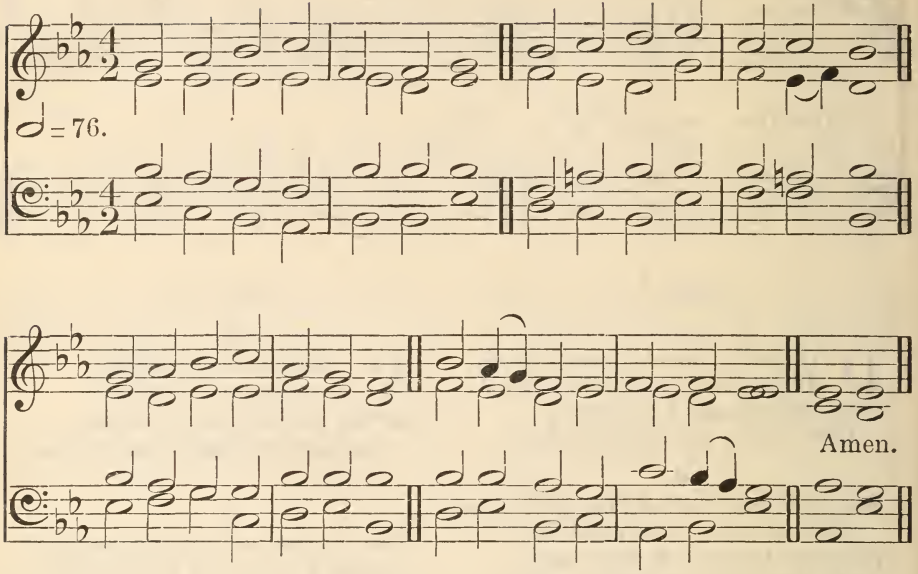
Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

9.

pp Life passeth soon:
Death draweth near:
cr Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
mf With Thee to live,
dim With Thee to die,
p With Thee to reign through eternity!
Amen.

104 New Year's Eve.

GIBBONS. 7.7.7.7. O. GIBBONS, 1583–1625.



mf FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
p Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

mf Lo! our sins on Thee we cast—
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice,—
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

p Dark the future; (*cr*) let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;
p Fierce our foes and hard the fight;
mf Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

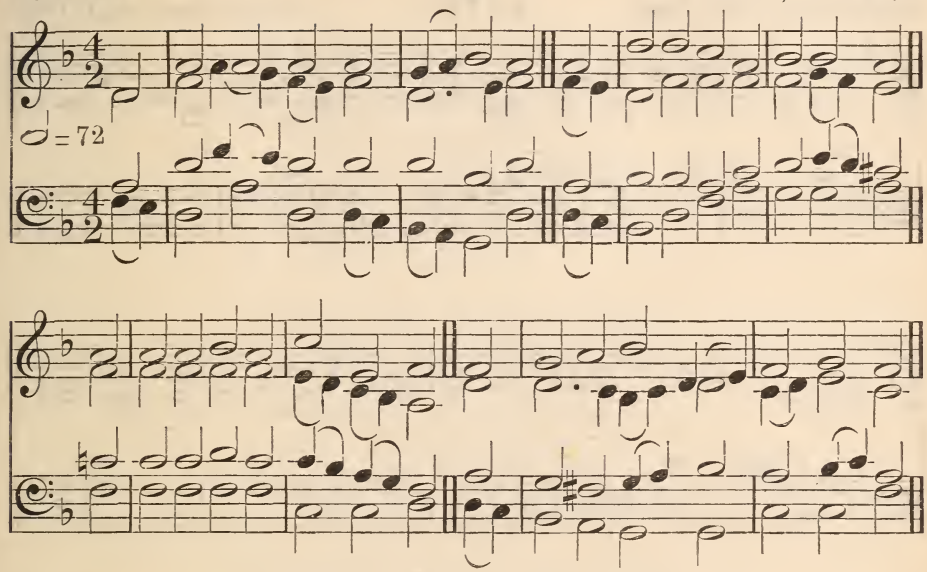
mf In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

p Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

mf Keep us faithful, keep us pure;
Keep us evermore Thine own:
Help, Oh help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.
Amen.

105 New Year's Eve.

DUNHOLME. L.M. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



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mf THE tide of time is rolling on,
And now another year is gone:
The end of all things soon will come;
p Oh may it bring us to our home.

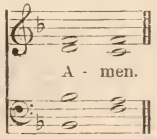
p All things around us fade and die;
All earthly hopes are vanity:
mf Oh let our restless hearts be stayed
On Him Whose glories never fade.

mf O Lord of love, let not the past
Rise up against us at the last:
O Shepherd of our souls, be near
To guide us through the coming year.

Keep us from every evil way,
Guard and protect us day by day,
Preserve us from the sinner's doom,
And save us from the wrath to come.

p And when our spirits take their flight,
cr Grant they may live 'mid Saints in light;
mf Oh guide them to the realms above,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love.

f To Thee, O Father, Son, to Thee,
To Thee, Blest Spirit, glory be;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be still while ages last.



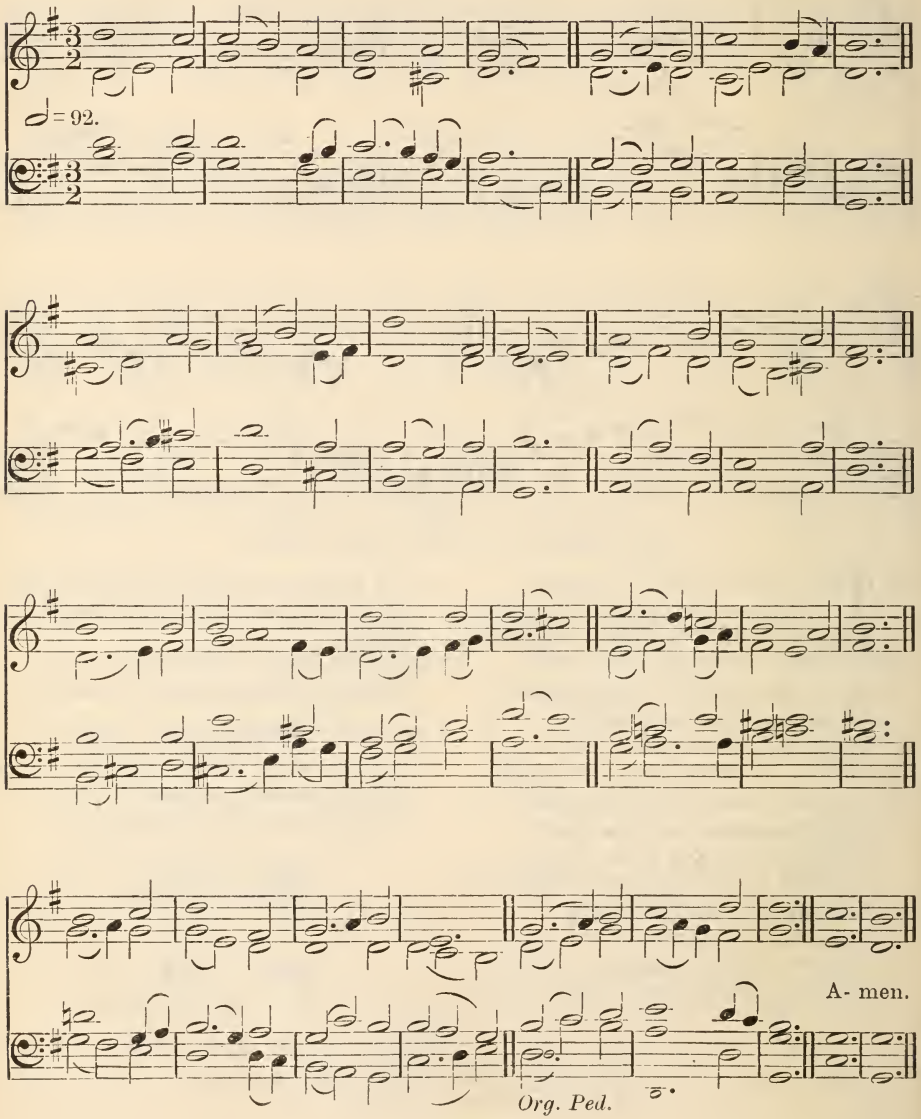
Also the following:

A few more years shall roll—353
Brief life is here our portion—561 [Part II.]
O God, our Help in ages past—488

106

New Year's Day.

THORNGROVE (*First Tune*). 7.5.7.5. D. C. LEE WILLIAMS, *b.* 1853.



New Year's Day.

mf FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wouldst have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
cr Glorify Thy Name.

mf Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
cr Glorify Thy Name.

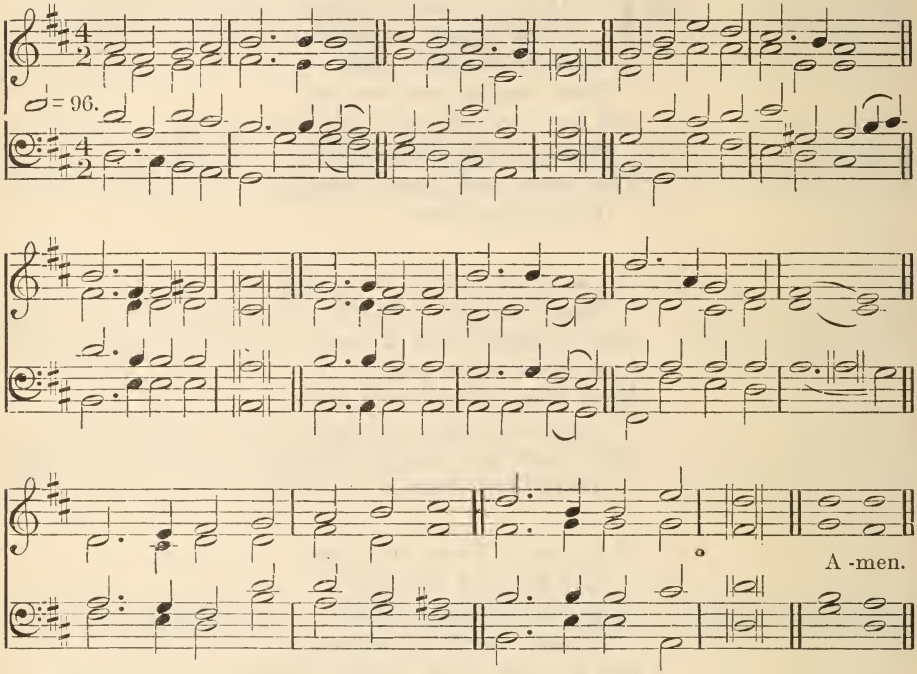
mf If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
f Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

p If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
cr "Glorify Thy Name." Amen.

New Year's Day.

7.5.7.5. D.

FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE (*Second Tune*). G. A. MACFARREN, 1813–1887.



mf FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever wordly state
Thou wouldst have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
cr Glorify Thy Name.

mf Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor witholdest aught that may
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Joys that yet are mine;
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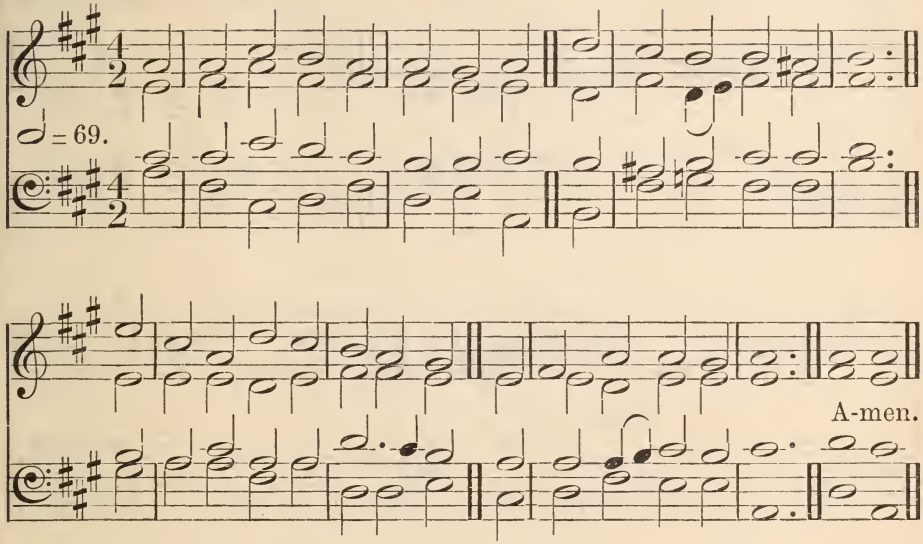
f Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

p If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
cr "Glorify Thy Name." Amen.

107 New Year's Day.

ABBEY. C.M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1615.



mf NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy Presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

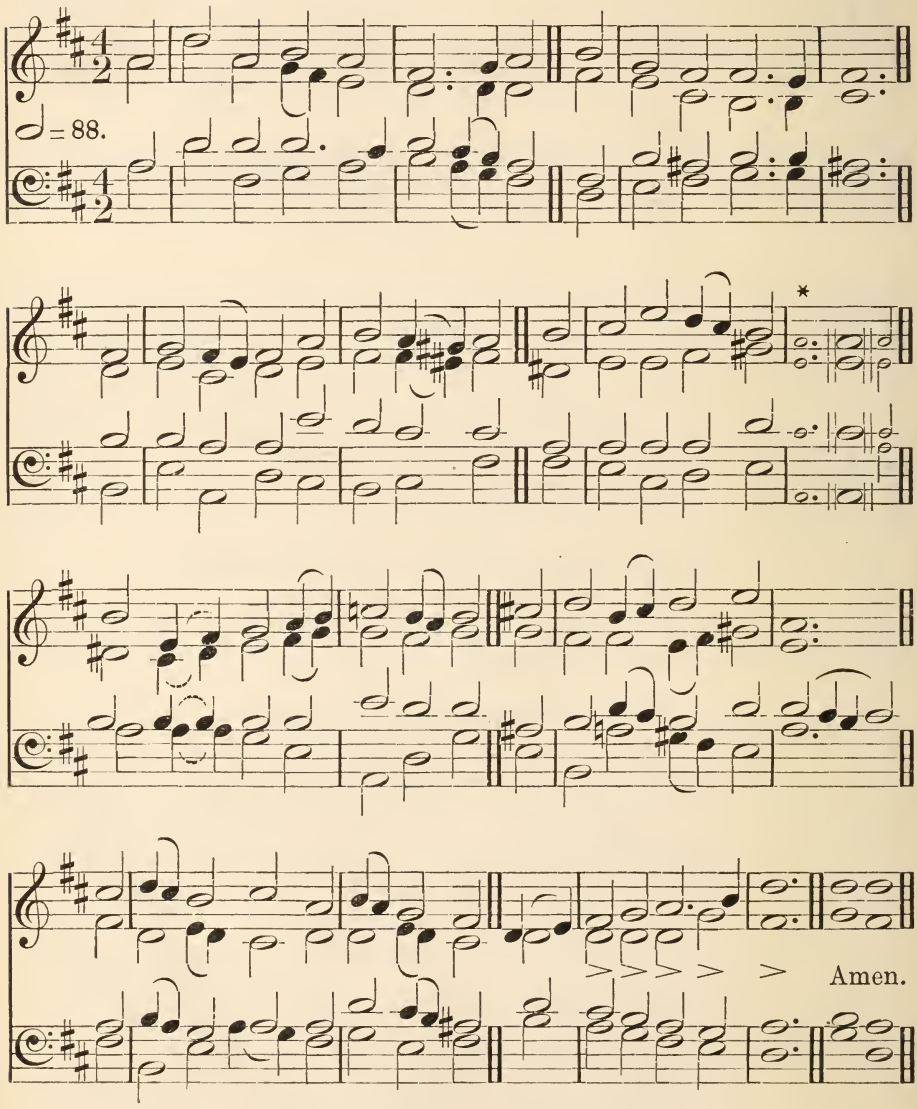
Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's Name;
p For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

mf From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That Saints may love Thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love
Who never loved before. Amen.

New Year's Day.

ERIGENEIA. D.C.M. A. M. GOODHART, *b.* 1866.



* The small notes are for verses 3 and 4.

New Year's Day.

mf THE old year's long campaign is o'er:
Behold a new begun;
p Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won.
cr Out of his still and deep repose
We hear the old year say:
f "Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day!

f "Go forth! firm faith in every heart,
Bright hope on every helm,
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him Who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day."

mf So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
Love we the holy warrior's life,
p His death we hope to die.
mf We slumber not, this charge in view,
"Toil on while toil ye may,
f Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day."

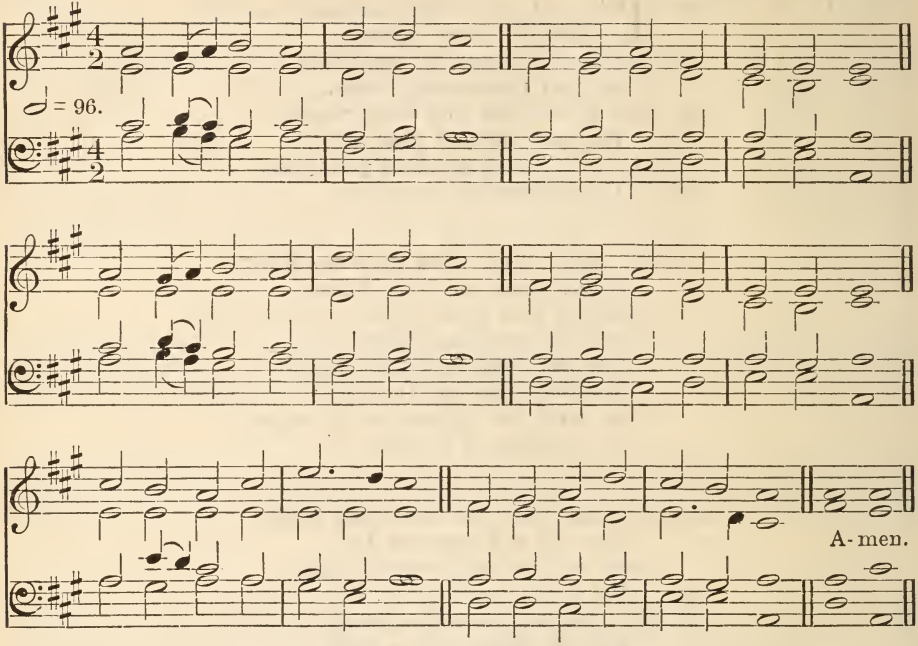
p Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end;
cr Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
f And never-ending triumph crown
The children of the day. Amen.

Also the following:

A few more years shall roll—353
O God, our Help in ages past—488
Thou Judge of quick and dead—573

Epiphany.

Dix. Six 7's. C. Kocher, 1786–1872.



f AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
mf So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

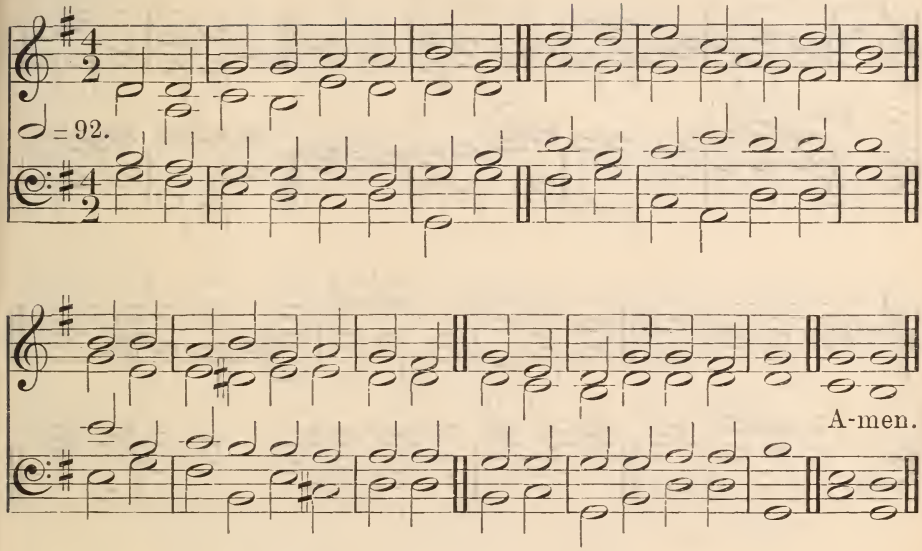
f As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
mf So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy Mercy-seat.

f As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

p Holy Jesu! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

f In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down;
ff There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King! Amen.

STUTTGART. 8.7. 8.7. *Gotha Cantional*, 1715.



f BETHLEHEM! of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare,
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us Incarnate bear.

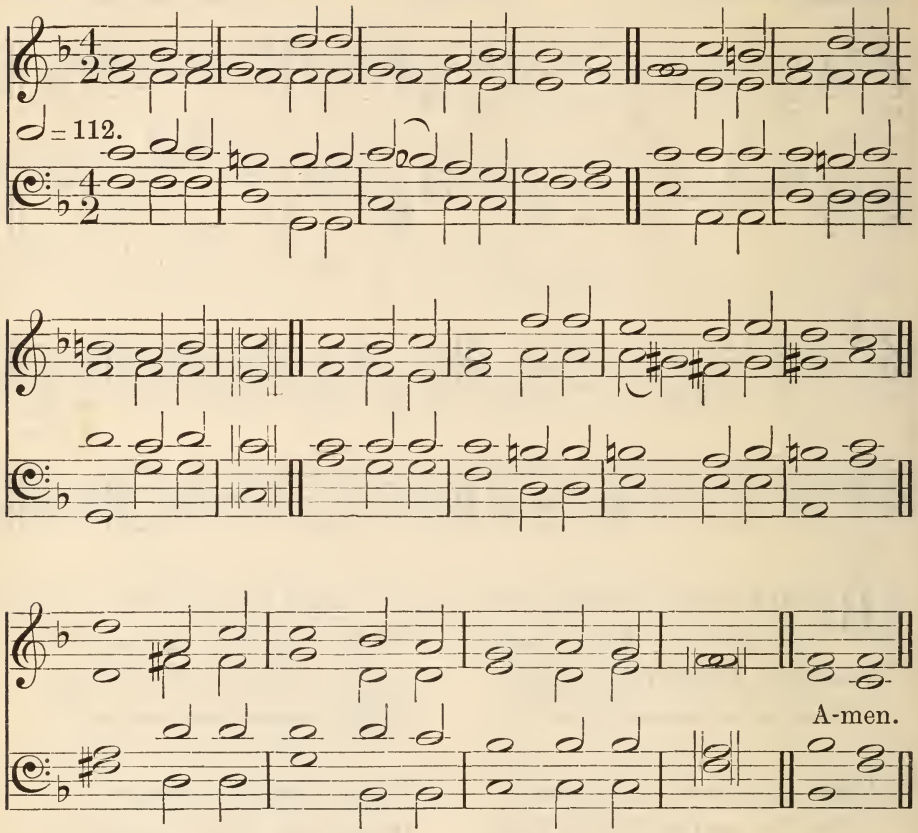
mf Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its radiant beauty guided
See the Eastern Kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,—
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

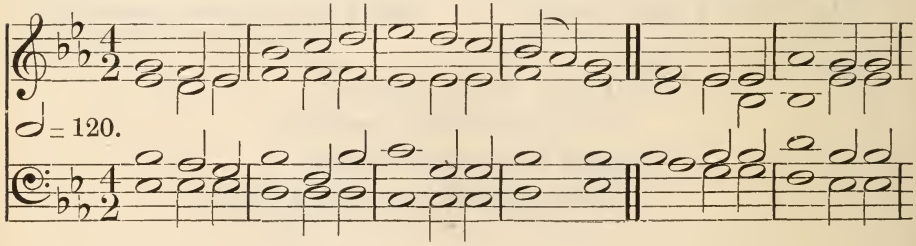
Offerings of mystic meaning!—
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal Child proclaimeth,
p Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

f Holy Jesu! in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed!
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid. Amen.

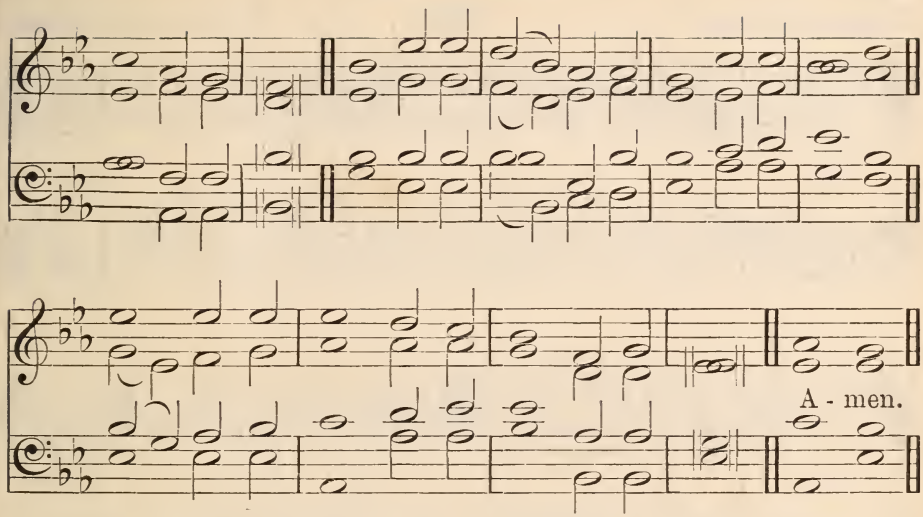
Epiphany (*First Tune*). 11.10.11.10. E. J. Hopkins, 1818–1901.



Epiphany Hymn (*Second Tune*). 11.10.11.10. J. F. Thrupp, 1827–1867.



Epiphany.



mf BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

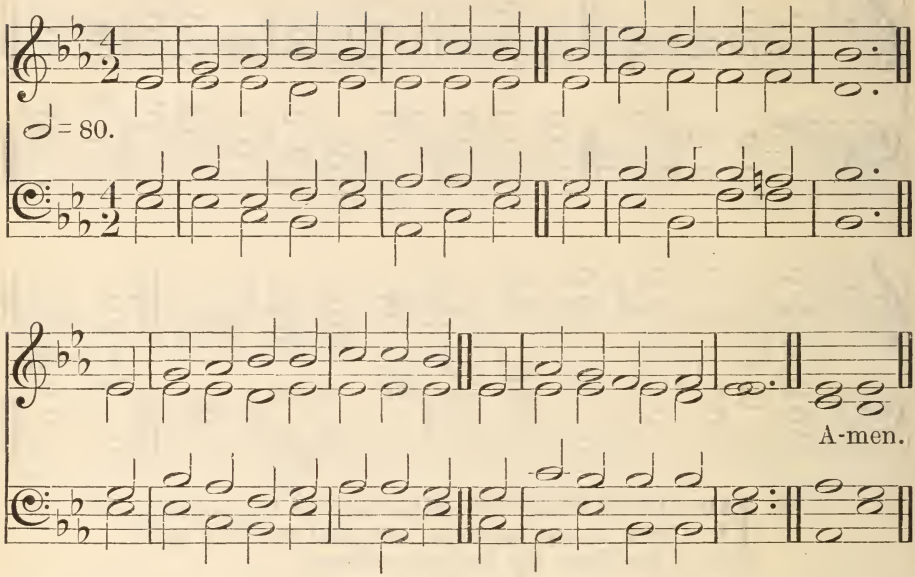
p Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

mf Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid! Amen.

Tallis's Ordinal. C.M. T. Tallis, 1520?–1585.



mf IN stature grows the heavenly Child
With death before His eyes:
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor:
And He Who made the heaven abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

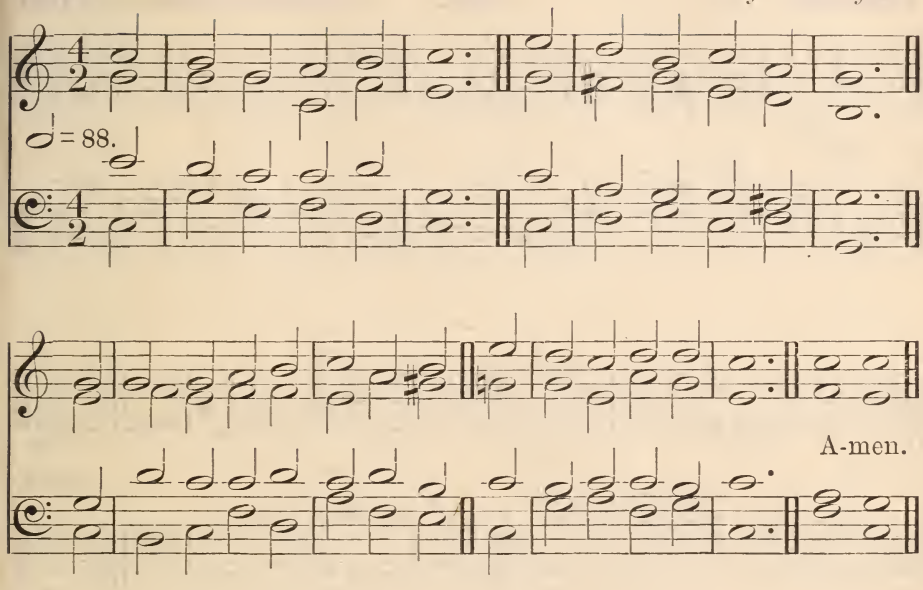
Those mighty hands that stay the sky
No earthly toil refuse,
And He Who set the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

He before Whom the Angels stand,
At Whose behest they fly,
Now yields Himself to man's command
And lays His glory by.

For this Thy lowliness revealed
We, Jesu, Thee adore
f And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

Epiphany.

NARENZA. S.M. *Cologne Gesangbuch.*



mf NOT by Thy mighty hand,
Thy wondrous works alone,
But by the marvels of Thy word
Thy glory, Christ, is known.

Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

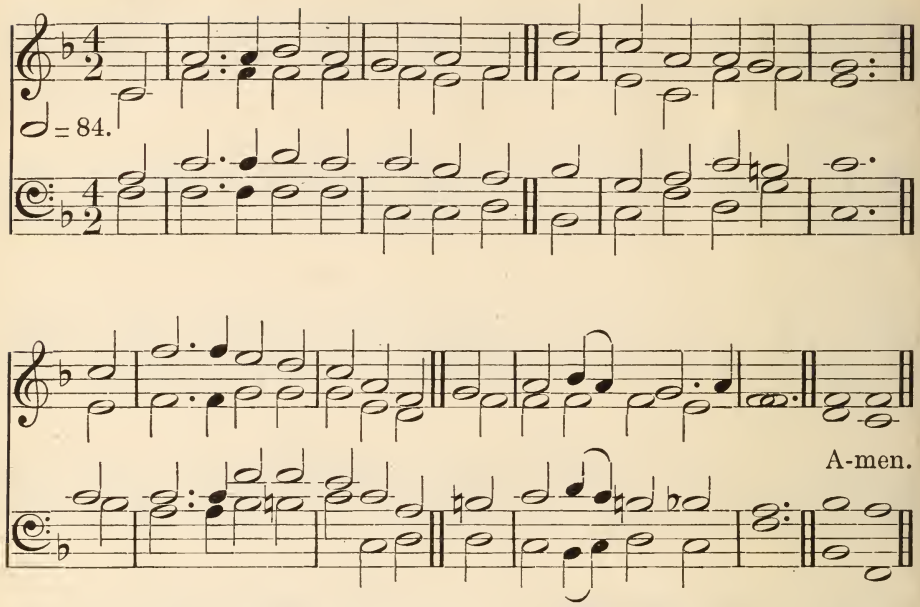
And still from age to age
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The bearer forth of goodly seed,
The Sower still unseen.

And Thou wilt come again,
To reap what Thou hast sown,
The Sower and the Reaper Thou,
The Gatherer of Thine own.

Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field
With Thine unsleeping eye:
The children of the kingdom keep
To Thy Epiphany:—

So, when in Thy great day
The tares shall severed be,
May we be gathered in Thy barn
With all Thy Saints to Thee. Amen.

JERUSALEM. C.M. T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH, *b.* 1845.



mf O THOU Who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

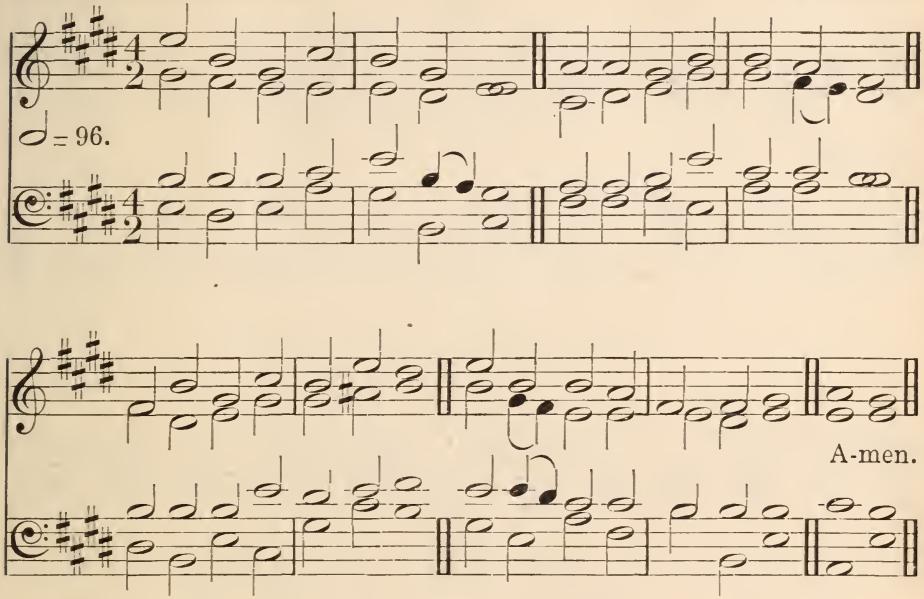
p As yet we know Thee but in part;
cr But still we trust Thy word,
mf That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

p O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art.

f To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the heavenly Host. Amen.

Epiphany.

QUI DEDIT NOBIS VICTORIAM. 7.7.7.7. H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.



f SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered Nature right.

p Mild it shines on all beneath,
cr Piercing through the shades of death;
f Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

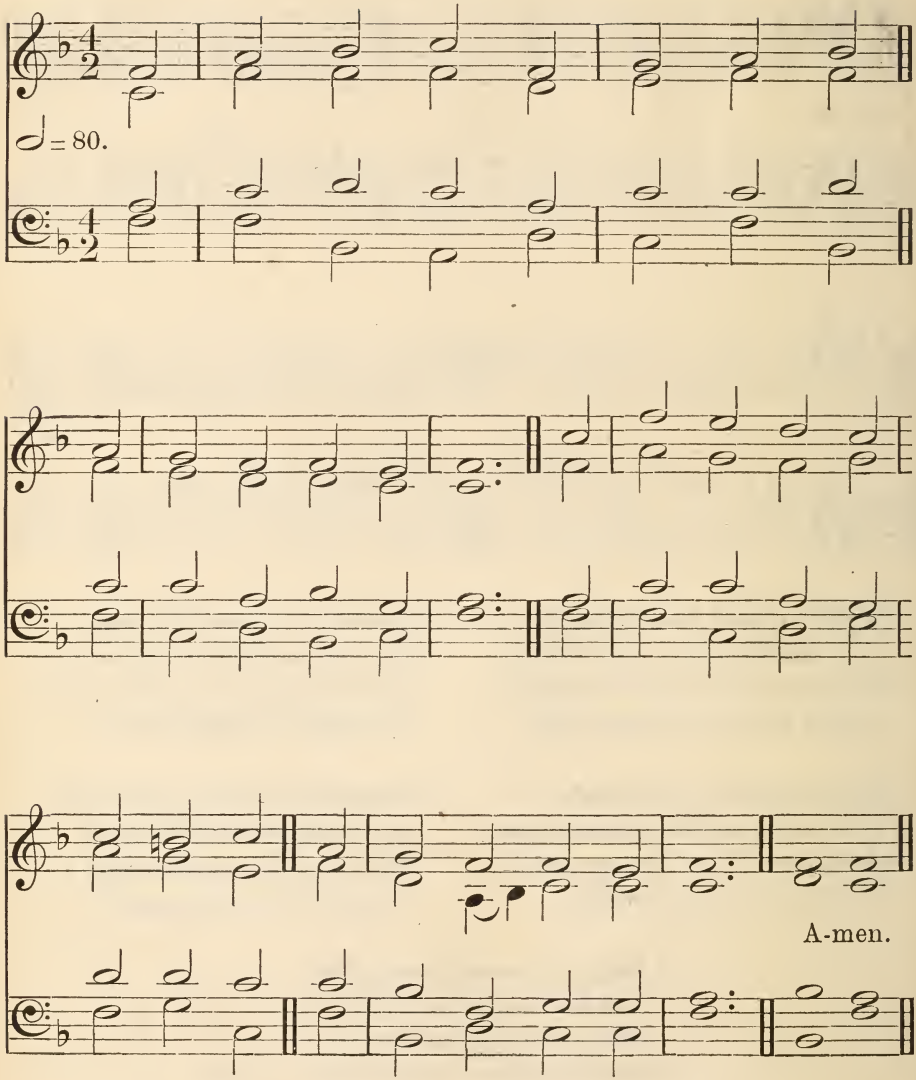
f Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there!

There behold the Dayspring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

f Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign!
God in mercy leaves the sky!
Shout, ye sons of God, on high! Amen.

116

DUNDEE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1615.



Epiphany.

f THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

ff For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

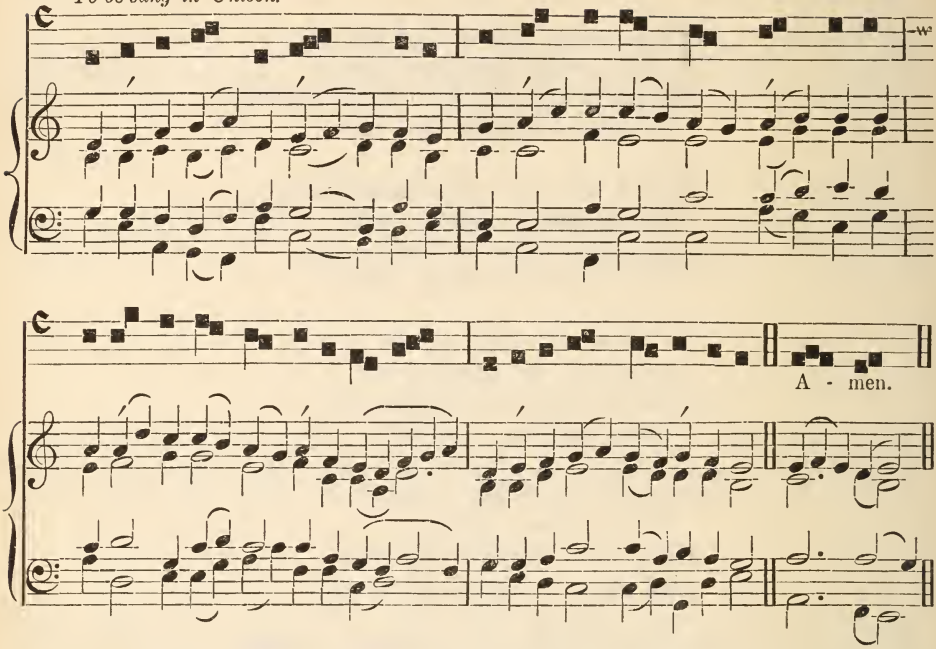
f His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

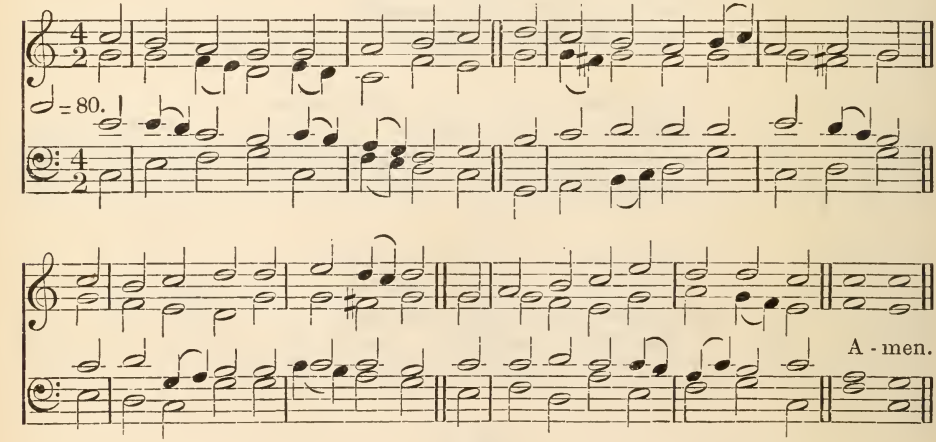
p Lord Jesu, reign in us we pray,
cr And make us Thine alone,
f Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One. Amen.

Quæ stella sole pulchrior (*First Tune*). Mode III. Solesmes.

To be sung in Unison.



Göldel (*Second Tune*). L.M. J. H. Schein, 1586–1630.



Epiphany.

mf WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
More beauteous than the noonday light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to His cradle bring.

See now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
And Eastern Sages with amaze
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.

The guiding star above is bright;
Within them shines a clearer light,
Which leads them on with power benign
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay;
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all
They leave at their Creator's call.

p O Jesu, while the star of grace
Now leads us on to seek Thy face,
Let not our slothful hearts refuse
The guidance of that light to use.

f All glory, Jesu, be to Thee
For this Thy glad Epiphany,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Also the following:

At even, when the sun did set—12 [3rd S.]
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies—3
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus—383
Fierce raged the tempest—399 [4th S.]
From all that dwell below the skies—405
God of mercy, God of grace—417
Hail to the Lord's Anointed—424
Jesu, the very thought of Thee—446 [Part I.]
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun—452
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord—485 [1st S.]
O Hand of bounty, largely spread—490
O Love, how deep! how broad!—502
The strain upraise of joy and praise—560

Before Septuagesima.

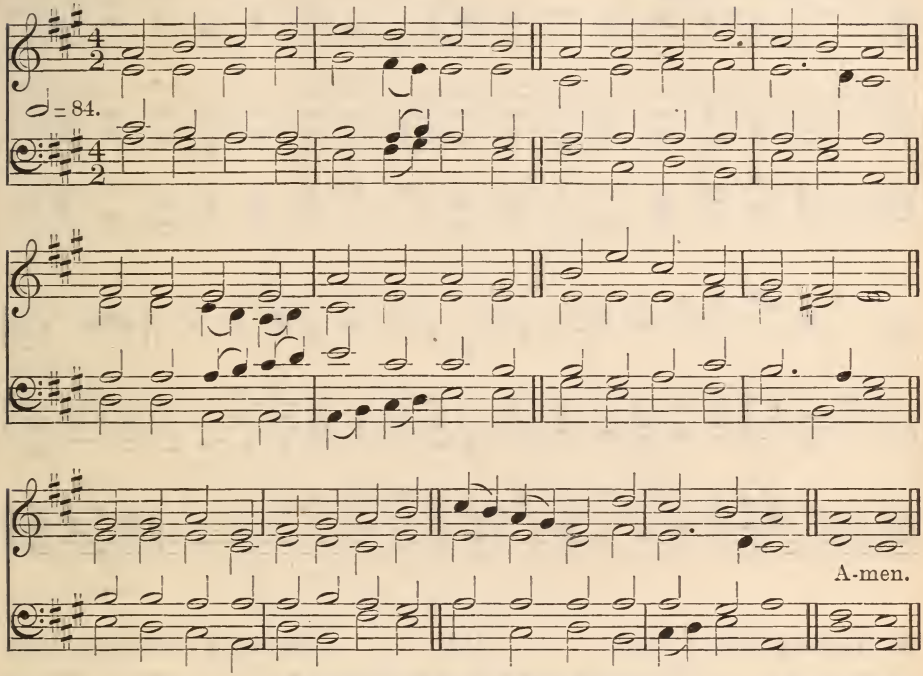
ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN (*First Tune*). MODE IV. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.

Before Septuagesima.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN (*Second Tune*). WEBBE'S *Collection*, 1791.



May also be sung to "Oriel," *No.* 136.

f ALLELUIA! Song of sweetness!
Voice of joy that cannot die!
Alleluia is the anthem
Heard among the choirs on high;
Singing in God's blissful mansion
Day and night eternally.

Alleluia! Joyful Mother,
True Jerusalem and free,
Alleluia, now triumphant,
All thy children sing in thee:
p But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles still are we.

p Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for awhile forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

mf Trinity of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry:
cr Grant us all to keep Thy Easter
In our home beyond the sky,
f There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

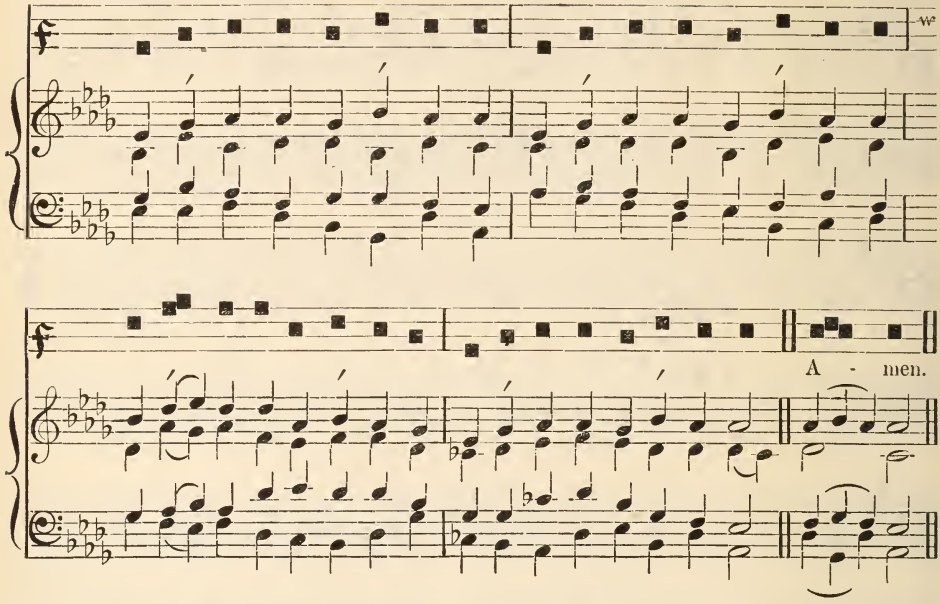
Also the following:

Sing Allelúia forth in duteous praise—544

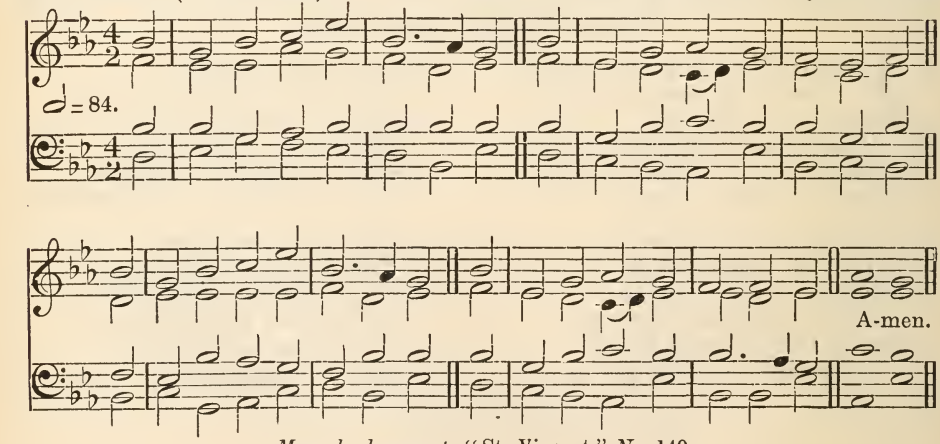
Septuagesima.

TE LÆTA MUNDI CONDITOR (*First Tune*). MODE VIII. Milan.

To be sung in Unison.



ST. GREGORY (*Second Tune*). L.M. *Darmstadt Gesangbuch*, 1698.



May also be sung to "St. Vincent," *No.* 140.

Septuagesima.

mf CREATOR of the world! to Thee
An endless rest of joy belongs;
And heavenly choirs are ever free
To sing on high their festal songs.

p But we are fallen creatures here,
Where pain and sorrow daily come;
And how can we, in exile drear,
Sing out, as they, sweet songs of home?

O Father! Who dost promise still,
That they who mourn shall blessèd be;
Grant us to mourn for deeds of ill,
That banish us so long from Thee:

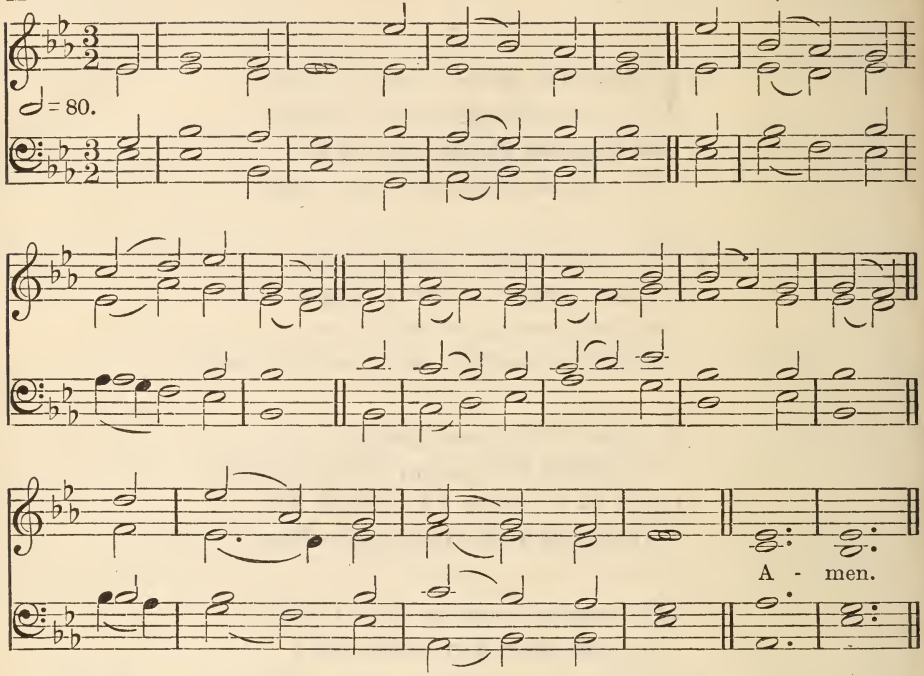
cr But, weeping, grant us faith to rest
In hope upon Thy loving care;
f Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
Their songs of praise in heaven to share. Amen.

Also the following:

Fight the good fight with all thy might—401
Let us with a gladsome mind—303
The spacious firmament on high—559
There is a book, who runs may read—565
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth—589

120 Sexagesima.

MANCHESTER. C.M. R. WAINWRIGHT, 1748–1782.



ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground:
Now let the dew of heaven descend
And righteous fruits abound.

Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove:
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.

Nor let Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
dim Return to Thee, and sadly tell
p That we reject Thy Son.

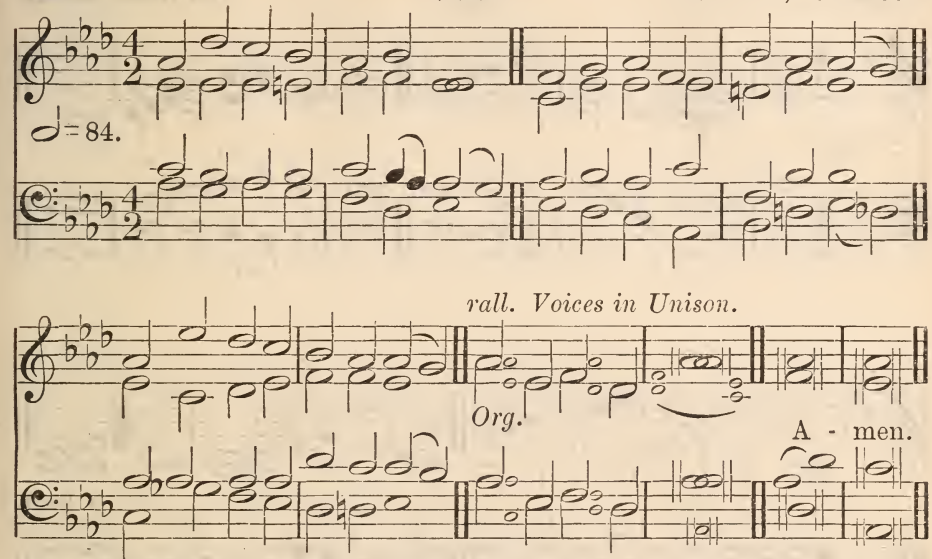
mf Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know. Amen.

Also the following:

Praise to the Holiest in the height—534
The Sower went forth sowing—307

121 Quinquagesima.

CHARITY. 7.7.7.5. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.



mf GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly love.

Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove
Without heavenly love.

Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain, if love I need;
Therefore, give me love.

Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love,

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

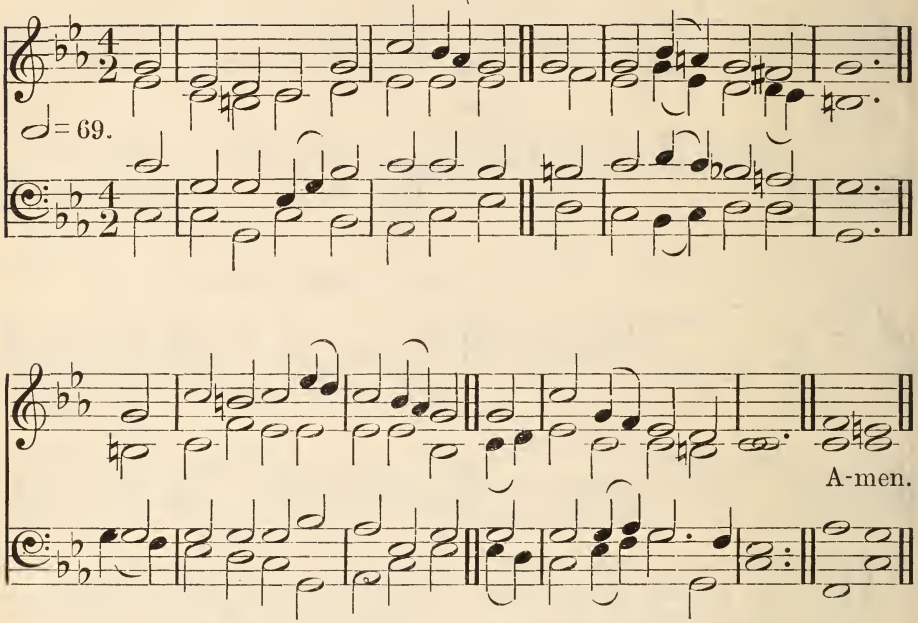
Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love. Amen.

Also the following:

Great Mover of all hearts—421
Lord of mercy and of might—468

Ash Wednesday.

BANGOR. C.M. Old Welsh Melody.



May also be sung to "Burford," *No.* 143.

p ONCE more the solemn season calls
A holy fast to keep;
And now within the temple walls
Let priest and people weep.

But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.

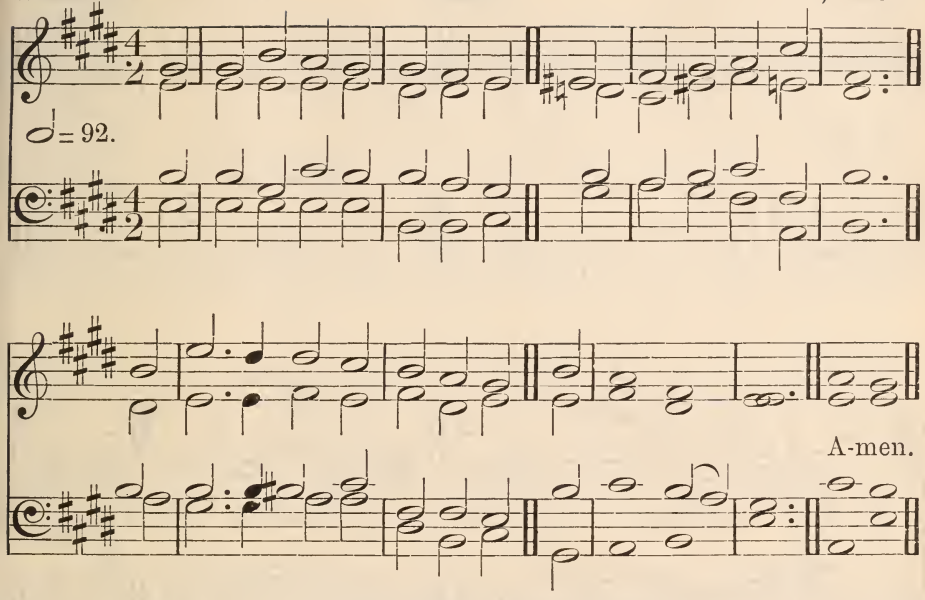
In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away,
And stay the uplifted rod.

O God, our Judge and Father, deign
To spare the bruisèd reed;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, to Thee we bow;
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

123 Lent.

WREFORD. 8.6.8.4. E. S. CARTER, *b.* 1845.



mf A BURDENED heart that bleeds and bears
And hopes and waits in pain,
And faints beneath its fears and cares,
Yet hopes again:

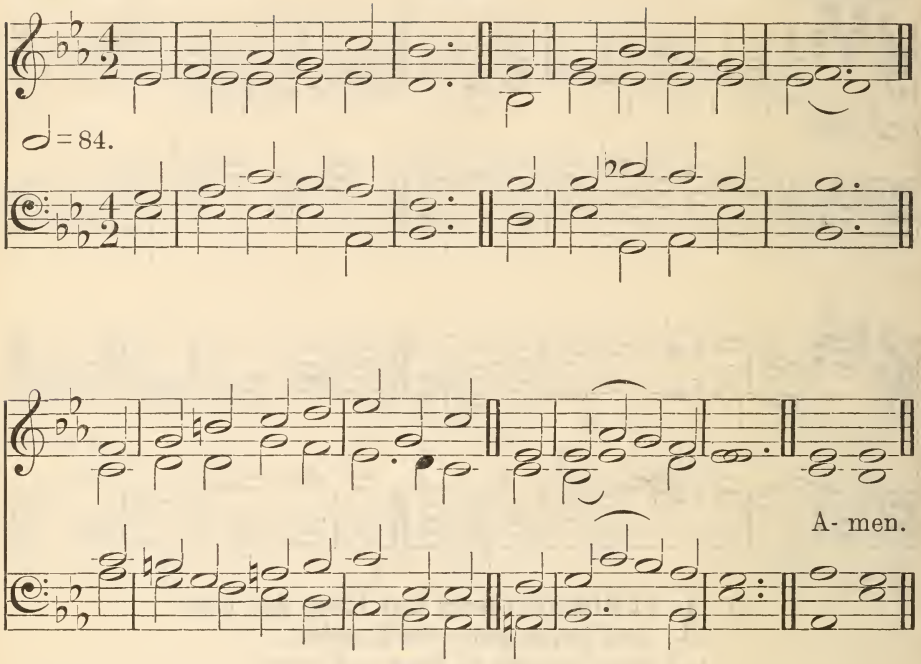
Wilt Thou accept the heart I bring,
O gracious Lord and kind,
To ease it of a torturing sting,
And staunch and bind?

Alas! if Thou wilt none of this
None else have I to give:
Look Thou upon it as it is,
Accept, relieve.

Or if Thou wilt not yet relieve,
Be not extreme to sift:
Accept a faltering will to give,
Itself Thy gift. Amen.

124

FAREWELL. 6.6.8.4. J. NAYLOR, 1838–1897.



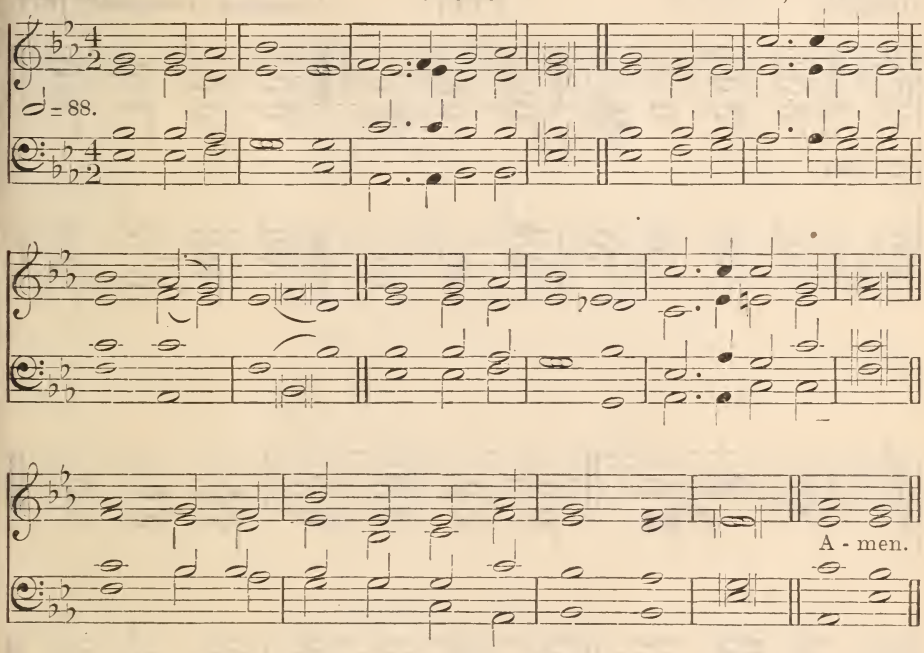
p FAR from Thy heavenly care,
Lord, I have gone astray;
And all the wealth Thou gav'st to me,
Have cast away.

Now from a broken heart,
In penitence sincere,
I lift my prayer to Thee, O Lord,
In mercy hear.

And in Thy blest abode
Give me a servant's place,
That I, a son, may learn to own
A Father's grace. Amen.

Lent.

PENITENTIA. 10.10.10.10. E. DEARLE, 1806–1891.



p FATHER, again in Jesus' Name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet:
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

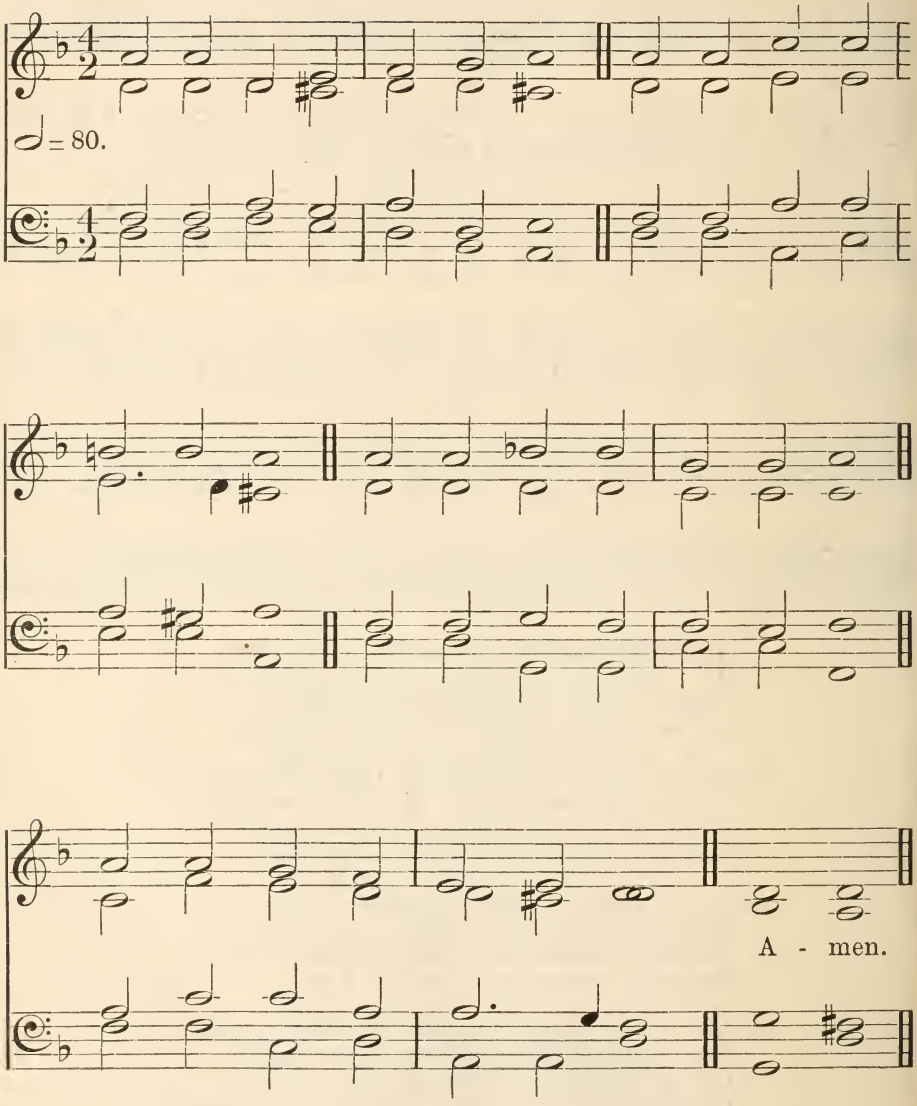
mf Oh we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy works from day to day declare;
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

p Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft our feet from Thee, our Father, rove;
cr But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

mf Oh, by that Name, in whom all fulness dwells,
Oh, by that Love, which every love excels,
Oh, by that Blood, so freely shed for sin,
Open sweet mercy's gate, and let us in! Amen.

126 Lent.

HEINLEIN. 7.7.7.7. *Nuremberg Gesangbuch*, 1677.



Lent.

mf FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted still, yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

v Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after time to gain?

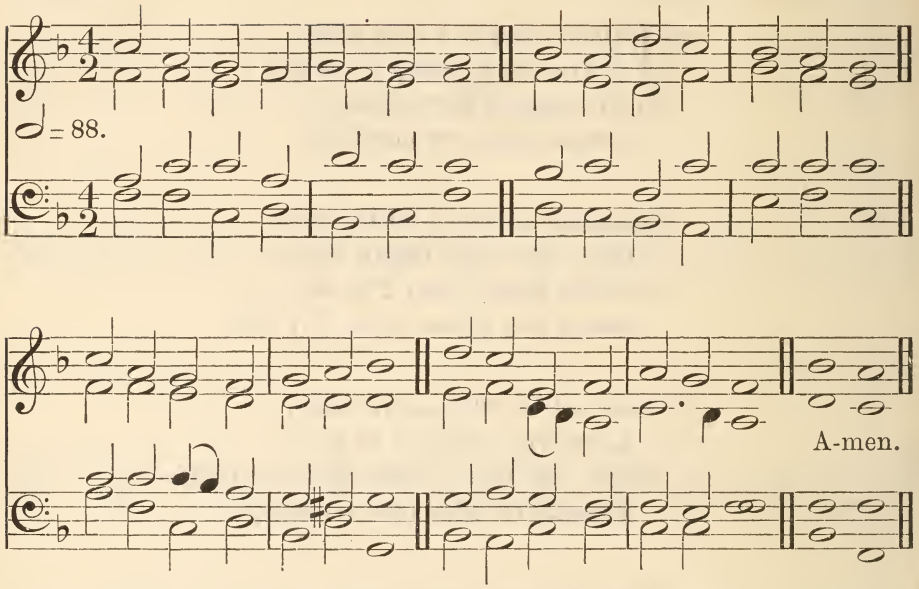
Then if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
f Thou, his vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

mf So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall Angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, oh! keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
f That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide. Amen.

Lent.

BATTISHILL. 7.7.7.7. J. BATTISHILL, 1738–1801.



mf GIVER of the perfect gift!
Only Hope of human race!
Hear the prayer our hearts uplift
Trembling at Thy throne of grace.

p Though the accusing voice within
Speaks of many a wrong to Thee,
mf Thou canst cleanse from every sin,
Thou canst set the conscience free.

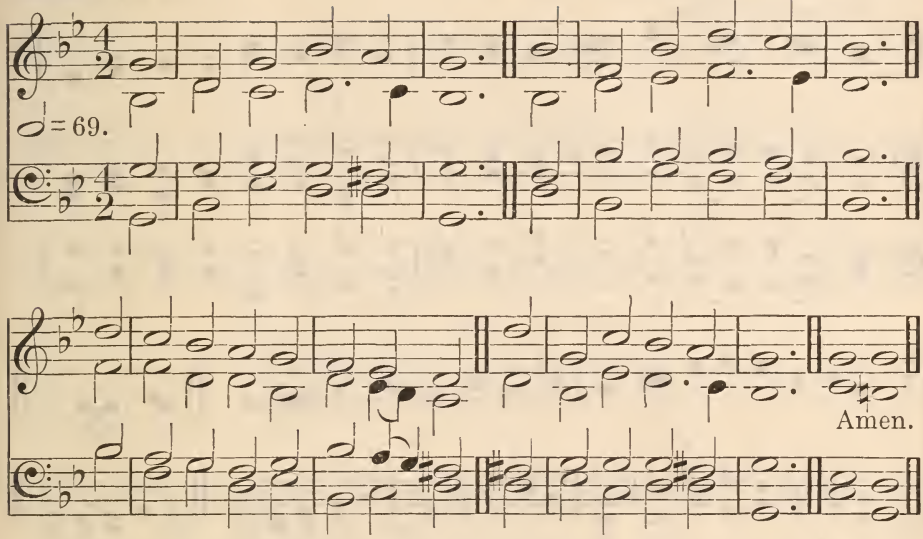
Who can save us, Lord, but Thou?
Let Thy mercy show Thy power;
Lo, we plead Thy promise now,
Now, in this the accepted hour.

Oh! may these our Lenten days,
Blest by Thee, with Thee be passed,
cr That with purer, nobler praise
We may keep Thy feast at last.

p God the Holy Trinity,
Grant the mercy we implore:
f God the One, all praise to Thee
Through the ages evermore! Amen.

Lent.

St. Bride. S.M. S. Howard, 1710–1782.



p HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

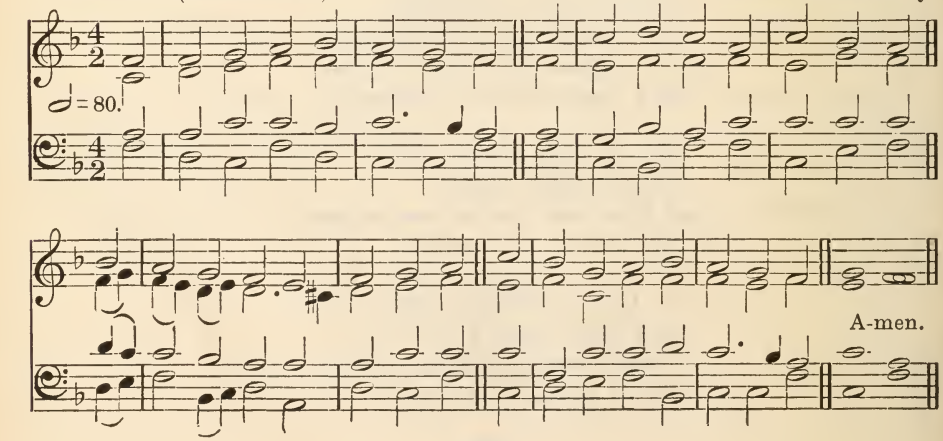
The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain,
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

f To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

Ecce tempus idoneum (*First Tune*). Mode III. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.

St. Ambrose (*Second Tune*). L.M. Old Melody.



Lent.

mf LO! now is our accepted day,
The time for purging sins away,
The sins of thought, and deed, and word,
That we have done against the Lord.

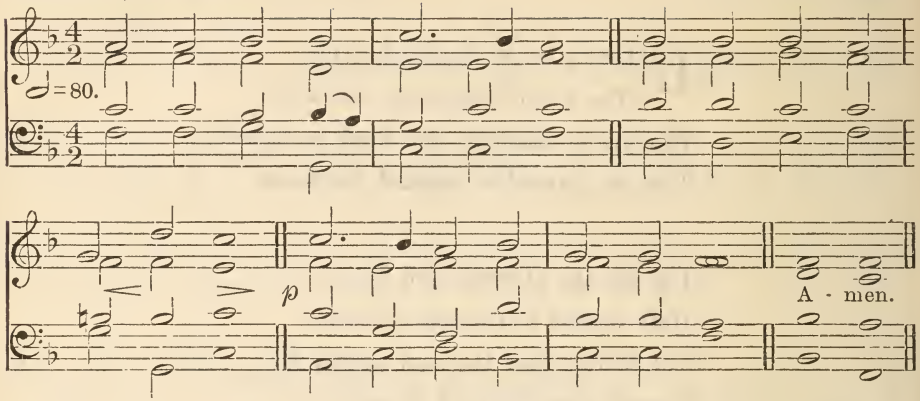
For He the Merciful and True
Hath spared His people hitherto;
Not willing that the soul should die,
Though great its past iniquity.

p Then let us all with earnest care,
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
Entreat for pardon from above;

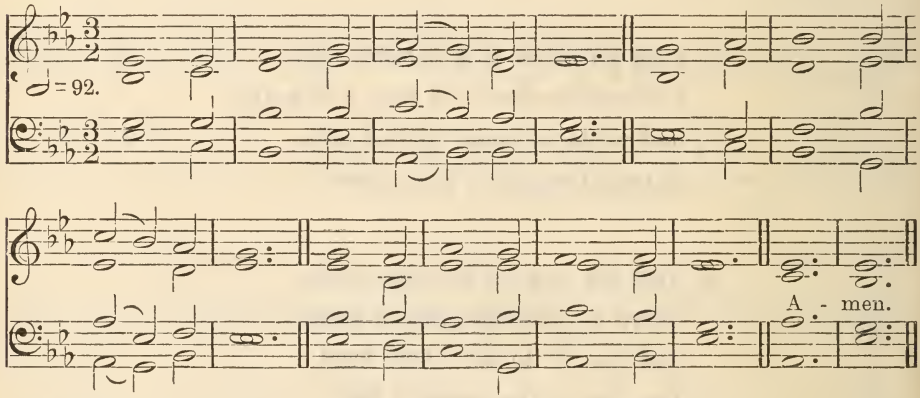
mf That He may all our sins efface,
Adorn us with the gifts of grace,
And join us to the Angel band
For ever in the heavenly land.

Blest Three in One and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

ROSEHILL (*First Tune*). 7.7.7. A. PHILLIPS, *b.* 1844.



ST. PHILIP (*Second Tune*). 7.7.7. W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.



p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it wholly pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

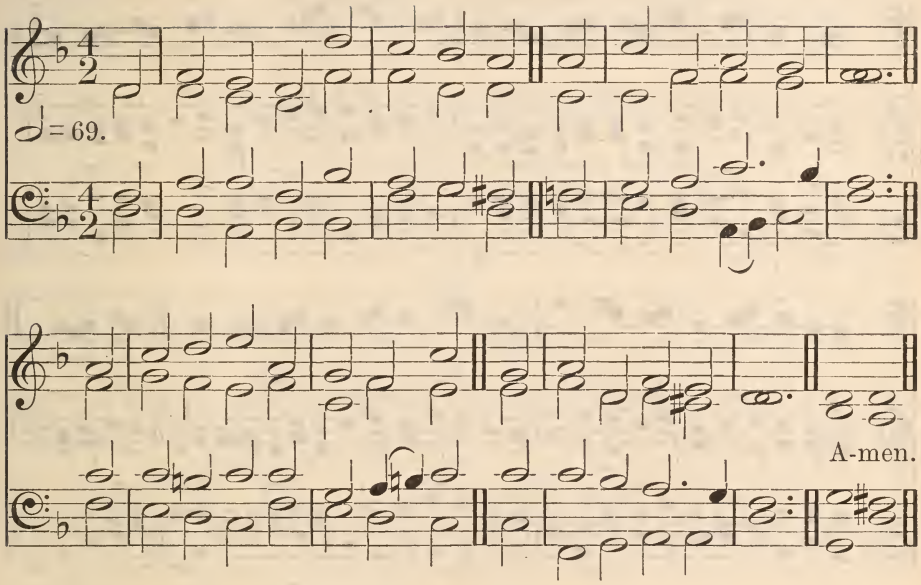
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Lest we never see Thy face. Amen.

For
Now the thirty years accomplished—*see* 136 [PART II.]

Lent.

C.M.

St. Mary. Archdeacon Prys's *Book of Psalms*, 1621.



p O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Oh! shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell:
What we have done and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

Wherefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

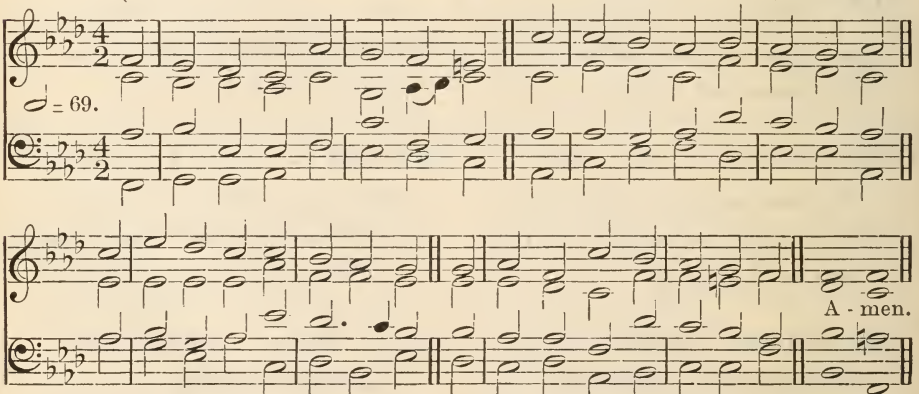
Mercy! O Lord, mercy we seek,
This is the total sum!
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
Oh let Thy mercy come! Amen.

132

Audi, benigne Conditor (*First Tune*). Mode II. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.

St. Luke (*Second Tune*). L.M. Jeremiah Clark, 1669–1707.



p O MERCIFUL Creator, hear!
To us in pity bow Thine ear:
Accept the tearful prayer we raise
In this our fast of forty days.

Each heart is manifest to Thee;
Thou knowest our infirmity:
Repentant now we seek Thy face;
Impart to us Thy pardoning grace.

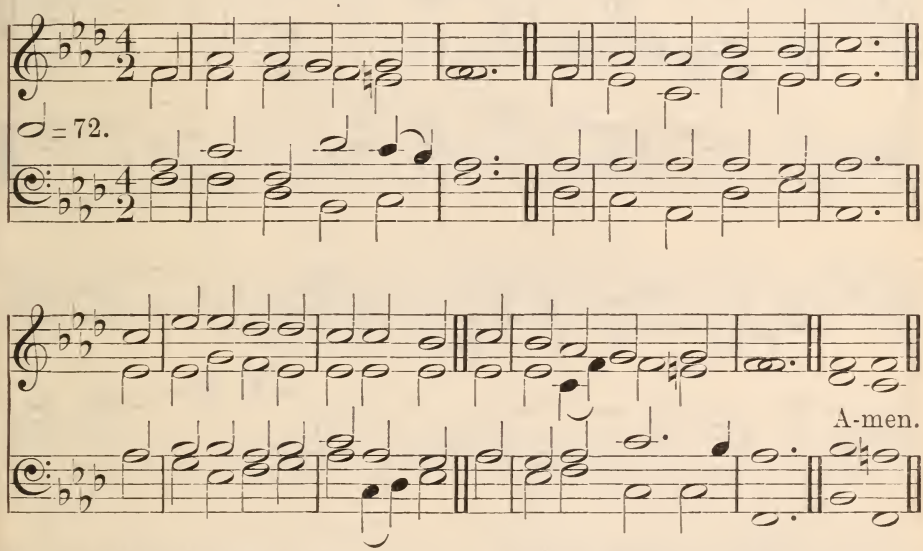
Our sins are manifold and sore,
But spare Thou them who sin deplore;
And for Thine own Name's sake make
The fainting and the weary soul. [whole

Grant us to mortify each sense,
By means of outward abstinence;
That free from every stain of sin
The soul may keep her fast within.

Blest Three in One and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

133

SOUTHWELL. S.M. DENHAM'S *Psalter*, 1588.



p OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall;
Be merciful to me.

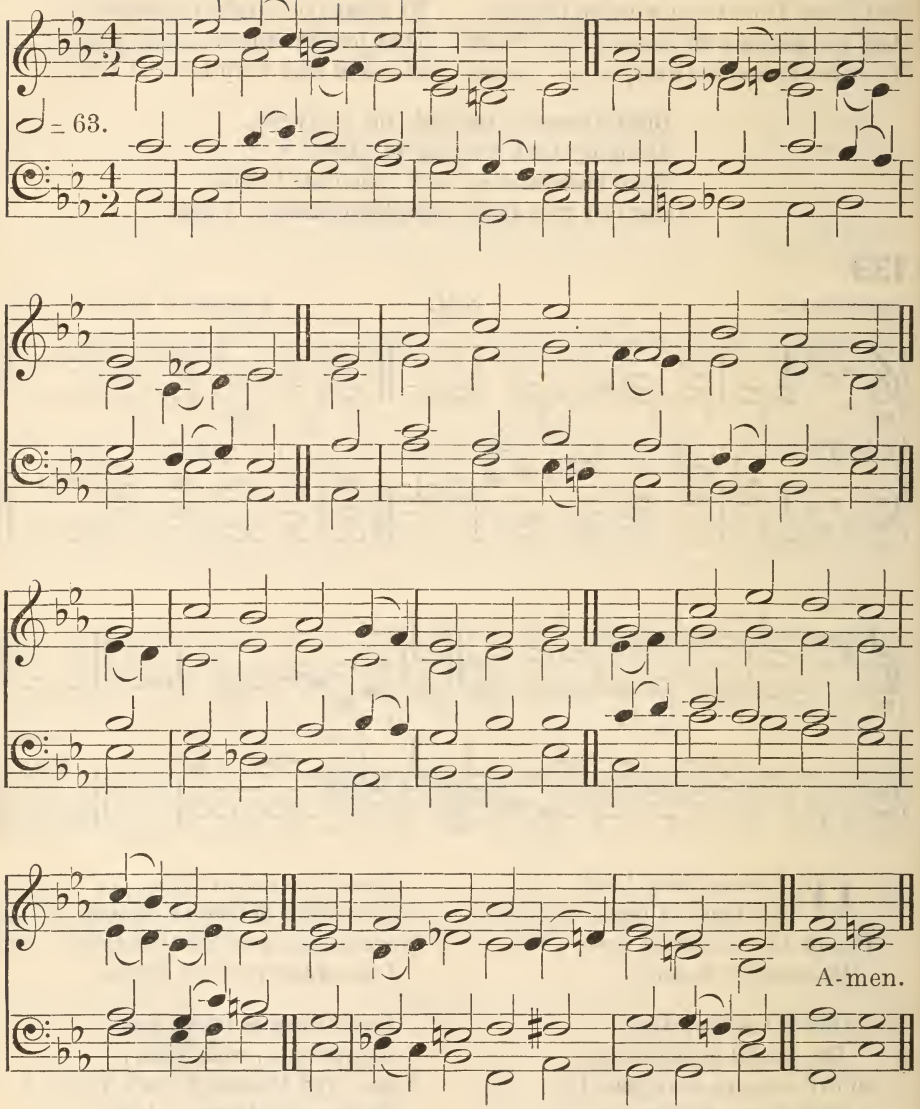
Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.

Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me. Amen.

134

BRECKNOCK. Six 8's. S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



May also be sung to the "Old 112th," *No.* 259.

Lent.

mf SWEET Saviour! in Thy pitying grace
Thy sweetness to our souls impart;
Thou Friend and Lover of our race,
Give healing to the wounded heart;
cr Oh hear Thy contrite servants' cry,
p And save us, Jesu! lest we die.

mf Long-suffering Jesu! hear our prayer
Who weep before Thee in our shame;
We have no hope but Thee; Oh spare,
Lord, spare us from the undying flame;
cr Oh hear Thy contrite servants' cry,
p And save us, Jesu! lest we die.

mf All we have broken Thy command;
Lord, help us for Thy mercies' sake;
Deliver us from Satan's hand,
And safely to Thy Kingdom take;
cr Oh hear Thy contrite servants' cry,
p And save us, Jesu! lest we die.

mf We flee for refuge to Thy love,
Salvation of the helpless soul;
Pour down Thy radiance from above,
And make these sin-worn spirits whole;
cr Good Lord, in mercy hear our cry,
p And save us, Jesu! lest we die. Amen.

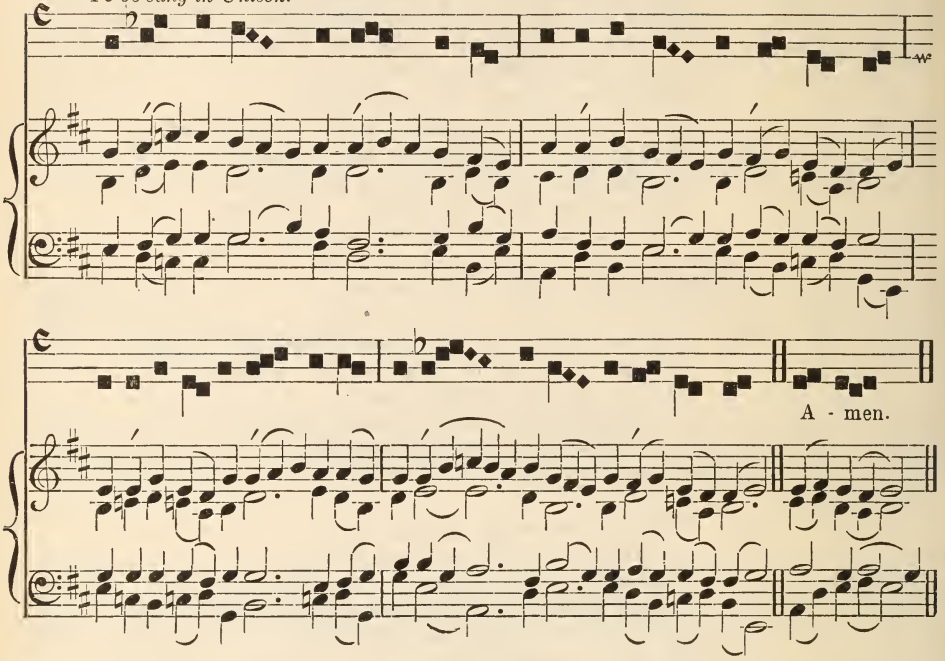
Also the following:

A few more years shall roll—353
Approach, my soul, the Mercy-seat—362
Art thou weary, art thou languid—363
Father of all, to Thee—394
Heal us, Emmanuel, hear our prayer—426
In the hour of trial—435
Jesu, Lover of my soul—440
Just as I am, without one plea—454
Lord Jesu, think on me—466
Lord of mercy and of might—468
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne—473
My God and Father, while I stray—475
O Jesu, Thou art standing—494
O King of earth and air and sea—495.
O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows—509
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight—511
Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need—519
Rock of ages, cleft for me—539
Saviour! when in dust to Thee—541
Saviour, Who exalted high—542
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said—551
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin—590
Weep not for Him Who onward bears—143
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend—593
When gathering clouds around I view—595
When our heads are bowed with woe—597
When wounded sore the stricken soul—600

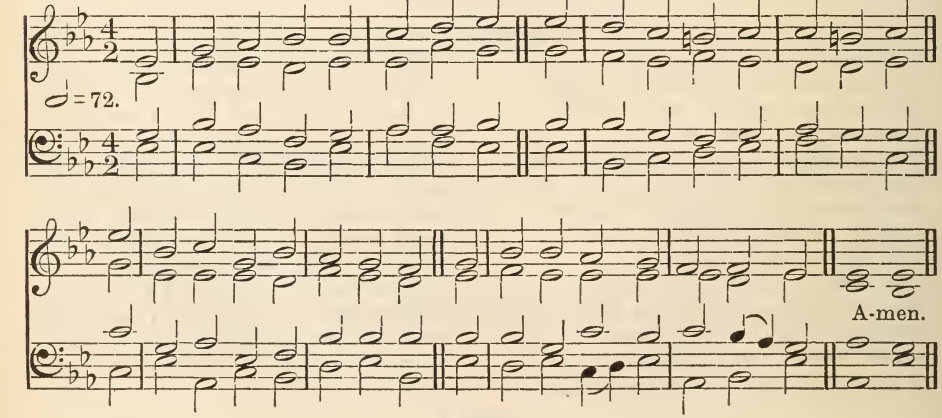
135 Fifth Sunday in Lent.

VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT (*First Tune*). MODE I. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



BAVARIA (*Second Tune*). L.M. German.



Lent.

mf ABROAD the regal Banners fly,
Now shines the Cross's mystery
Upon it Life did death endure,
And yet by death did life procure.

Pierced by a spear, to cleanse our hearts,
His side a sacred Stream imparts;
Which issues in a double flood—
A Stream of Water and of Blood.

That which the Prophet-King of old
Hath in mysterious verse foretold
Is now accomplished, whilst we see
That God is reigning from the Tree.

Blest Tree, most sacred and divine,
Which dost in royal purple shine;
Supporting an Incarnate God,
And rendered holy by thy load.

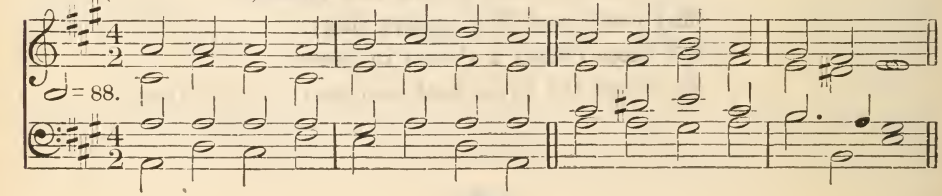
Blest Tree, whose happy branches bore
The wealth that did the world restore,
The Balance which the Price did weigh
That spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

Blest Trinity, life's Source and Spring!
May every soul Thy praises sing:
Let those obtain a Crown in heaven
To whom the Cross hath conquest given. Amen.

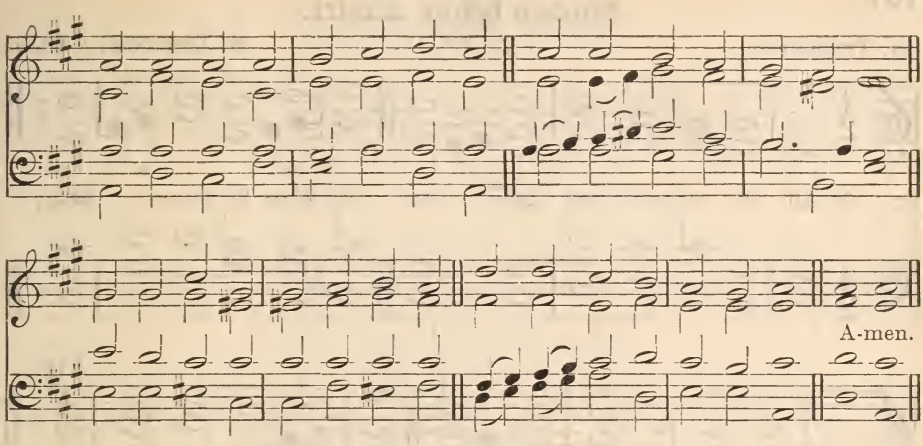
PANGE LINGUA (*First Tune*). MODE III. Mechlin.

To be sung in Unison.

ORIEL (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Anon.



Lent.



PART I.

f SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,
Sing the last, the dread affray;
O'er the Cross, the Victor's trophy,
Sound the high triumphal lay,
How, the pains of death enduring,
Earth's Redeemer won the day.

p He, our Maker, deeply grieving
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit forbidden
Whose reward was death and hell,
Marked e'en then this Tree the ruin
Of the first tree to dispel.

mf Therefore, when at length the fulness
Of the appointed time was come,
He was sent, the world's Creator,
From the Father's heavenly home,
And was found in human fashion,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

PART II.

mf NOW the thirty years accomplished
Which on earth He willed to see,
Born for this, He meets His Passion,
Gives Himself an Offering free:
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
There the Sacrifice to be.

Faithful Cross, above all other
One and only noble Tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be;
Sweet thy wood by man is reckoned
For the weight that hung on thee.

Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain,
That a shipwrecked race for ever
Might a port of refuge gain,
With the sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

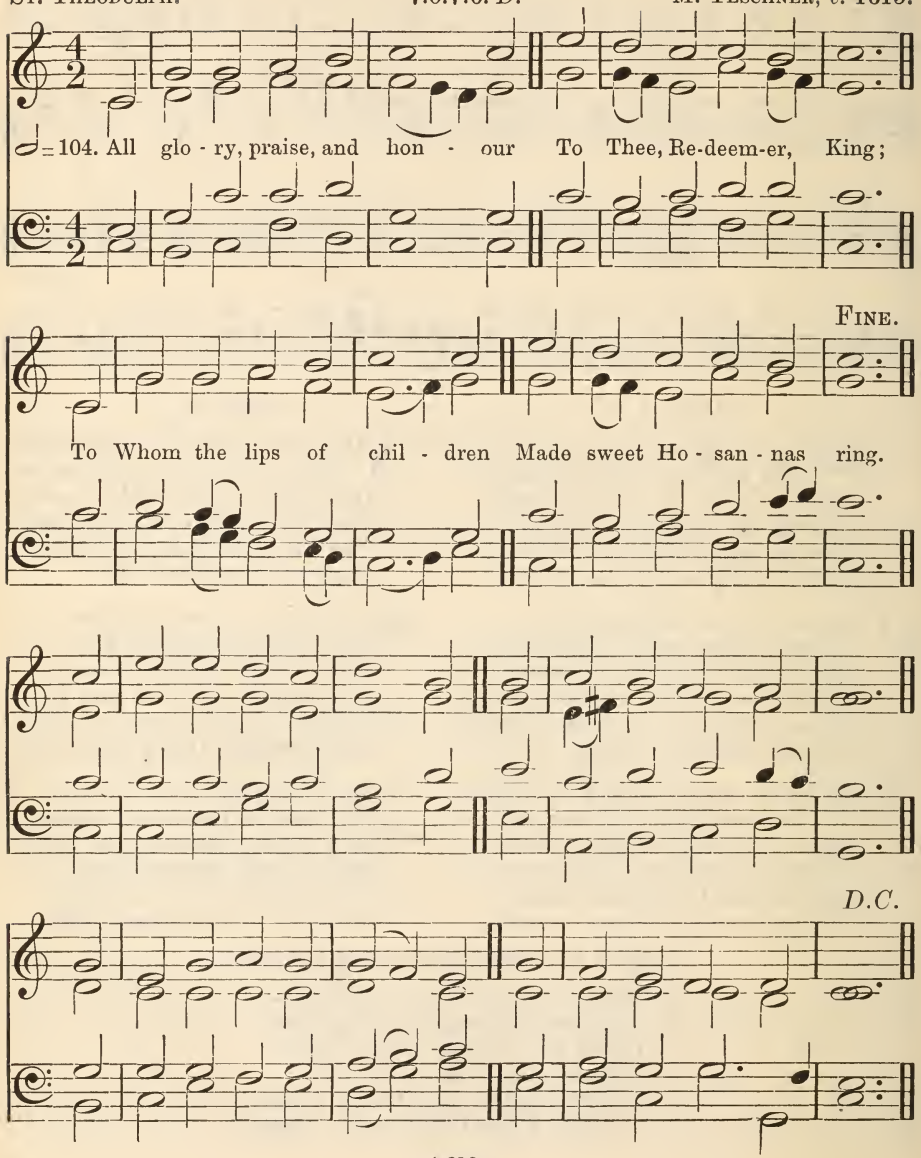
Doxology to be sung at the end of each Part.

f Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

Holy Week.

Sunday before Easter.

St. Theodulph. 7.6.7.6. D. M. Teschner, *c.* 1613.



Holy Week.

Sunday before Easter.

f ALL glory, praise, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King;
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

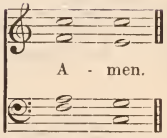
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and blessed One!
All glory, etc.

The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, etc.

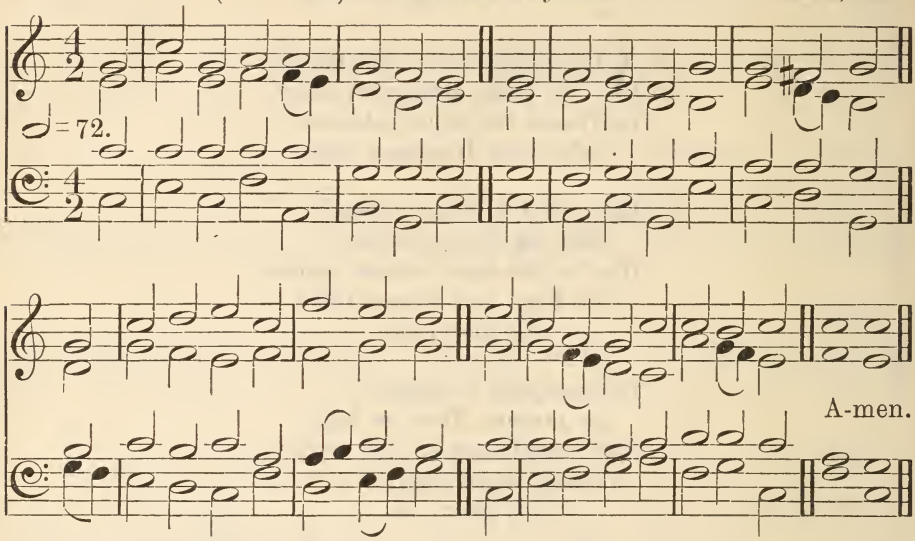
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy Passion
They raised their hymns of praise,
To Thee in glory reigning
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

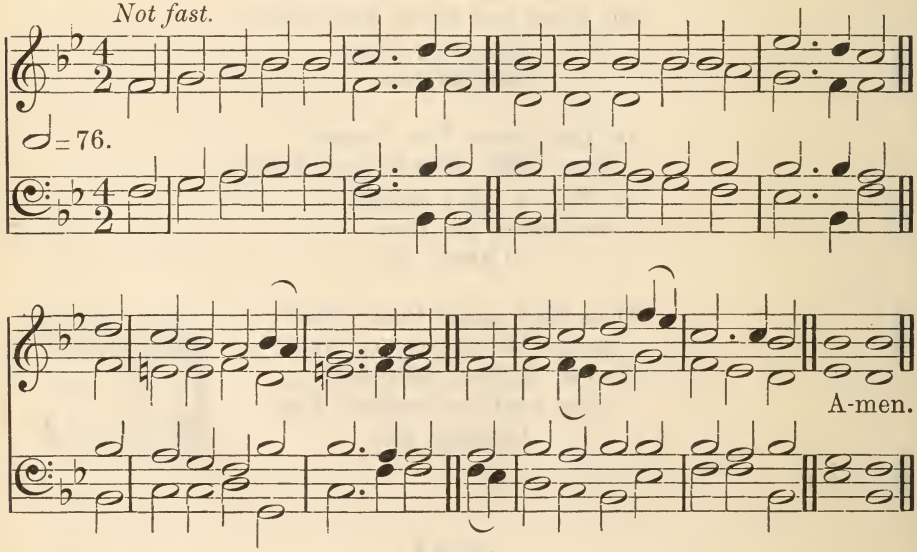
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring;
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.



Winchester New (*First Tune*). L.M. *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690.



Palmæ (*Second Tune*). L.M. W. G. Cusins, 1833–1893.



f RIDE on! Ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!
Thine humble beast pursues his road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

f Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die;
f O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

f Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
p The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice!

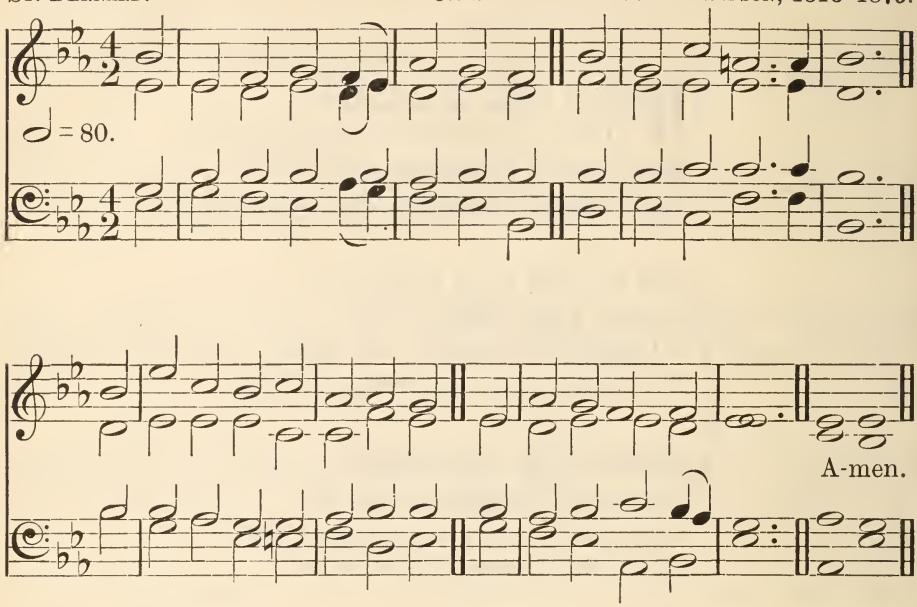
f Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
mf Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh,
The Father on His sapphire-throne
Expects His own Anointed Son.

f Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain!
f Then take, O God, Thy power and reign! Amen.

Also the following:

Hosanna to the living Lord!—429

St. Bernard. C.M. J. Richardson, 1816–1879.



mf ALL ye who seek a comfort sure
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress:

p Jesus, Who gave Himself for you
Upon the Cross to die,
cr Opens to you His sacred heart;
dim Oh, to that heart draw nigh!

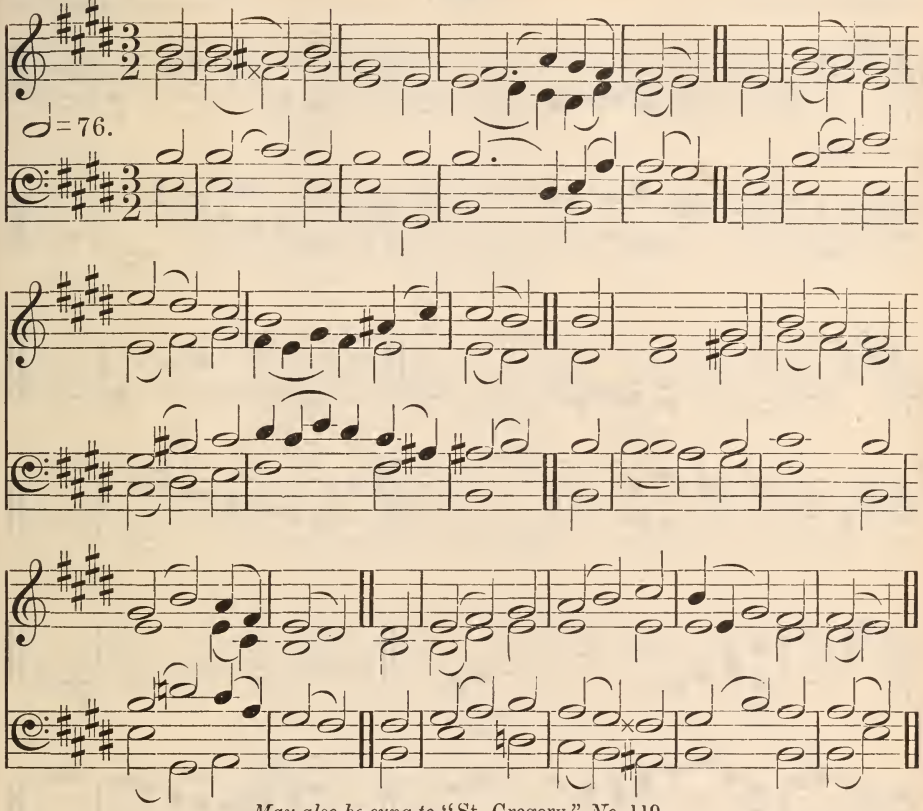
mf Ye hear how kindly He invites;
Ye hear His words so blest;
"All ye that labour, come to Me,
And I will give you rest."

What meeker than the Saviour's heart?—
As on the Cross He lay,
It did His murderers forgive,
And for their pardon pray.

f O heart! Thou Joy of Saints on high,
Thou Hope of sinners here,
mf Attracted by those loving words
To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow. Amen.

St. Vincent. L.M. J. Üglow.



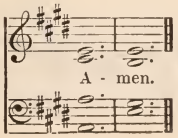
May also be sung to "St. Gregory," *No.* 119.

p LORD Jesu, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss!

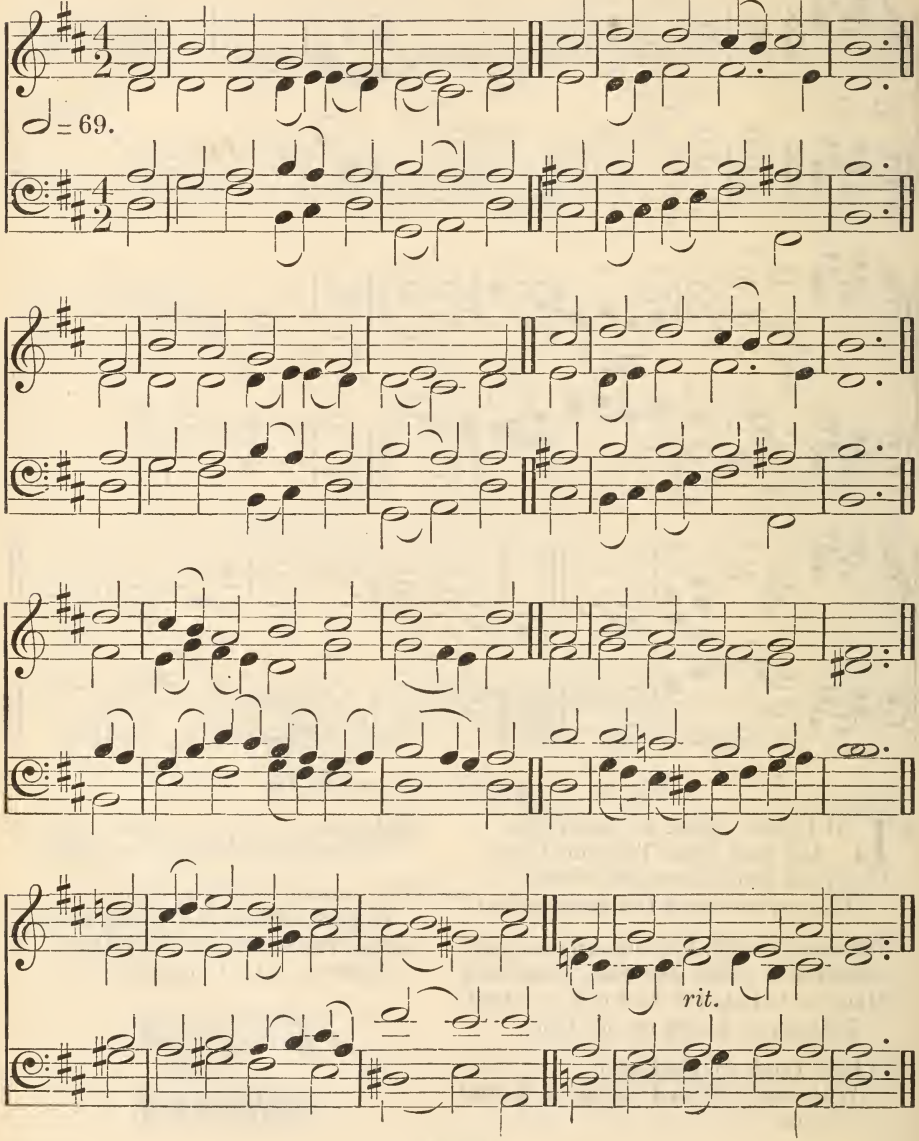
When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast [trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;—

mf Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy Death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.



PASSION CHORALE. 7.6.7.6. D. H. L. HASSLER, 1564–1612. Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.



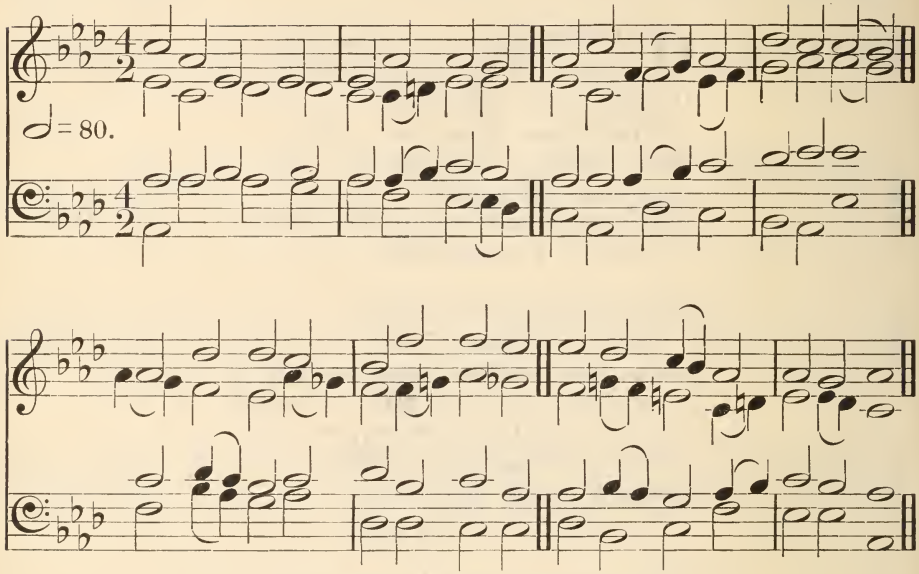
p O SACRED head! sore wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
O Kingly head! surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
cr Once reigning in the highest
In light and majesty,
p Here mocked and scorned, Thou diest,—
mf And here I worship Thee.

p Thy grief and bitter Passion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine—mine was the transgression,
But Thine the cruel pain:
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour,
Turn not from me Thy face,
But look on me with favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

mf What language can I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy love that hath no end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever!
Oh! may I faithful be!
And let me never—never
Outlive my love to Thee!

p Be near when I am dying;
Oh! show Thy Cross to me;
cr Lord, on Thy help relying,
Come Thou, and set me free!
mf These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall never move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely in Thy love.

CROSS OF JESUS. 8.7.8.7. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

mf SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

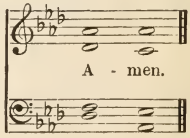
Rest we here, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of Blood;
Precious drops, our souls bedewing;
Plead and claim our peace with God.

Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While we see Divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

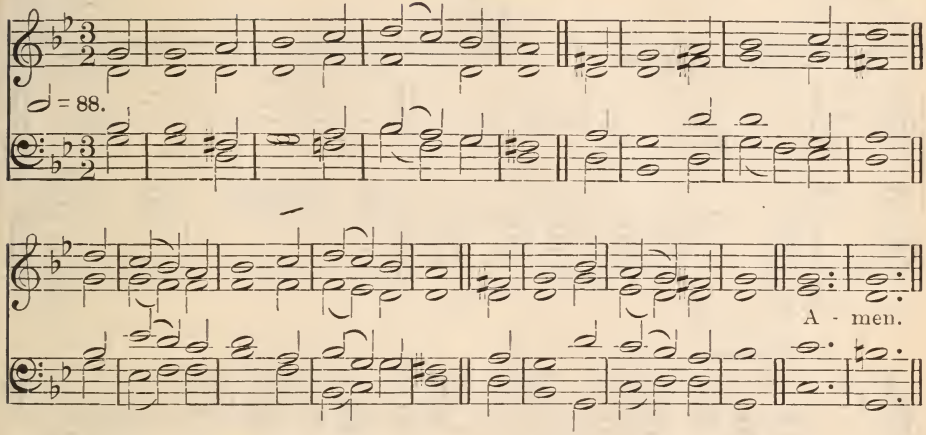
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
Till we taste Thy whole salvation
And unveiled Thy glory see.

For Thy sorrows we adore Thee—
For the grief that wrought our peace—
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.

Unto Thee, the world's salvation,
Father, Spirit, unto Thee,
Low we bow in adoration,
Ever-blessèd One and Three.



BURFORD. C.M. H. PURCELL, 1658–1695.



mf WEEP not for Him Who onward bears
His Cross to Calvary;
He does not ask man's pitying tears,
Who wills for man to die.

The awful sorrow of His face,
The bowing of His frame,
Come not from torture or disgrace;
He fears not Cross or shame.

There is a deeper pang of grief,
An agony unknown,
In which His Love finds no relief;
He bears it all alone.

p He thinks of all for whom His Life
Of lowliness and pain,
And weariness and care and strife,
Will be, alas! in vain.

He sees the souls for whom He dies
Yet clinging to their sin,
And heirs of mansions in the skies
Who will not enter in.

Ah! this, my Saviour, was the shame
That bowed Thy head so low!
These were the wounds that racked Thy frame,
And made Thy tears to flow.

mf Oh! may I in Thy sorrow share,
And mourn that sins of mine
Should ever wound with grief or care
That loving heart of Thine. Amen.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

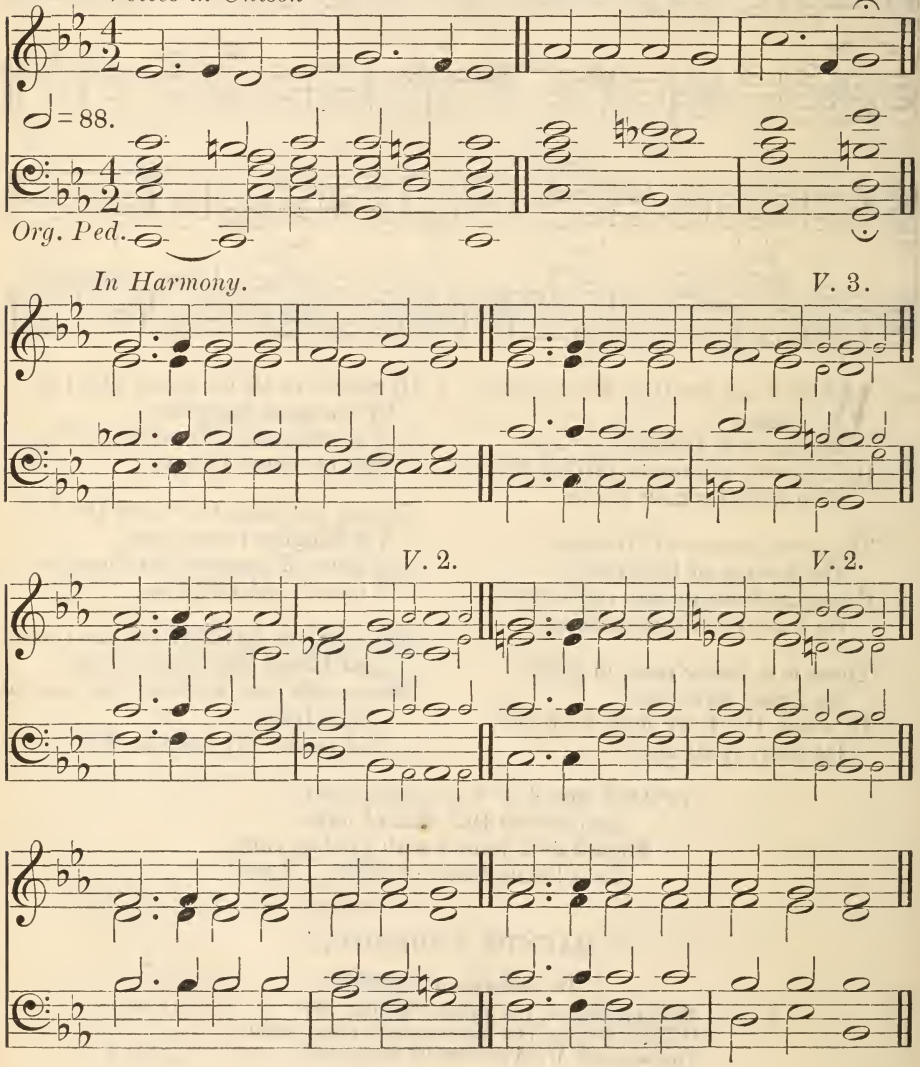
The following are suitable:

Now, my tongue, the mystery telling—257 [Part I.]
O Thou, Who at Thy Eucharist didst pray—260
The heavenly Word proceeding forth—262 [Part I.]

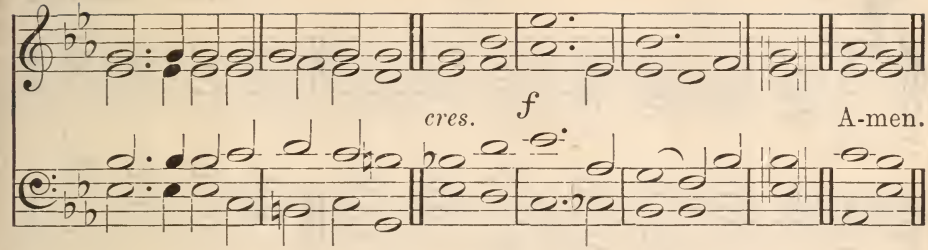
Ecce Homo.

Ten 7's.

J. V. Watts, *b.* 1822, and H. S. Irons, *b.* 1834.



Good Friday.



mf BOUND upon the accursèd Tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
p By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
f Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

mf Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
p By the last and bitter cry;
The ghost given up in agony,
By the lifeless Body, laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners, come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
cr Crucified! we know Thee now;
f Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

mf Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
p By the sun at noon-day pale,
cr Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By Earth that trembles at His doom,
f By yonder Saints who burst their tomb,
mf By Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow;
f Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

mf Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Dread and awful, who is He!
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
cr By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
f By the conquest He hath won,
By the Saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
ff Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
Amen.

SUPPLICATION. 7.7.7. J. CRÜGER, 1598–1632.

May also be sung to "St. Philip," *No.* 130.

p JESU, Lord, enthroned on high,
Willing once for us to die,
At Thy Cross we humbly lie.

Jesu, Lord, betrayed and tried,
By Thine own at last denied,
Scorned of men and crucified:

By Thy soul in anguish torn
With the insult and the scorn,
Mocking robe and crown of thorn:

By Thy tears of grief which fell;
By Thy woes which none may tell;
By Thy strife with death and hell:

By Thy sad and lonely cry
Through the gloom that veiled the sky
Ere Thou willed Thyself to die:

By Thy dying sad and lone;
mf By Thy Cross and victory won,
Finished work and battle done:

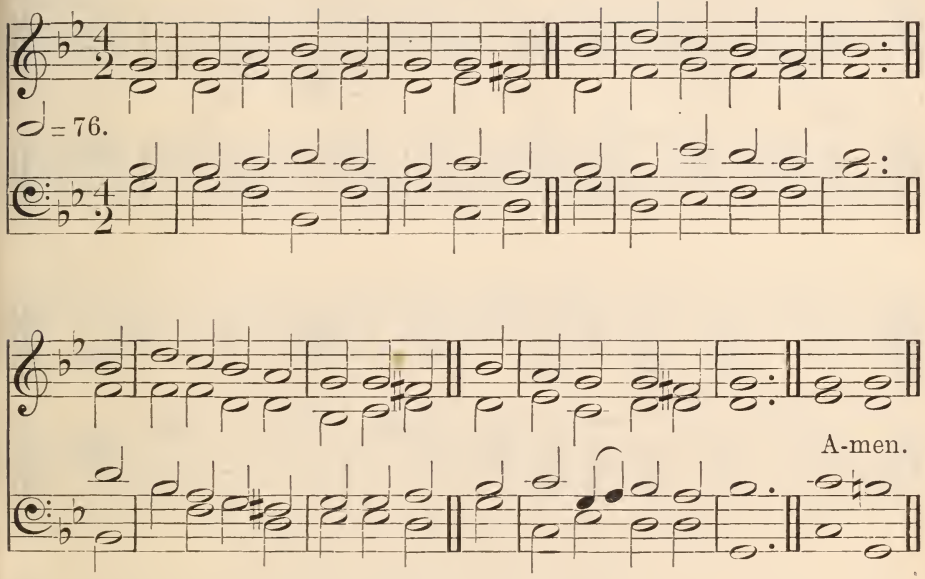
Dying, Lord, that we might live,
Willing now Thy grace to give,
Hear us, Jesu, and forgive.

Lord of glory, Jesu blest,
Hope of weary souls opprest,
dim Grant us Thine eternal rest.

Amen.

Good Friday.

WINDSOR. C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592.



mf O THOU, the Eternal Son of God,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
We worship Thee, Whose head is [bowed
In agony and pain.

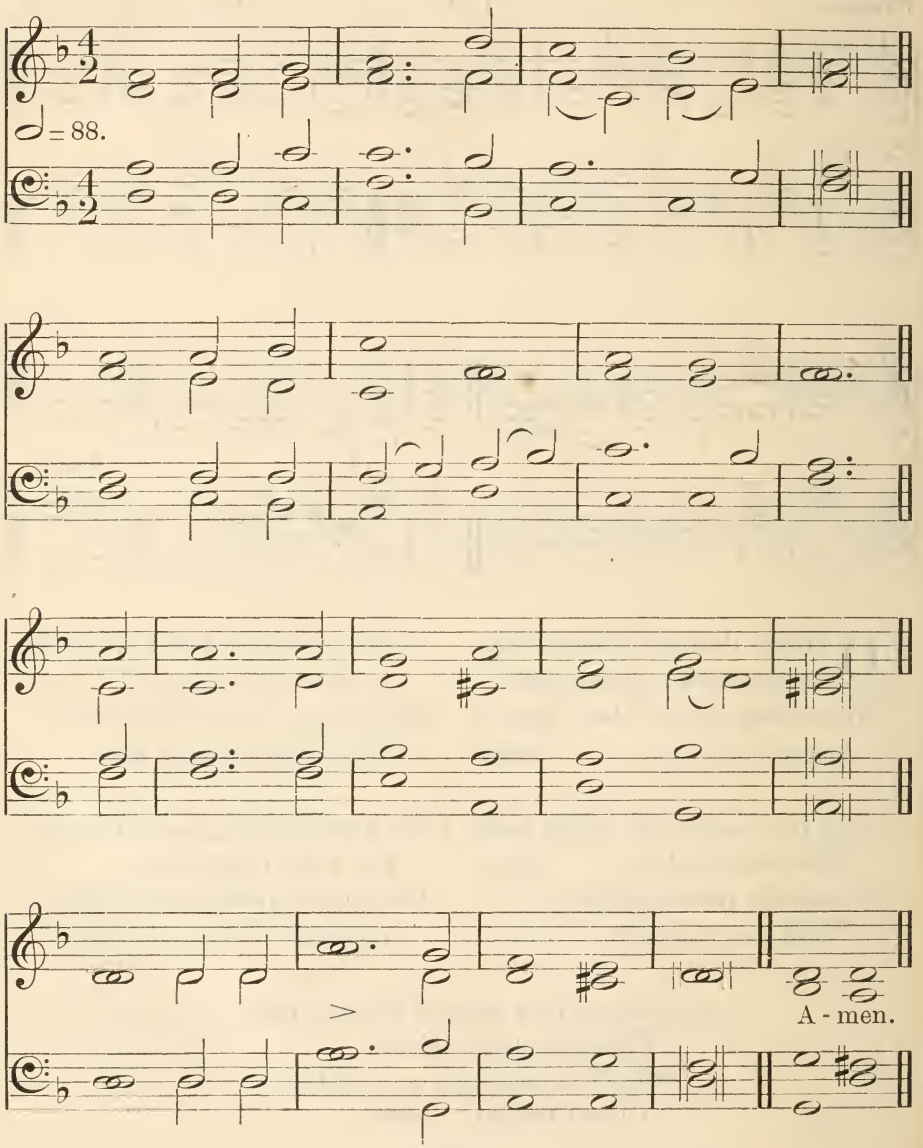
Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-robes
To-day are laid aside;
And human sorrows, Son of Man,
Thy Godhead seem to hide.

None tread with Thee Thine awful path;
Thou sufferest alone;
Thine is the perfect Sacrifice
Which only can atone.

p The Cross is sharp, but in Thy woe
This is the lightest part;
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
And breaks Thy sacred heart.

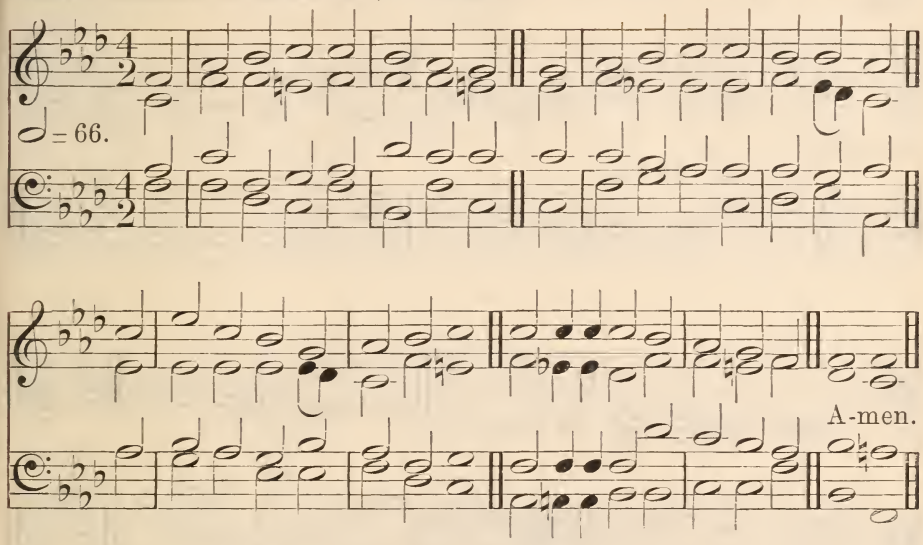
mf Who love Thee most, at Thy dear Cross
Will truest, Lord, abide;
Make Thou that Cross our only hope,
O Jesu Crucified! Amen.

St. Cross (*First Tune*). L.M. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



Good Friday.

BABYLON'S STREAMS (*Second Tune*). L.M. T. CAMPION, *d.* 1619.



mf OH, come and mourn with me awhile;
Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn:—
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

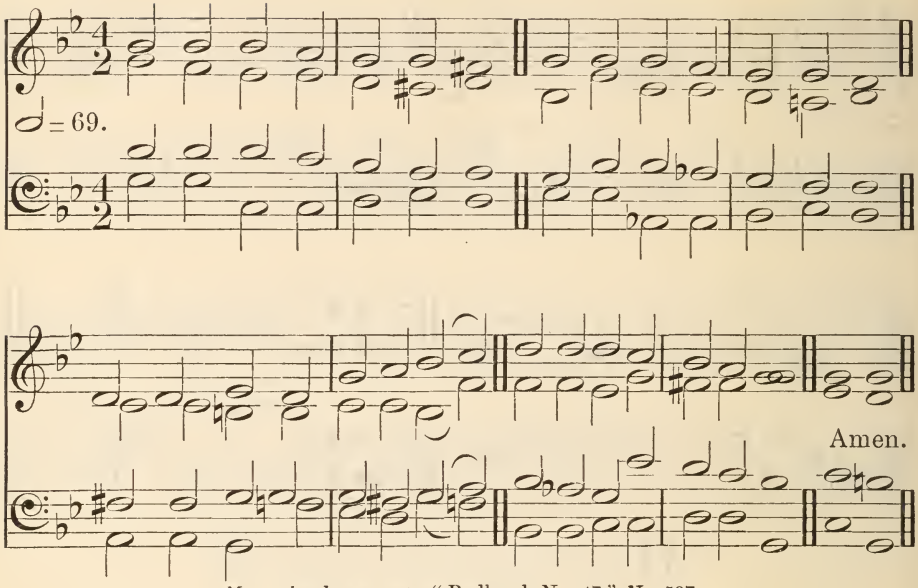
mf Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs!
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

p Seven times He spake—seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:—
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mf A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mf Oh, Love of God! Oh, sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
f And victory remains with love,
pp For He, our Love, is crucified! Amen.

DULCOT. 7.7.7.7. BASIL JOHNSON, *b.* 1861.



May also be sung to "Redhead, No. 47," *No.* 597.

mf SEE the destined day arise!
See, a willing Sacrifice,
To redeem our fatal loss,
Jesus hangs upon the Cross!

Jesu, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that Tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

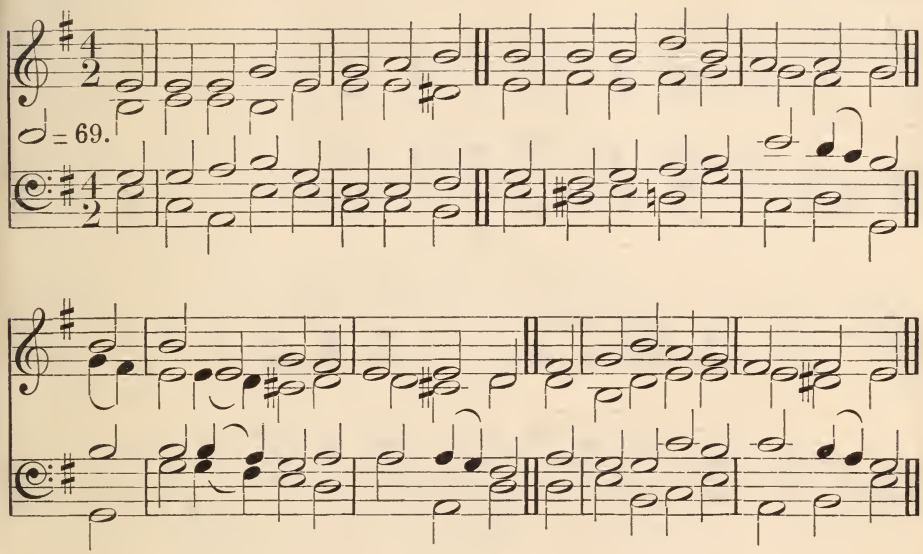
Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain,
And with tender Body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

Thence poured forth the Water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with Blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished Sacrifice.

p Holy Jesu, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
cr All our trust for life renewed,
f Pardoned sin and promised good. Amen.

149 Hymns on the Seven Words.

Saxony. L.M. Old German Chorale.



" Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

mf TO whom but Thee, O God of grace,
Shall laden souls for mercy seek?
Oh turn not Thou away Thy face,
But pardon to the contrite speak.

p Our countless faults before Thee lie,
Our secret sins beneath Thy glance;
And all must bear that scrutiny,
The light of Thy dread countenance.

We have no worthiness to bring,
No plea but this—that Christ has died,
And to His Cross alone we cling,
Sheltered by Jesus crucified.

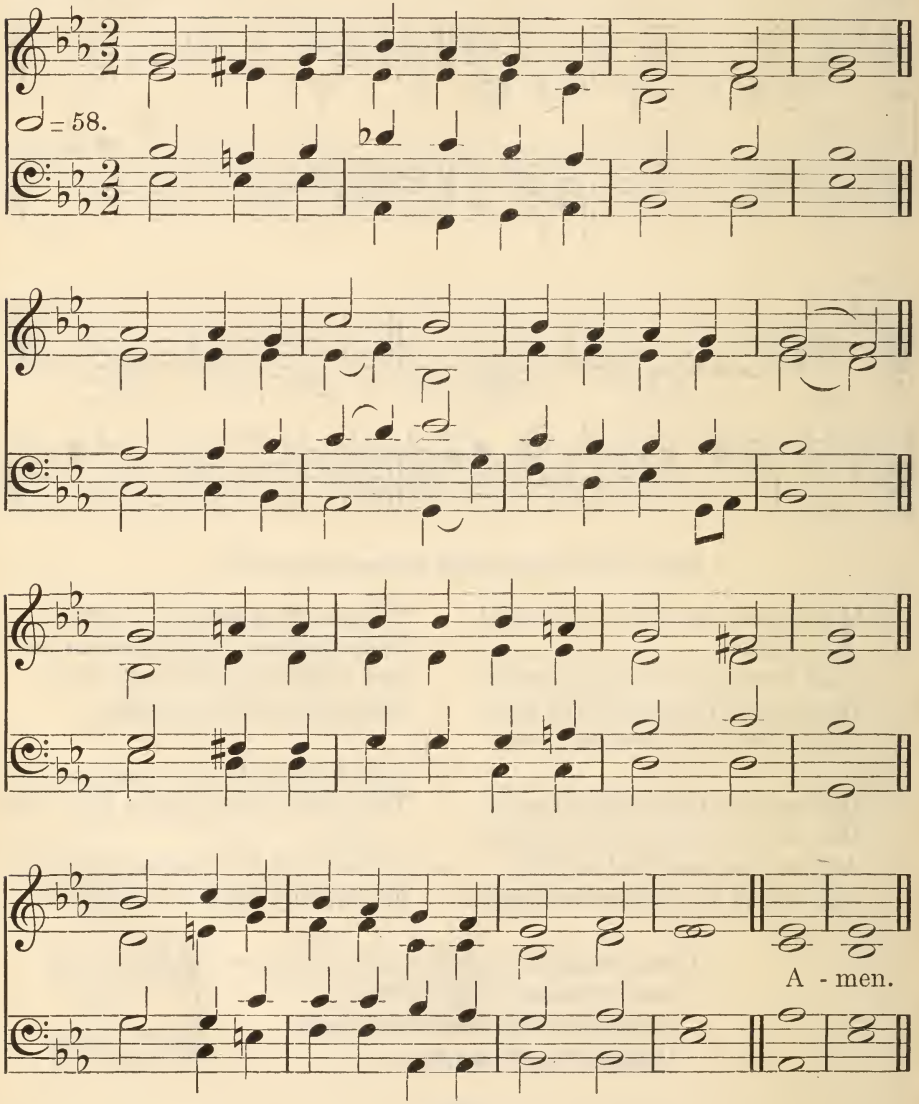
cr Send from the Cross our pardon true,
That voice which bids us hope and live—

p "Father, they know not what they do,
Father, Thy sinful sons forgive."

f So, cleansed and pardoned, we will raise
Our everlasting songs to Thee;
And Father, Son, and Spirit praise,
One God to all eternity.

150 Hymns on the Seven Words.

KENSINGTON. 10.10.10.10. Archbishop MACLAGAN, *b.* 1826.



Good Friday.

Hymns on the Seven Words.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

mf "LORD, when Thy Kingdom comes, remember me;"
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears;
O faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

Hark! through the gloom the dying Saviour saith,
"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
cr O words of love to answer words of faith!
O words of hope for those who live to pray!

p Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy Kingdom I may see;
And, thinking on Thy Cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

Remember me, but not my shame or sin:
cr Thy cleansing Blood hath washed them all away;
mf Thy precious Death for me did pardon win;
Thy Blood redeemed me in that awful day.

p Remember me; and, ere I pass away,
cr Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,
mf And make Thy promise to my heart, "To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me." Amen.

151 Hymns on the Seven Words.

STABAT MATER (*First Tune*). MODE IV. Mechlin.

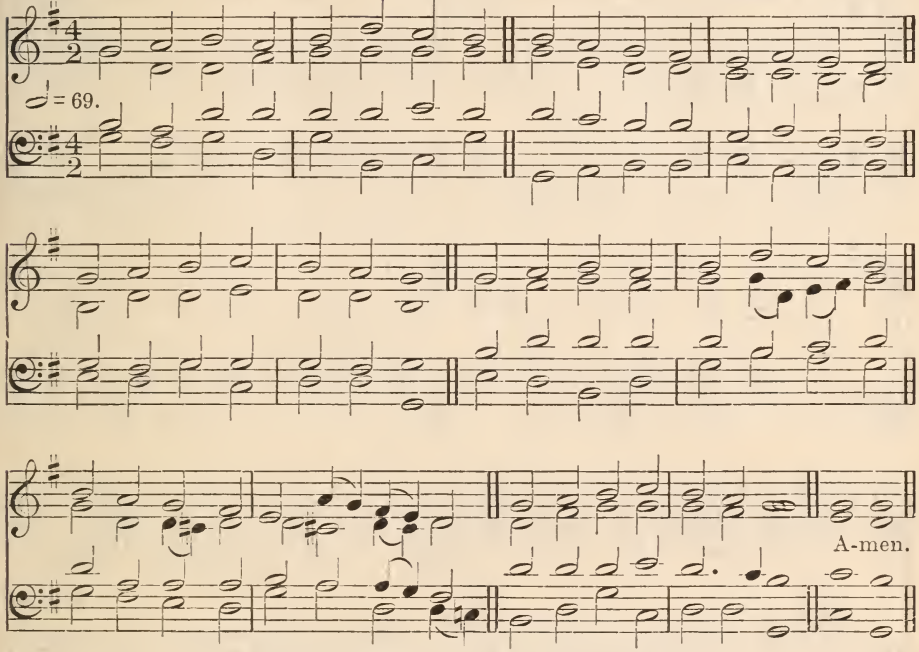
To be sung in Unison.

Good Friday.

Hymns on the Seven Words.

8.8.7. D. Traditional.

STABAT MATER (*Second Tune*). Harmonies partly after S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.



"Woman, behold thy son. . . . Behold thy mother."

mf BY the Cross, sad vigil keeping,
Stood the Mother, doleful, weeping,
Where her Son extended hung;
For her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Smit with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Lo! the piercing sword had wrung.

p Oh how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that Mother blessèd
Of the Sole-Begotten One!
Woe-begone, with heart's prostration,
Mother meek, the bitter passion
Saw she of her glorious Son.

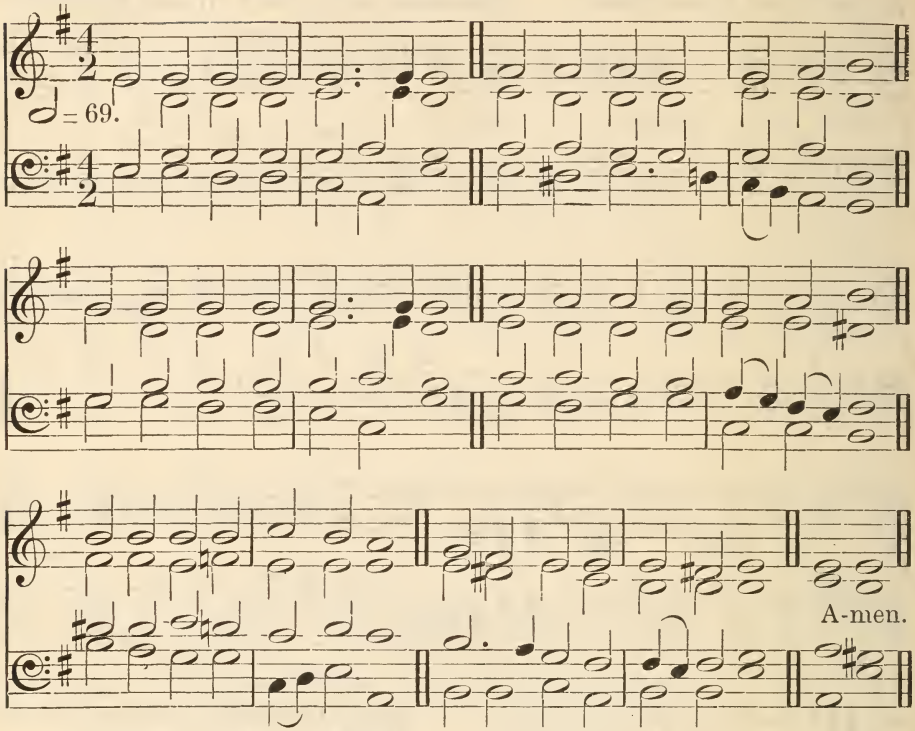
mf Who on Christ's fond Mother looking,
Such extreme affliction brooking,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who on Christ's fond Mother thinking,
With her Son in sorrow sinking,
Would not share her sorrow deep?

p For His people's sins rejected,
She beheld Him, unprotected,
Torn with thorns, with scourges rent:
Saw her Son from judgment taken,
Her beloved in death forsaken,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

mf With Thy Mother's deep devotion,
Make me feel her strong emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind!
cr That my heart fresh ardour proving,
Thee, my God and Saviour, loving,
May with Thee acceptance find.
Amen.

152 Hymns on the Seven Words.

GETHSEMANE. Six 7's. F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825–1889.



"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

mf THRONED upon the awful Tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
p Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
pp Hold Thee silent and alone.

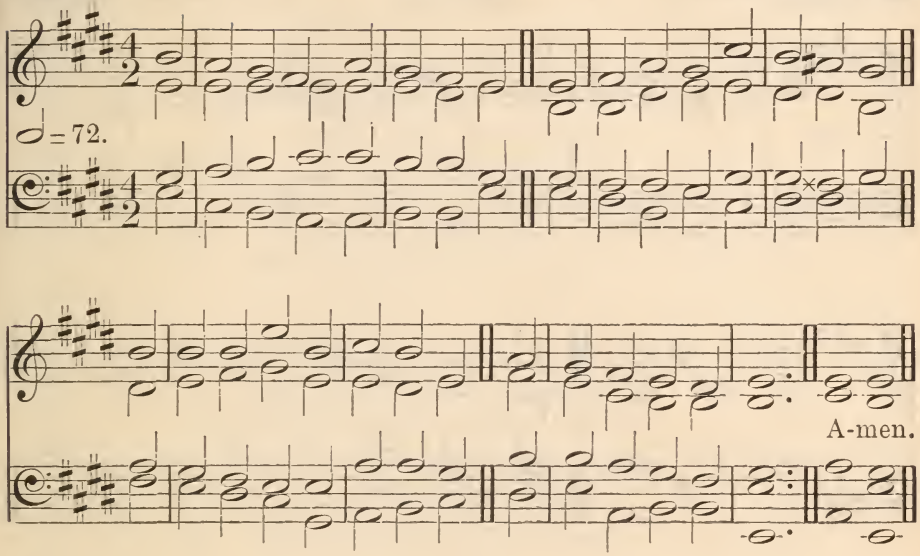
p Silent through those three dread hours,
cr Wrestling with the evil powers,
dim Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
pp Till the Lamb of God may die.

mf Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
cr Thou, the Father's Only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—(*p*)can it be?—
f "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

p Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, Who once wast thus bereft
cr That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
mf In the gloom to know Thee nigh.
Amen.

153 Hymns on the Seven Words.

ERSKINE. 8.8.8.6. W. H. GLADSTONE, 1840–1889.



"*I thirst.*"

mf HIS are the thousand sparkling rills,
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills:
p And yet He saith, "I thirst."

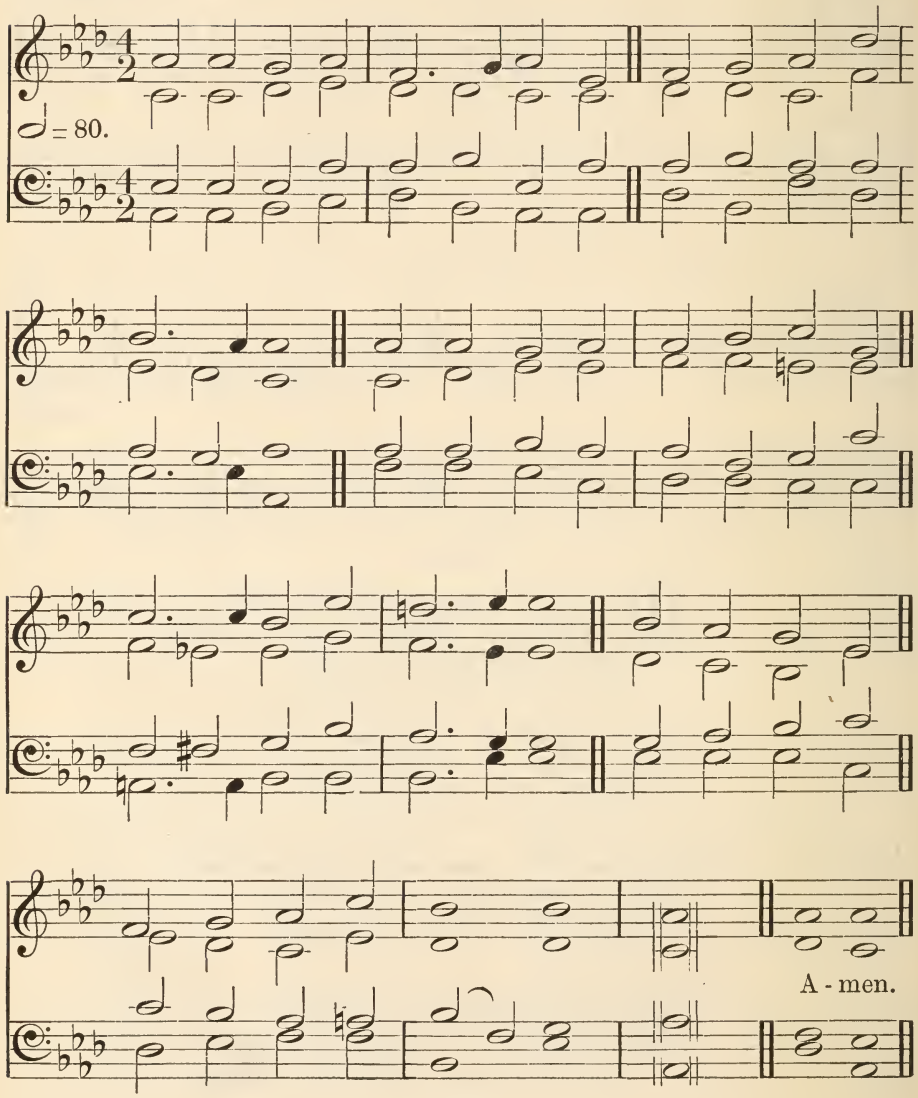
mf All fiery pangs on battlefields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
p Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the Cross.

mf But more than pains that racked Him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine,
That thirsted for the souls of men:
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

p O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
cr That thirst, were all for me. Amen.

154 Hymns on the Seven Words.

St. Raphael. 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. Hopkins, 1818–1901.



Good Friday.

Hymns on the Seven Words.

"*It is finished.*"

f HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
p "It is finished,"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

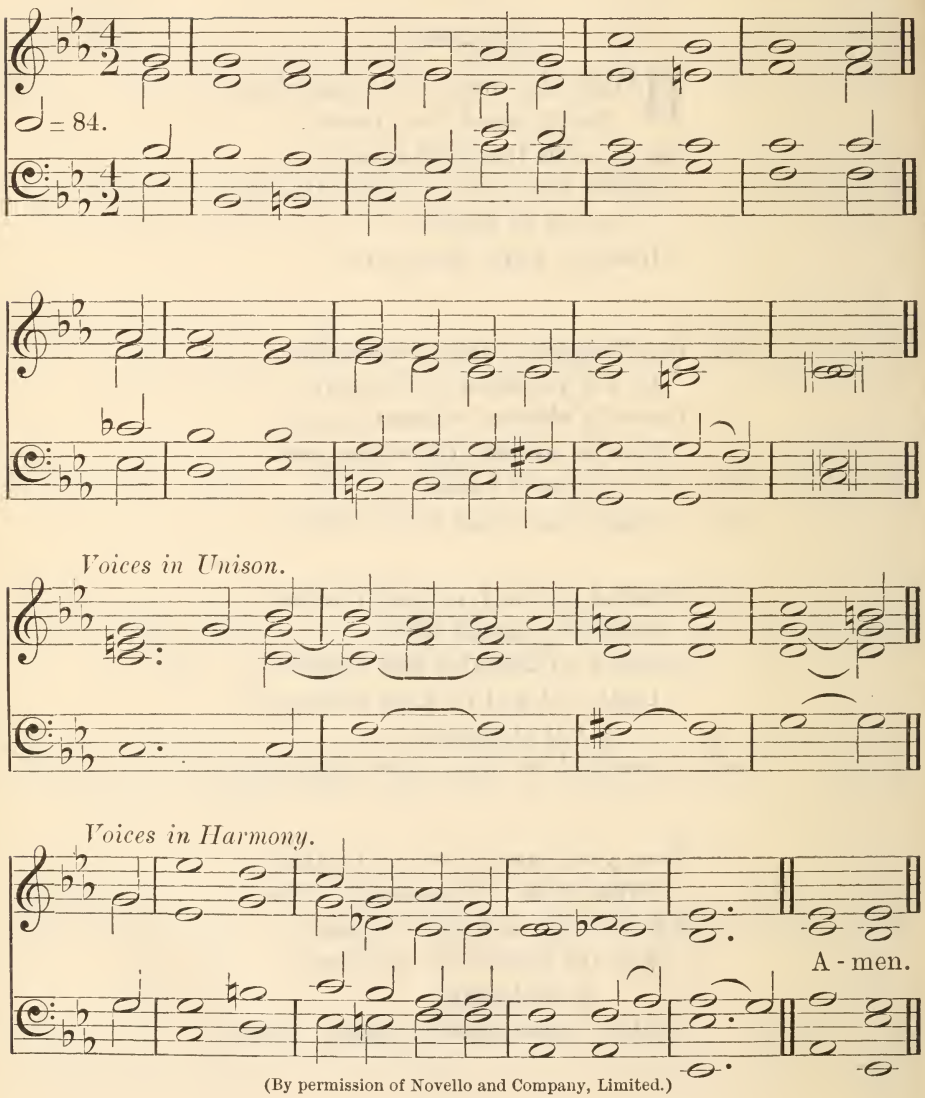
mf "It is finished." Oh what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
cr Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
p "It is finished,"
mf Saints, the dying words record.

f Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,
Finished all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
p "It is finished,"
mf Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

f Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel's Name.
cr All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
ff Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Amen.

155 Hymns on the Seven Words.

WOODLYNN. 11.10.11.10. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.



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Good Friday.

Hymns on the Seven Words.

"*Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.*

p AND now, belovèd Lord, Thy soul resigning
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,
The throbbing brow and labouring breast grow still.

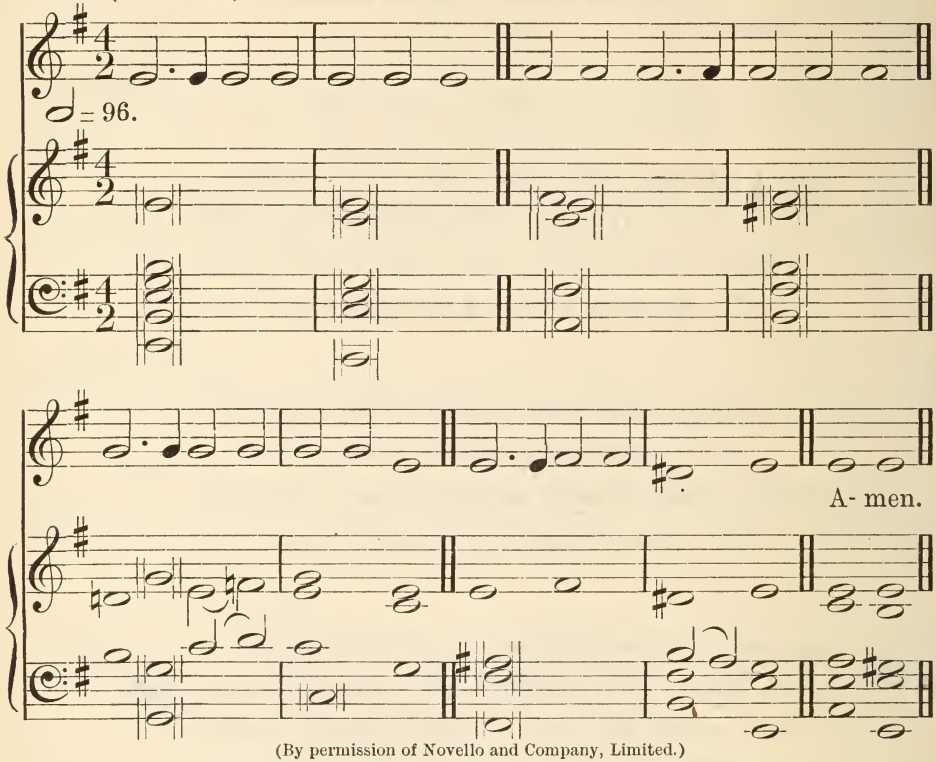
Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
mf Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending
Thy spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.

pp Sweet Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night
Oh breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish
cr At that dread eventide let there be ligh

p To Thy dear Cross turn Thou my eyes in dying;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy breast;
Those outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;
cr And then, Oh! then, (*p*) Thine everlasting rest. Amen.

156 Litany of the Seven Words.

LITANY (*First Tune*). 7.7.7.6. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



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PART I.

p JESU, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh! may we who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

p JESU, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh! remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Good Friday.

Litany of the Seven Words.

PART III.

p JESU, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART IV.

p JESU, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART V.

p JESU, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil—
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VI.

p JESU—all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed—
By Thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VII.

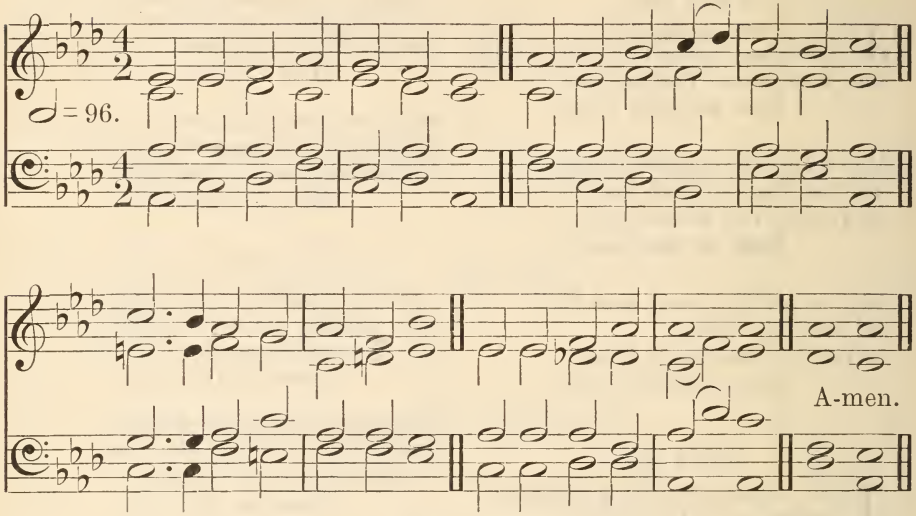
p JESU—all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past—
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When the death-shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

156 Litany of the Seven Words.

LITANY (*Second Tune*). 7.7.7.6. E. H. TURPIN, *b.* 1835.



PART I.

p JESU, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh! may we who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

p JESU, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh! remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

p JESU, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Good Friday.

Litany of the Seven Words.

May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART IV.

p JESU, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART V.

p JESU, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil—
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VI.

p JESU—all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed—
By Thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VII.

p JESU—all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past—
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesu,

When the death-shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

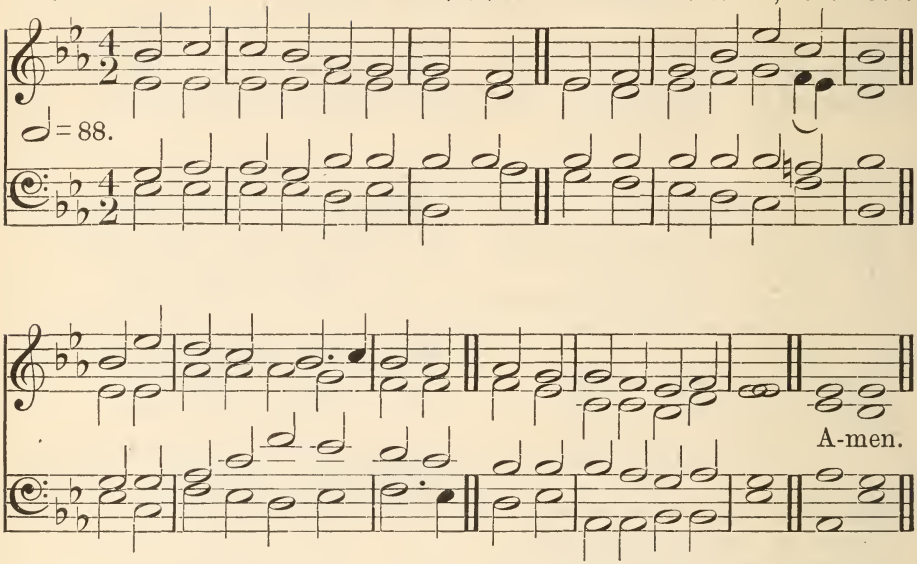
May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

The following are also suitable for Passion-tide:

Behold the Lamb of God!—370
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus—423
Lord Jesu, when we stand afar—140
O sacred head! sore wounded—141
O Thou, before the world began—259
O Thou, the Eternal Son of God—146
Rock of ages, cleft for me—539
Saviour, Who exalted high—542
We sing the praise of Him Who died—588
When wounded sore the stricken soul—600

157 Easter Eve.

LANGDALE. 8.7.8.7. R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



p IT is finished! Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us the sons of Adam
How the Son of God can die.

Lifeless lies the piercèd Body,
Resting in its rocky bed,
Thou hast left the Cross of anguish
For the mansions of the dead.

mf In the hidden realm of darkness
Shines a light unseen before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the lowly door.

Lo! in spirit, rich in mercy
Comes He from the world above,
Preaching to the souls in prison
Tidings of His dying love.

f Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near;
All amazed they come rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.

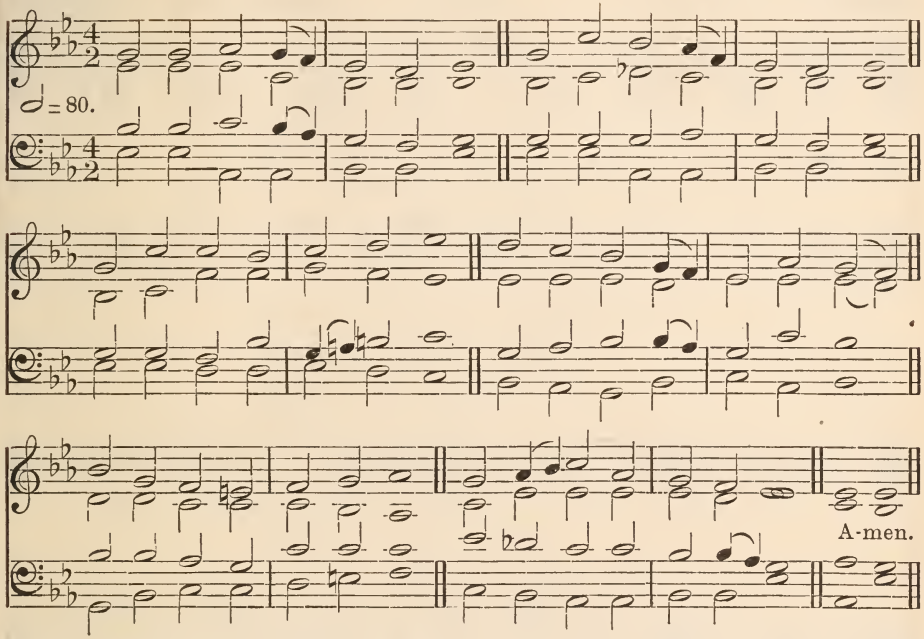
Patriarch and Priest and Prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness,
Hearing of the piercèd hands.

mf There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber by His side,
Reaping now the blessèd promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

p Jesus, Lord of our salvation,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

158 Easter Eve.

HOUGHTON. Six 7's. S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



mf SABBATH of the Saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest!
Resting from His work the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word.

Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

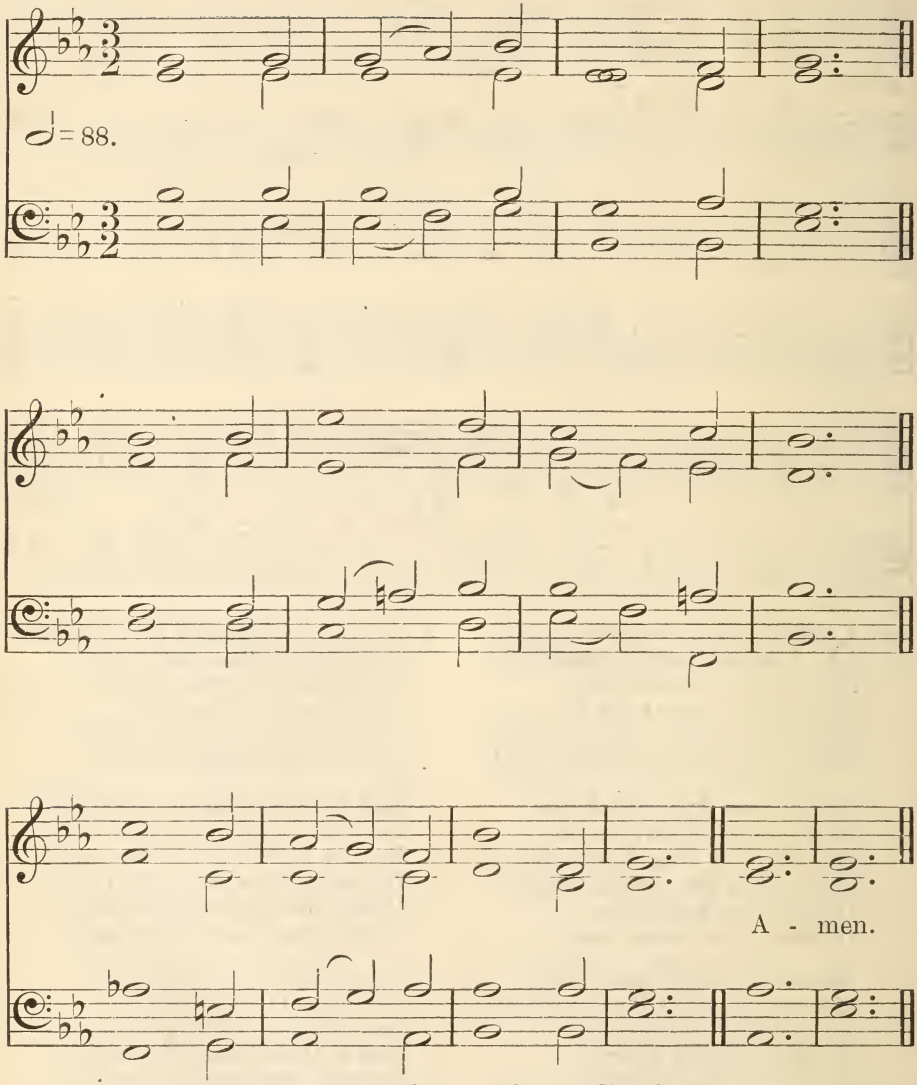
All that Sabbath long, I ween,
Mournful watched the Magdalene;
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

p Lord, with Thee, till life shall end,
We would solemn vigil spend;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till our Lord appear again.

Still with Thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the Altar sleep;
Resting from their labours past,
cr Waiting for the trumpet's blast;
f When, the new creation done,
Endless joys shall be begun.

p Jesu, keep us safe from sin;
With them let us enter in,
cr Dangers past and toil at end,
And to those blest joys ascend;
There in flesh our God to see,
p And adore eternally. Amen.

LACRYMÆ. 7.7.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



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Easter.

p WEEPING as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even—who are they?

These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursèd Tree.

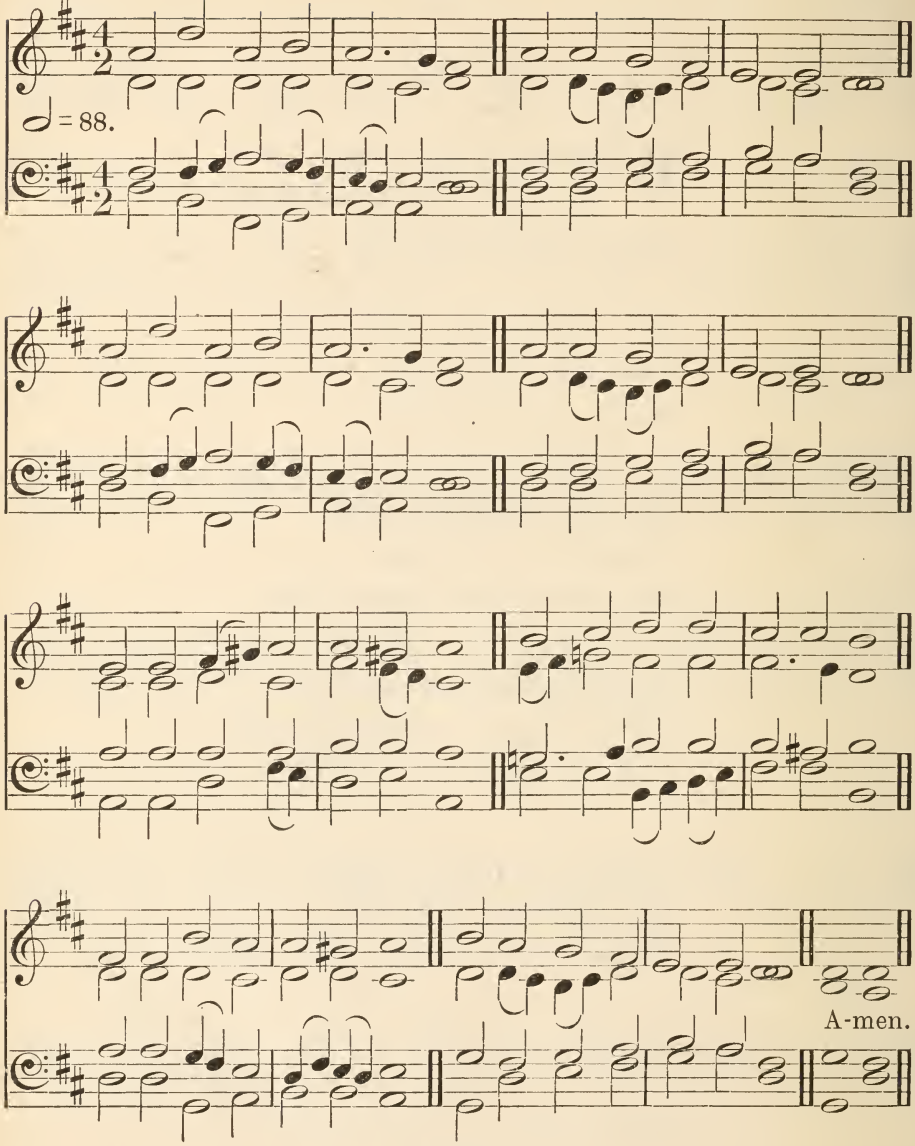
All is over—fought the fight;
Heaviness is for the night,
cr Joy comes with the morning light.

Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

f Glory to the Lord, Who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save. Amen.

160 Easter.

SALZBURG. Eight 7's. J. HINTZE, 1622–1702.



Easter.

f AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd side.
Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gives His guests His Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast;
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest!

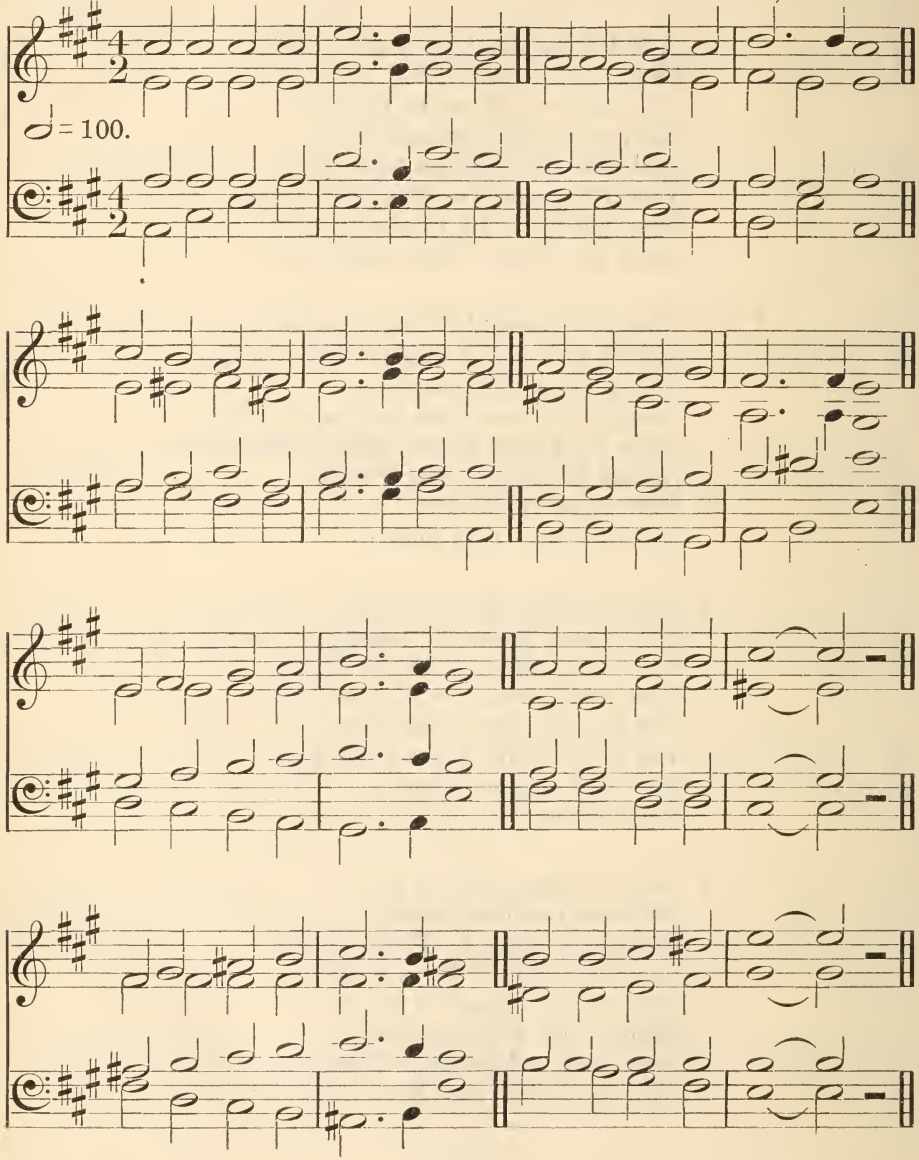
mf Where the Paschal Blood is poured,
Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword;
f Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
mf With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.

f Mighty Victim from the sky
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie,
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.

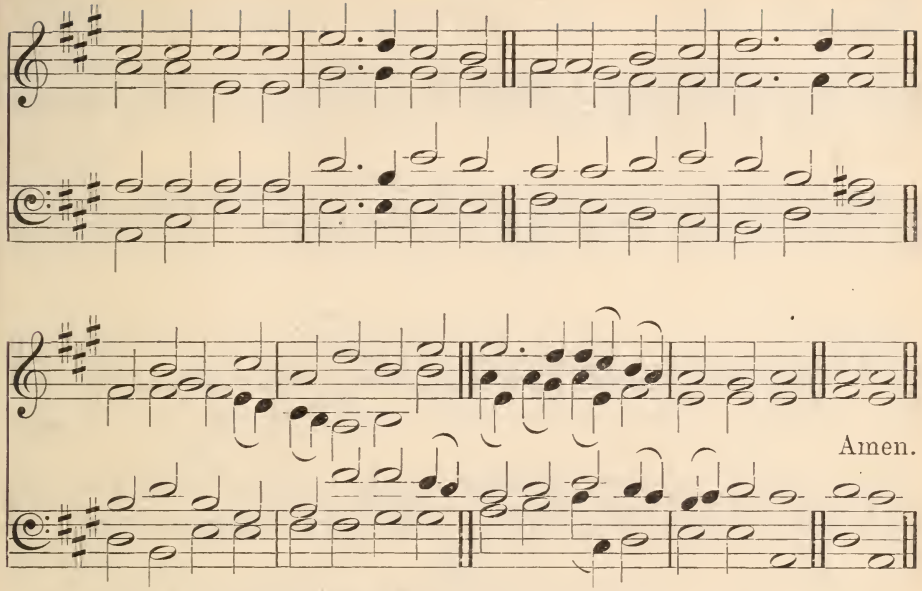
p Easter triumph, Easter joy—
Sin alone can this destroy;
cr From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
f Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be! Amen.

Easter.

RESURREXIT. 8.7.8.7. 7.5.7.5. 8.7.8.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



Easter.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

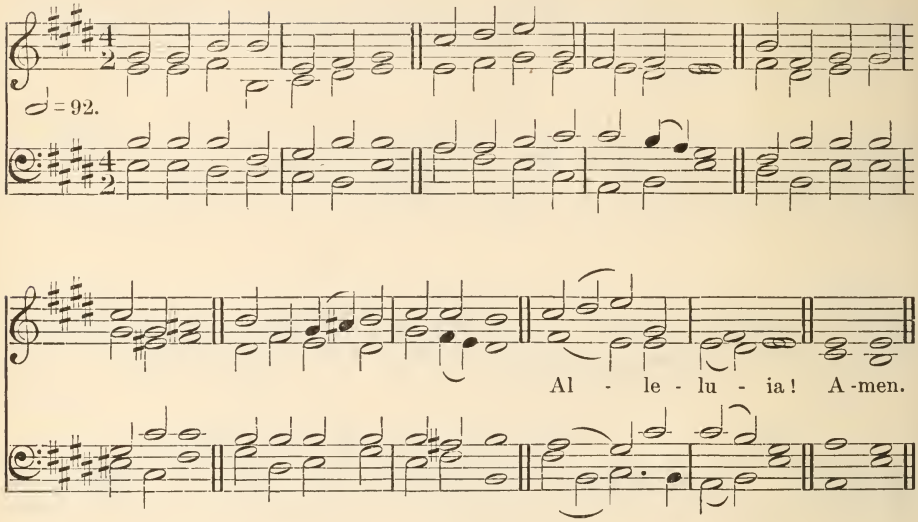
f CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain:
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Cry of gladness, soar again!
p For our gain He suffered loss,
By divine decree
He hath died upon the Cross,
f But our God is He.
ff Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain:
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and heaven prolong the strain!

mf Lo! the chains of death are broken!
Earth below, and heaven above,
Joy anew in every token
Of Thy triumph, Lord of love!
f He o'er earth and heaven shall reign
At His Father's side,
cr Till He cometh once again,
Bridegroom to His Bride.
ff Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain:
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and heaven prolong the strain!

mf Glorious Angels, downward thronging,
Hail the Lord of all the skies!
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Father's Image, cries—
f Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Sing, ye starry train!
Let Creation find a voice!
He o'er all shall reign!
ff Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain:
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign! Amen.

Easter.

WÜRTEMBERG. 7.7.7.7., with Alleluia. J. ROSENMÜLLER, 1610–1686.



f CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, Angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

mf He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
f Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

mf He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
f Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

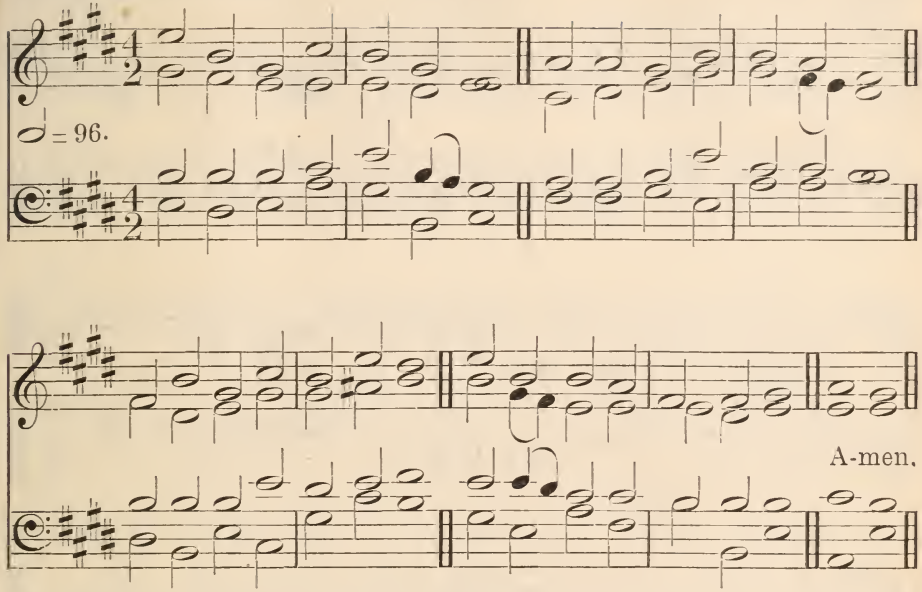
mf He Who slumbered in the grave,
f Is exalted now to save;
ff Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

mf Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
f Alleluia!

p Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;
cr Take our sins and guilt away,
f That we all may sing for aye,
ff Alleluia!
Amen.

Easter.

QUI DEDIT NOBIS VICTORIAM. 7.7.7.7. H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.



f "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men, and Angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply!

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

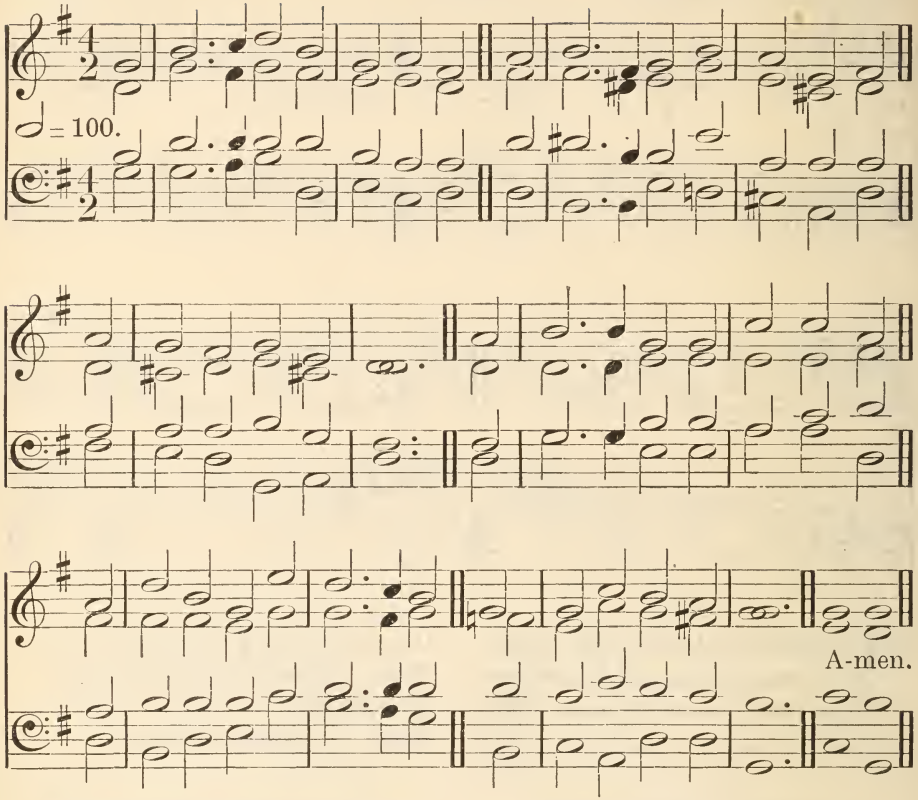
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise!

Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head!
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

King of Glory, soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love. Amen.

EXETER. 8.8.6. 8.8.6. S. WESLEY, 1766–1837.



f COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear Angelic watchers say—
"He lives, Who once was slain:
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

f O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave:
cr Now let our songs His triumph tell,
ff Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

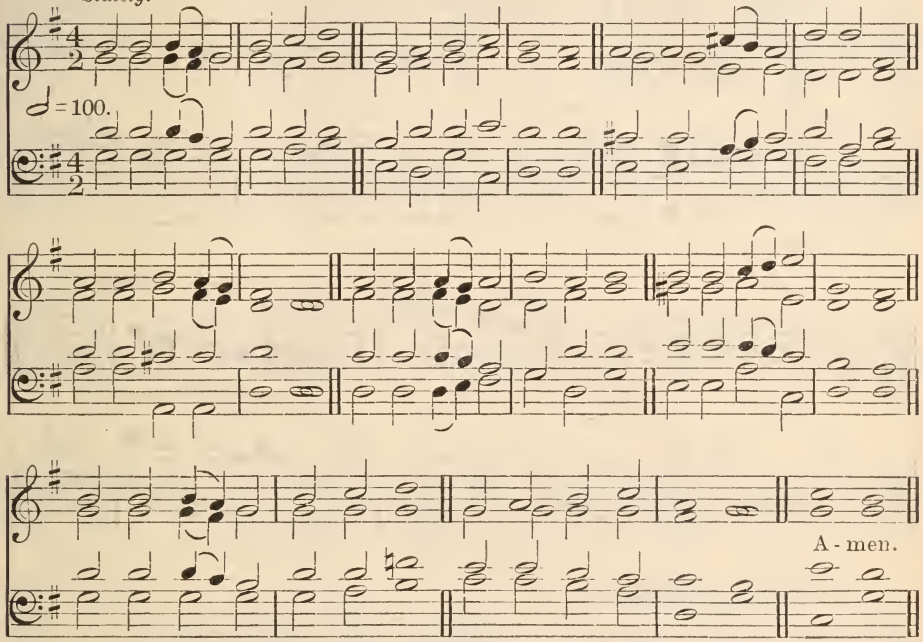
mf The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring:
p What though the Saints like Him shall die,
cr They share their Leader's victory,
f And triumph with their King.

mf No more they tremble at the grave,
cr For Jesus will their spirits save,
f And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.

165

St. Kevin. 7.6.7.6. D. Arthur Sullivan, 1842–1900.

Stately.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

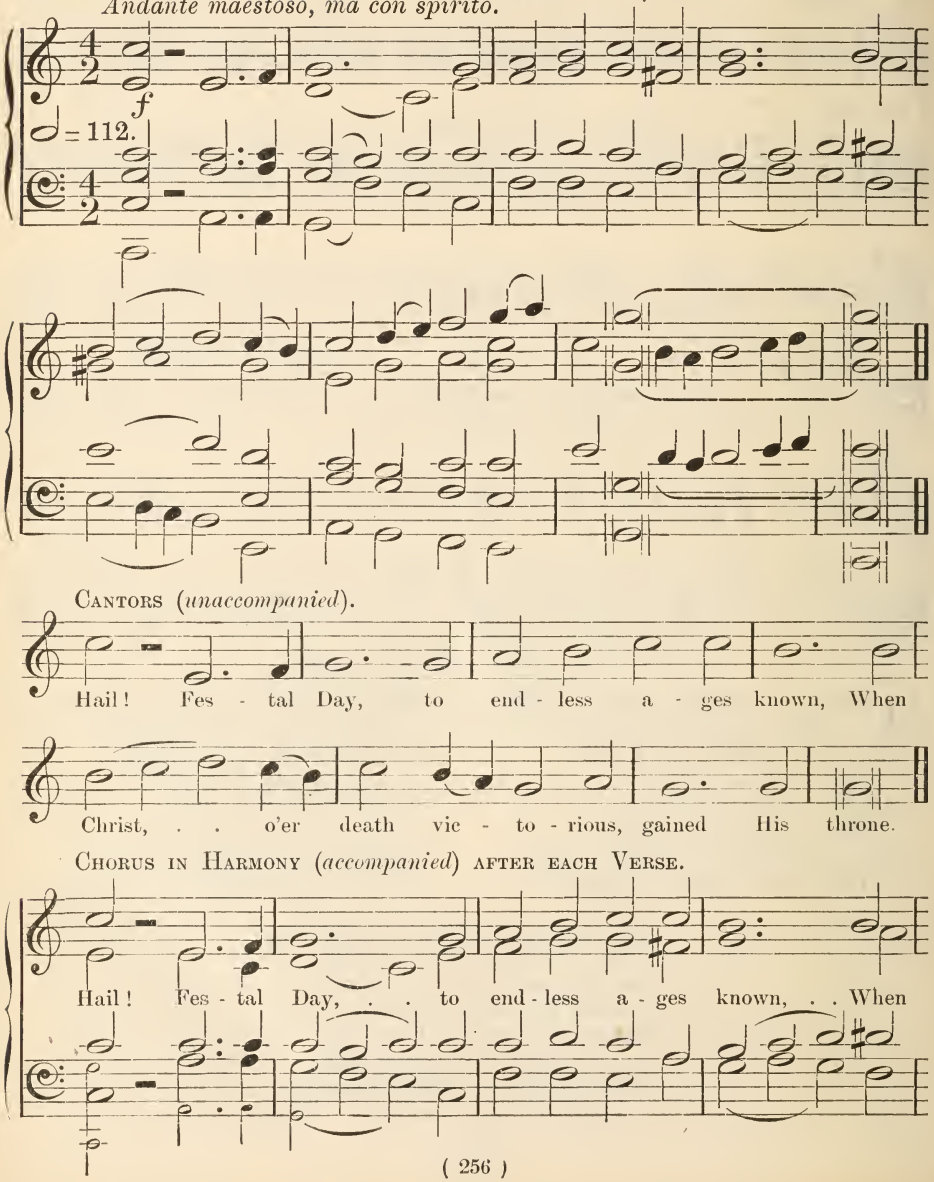
f COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness,—
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' Resurrection!

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing. Amen.

SALVE, FESTA DIES! 10.10., *with Refrain.* JAMES BADEN POWELL, *b.* 1842.

Andante maestoso, ma con spirito.

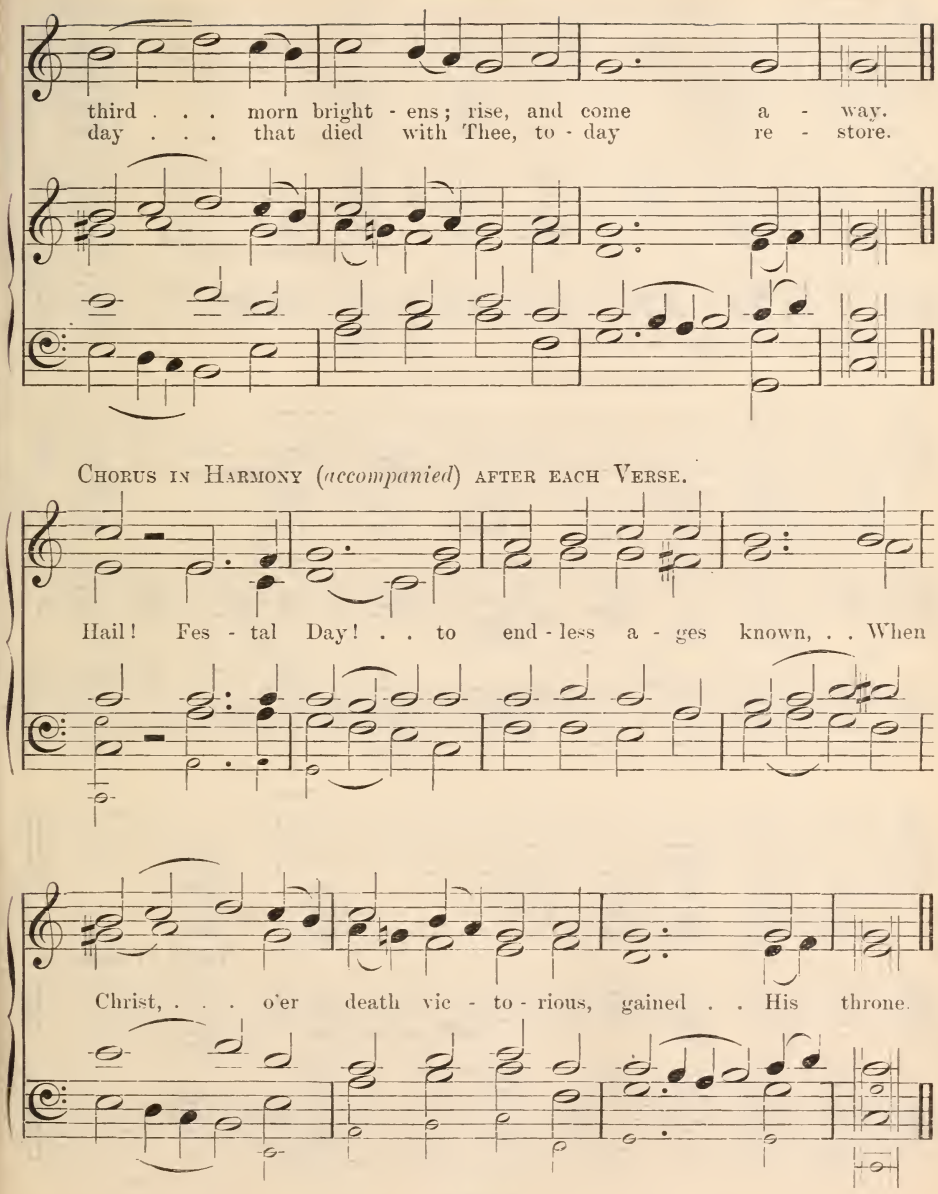

f
♩ = 112.
CANTORS (*unaccompanied*).
Hail! Fes - tal Day, to end - less a - ges known, When
Christ, . . o'er death vic - to - rious, gained His throne.
CHORUS IN HARMONY (*accompanied*) AFTER EACH VERSE.
Hail! Fes - tal Day, . . to end - less a - ges known, . . When

Easter.

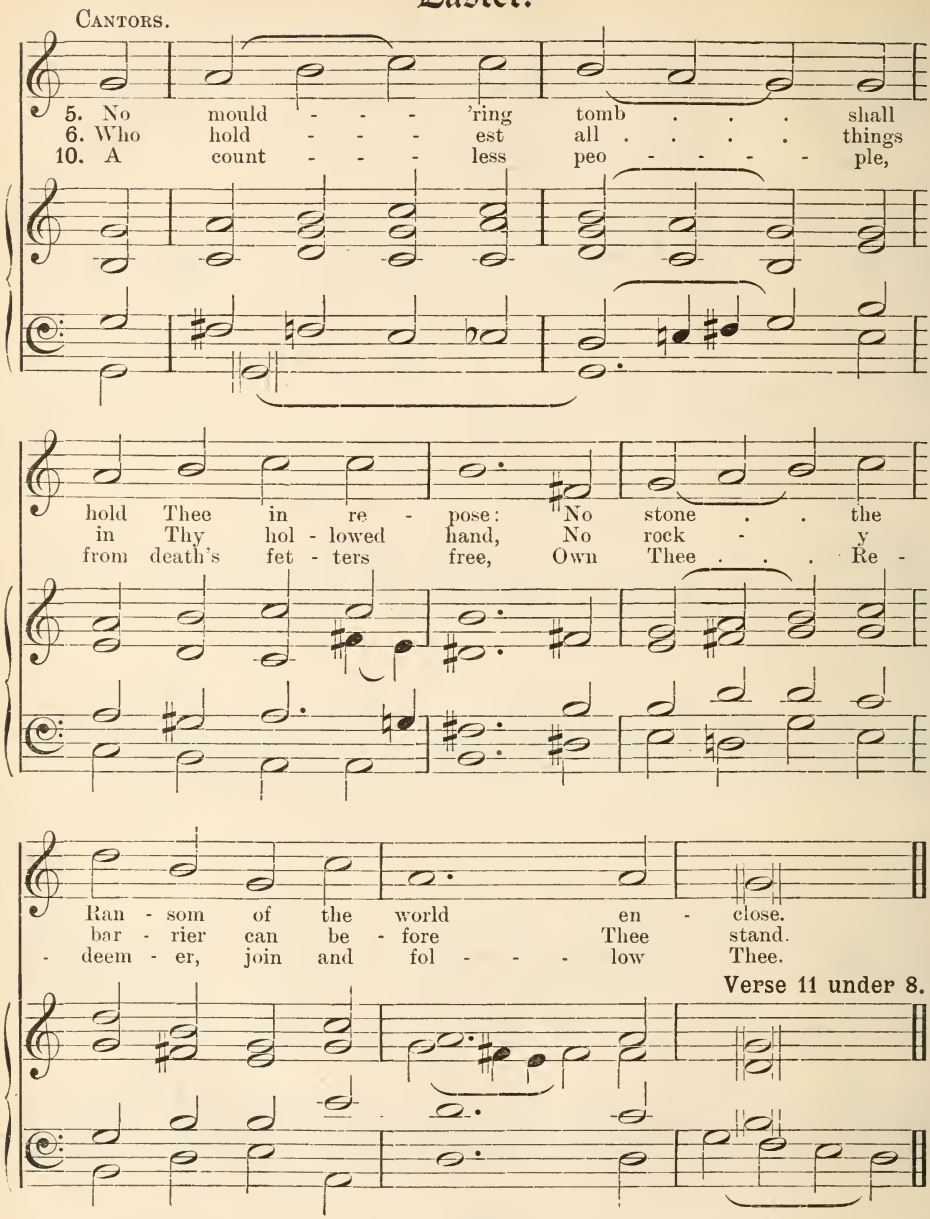
Christ, . . o'er death vic - to - rious, gained . . His throne.
Cantors.
2. Now, . . with the Lord . . of new and heaven-ly birth,
7. Cast . . off the grave - clothes; let them there re - main:
His gifts re - turn . . to grace the spring-ing earth.
Come forth to us, . . our All, our on - ly gain.
Repeat Chorus, "Hail, &c."

Cantors.
3. He reigns . . su - preme, . . Who died the death of shame; And
8. Cre - a - tor, Fount of Life, . . Thou know'st . . the grave: And
11. The shades of death are pierced, . . his laws . . un - done, And
all . . cre - a - - ted things a - dore His Name.
thence . . re - turn - ing Thou art strong to save.
trem - bling cha - os flees the ri - sing sun.
Last Chorus.
(page 261.)
Repeat Chorus,
" Hail! " &c.
Cantors.
4. Ful - fil Thy prom - ise, King of love, we pray! The
9. Light of the world, show us Thy face once more, The

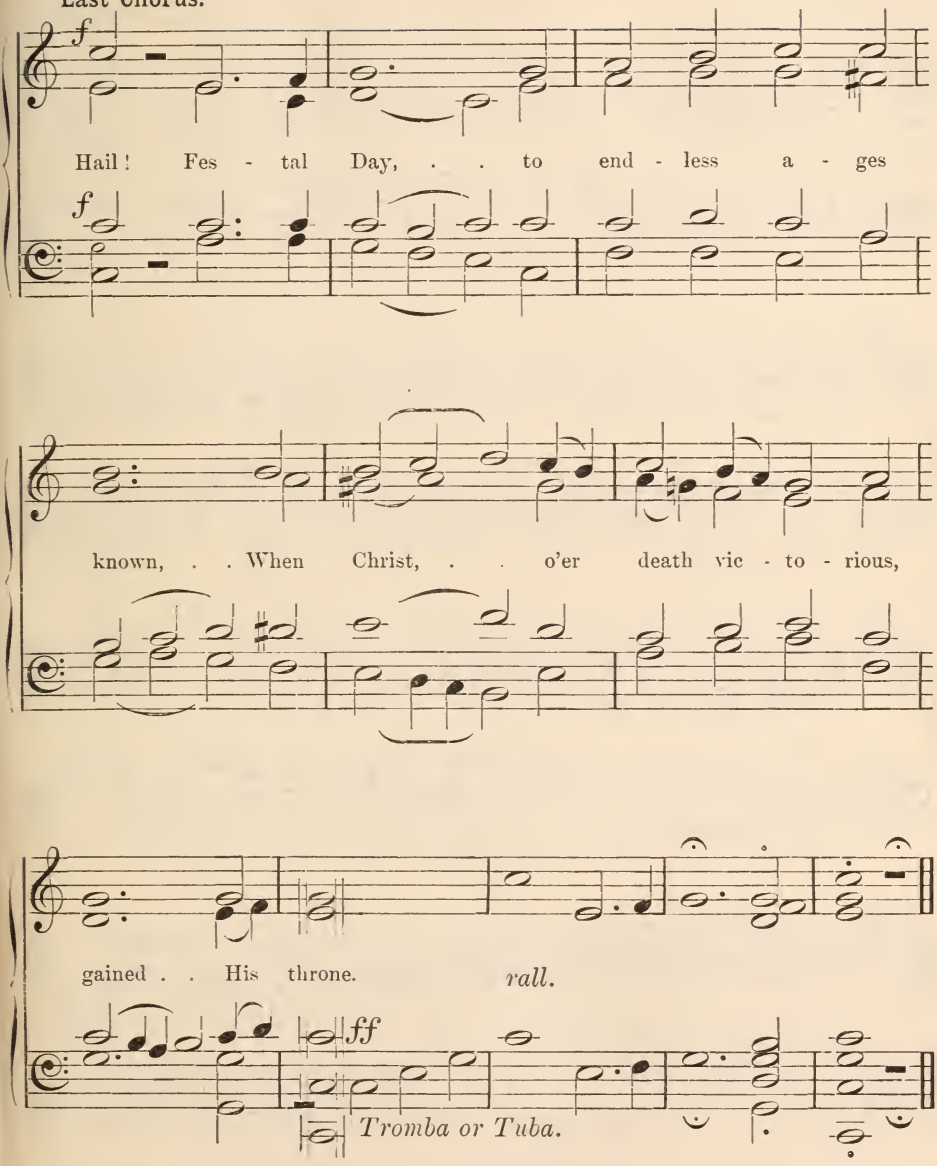
Easter.


third . . . morn bright - ens; rise, and come a - way.
day . . . that died with Thee, to - day re - store.
Chorus in Harmony (*accompanied*) after each Verse.
Hail! Fes - tal Day! . . to end - less a - ges known, . . When
Christ, . . . o'er death vic - to - rious, gained . . His throne.

Easter.

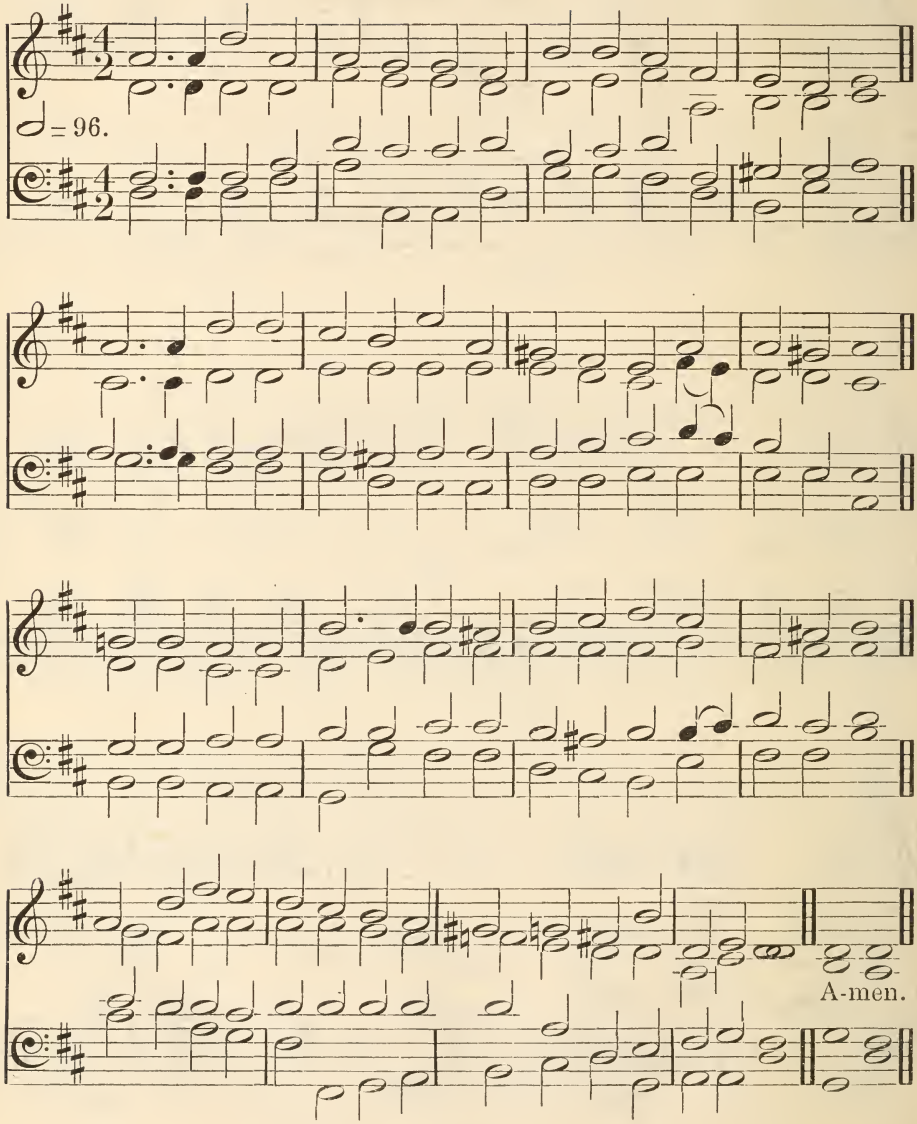

Cantors.
5. No mould - - - 'ring tomb . . . shall
6. Who hold - - - est all . . . . things
10. A count - - - less peo - - - - - ple,
hold Thee in re - pose: No stone . . the
in Thy hol - lowed hand, No rock - y
from death's fet - ters free, Own Thee . . . Re -
Ran - som of the world en - close.
bar - rier can be - fore Thee stand.
- deem - er, join and fol - - - low Thee.
Verse 11 under 8.

Last Chorus.


f
Hail! Fes - tal Day, . . to end - less a - ges
known, . . When Christ, . . o'er death vic - to - rious,
gained . . His throne.
rall.
ff
Tromba or Tuba.

Easter.

Lux Eoi. 8.7.8.7. D. Arthur Sullivan, 1842–1900.



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Easter.

f HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah! Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise!
mf He Who on the Cross a victim for the world's salvation bled,
f Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from the dead!

f Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal, on the holy Easter morn.
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His mighty enterprise,
We with Christ to life eternal by His Resurrection rise.

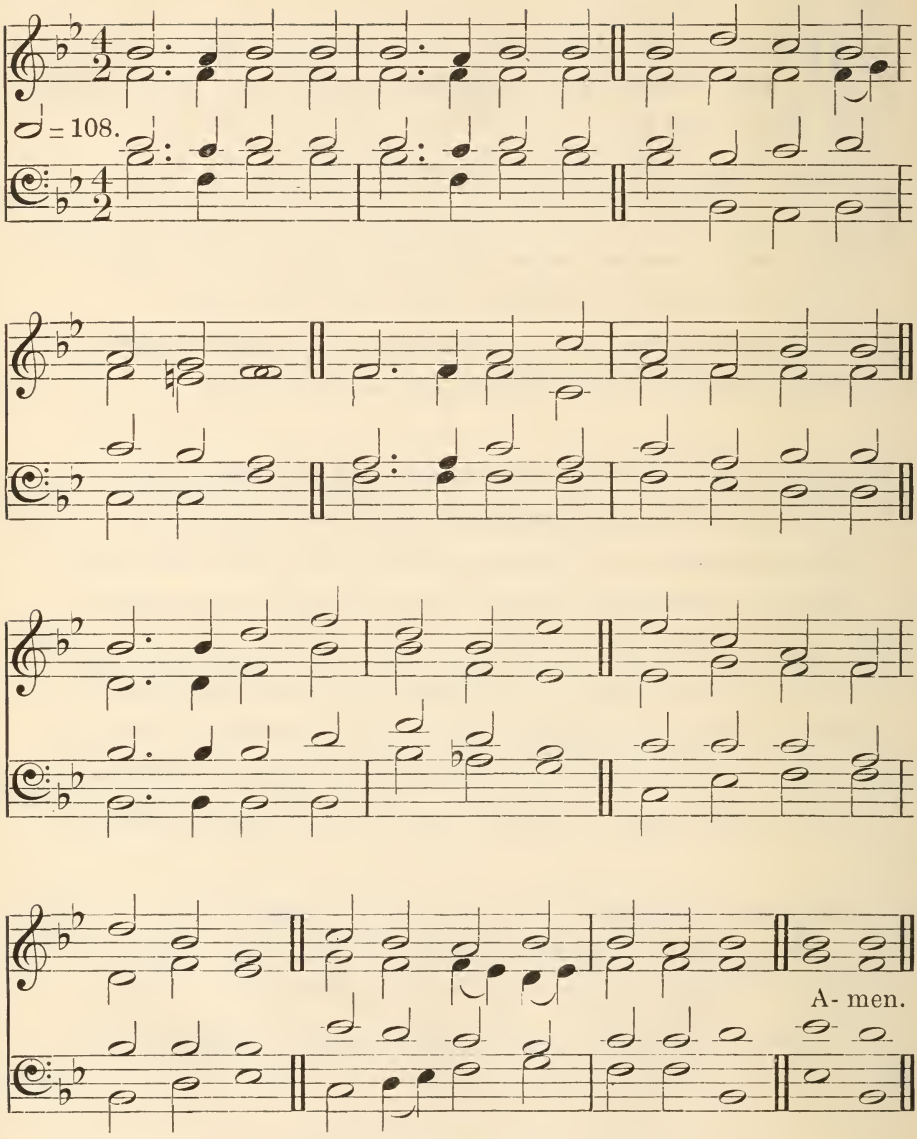
f Christ is risen, Christ the First-fruits of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance at His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine, from the furrows of the grave.

f Christ is risen, we are risen! (*p*) Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy face,
cr So that we, with hearts in heaven, here on earth may fruitful be,
f And by Angel-hands be gathered, and be ever, Lord, with Thee.

f Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory be to God on high!
To the Father, and the Saviour, Who has gained the victory!
Glory to the Holy Spirit, fount of Love and Sanctity!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Triune Majesty! Amen.

168 Easter.

EDOM. 8.7.8.7.7.7. A. L. PEACE, *b.* 1844.



Easter.

f HE is risen, He is risen,
Tell it with a joyful voice,
He has burst His three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

mf Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping,
cr Brightly breaks their Easter sun;
f Blood can wash all sins away,
Christ has conquered hell to-day.

mf Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now,
And the Passion that He bore;
f Sin and pain can vex no more.

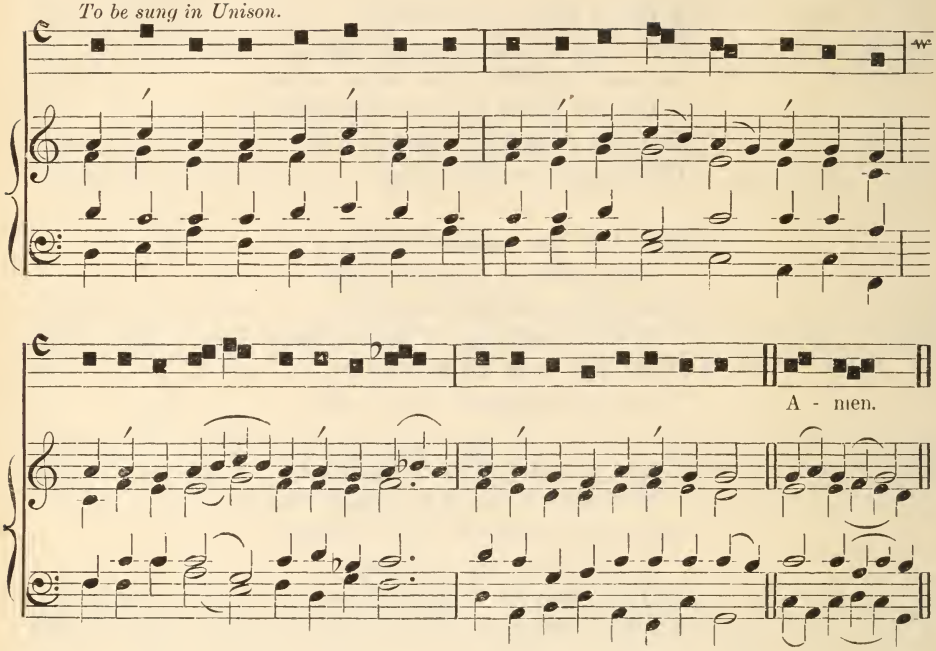
mf Come, with high and holy hymning
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray
Breaking o'er the purple east;
f Brighter far our Easter feast.

ff He is risen, He is risen;
He hath ope'd the eternal gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state.
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream. Amen.

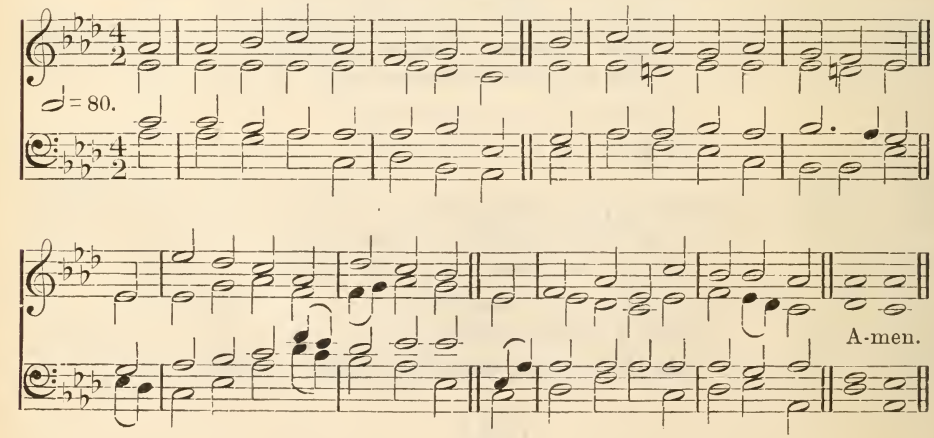
169

Jesu, Redemptor sæculi (*First Tune*). Mode VIII. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



Ely (*Second Tune*). L.M. Bishop Turton, 1780–1864.



FOR THE EVENING.

mf JESU, the world's redeeming Lord,
The Father's Co-eternal Word,
Of Light invisible true Light,
Thine Israel's Keeper day and night;

Our great Creator and our Guide,
Who times and seasons dost divide,
Refresh at night with quiet rest
Our limbs by daily toil oppressed:

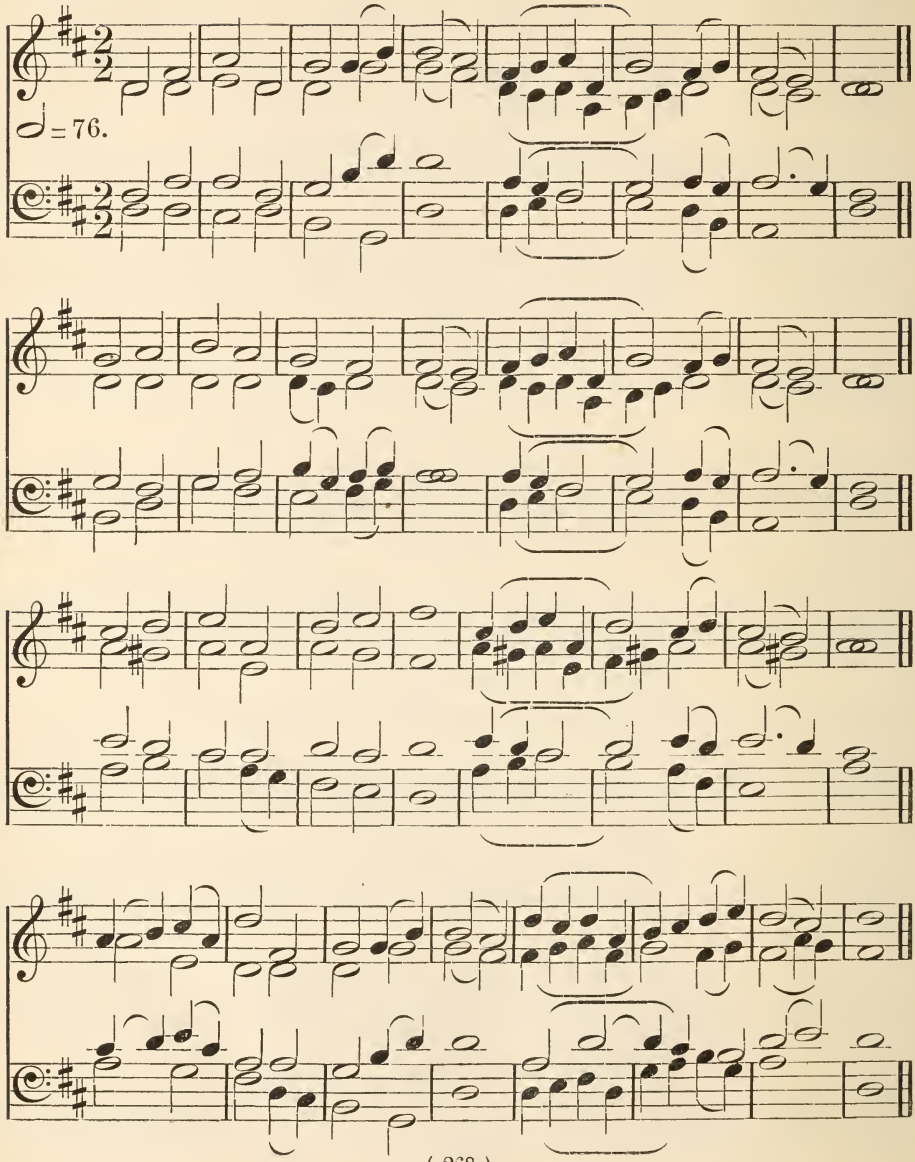
That while in this frail house of clay
A little longer here we stay,
Our flesh in Thee may sweetly sleep,
Our souls with Thee their vigils keep.

We pray Thee, while we dwell below,
Preserve us from our ghostly foe;
Nor let his wiles victorious be
O'er them that are redeemed by Thee.

O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

f All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

Easter Hymn. 7.7.7.7., with Alleluias. *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

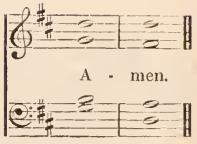


Easter.

f JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto Christ our heavenly King;
Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

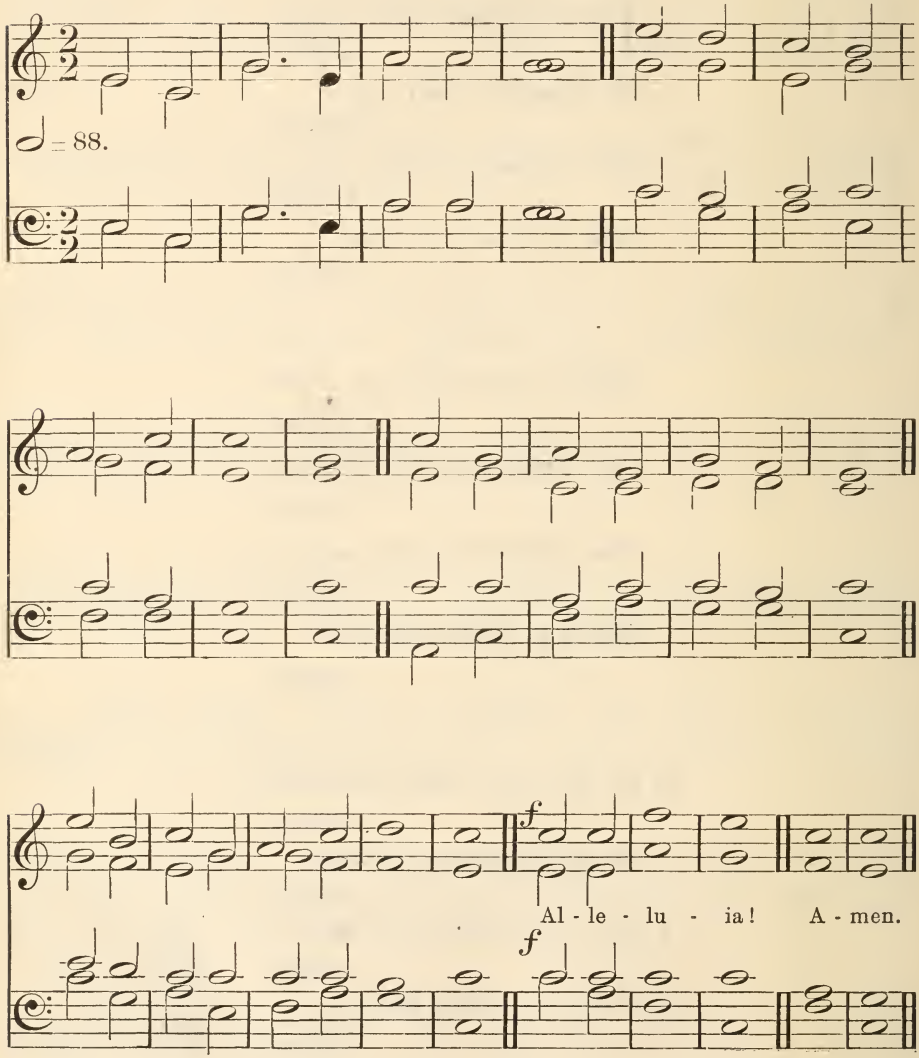
mf But the pains which He endured
Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured;
Alleluia!
ff Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing
Alleluia!



171

7.8.7.8., with Alleluia.

St. Albinus. H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876.



Easter.

f JESU lives! Thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us!
Jesus lives! By this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
p This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
f Alleluia!

f Jesus lives! (*p*) For us He died:
mf Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
f Alleluia!

f Jesus lives! Our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
mf Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
cr Tear us from His keeping ever.
f Alleluia!

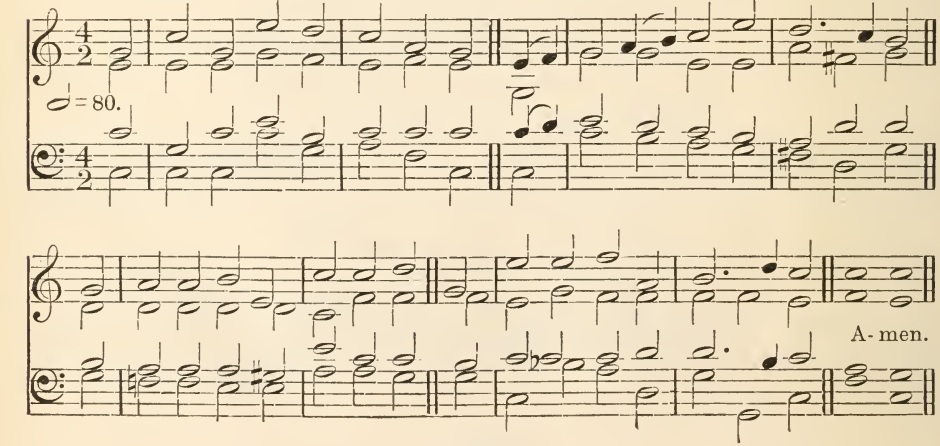
f Jesus lives! To Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
mf May we go where He is gone,
cr Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
f Alleluia! Amen.

Easter.

AURORA LUCIS RUTILAT (*First Tune*). MODE VIII. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT (*Second Tune*). L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT, *b.* 1833.



Easter.

f NOW dawning glows the Day of days;
All heaven resounds with songs of praise!
From earth loud shouts of triumph rise,
And hell despoiled with groans replies.

f For He, the mighty King of day,
Hath crushed proud Death's unlawful sway,
And, marching through his dark domain,
Broken the weary prisoners' chain.

mf Fierce soldiers o'er His tomb kept guard;
A mighty stone the entrance barred;
f But, bursting from His prison, He rose
Triumphant o'er His baffled foes.

f Loosed are the pains of hell this hour;
Death over life hath lost his power:
"The Lord is risen," the Angel said,
"Why seek the living 'mid the dead?"

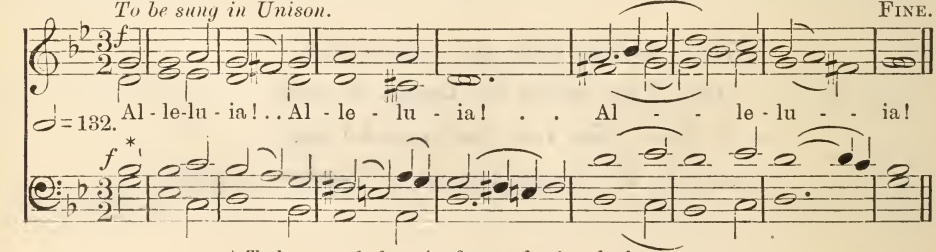
p Thou gracious King and Lord of day,
Dwell Thou within our hearts, we pray;
cr So from Thine own shall grateful praise
f Rise to Thy throne through all our days. Amen.

O Filii et Filiæ (Old Form). Mode II. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison. Fine.

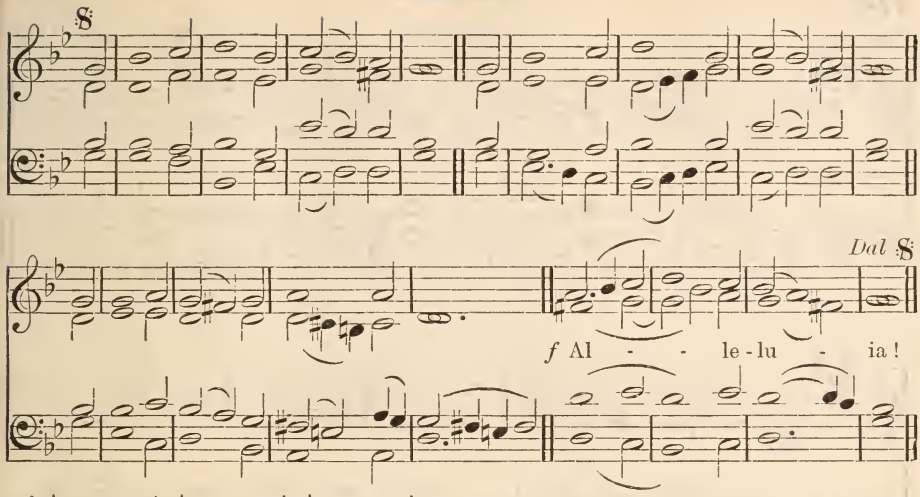
O Filii et Filiæ (Modern Form). 8.8.8., with Alleluias. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison. Fine.



* To be sung *before* the first and *after* the last verse.

Easter.



f Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

f O SONS and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

mf That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

mf An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

p That night the Apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

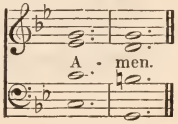
mf When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

p "My piercèd side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

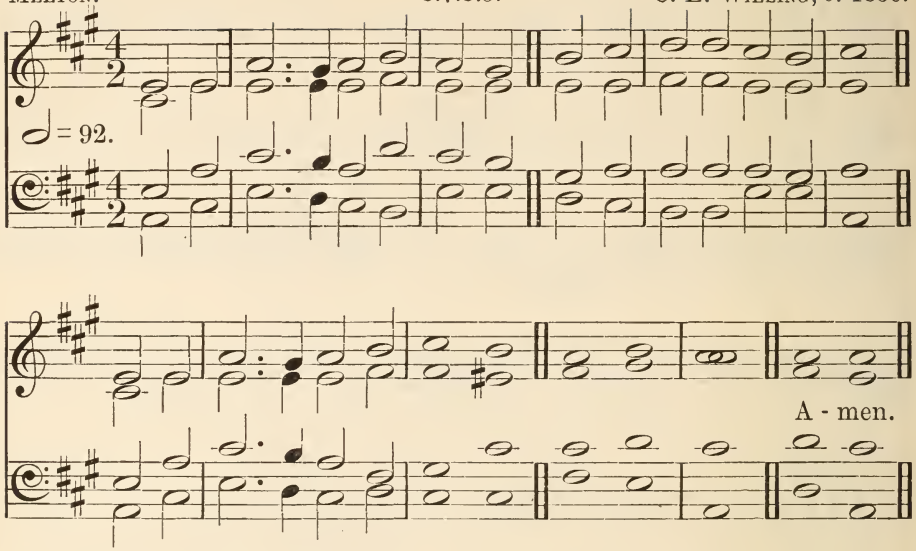
mf No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
f "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried
Alleluia!

mf How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

f On this most holy Day of days
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!



MELTON. 8.7.8.3. C. E. WILLING, *b.* 1830.



mf ON the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

p Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

p For a space the tirèd body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
cr Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

mf But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
cr Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song!

mf Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

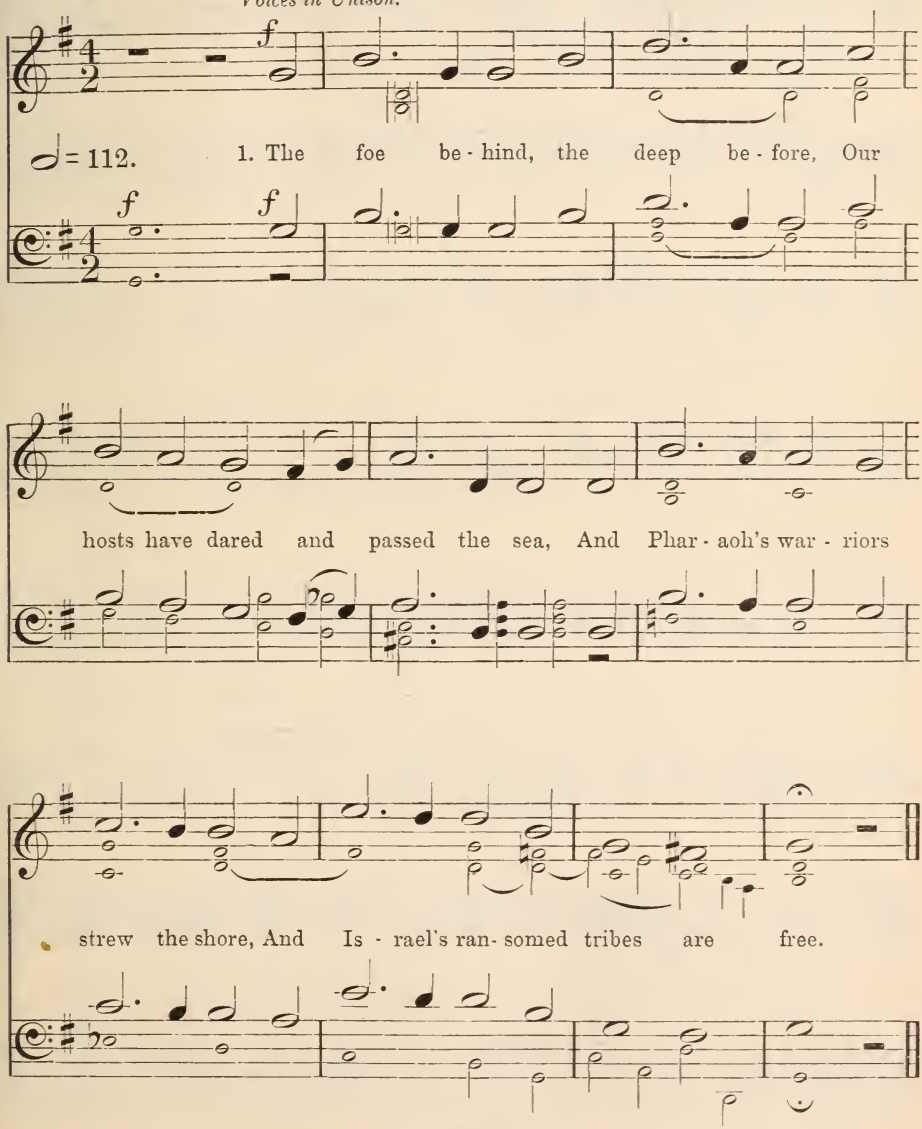
Oh! the beauty, oh! the gladness
Of that Resurrection day!
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

mf On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, mother, children, brethren,
Meet once more.

p To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last;
cr To Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast.
Amen.

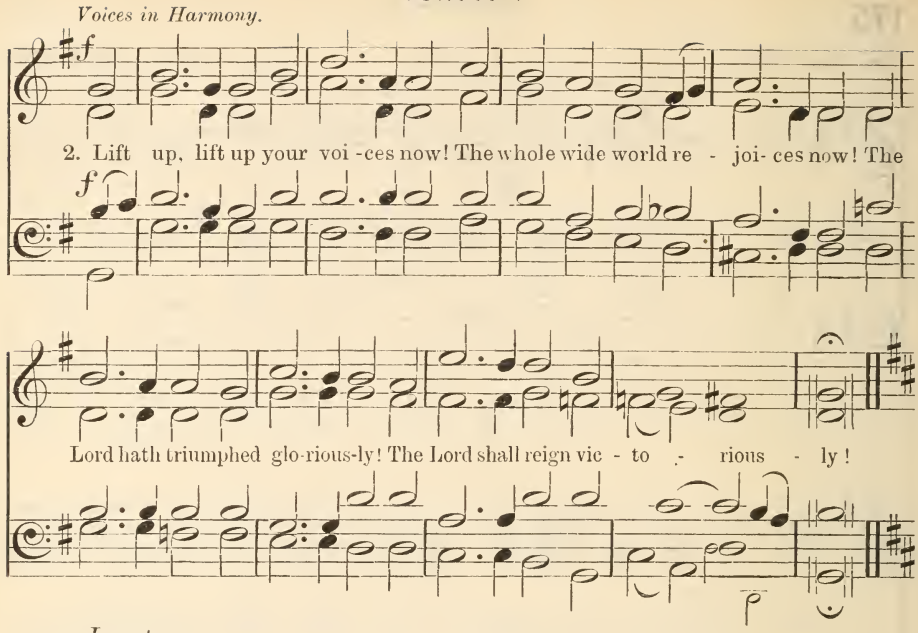
THE FOE BEHIND. Irregular. JOHN NAYLOR, 1838–1897.

Voices in Unison.


f
♩ = 112.
1. The foe be - hind, the deep be - fore, Our
hosts have dared and passed the sea, And Phar - aoh's war - riors
strew the shore, And Is - rael's ran - somed tribes are free.

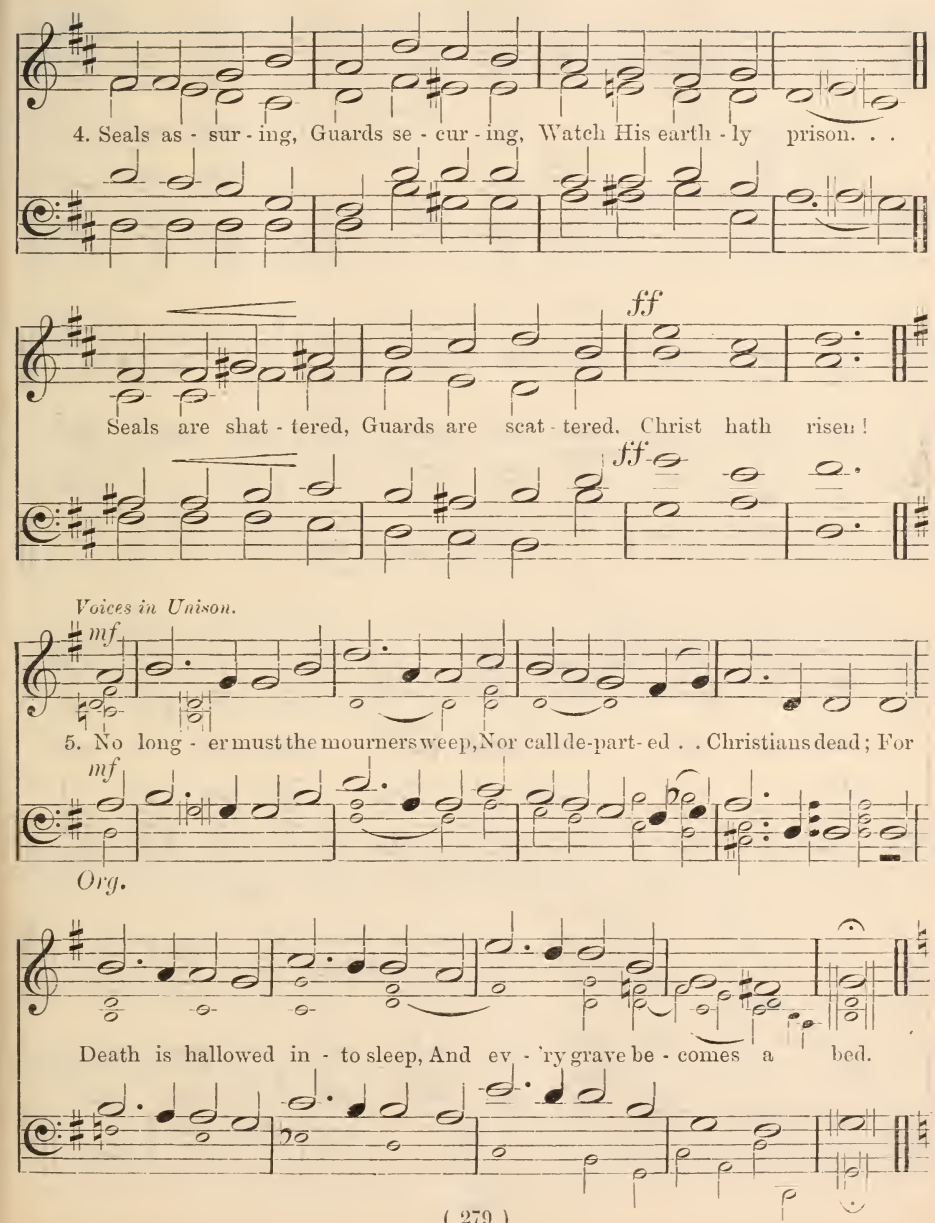
Easter.

Voices in Harmony.

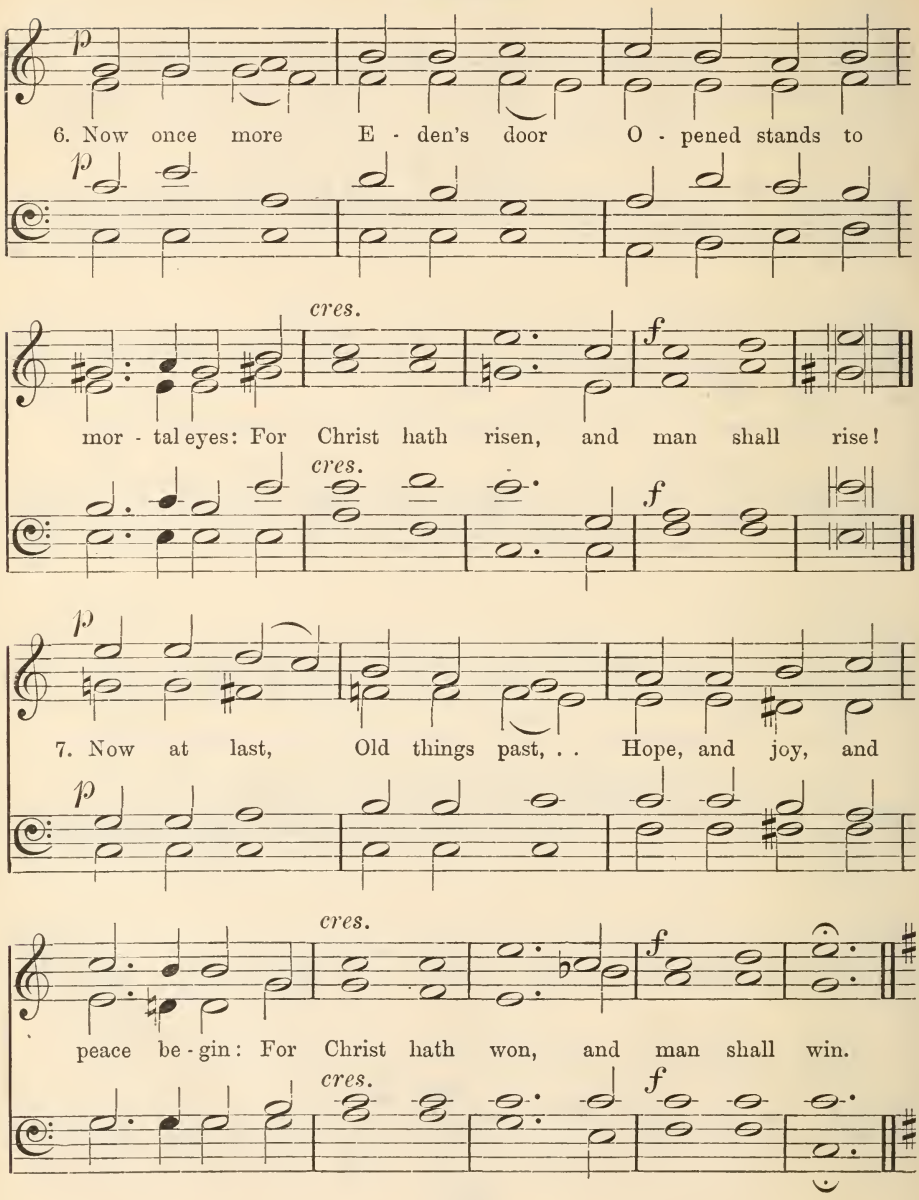

f
2. Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now! The
f
Lord hath triumphed glo-rious-ly! The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly!

Legato.

Easter.

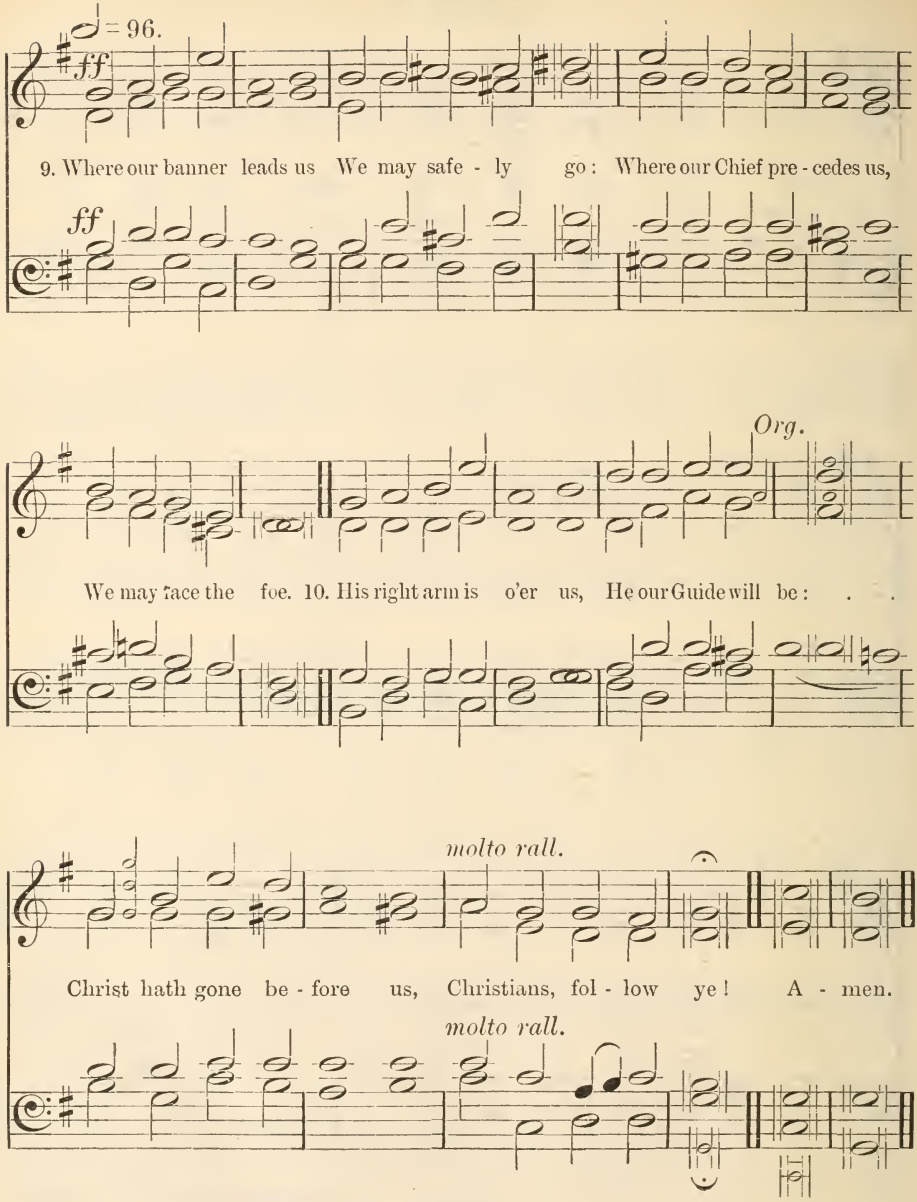

4. Seals as - sur - ing, Guards se - cur - ing, Watch His earth - ly prison. . .
ff
Seals are shat - tered, Guards are scat - tered. Christ hath risen!
ff
Voices in Unison.
mf
5. No long - er must the mourners weep, Nor call de-part- ed . . Christians dead; For
mf
Org.
Death is hallowed in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry grave be - comes a bed.

Easter.


6. Now once more E - den's door O - pened stands to
mor - tal eyes: For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise!
7. Now at last, Old things past, . . Hope, and joy, and
peace be - gin: For Christ hath won, and man shall win.
cres.
f
p

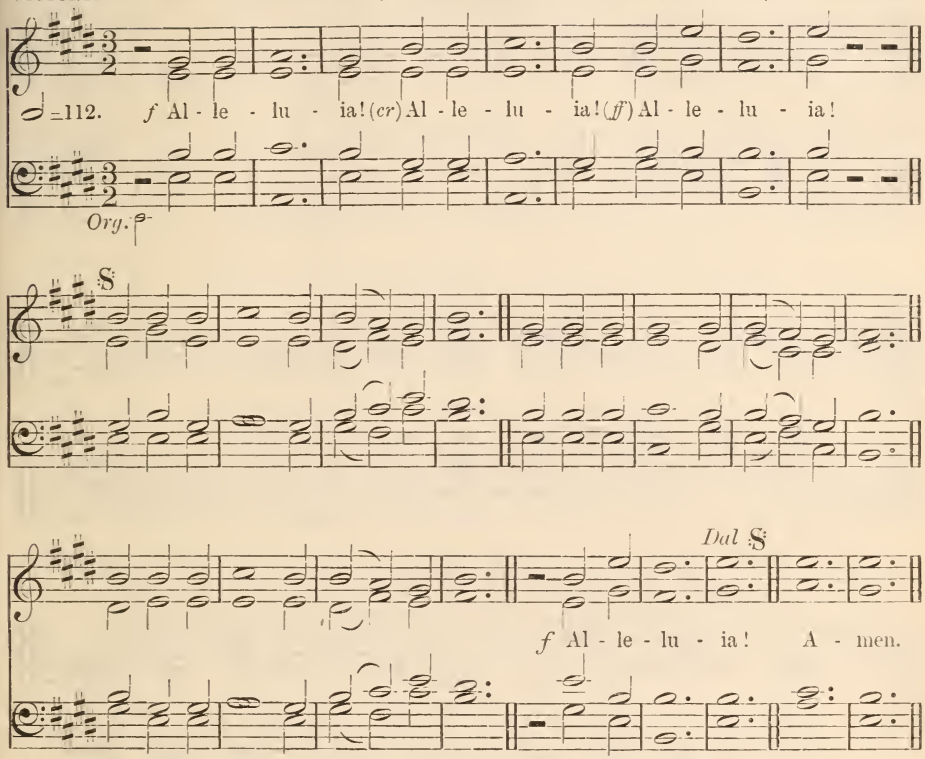
8. It is not ex - ile, rest on high, It
is not sad - ness, peace from strife: To fall a - sleep is
not to die: To dwell with Christ is bet - ter . . life.

[*For verses* 9 *and* 10, *see next page.*


♩ = 96.
ff
9. Where our banner leads us We may safe - ly go: Where our Chief pre - cedes us,
ff
Org.
We may face the foe. 10. His right arm is o'er us, He our Guide will be: . .
molto rall.
Christ hath gone be - fore us, Christians, fol - low ye! A - men.
molto rall.

Easter.

VICTORY. 8.8.8., with Alleluias. From PALESTRINA, 1515 ?–1594.



f ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

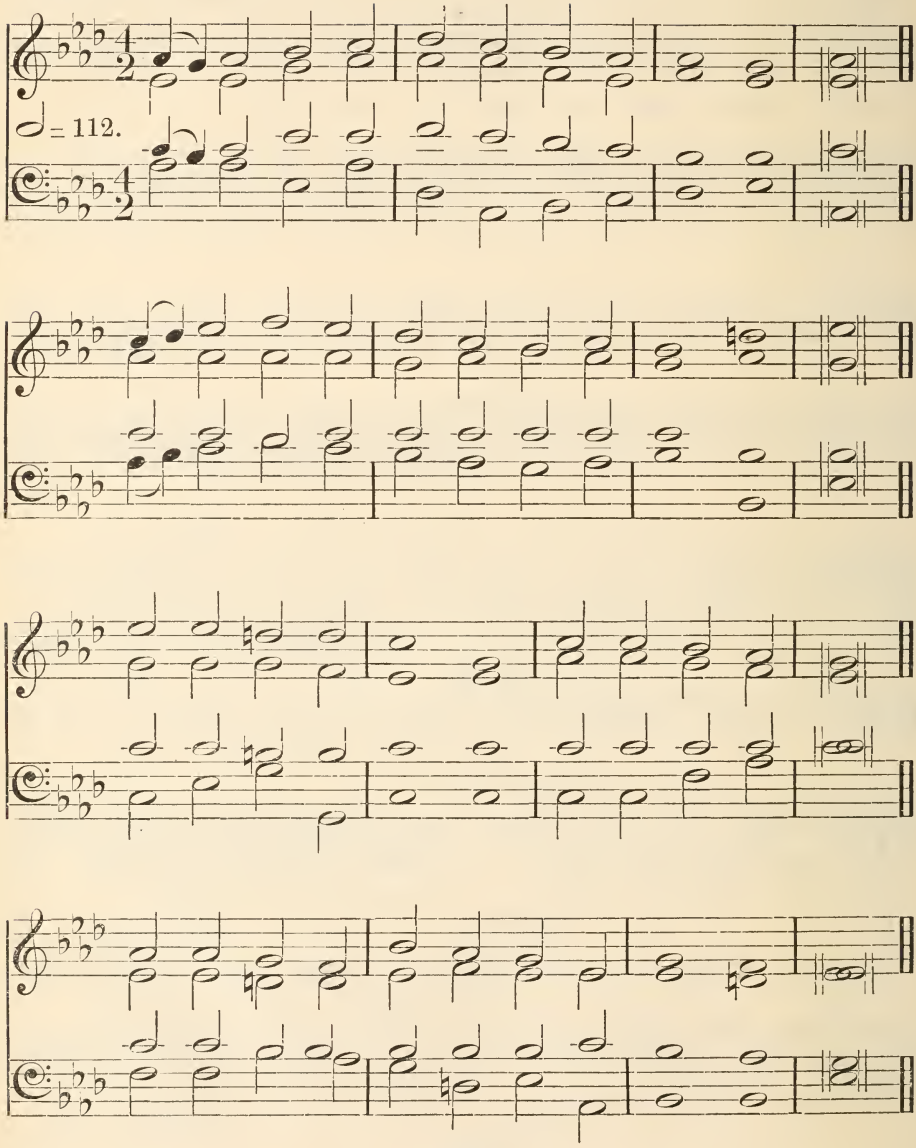
f THE strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of Life is won:
The song of triumph has begun,—
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,—
Alleluia!

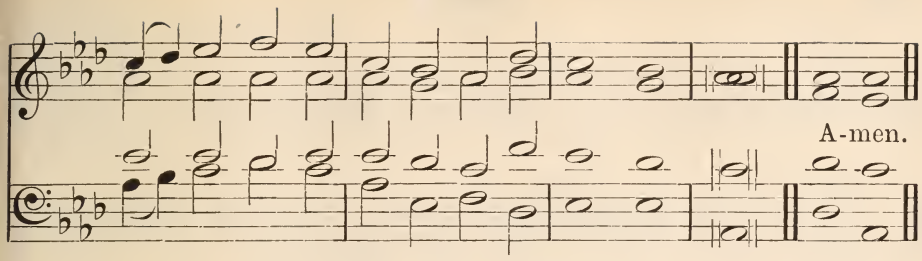
The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

p Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
f That we may live and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

"Welcome, Happy Morning." Five 11's. Arthur Sullivan, 1842–1900.



Easter.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

f "WELCOME, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

mf Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
f Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!

mf Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
f "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

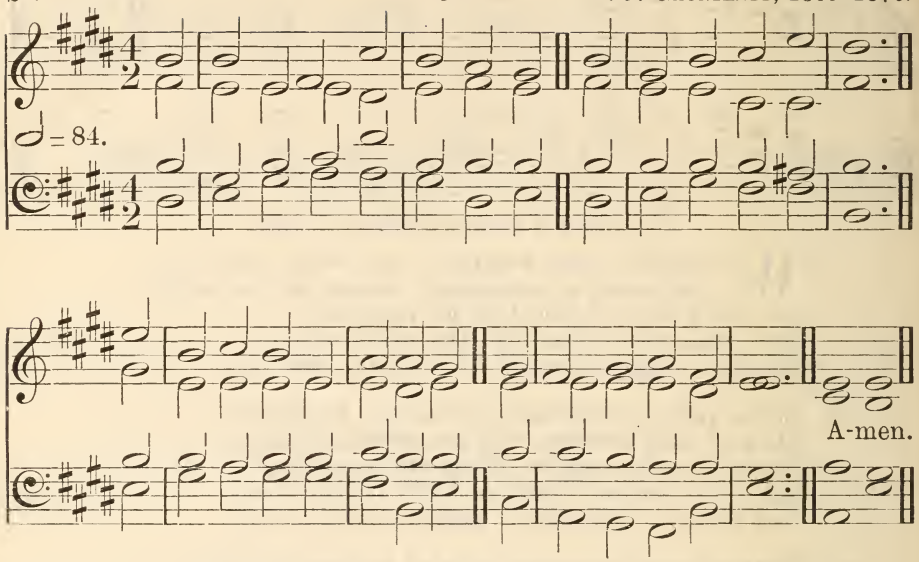
mf Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and Only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
f Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!

p Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
mf Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third Morning! Rise, O buried Lord!
f "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

mf Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
f Hell to-day is vanquished! heaven is won to-day! Amen.

Easter.

St. Fulbert. C.M. H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876.



f YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy;

How Judah's Lion burst His chains,
And crushed the serpent's head,
And brought with Him from death's [domains
The long imprisoned dead.

From hell's devouring jaws the prey
Alone our Leader bore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way,
Where He hath gone before.

f Triumphant in His glory now,
His sceptre ruleth all;
Earth, heaven, and hell before Him bow,
And at His footstool fall.

p While joyful thus His praise we sing,
His mercy we implore,
Into His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

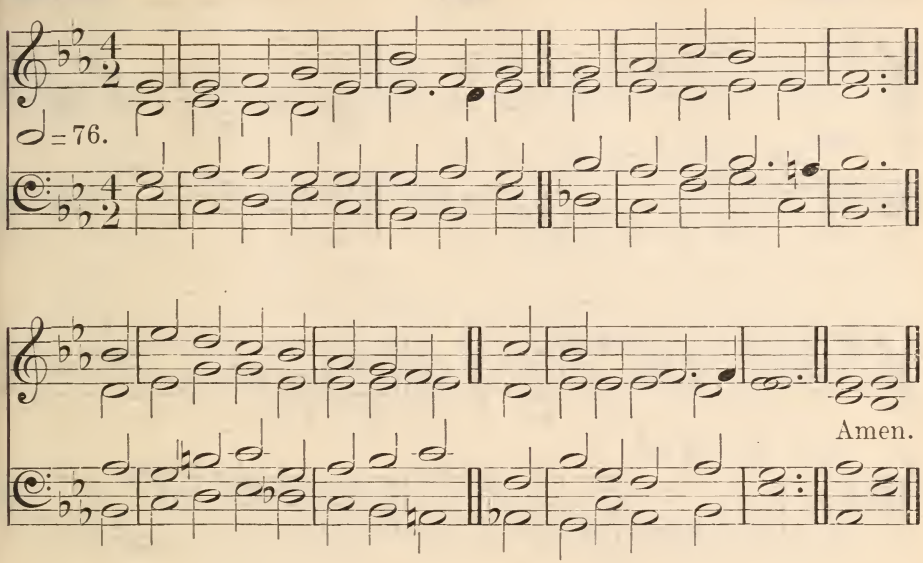
f Through times unknown to earthly [thought,
O Father, praise to Thee,
To Him Who our deliverance wrought,
And to the Spirit be. Amen.

Also the following:

All hail the power of Jesus' Name—356
Awake, and sing the song—366
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem—386
Light's abode, celestial Salem—459
The King of love my Shepherd is—556

Rogation Days.

St. Hugh. C.M. E. J. Hopkins, 1818–1901.



mf LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

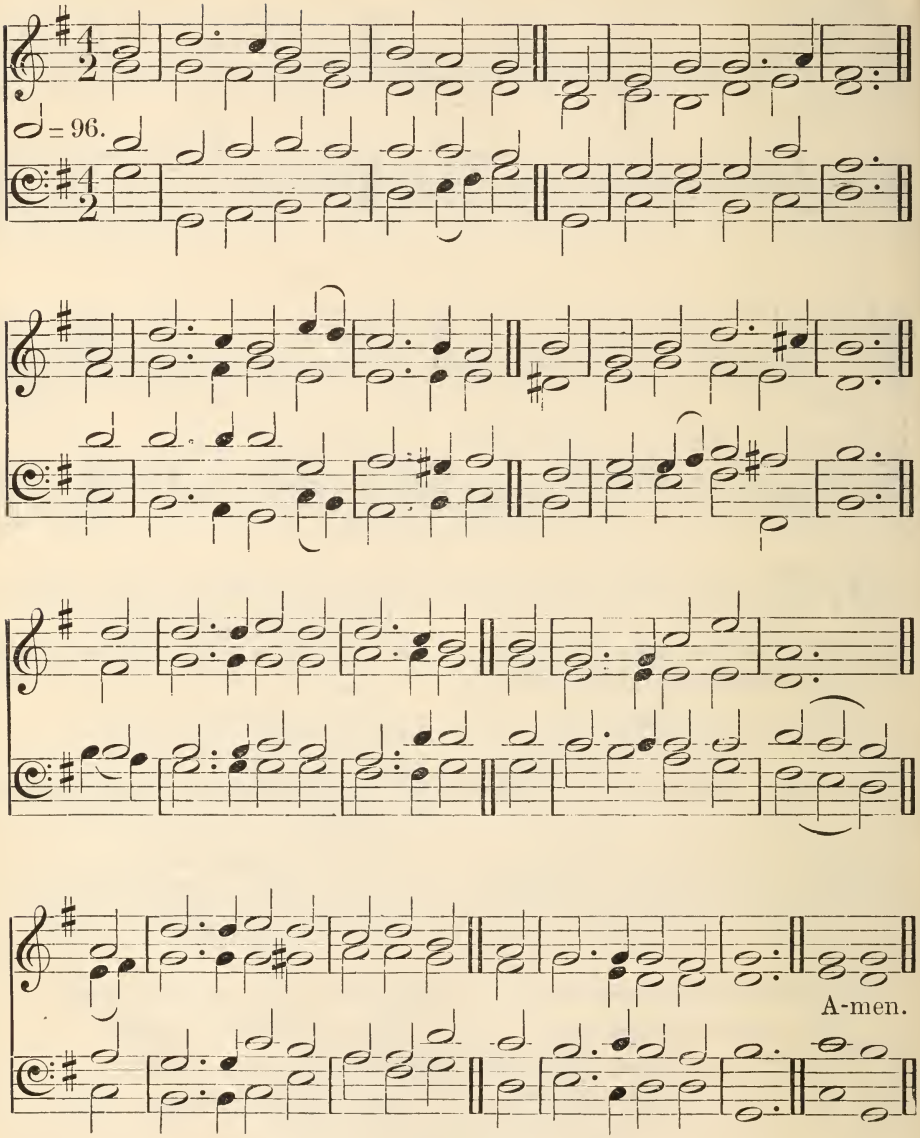
Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

180 Rogation Days.

St. Ursula. D.C.M. F. Westlake, 1840–1898.



Rogation Days.

f O THRONED, O Crowned with all renown,
Since Thou the earth hast trod,
Thou reignest, and by Thee come down
Henceforth the gifts of God.
By Thee the suns of space, that burn
Unspent, their watches hold;
The hosts that turn, and still return,
Are swayed, and poised, and rolled.

Thus in their change let frost and heat
And winds and dews be given;
All fostering power, all influence sweet,
Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth, with timely birth,
May yield her fruits again;

f The powers of earth, for all her ills,
An endless treasure yield;
The precious things of ancient hills,
Forest, and fruitful field. [wealth,
Thine is the health, and Thine the
That in our halls abound;
And Thine the beauty and the joy
With which the years are crowned.

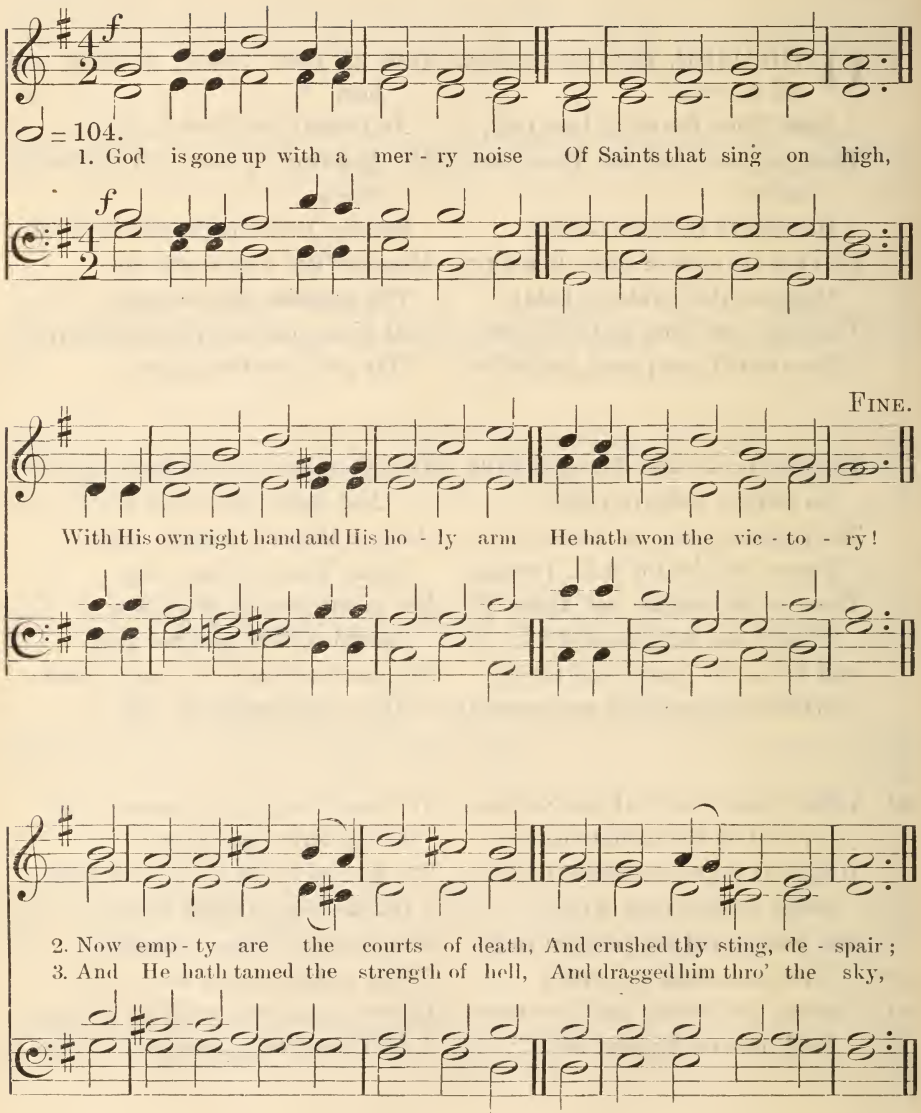
That we may feed Thy poor aright,
And, gathering round Thy throne,
Here, in the holy Angels' sight,
Repay Thee of Thine own.
For so our sires in olden time
Spared neither gold nor gear,
Nor precious wood, nor hewen stone,
Thy sacred shrines to rear.

mf And as, when ebbed the Flood, our sires
Kneeled on the mountain sod;
cr While o'er the new-world's altar-fires
Shone out the Bow of God;
p And sweetly fell the peaceful spell,
cr Word that shall aye avail;
mf "Summer and winter shall not cease,
Seed-time nor harvest fail;"

For there, to give the second birth
In mysteries and signs,
The face of Christ o'er all the earth
On kneeling myriads shines.
And if so fair beyond compare
Thy earthly houses be,
In how great grace shall we Thy face
In Thine own palace see! Amen.

Ascension.

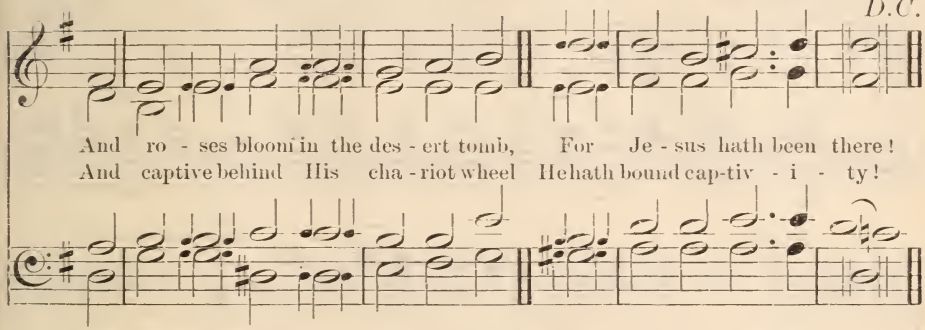
ASCENDIT DEUS. Irregular. C. H. LLOYD, *b.* 1849.


f
= 104.
1. God is gone up with a mer - ry noise Of Saints that sing on high,
FINE.
With His own right hand and His ho - ly arm He hath won the vic - to - ry!
2. Now emp - ty are the courts of death, And crushed thy sting, de - spair;
3. And He hath tamed the strength of hell, And dragged him thro' the sky,

Ascension.

Repeat Verse 1 *after Verses* 2 *&* 3.

D.C.

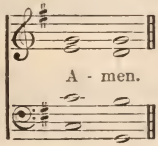

And ro - ses bloom in the des - ert tomb, For Je - sus hath been there!
And captive behind His cha - riot wheel He hath bound cap-tiv - i - ty!

f GOD is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on high,
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!

f Now empty are the courts of death,
And crushed thy sting, despair;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there!

f And He hath tamed the strength of hell,
And dragged him through the sky,
And captive behind His chariot wheel
He hath bound captivity!

f God is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on high;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!



Ascension.

SALVE, FESTA DIES ! (No. 5.) 10.10., with Refrain. JAMES BADEN POWELL, *b.* 1842.

Maestoso.
f
♩ = 112.
CANTORS (unaccompanied).
f
Hail ! Fes - tal Day ! to end - less a - ges known,
When God . . as - cend - ed to His star - ry throne.
CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE.
f
Hail ! Fes - tal Day ! to end - less a - ges known, . .
f
ORGAN.
f

Ascension.

When God . . . as - cend - ed to His star - - - ry throne.
CANTORS.
2. Now with the Lord, . . of new and heavenly birth, His gifts re - turn . . to
CANTORS.
grace the springing earth. 3. Now glows . . the year. . . with painted flowers' ar -
Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.

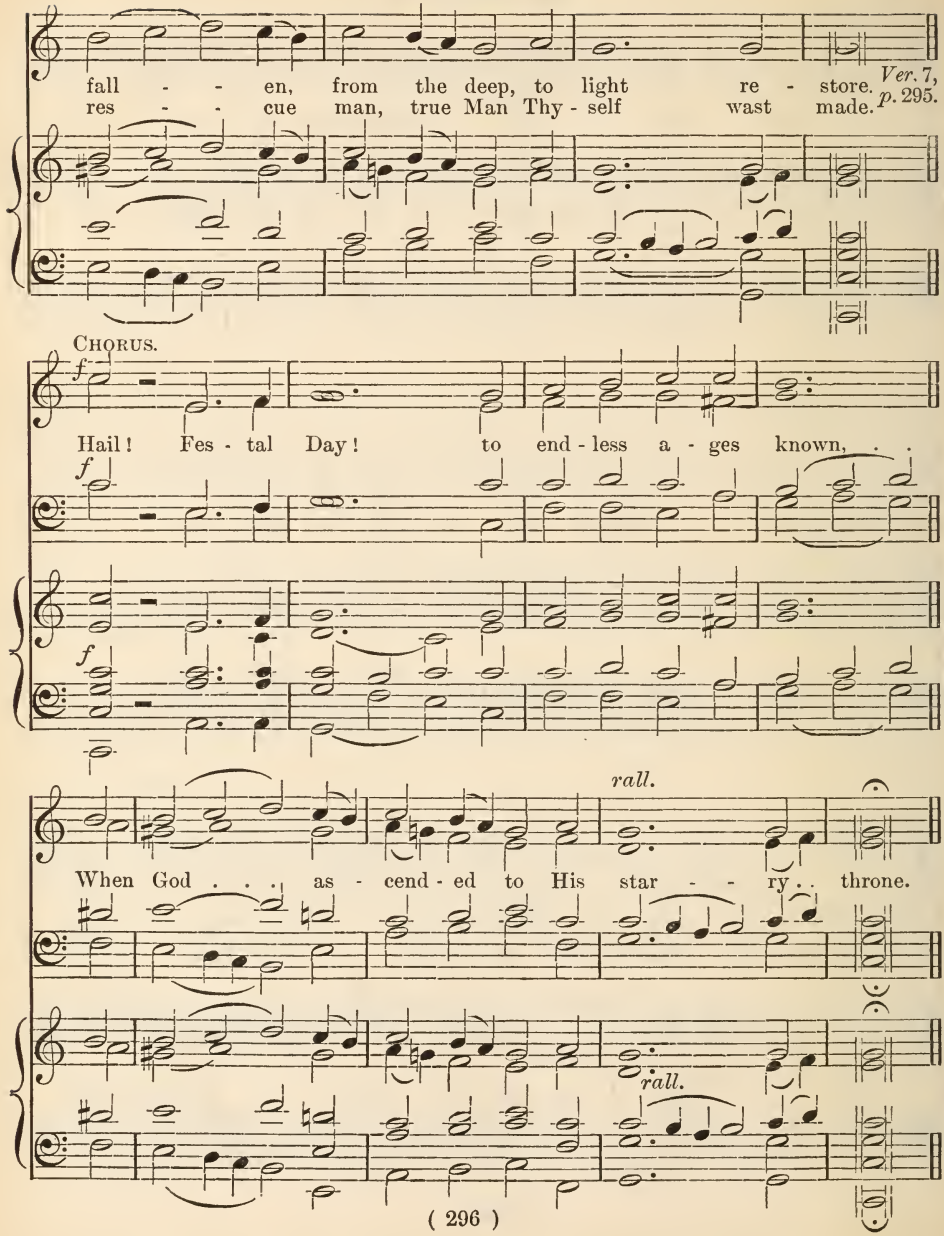
Ascension.

- ray, And warm - er light un-bars the gates of day.
Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.
Cantors.
4. Now Christ, from gloom-y hell, . . comes tri - - umph-ing, And
5. The reign of death o'er - thrown, . . He mounts . . on high, Sent
8. Cre - a - tor and Re - deem - er! Christ . . our Light! The
9. Co - e - qual, Co - e - ter - nal, Thou . . to Whom The
field . . and grove . . with flower and leaf - age spring.
forth . . with joy - ous praise from sea and sky.
One - Be - got - ten of the Fa - ther's Might;
king - dom of . . . the world de - creed shall come.
Ver. 6, p. 295.
Ver. 10, p. 295.
Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.

Ascension.

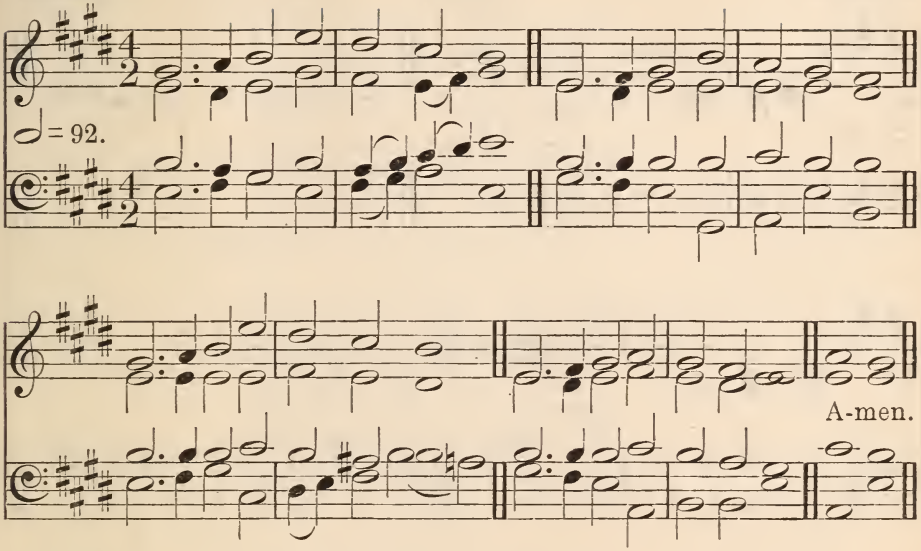
Cantors.
7. A count - less peo - ple from Death's fet - ters free,
Own Thee Re - deem - er, join and fol - low Thee.
Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.
Cantors.
6. Loose now the cap - tives, loose the pri - son door, The
10. Thou, look - ing on our race in dark - - ness laid, To

Ascension.


fall - - en, from the deep, to light re - store.
res - - cue man, true Man Thy - self wast made.
Ver. 7, p. 295.
Chorus.
f
Hail! Fes - tal Day! to end - less a - ges known, . .
rall.
When God . . . as - cend - ed to His star - - ry . . throne.

183 Ascension.

INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7. Anon.



f HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Glorious to His native skies!
Christ awhile to mortals given
Re-ascends His native heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in!

mf Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

See He lifts His hands above!
See He shows the prints of love;
Hark! the gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

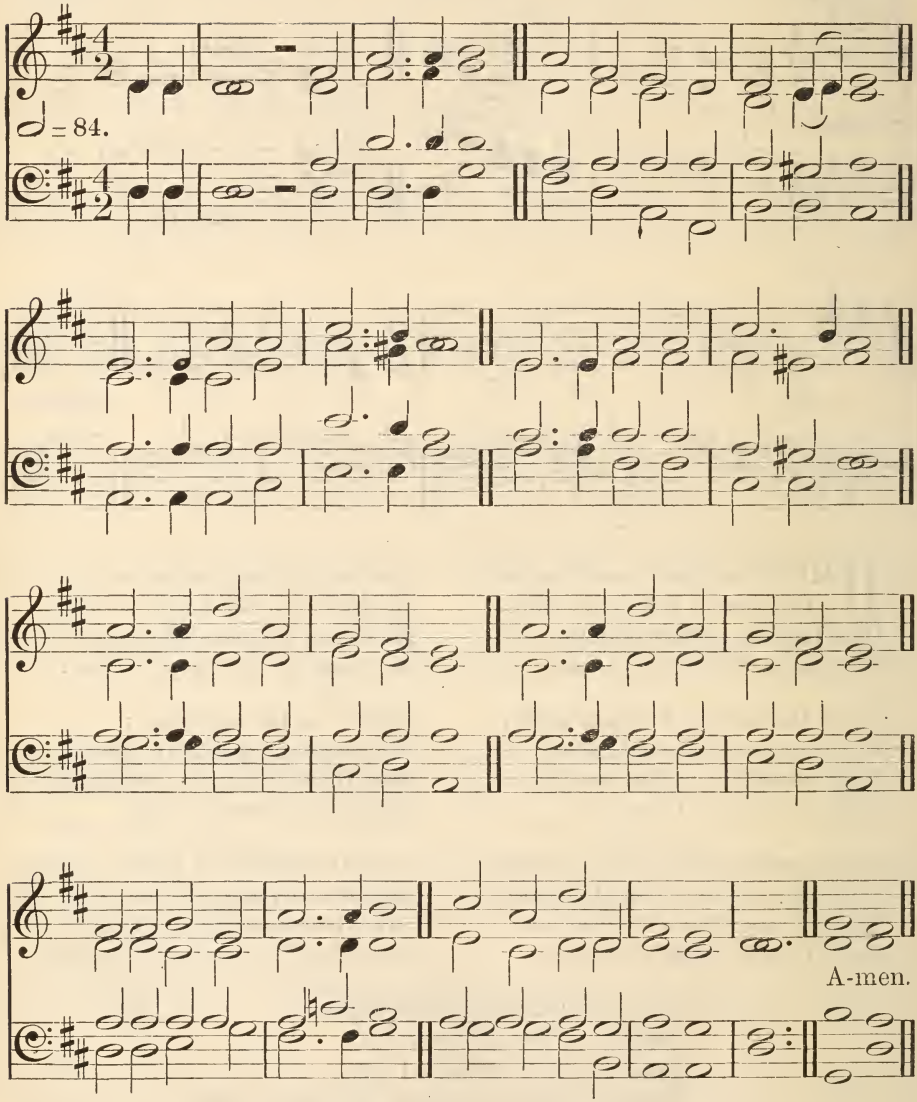
Still for us He intercedes;
His prevailing Death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

p Lord, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

mf There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee. Amen.

184 Ascension.

St. Patrick. Eight 7's. Arthur Sullivan, 1842–1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Ascension.

mf HE is gone—A cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor Angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—Towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—But we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

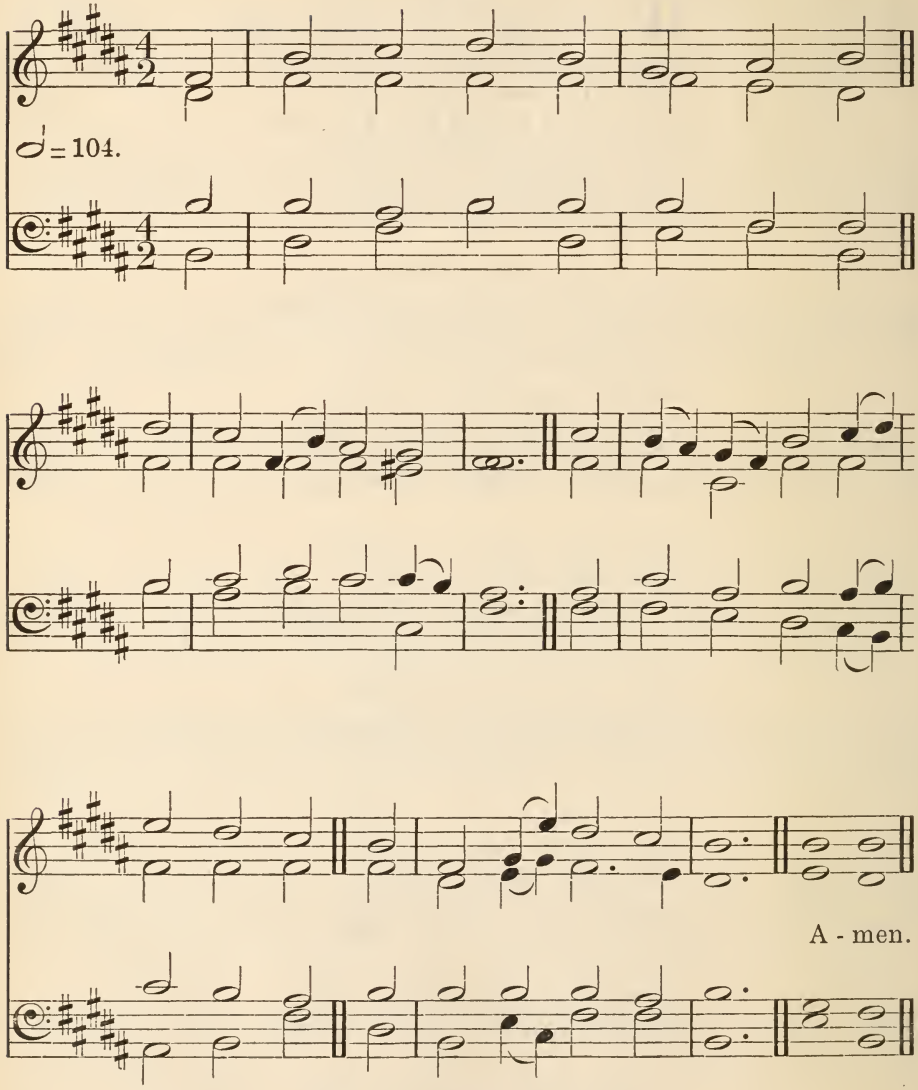
He is gone—But not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find:
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

Holy Ghost, Illuminator—*see* 187 [Part II.]

Ascension.

185

TIVERTON. C.M. F. J. GRIGG, *d.* 1768.



Ascension.

f LIFT up your heads, eternal gates!
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory; see, He comes
With His celestial train!

mf Who is the King of Glory? Who?
f The Lord for strength renowned;
In battle mighty, o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

ff Lift up your heads, ye gates! unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory; see, He comes
With all His shining train!

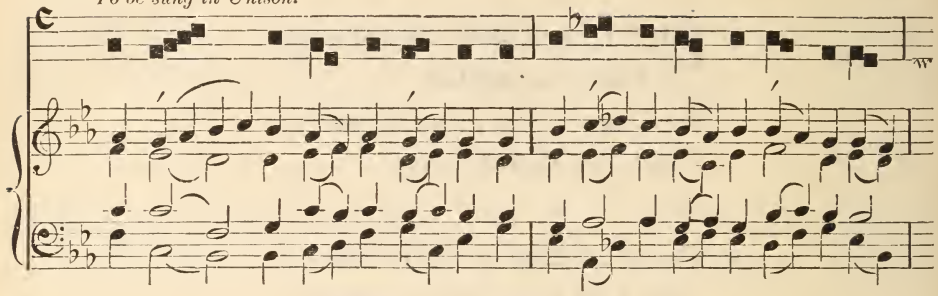
mf Who is the King of Glory? Who?
f The Lord of Hosts renowned;
Of glory, He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

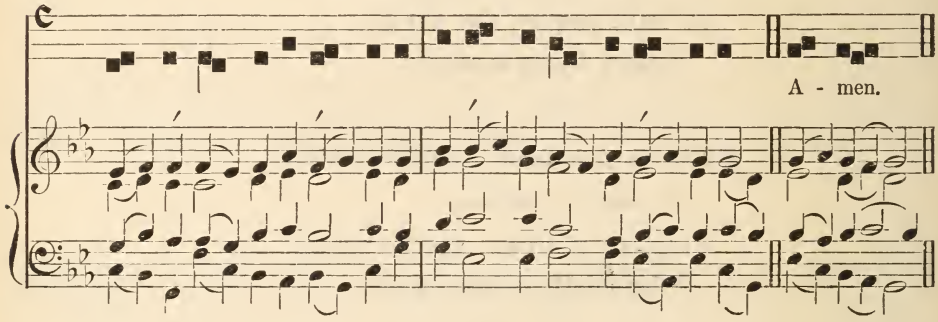
ff To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal glory be,
Who was, and is, and shall be still
To all eternity. Amen.

Ascension.

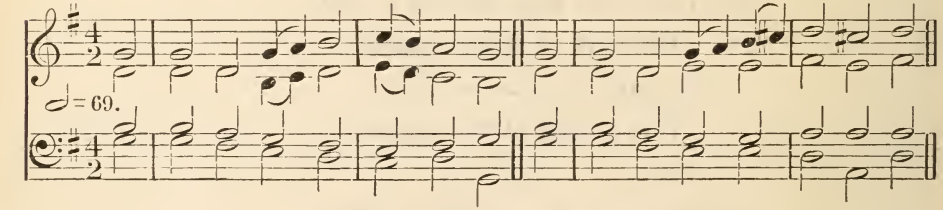
Opus peregisti tuum (*First Tune*). Mode IV. Sarum.

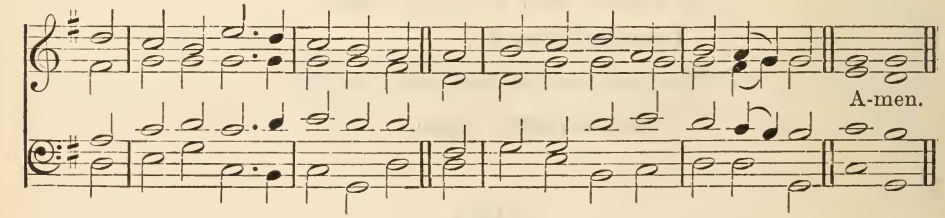
To be sung in Unison.





Illsley (*Second Tune*). L.M. J. Bishop, 1665–1735.





Ascension.

mf O SAVIOUR, Who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
While myriads in their bright array
Attend Thee homeward on Thy way.

The gates of heaven obey the call,
And open to the Lord of all;
His throne receives the Eternal Son,
Both God and Man for ever one.

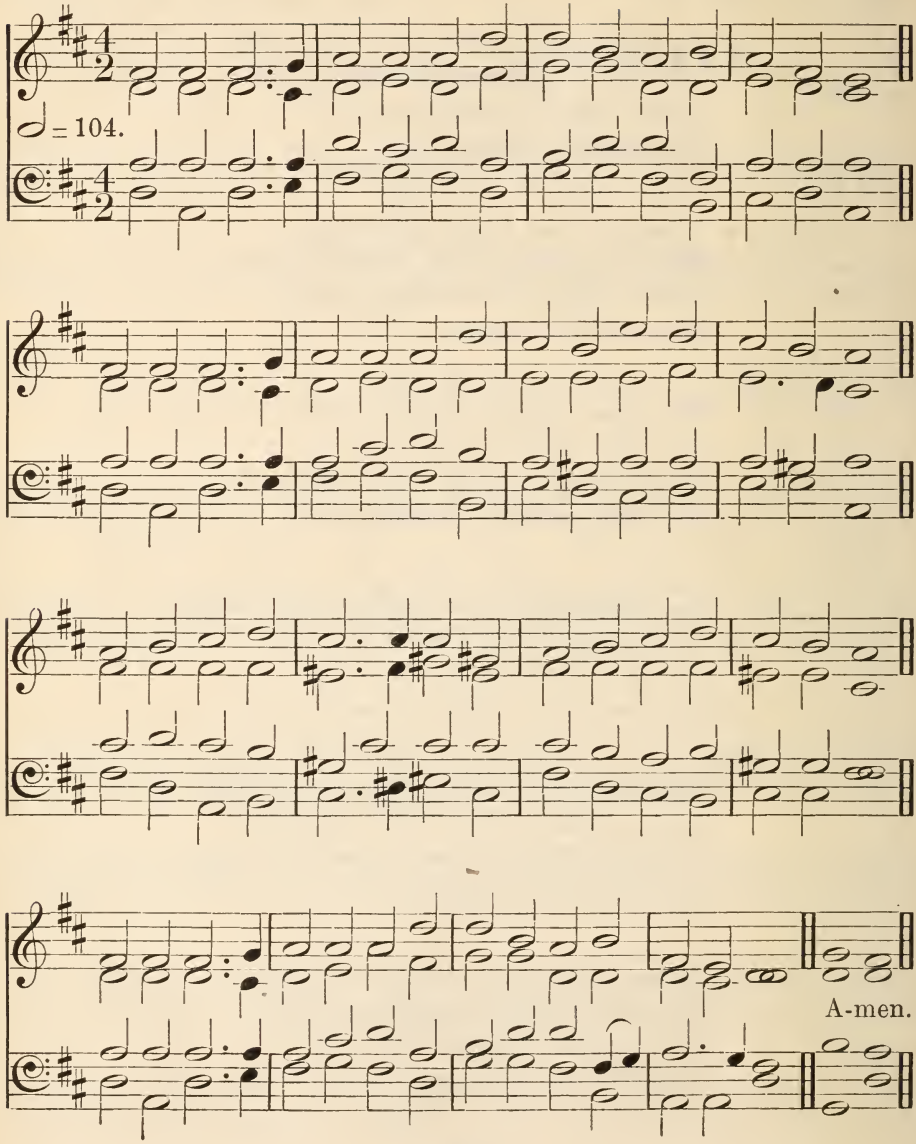
Our great High Priest and Shepherd, Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there Thy precious Blood
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

O Christ our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign. Amen.

187 Ascension.

St. Asaph (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. W. S. Bambridge, *b.* 1842.



Ascension.

PART I.

f SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of Angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?
f Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory!
p He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose,
f He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

mf While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends.
mf He who walked with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

mf Now our heavenly Aaron enters with His Blood within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail;
Now he plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place:
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

f Thou hast raised our human nature on the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels; Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by faith behold our own. Amen.

PART II.

mf HOLY Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see, beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His Martyr army, succouring His faithful band;

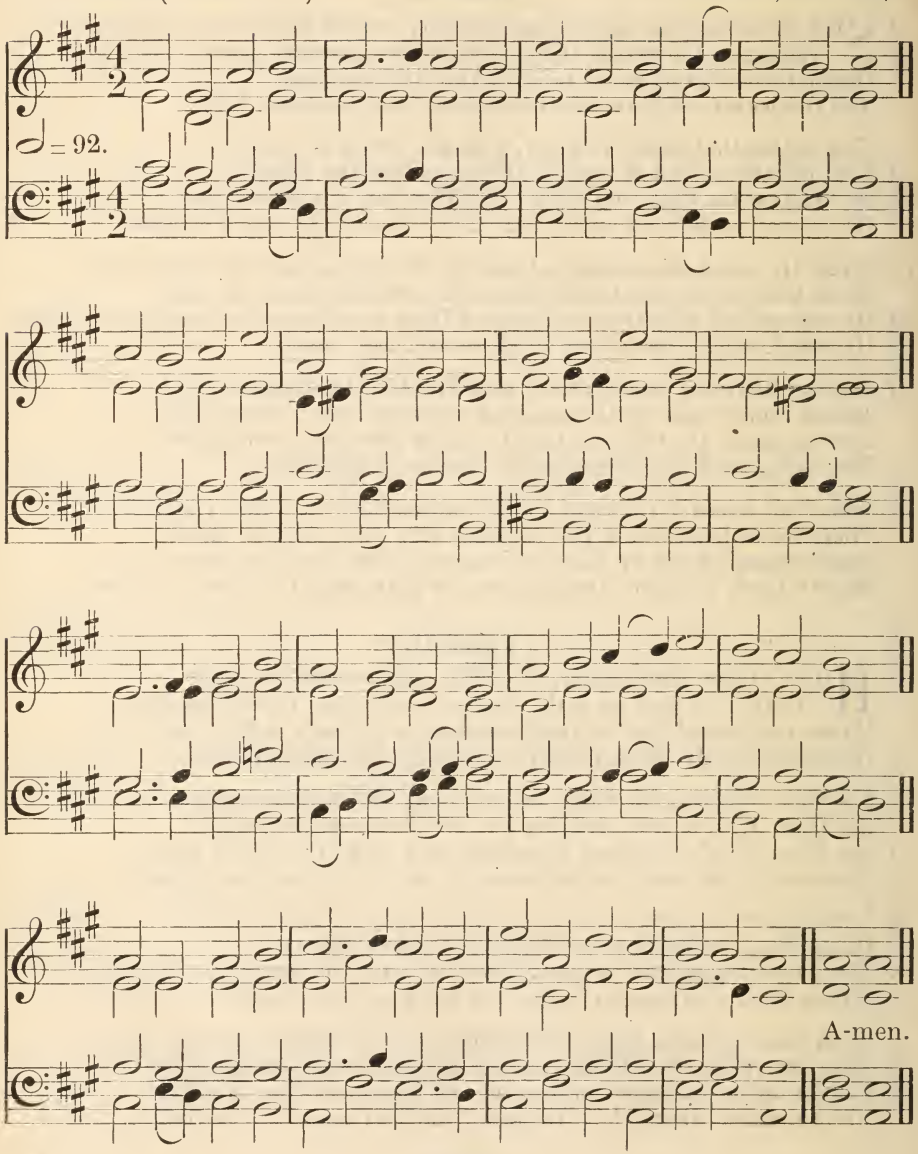
See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer,
f See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His Angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

p Lift us up from earth to heaven, give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above;
cr That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with Christ our Lord may dwell,
f Where He sits enthroned in glory in His heavenly citadel.

f So at last, when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our heavenly King,
cr Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there. Amen.

187 Ascension.

Rex Gloriæ (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. H. Smart, 1813–1879.



Ascension.

PART I.

f SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of Angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?
f Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory!
p He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose,
f He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

mf While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends.
He Who walked with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

mf Now our heavenly Aaron enters with His Blood within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail;
Now he plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place:
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

f Thou hast raised our human nature on the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels; Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by faith behold our own. Amen.

PART II.

mf HOLY Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see, beyond the skies
Where the Son of Man in glory standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His Martyr army, succouring His faithful band;

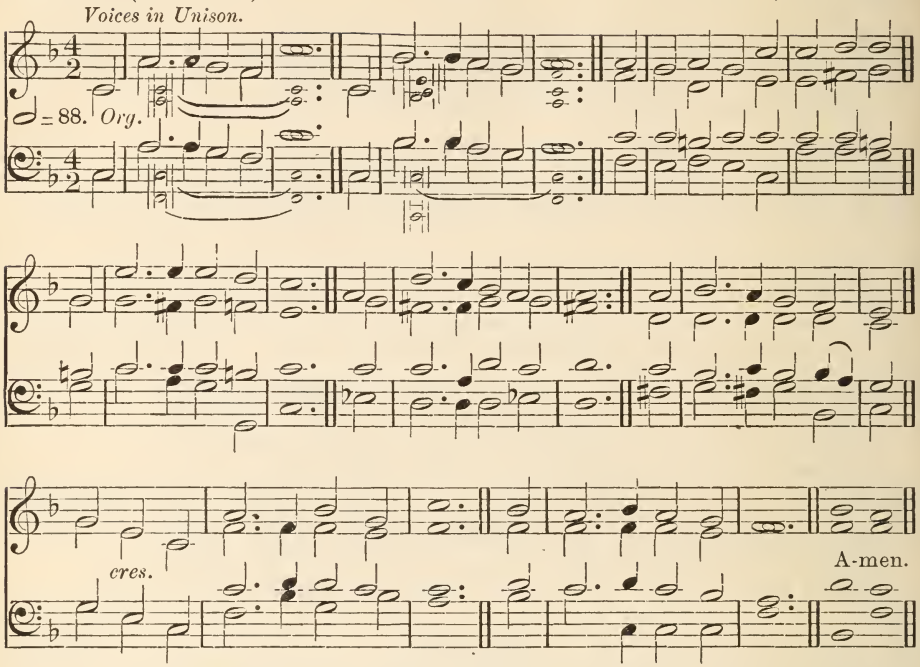
See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer,
f See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His Angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

p Lift us up from earth to heaven, give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above;
cr That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with Christ our Lord may dwell,
f Where He sits enthroned in glory in His heavenly citadel.

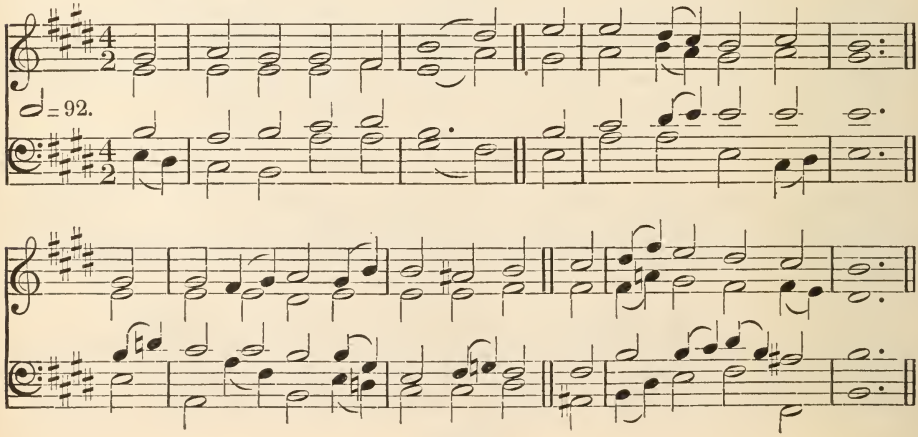
f So at last, when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our heavenly King,
cr Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there. Amen.

Ascension.

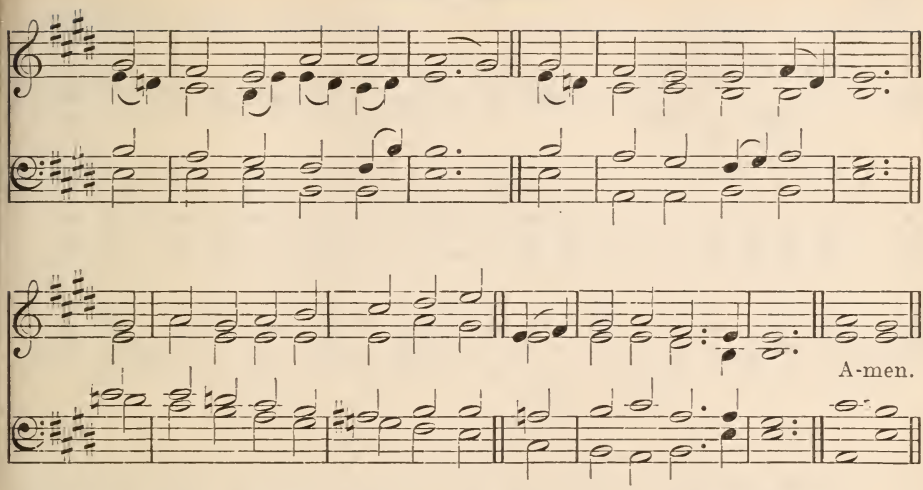
ASCENSION (*First Tune*). D.S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.



ASCENDIT (*Second Tune*). D.S.M. H. H. PIERSON, 1815–1873.



Ascension.



f THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
p But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

f Thou art gone up on high;
p But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
cr But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!

f Thou art gone up on high;
mf But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
p Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
cr That we may stand in that dread hour
f At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

Also the following:

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!—356
Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!—360
Christ, above all glory seated—374
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem—386
Crown Him with many crowns—389 and 390
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus—423
Jesu, our Hope, our heart's Desire—443
O Christ, Who hast prepared a place—480
Rejoice, the Lord is King!—537
The head that once was crowned with thorns—555
Where high the heavenly temple stands—601

Whitsuntide.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS (*First Form*). MODE VIII. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.

VERSE 9.

Whitsuntide.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS (*Second Form*). MODE VIII. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.

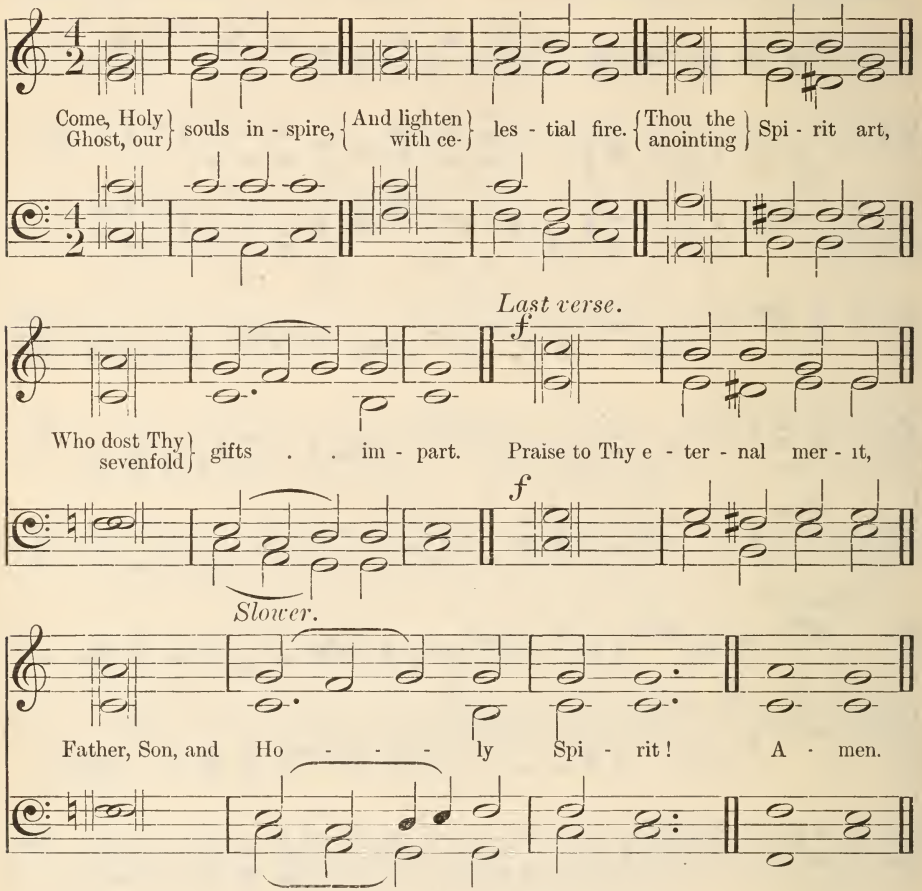
p COME, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable, with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home,
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One.
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

f Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Amen.

[*For Third Setting, see next page.*

Whitsuntide.

VENI CREATOR (Chant) (*Third Tune*). 8.8. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.


Come, Holy Ghost, our souls in - spire, And lighten with ce- les - tial fire. Thou the anointing Spi - rit art,
Last verse.
f
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts . . im - part. Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it,
f
Slower.
Father, Son, and Ho - - - - ly Spi - rit! A - men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

p COME, Holy Ghost! our | souls in | spire,
And lighten with ce | lestial | fire.

Thou the anointing | Spirit | art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold | gifts im | part.

Thy blessèd unction | from a | bove
Is comfort, life, and | fire of | love.

Enable, with per | petual | light,
The dulness of our | blinded | sight.

Anoint and cheer our | soilèd | face
With the abundance | of Thy | grace.

Keep far our foes, give | peace at | home,
Where Thou art Guide, no | ill can | come.

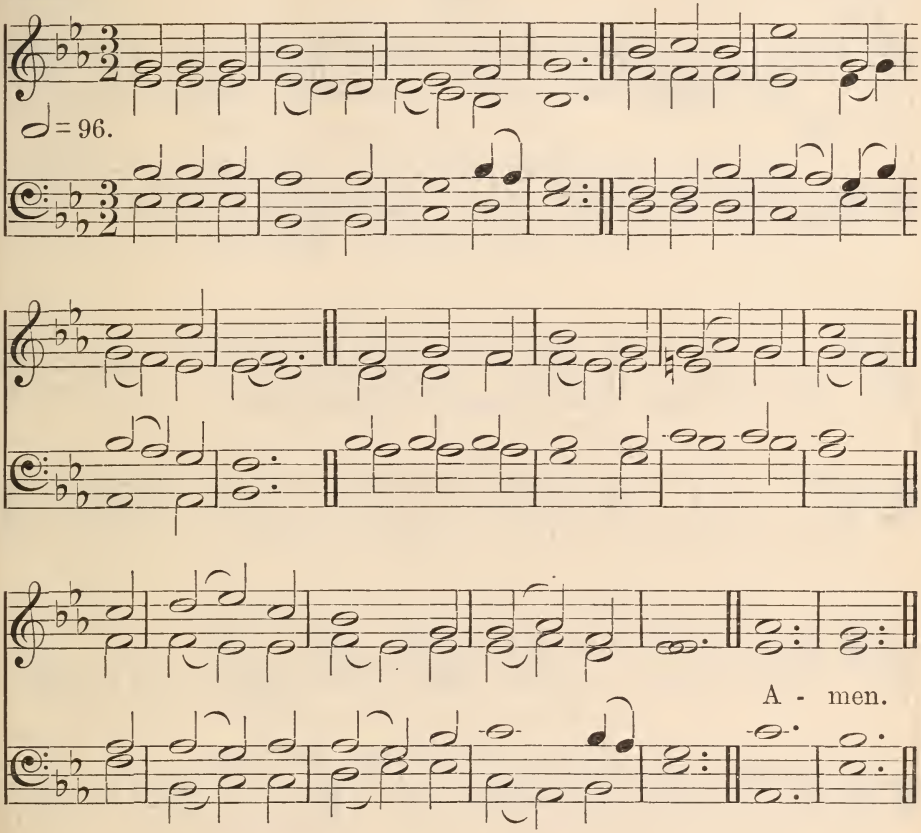
Teach us to know the | Father, | Son,
And Thee, of Both, to | be but | One.

cr That, through the ages | all a | long,
This may be our | endless | song:

f Praise to Thy e | ternal | merit,
Father, Son, and | Holy | Spirit! Amen.

190

HOPE. L.M. H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.



mf COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

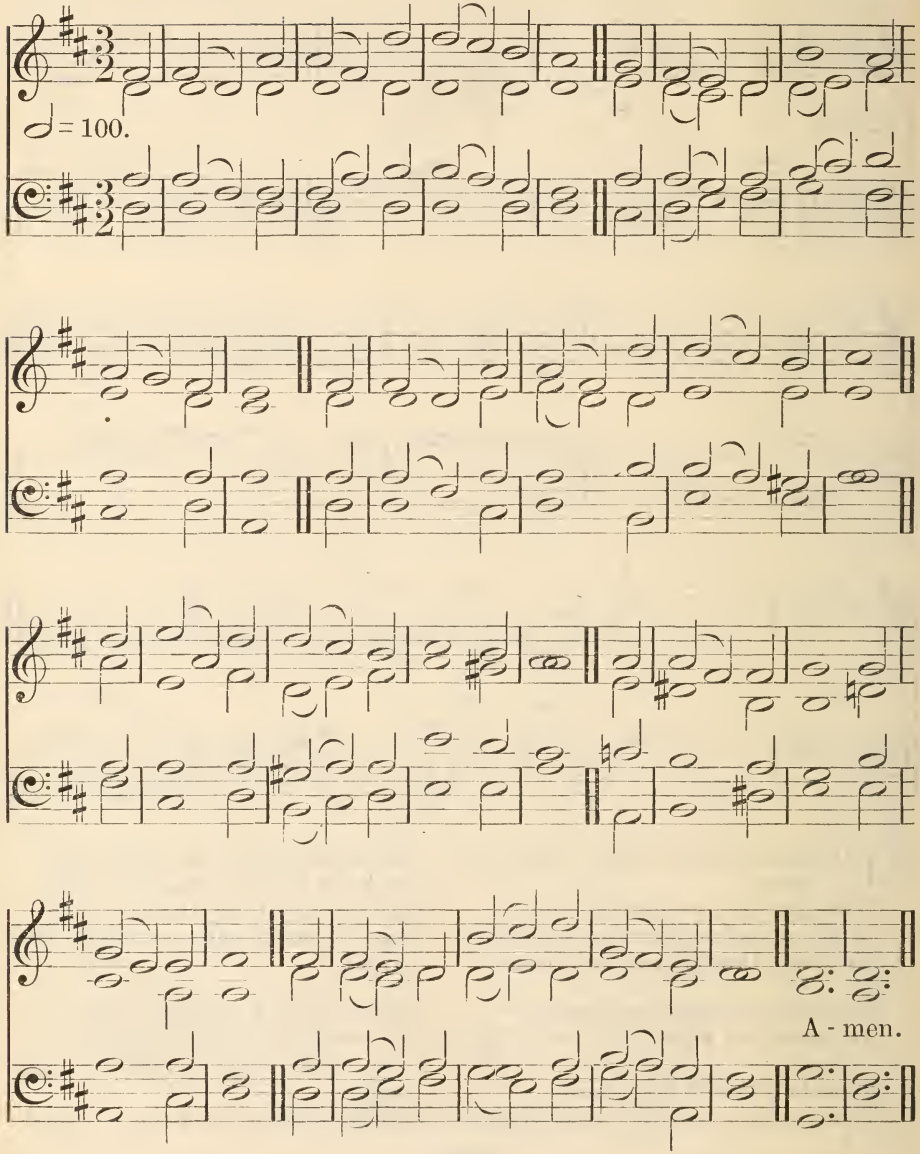
The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

GIESSEN. Six 8's. Adapted.



Whitsuntide.

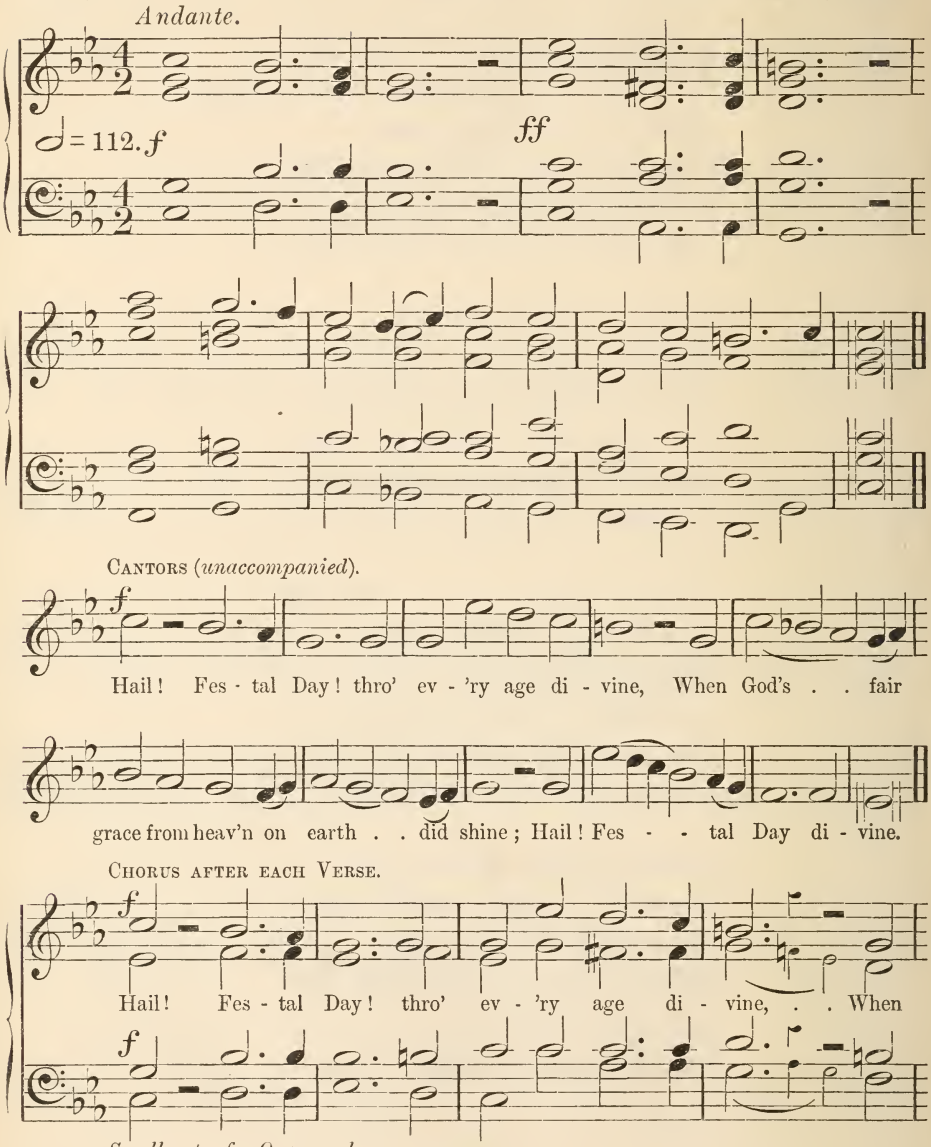
mf CREATOR Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human-kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

f Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete to Thee. Amen.

SALVE, FESTA DIES! No. 4. 10.10., with Refrain. JAMES BADEN POWELL, *b.* 1842.


Andante.
♩ = 112. f
ff
CANTORS (unaccompanied).
f
Hail! Fes - tal Day! thro' ev - 'ry age di - vine, When God's . . fair
grace from heav'n on earth . . did shine; Hail! Fes - - tal Day di - vine.
CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE.
f
Hail! Fes - tal Day! thro' ev - 'ry age di - vine, . . When
f

Small notes for Organ only.

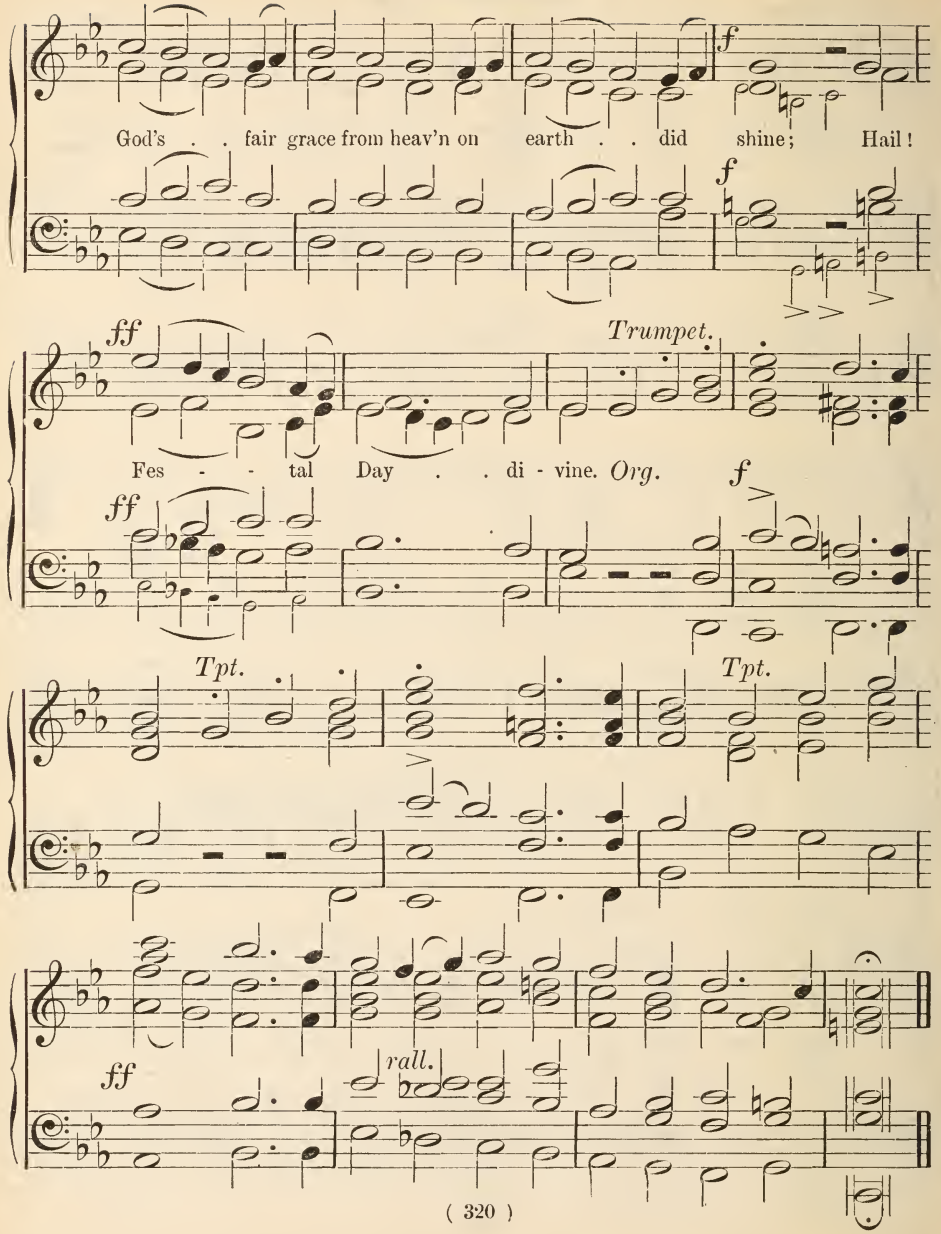
God's . . fair grace from heav'n on earth . . did
f
ff
shine; Hail! Fes - - tal Day . . di - vine.
f
ff
Cantors.
mf
2. Lo! God the Spi - rit to th'A - pos - tles' hearts This
5. Hail! Breath of Life! Hail! Ho - ly Fount of Light! Life -
Organ.

day in form of fire . . Him - self im - parts. Hail, &c.
- Giv - er! Fire of ra - - - diance ev - - - er bright. Hail, &c.
Chorus.
Cantors.
mf
3. Forth from the Fa - ther bear - ing mys - tic powers,
6. Thou Good all good con - tain - ing, Peace di - vine!
8. Some fore - taste grant us of Thy se - cret things,
On hu - man hearts new strength He rich - ly showers. Hail, &c.
Fill with Thy sweet - - ness all these hearts of Thine. Hail, &c.
The o - ver - shad - - ow - ing of Che - rub - wings. Hail, &c.

Whitsuntide.

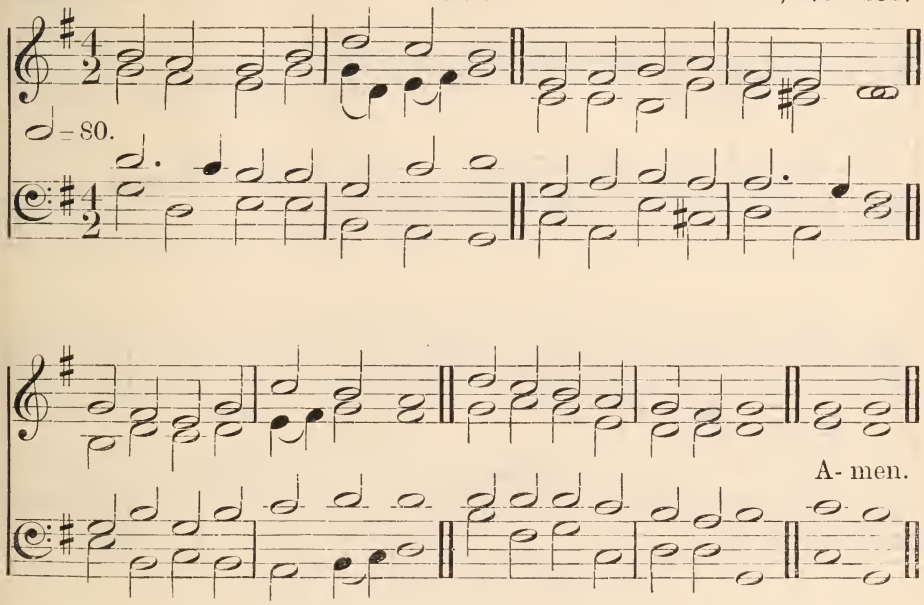
Cantors.
cres.
mf
4. Now cease they not, to all on earth who dwell, God's
7. Who fill - est all things, earth, and sky, and sea, Cleanse
9. To love di - vine our lips and heart in - spire By
Chorus.
won - drous works in di - vers tongues to tell. Hail, &c.
Thou and guard us, bid us live to Thee. Hail, &c.
fly - ing Se - raph touched with al - tar - fire.
Chorus after last Verse.
f
Hail! Fes - tal Day! thro' ev - 'ry age di - vine, When
f

Small notes for Organ only.


f
God's . . fair grace from heav'n on earth . . did shine; Hail!
f
ff
Trumpet.
Fes - - tal Day . . di - vine. Org.
f
ff
Tpt.
Tpt.
rall.
ff

Whitsuntide.

VIENNA. 7.7.7.7. J. H. KNECHT, 1752–1817.



mf JOY! because the circling year
Brings our day of blessings here;
Day when first the Light divine
On the Church began to shine!

Like to quivering tongues of flame
Unto each the Spirit came;
Tongues, that earth might hear their call;
Fire, that love might burn in all.

So the wondrous works of God
Wondrously were spread abroad;
Every tribe's familiar tone
Made the glorious marvel known.

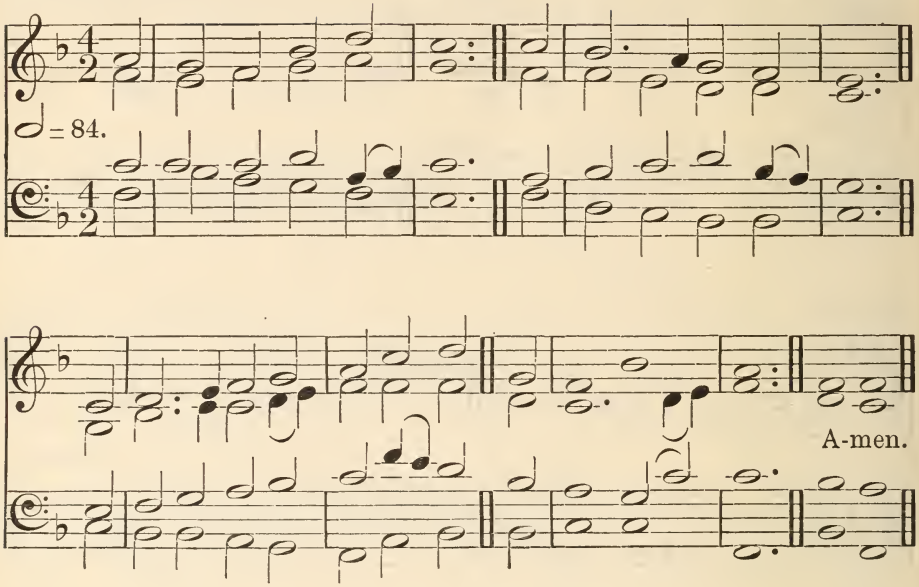
Hardened scoffers vainly jeered;
Listening strangers heard and feared;
Knew the Prophet's word fulfilled;
Owned the work which God had willed.

Still Thy Spirit's fulness, Lord,
On Thy waiting Church be poured!
Once Thou on Thy Saints didst shower
Mighty signs and words of power;

Humbler things we ask Thee now,
Gifts from heaven to men below;
Grant our burdened hearts release,
Grant Thine own abiding peace.
Amen.

Whitsuntide.

St. Stythian's. 6.6. 8.4. A. H. Brown, *b.* 1830.



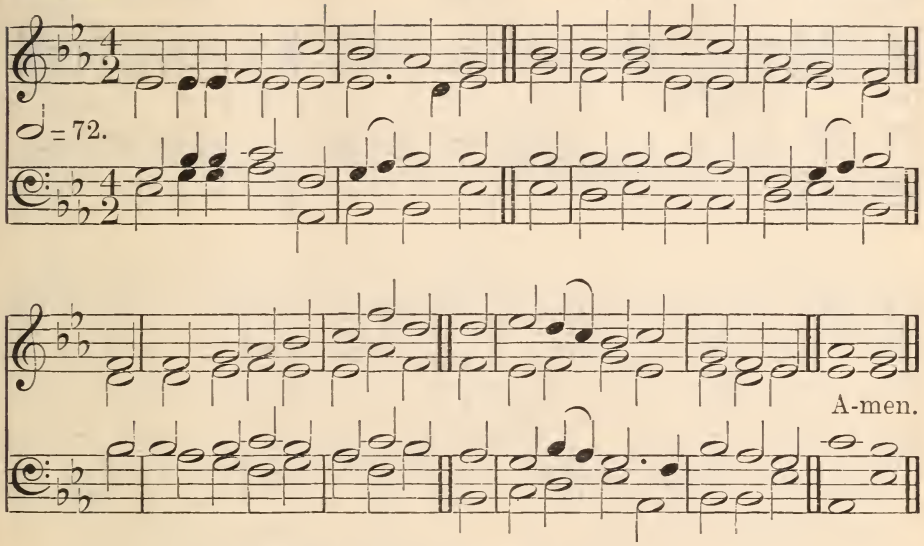
p O KING, enthroned on high,
Thou Comforter Divine,
Blest Spirit of all Truth, be nigh
And make us Thine.

Thou art the Source of life,
Thou art our Treasure-store;
Give us Thy peace, and end our strife
For evermore.

Descend, O heavenly Dove,
Abide with us alway;
And in the fulness of Thy love
Cleanse us, we pray. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

WAINWRIGHT. L.M. R. WAINWRIGHT, 1758–1825.



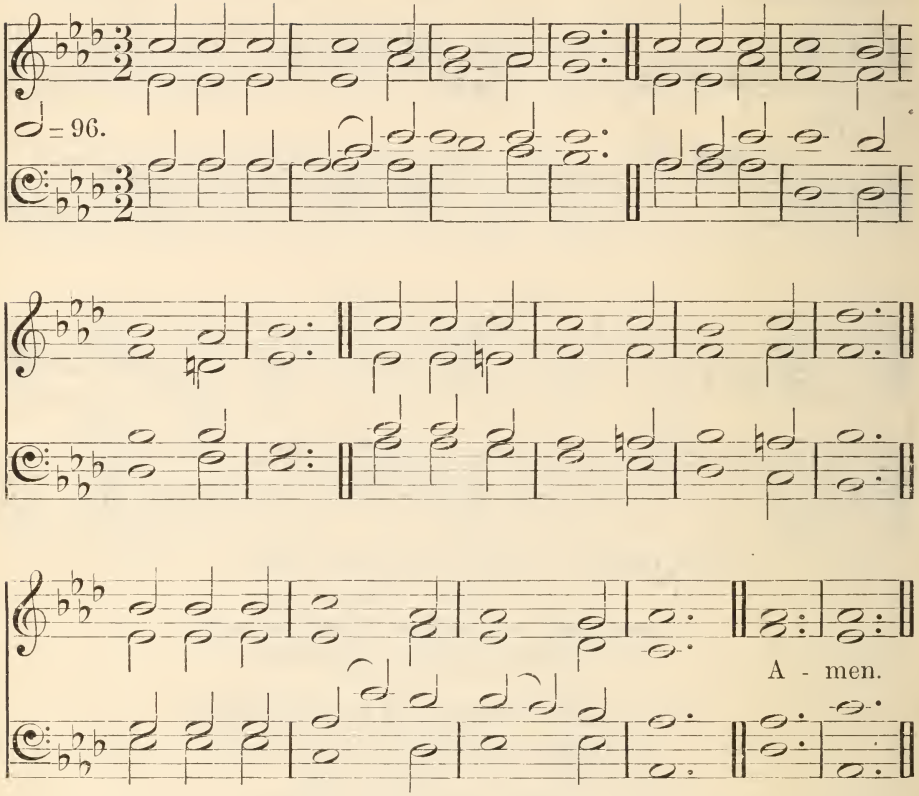
mf SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty Wind,
The brooding of the gentle Dove;—

Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine:—

Nor let us quench Thy Sevenfold Light:
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls—and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost the Comforter! Amen.

PENTECOST. L.M. W. BOYD, *b.* 1847.

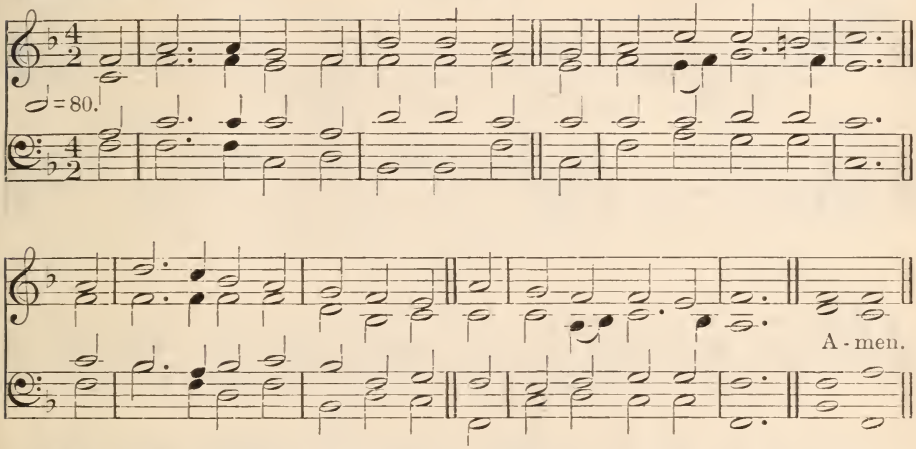


p SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
Oh! shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

mf In every clime, in every tongue,
Be God's eternal praises sung:
Through all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

p Unfailing Comfort! Heavenly Guide!
Over Thy favoured Church preside;
Still may mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen.

WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592.



f WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

p But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

f The fires that rushed on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
mf Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

f And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

mf So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

f It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
p Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

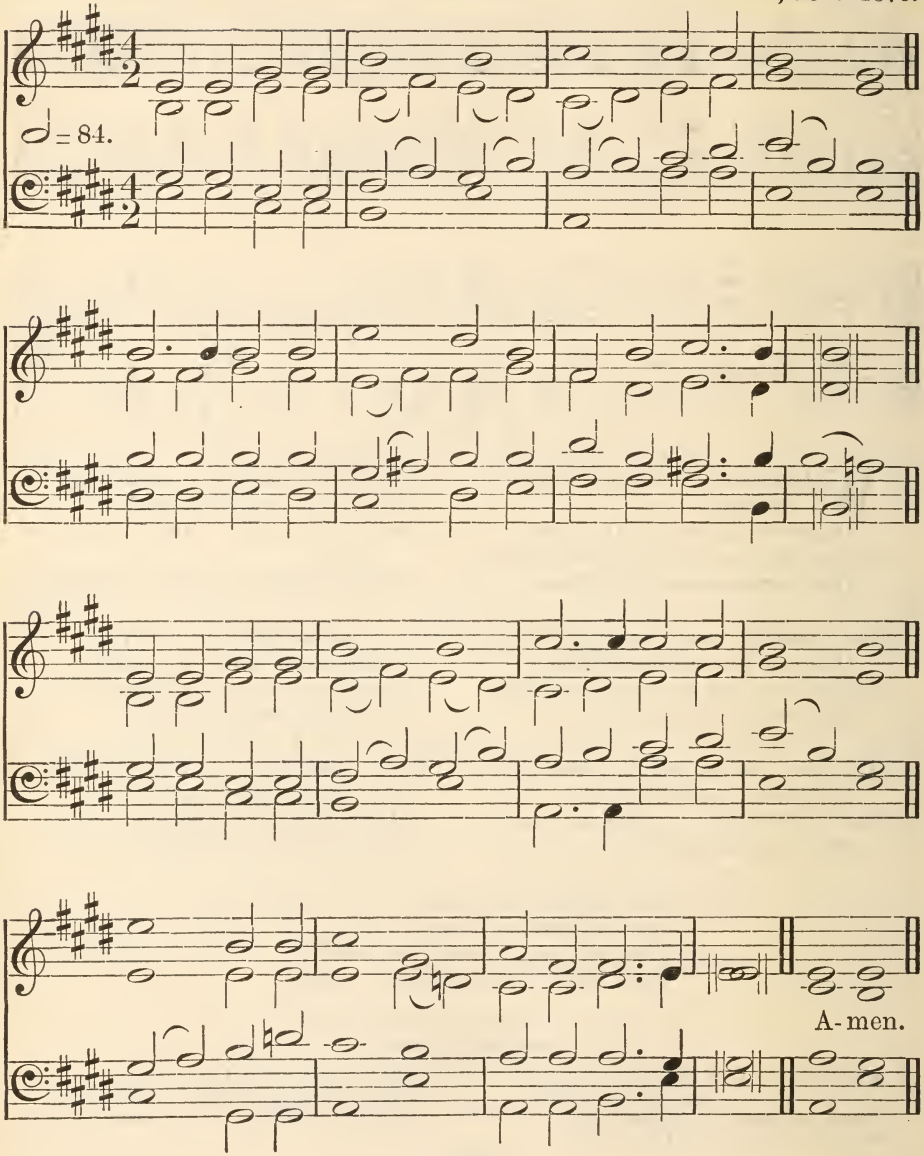
mf Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

Also the following:

Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One—51
Come to our poor nature's night—384
Gracious Spirit, Life Divine—418
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine—419
Holy Spirit, Lord of Light!—427
O Love so strong, O Power so sweet—503
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed—527

Trinity Sunday.

Nicæa. 11.12.12.10. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



Trinity Sunday.

p HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
mf Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
p Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
mf God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

p Holy, Holy, Holy! All the Saints adore Thee,
mf Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

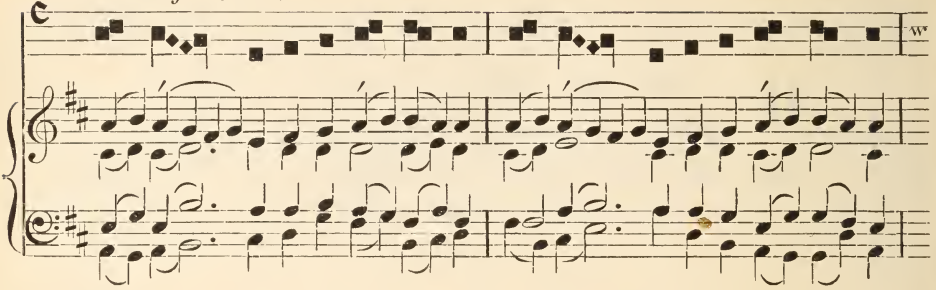
p Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
mf Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
f All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea.
p Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
f God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

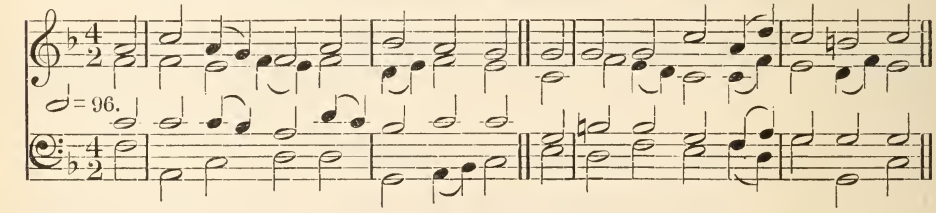
Trinity Sunday.

Ave colenda Trinitas (*First Tune*). Mode VIII. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



Chesterton (*Second Tune*). L.M. G. F. Cobb, *b.* 1838.



Trinity Sunday.

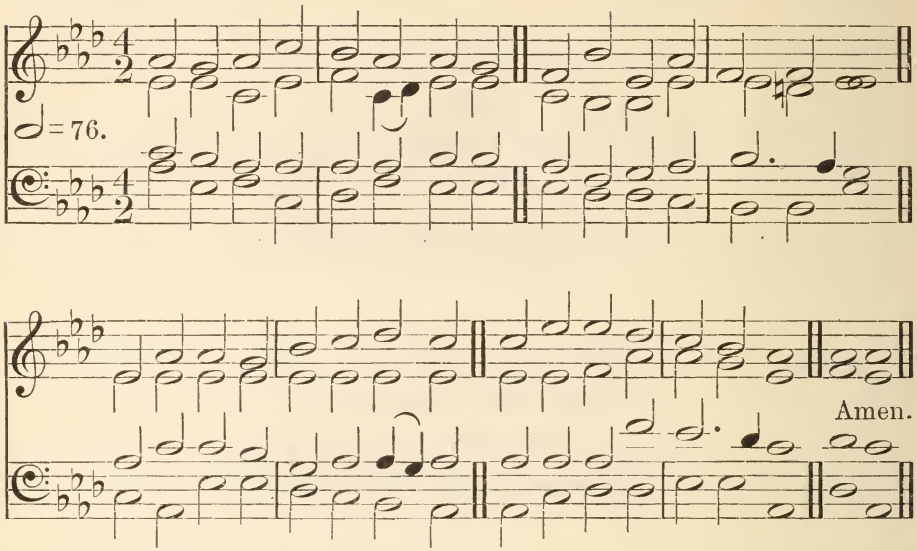
mf ALL hail, Adorèd Trinity;
All hail, Eternal Unity;
O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever One.

Behold to Thee, this festal day,
We utter forth a thankful lay,
For all Thy gifts of priceless worth,
The saving health of all the earth.

f Three Persons praise we evermore,
One only God our hearts adore;
mf In Thy sure mercy ever kind
May we our true protection find.

p O Trinity! O Unity!
Be present as we worship Thee;
cr And with the songs that Angels sing
Unite the hymns of praise we bring. Amen.

Redhead, No. 46. 8.7.8.7. R. Redhead, 1820–1901.



mf BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

f "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
p Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

f Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
p "Holy, Holy, Holy,"—singing, [High."
f "Lord of Hosts, The Lord Most

mf With His Seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

f "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
p Holy, Holy, Holy Lord." Amen.

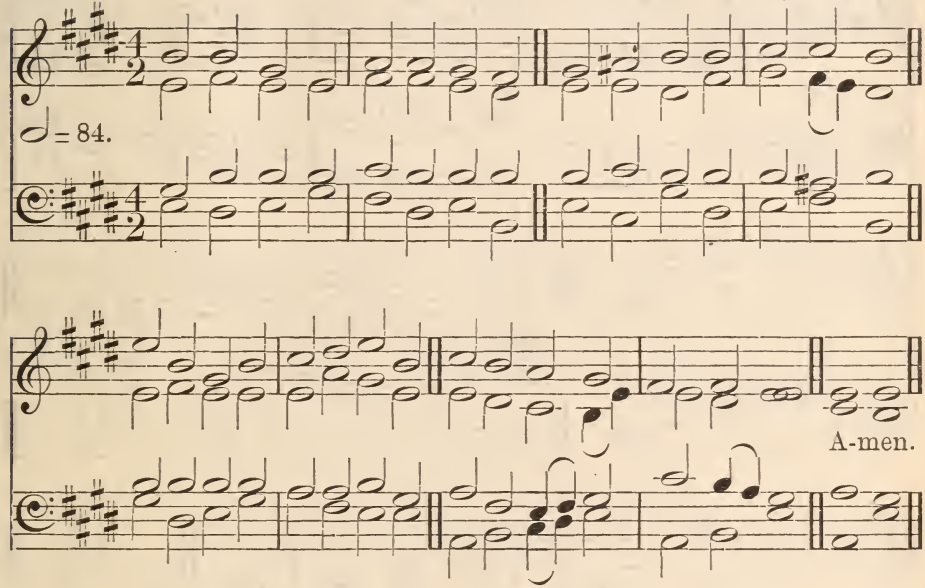
Also the following:

Father of heaven, Whose love profound—395
O King of kings, before Whose throne—496
The strain upraise of joy and praise—560
Thou, Whose Almighty word—574
Three in One, and One in Three—575

201 St. Andrew the Apostle.

8.7.8.7.

GOTHA. H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, 1819–1861.



May also be sung to "Stuttgart," *No.* 110.

mf JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me;"

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

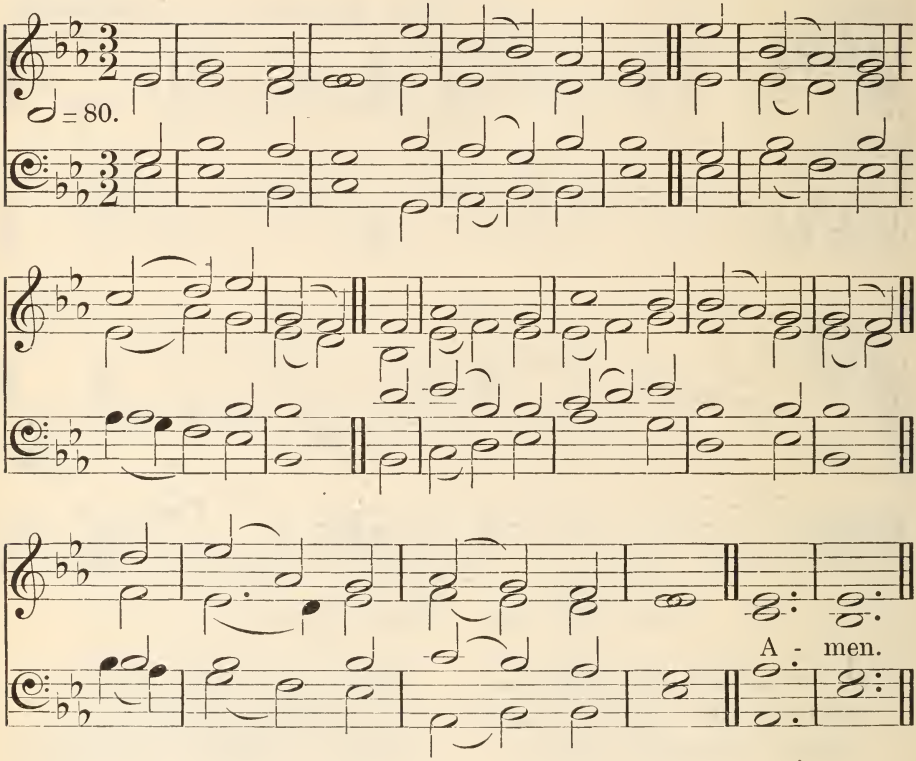
Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

p Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
cr Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

202 St. Thomas the Apostle.

MANCHESTER. C.M. R. WAINWRIGHT, 1748–1782.



mf WE have not seen, we cannot see,
The happy land above,
From sin and death and suffering free,
Where all is peace and love;

We only see the path so long
By which we have to go;
We only feel the foe so strong
Who seeks to work us woe.

We have not seen, we cannot see
The Cross our Master bore,
With all its pains, that man might be
The devil's slave no more.

We only think it hard to part
With every pleasant sin,
And give to God a perfect heart,
And make Him Lord within.

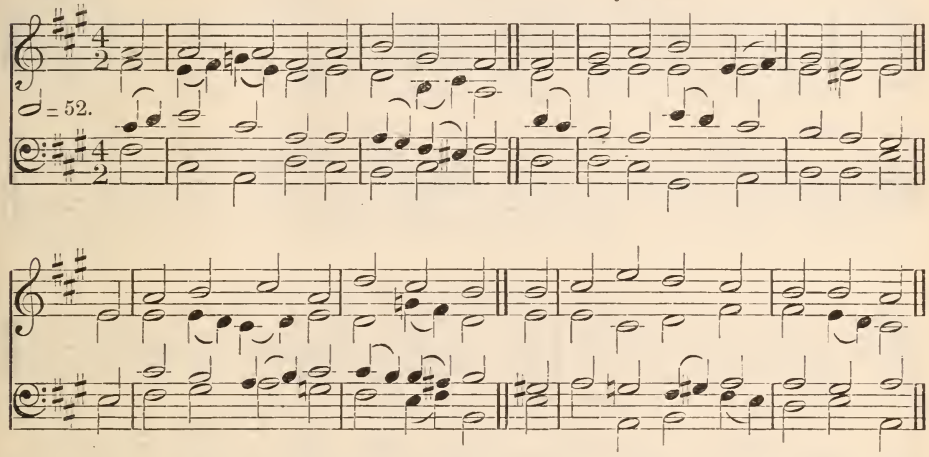
We walk by faith, and not by sight;
And, blessèd Saint, like thee,
We sometimes doubt if faith tells right,
Because we cannot see.

Upon the promise we would lean
Thy doubting heart received;
Blessèd are they that have not seen,
And that have yet believed. Amen.

203 Conversion of St. Paul.

L.M.

BRESLAU. Harmonized by MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847.

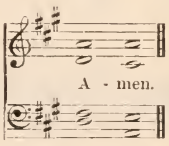


mf O CHRIST, the true and only Light,
Direct the souls that walk in night,
And bring them 'neath Thy sheltering care
To find their blest redemption there.

O Lord, give sight unto the blind,
And join us all in heart and mind;
Oh gather the dispersed to Thee;
The wavering, Lord, from doubt set free.

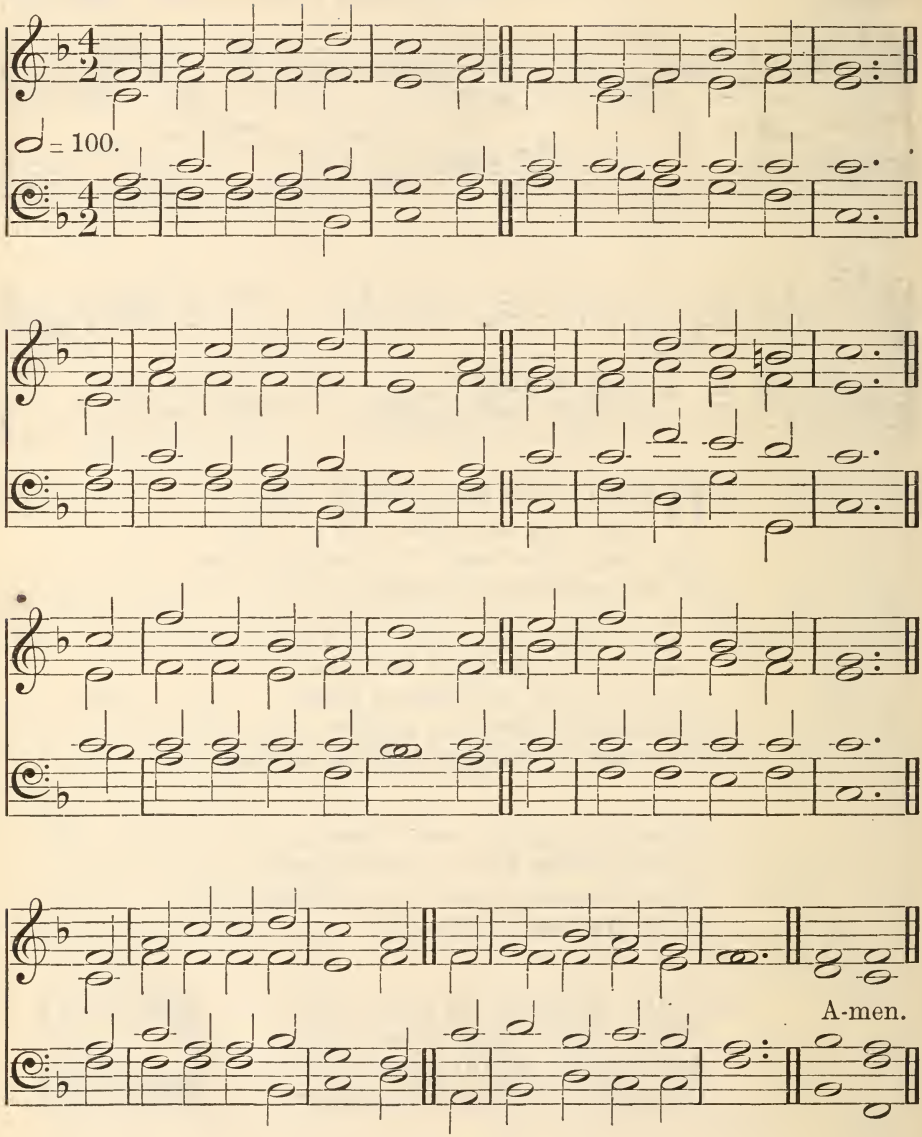
Those who in error wander wide,
Let Thy bright beams of mercy guide;
Whom sin hath bruised and wounded, heal:
To all the hope of glory seal.

f So they who sing Thy praise above,
With us shall join in bonds of love;
And Thee for all Thy grace adore
On earth,—in heaven,—for evermore.



204

Missionary. 7.6.7.6. D. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.



Conversion of St. Paul.

f WE sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus' gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,
Came breathing threats of hate:
The ravening wolf rushed forward
Full early to the prey;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast to-day!

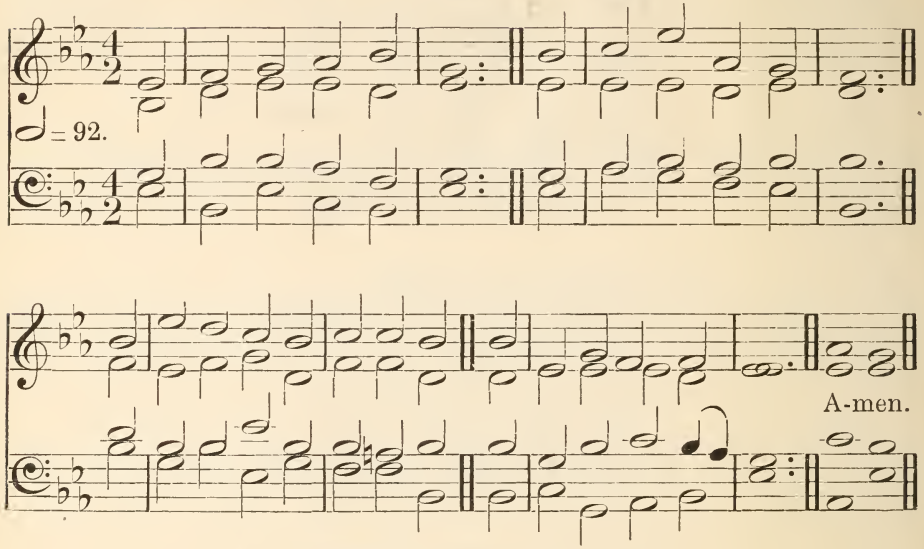
mf O Glory most excelling
That smote across His path!
O Light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
O Voice that spake within him
The calm reproving word!
O Love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

O Wisdom, ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ,
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy.

p Lord teach Thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
To trust Thy hidden power.
cr Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen Saint can find! Amen.

205 The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

FRANCONIA. S.M. MÜLLER'S *Choralbuch*, 1754.



mf BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King:

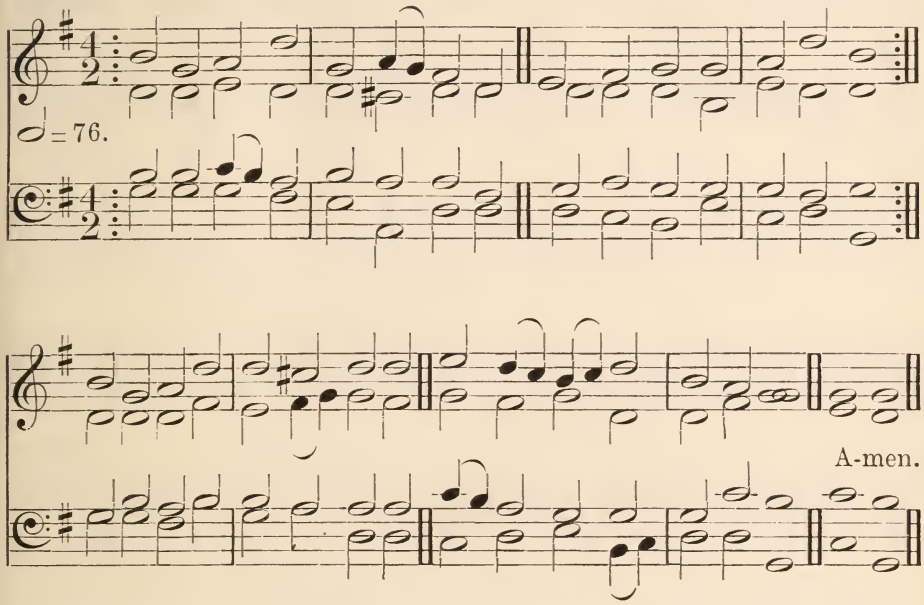
p Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

mf Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

206 The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

8.7.8.7.8.7. Old German Melody.

BAMBERG. Harmonized by J. C. BACH, 1643–1703.



mf IN His temple now behold Him,
See the long-expected Lord!
Ancient prophets had foretold Him;
God hath now fulfilled His word.
f Now to praise Him His redeemèd
Shall break forth with one accord.

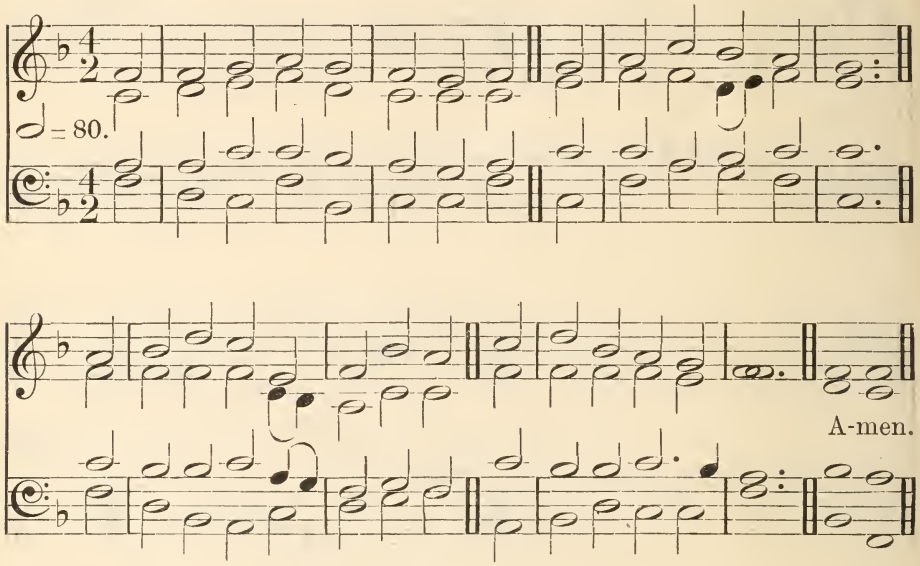
p In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His agèd Saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die:
f Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lo, the Incarnate God Most High!

p Jesus, by Thy presentation,
Thou, Who didst for us endure,
cr Make us see Thy great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure;
f And present us in Thy glory
To Thy Father cleansed and pure.

f Prince and Author of salvation,
Be Thy boundless love our theme!
Jesu, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme! Amen.

207 St. Matthias's Day.

St. Etheldreda. C.M. Bishop Turton, 1780–1864.



mf THE highest and the holiest place
Guards not the heart from sin;
The Church that safest seems without
May harbour foes within.

But not the great designs of God
Man's sins shall overthrow;
Another witness to the truth
Forth to the lands shall go.

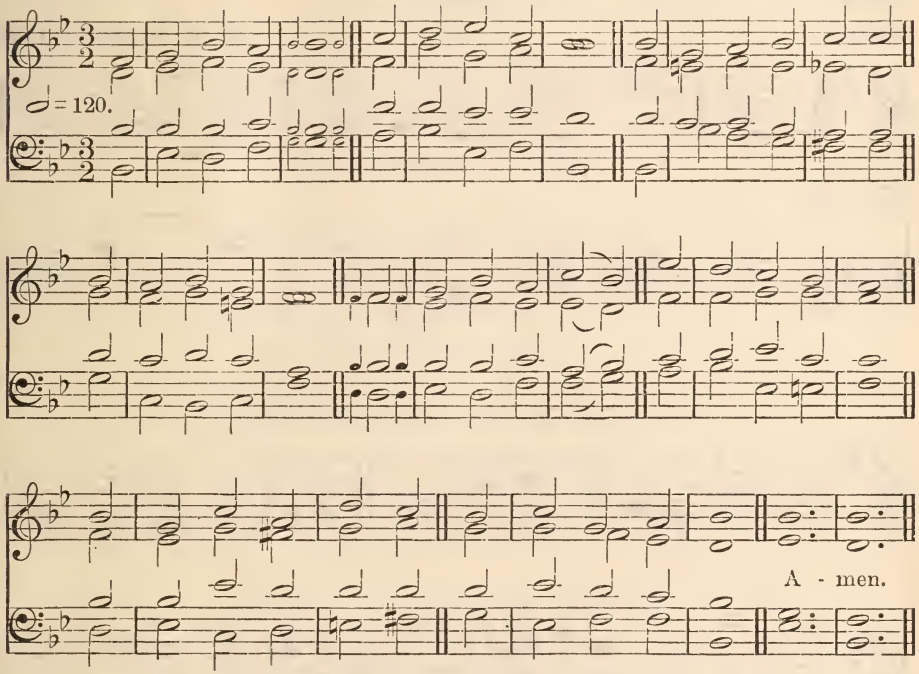
Thus in the small and chosen band
Beloved above the rest,
One fell from his apostleship,
A traitor-soul unblest.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die;
Thy purpose shall not fail;
The word of grace no less shall sound,
The truth no less prevail.

Righteous, O Lord, are all Thy ways;
Long as the worlds endure,
From foes without and foes within
Thy Church shall stand secure. Amen.

208 The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

ANNUNCIATION. 6.5.6.5. D. A. H. BREWER, *b.* 1865.



f O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Ye nations, rejoice,
Pour forth adoration
On this blessèd morn;
An Angel to Mary
Hath raisèd his voice,
Declaring salvation,
For Christ shall be born.

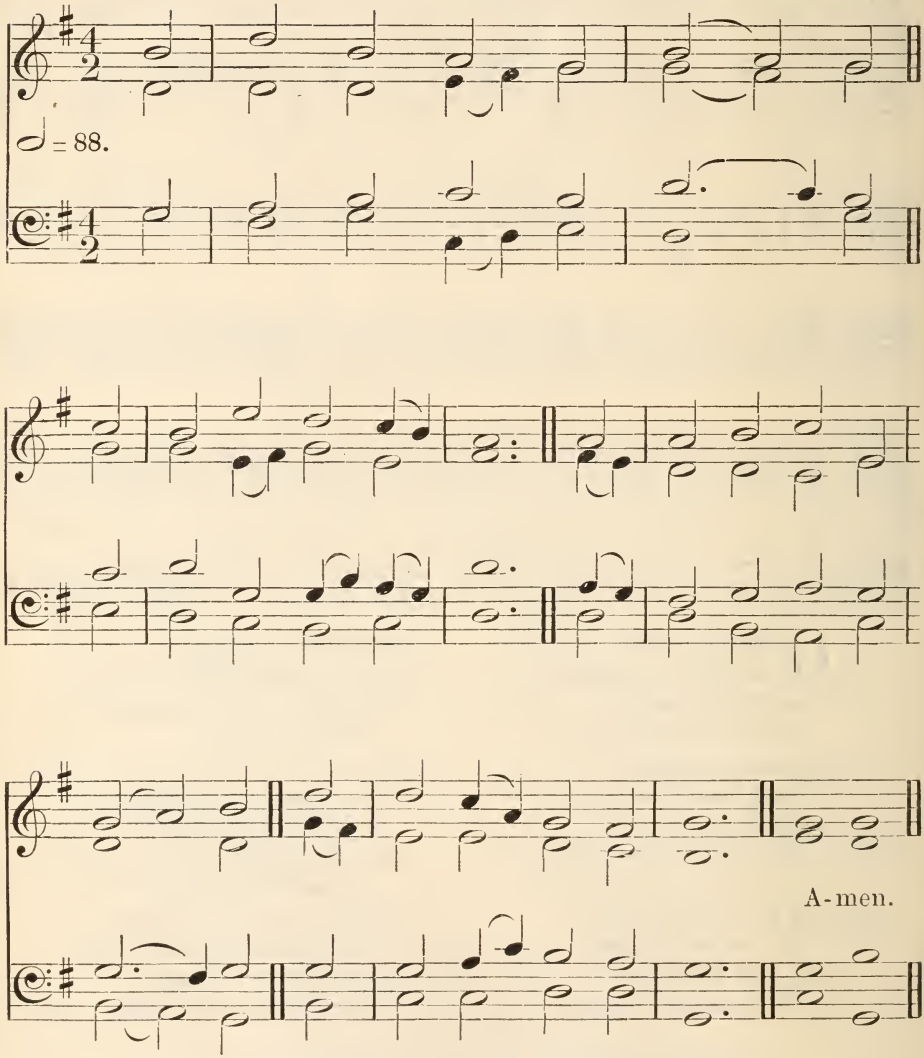
mf The Lord hath fulfillèd
His wonderful sign—
The sign He declarèd
Of old should be done;
A Virgin conceiving
By power Divine
Shall bear, as the Saviour
Of Israel, a Son.

f Then raise the glad voice,
Ye nations and lands;
Pour forth adoration,
Ye kindreds of earth;
Let the mountains rejoice,
The floods clap their hands,
And God's great Creation
Sing praise at His birth. Amen.

Also the following: Jesus! Name of wondrous love!—101

209 St. Mark's Day.

ARGYLE. 7.6.7.6. E. H. TURPIN, *b.* 1835.



St. Mark's Day.

f WE praise Thy grace, O Saviour,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.

p The Saint, who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
f Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

mf From Thee, Lord, came the courage
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

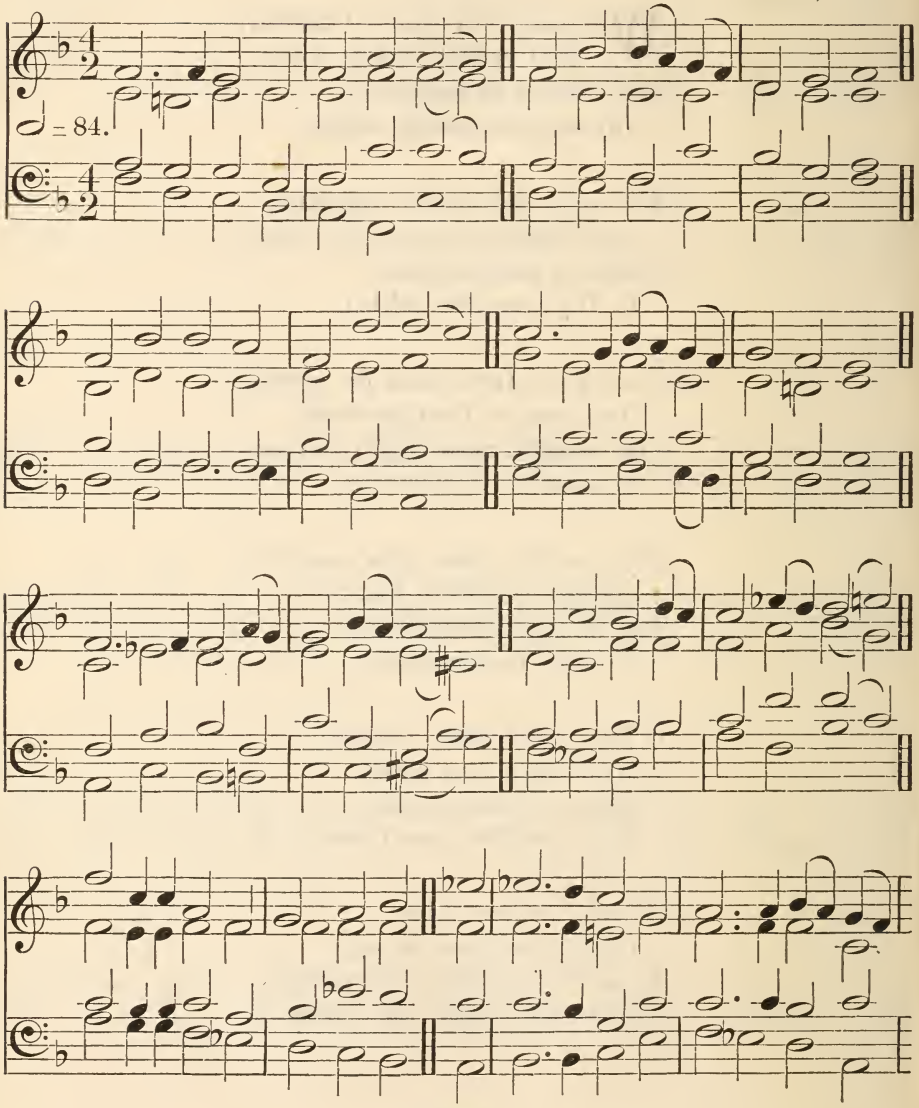
Thy love Thy Saint hath numbered
Among the Blessèd Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.

p O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
cr Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

f O Jesu, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the victory win. Amen.

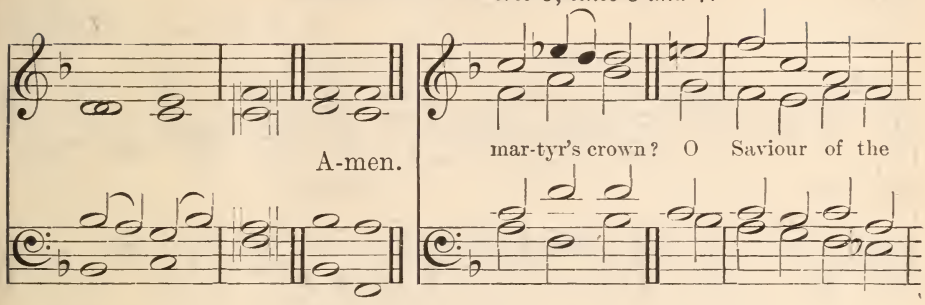
210 St. Philip and St. James's Day.

GLENYARRAH. 7.7.7.7.7.7. 8.12. F. S. KELLY, *b.* 1881.



St. Philip and St. James's Day.

Verse 3, *lines* 6 *and* 7.



p TEMPTED oft to go astray,
cr Jesu Christ, be Thou my Way;
Mocked with shadowy dreams of youth,
cr Jesu Christ, be Thou my truth;
p Wearied out with manhood's strife,
cr Jesu Christ, be Thou my life;
f Such to Thy Saints wast Thou of yore,
Unchangeable Thou art, and shalt be evermore.

f Thou the Way art, Thou the Prize
That beyond the journey lies;
Thou the Truth art, Thou the Guide,
Gone before, yet by our side;
Everlasting life below
It is truly Thee to know;
Such to Thy Saints wast Thou of yore,
Unchangeable Thou art, and shalt be evermore.

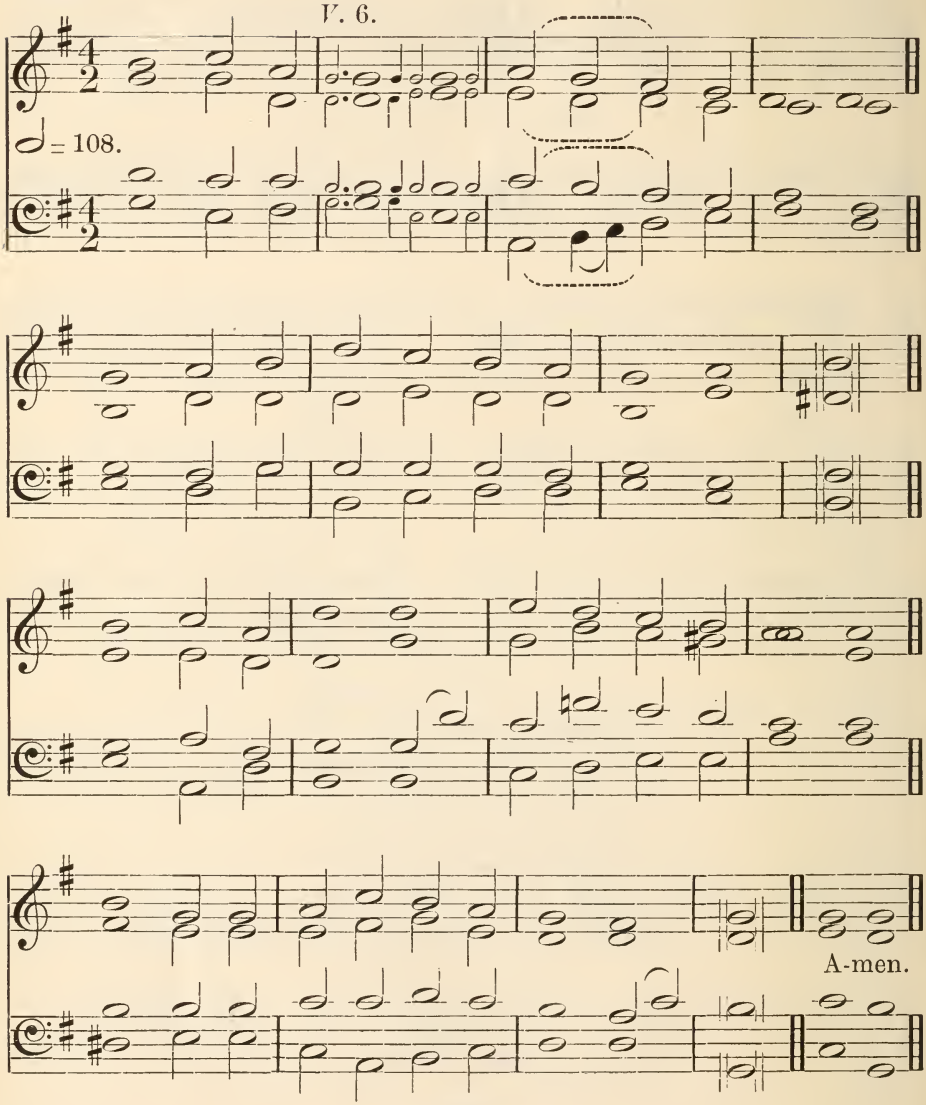
mf Would we follow, true and bold,
Steps of holy men of old;
cr Freely leave the world, to prove
Our, like their, undying love;
p And as freely life lay down,
cr To receive a martyr's crown?
mf O Saviour of the Saints of yore,
Be Thou to us, what Thou to them wast, evermore. Amen.

Also the following:

Thou art the Way;—to Thee alone—571

211 St. Barnabas the Apostle.

EIRENE. 11.10.11.10. F. R. HAVERGAL, 1836–1879.



St. Barnabas the Apostle.

mf O SON of God, our Captain of Salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
cr We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief:—

mf Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast:—

cr Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again:—

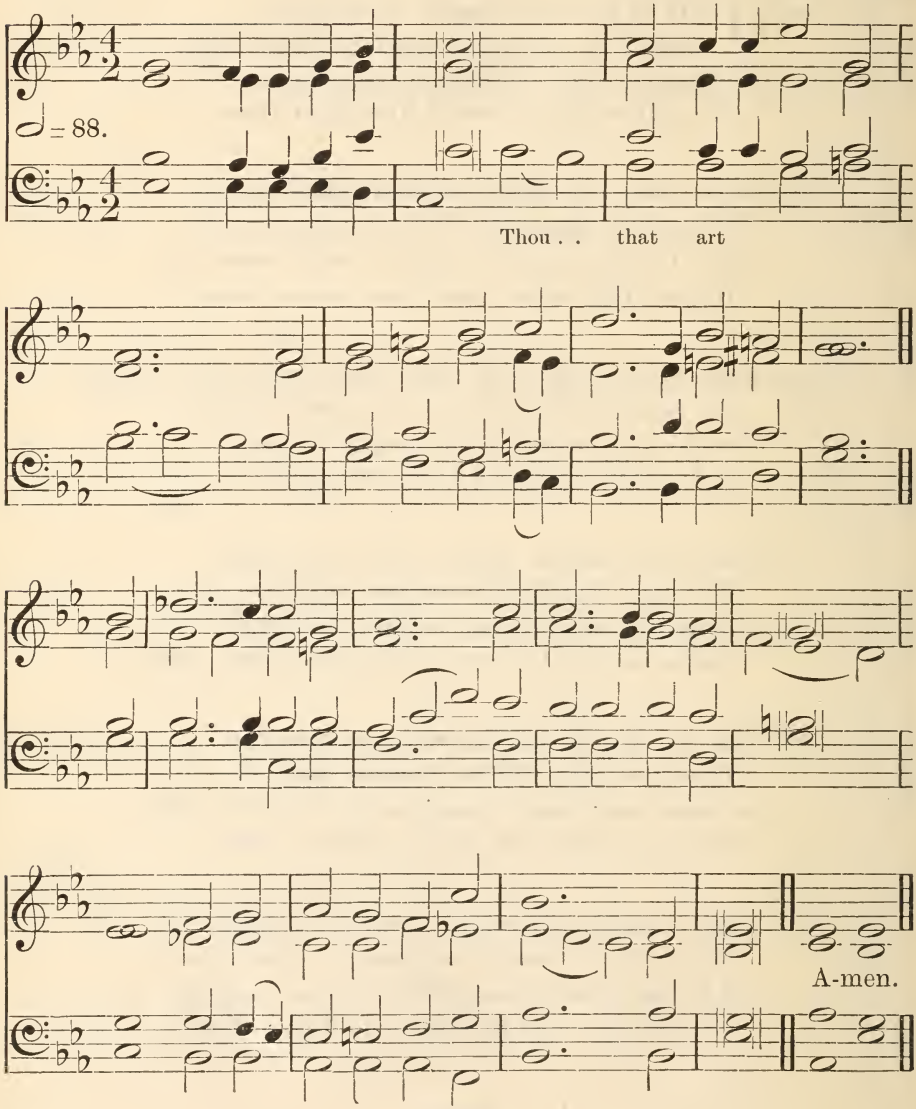
p And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick-bed, and share the children's mirth.

mf Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,
cr From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

mf Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye;"
f Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee. Amen.

212 St. John Baptist's Day.

HARBINGER. 6.6.10. D. HORATIO PARKER, *b.* 1863.



St. John Baptist's Day.

f HAIL, harbinger of Morn:
Thou that art this day born,
And heraldest the Word with clarion voice!
Ye faithful ones, in him
Behold the dawning dim
Of the bright Day, and let your hearts rejoice.

mf John;—by that chosen name
To call him, Gabriel came
By God's appointment from his home on high:
What deeds that babe should do
To manhood when he grew,
God sent His Angel forth to testify.

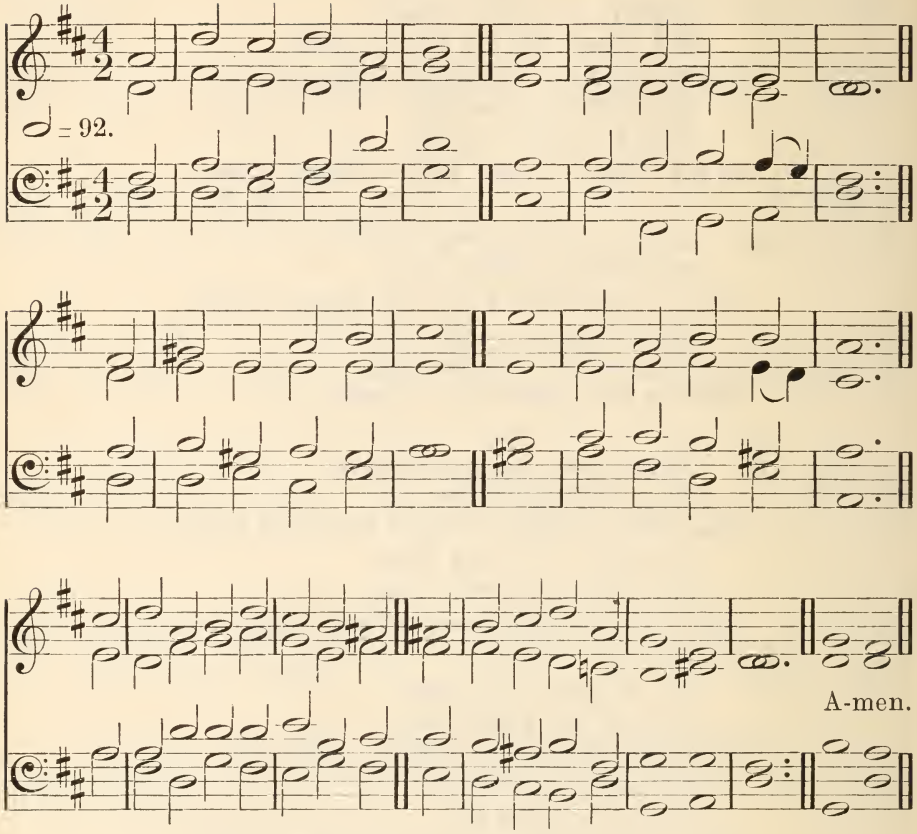
f There is none greater, none,
Than Zachariah's son;
Than this no mightier prophet hath been born
Of woman. He may claim
More than a prophet's fame;
Sublimer deeds than theirs his brow adorn.

mf "Lo, to prepare Thy way,"
Did God the Father say,
"Before Thy face My messenger I send,
Thy coming to forerun;
As on the orient sun
Doth the bright daystar morn by morn attend."

f Praise therefore God Most High;
Praise Him Who came to die
For us, His Son that liveth evermore;
And to the Spirit raise,
The Comforter, like praise,
While time endureth, and when time is o'er. Amen.

Saints' Days.

CROFT'S 148TH. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. W. CROFT, 1678–1727.



f LO! from the desert home,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

St. John Baptist's Day.

f Your God e'en now doth stand
Within heaven's opening door,
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor;
The wheat He claims
And with Him stows,
p The chaff He throws
To deathless flames.

mf Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads
f Make His way plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

mf Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
dim Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come,
p And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

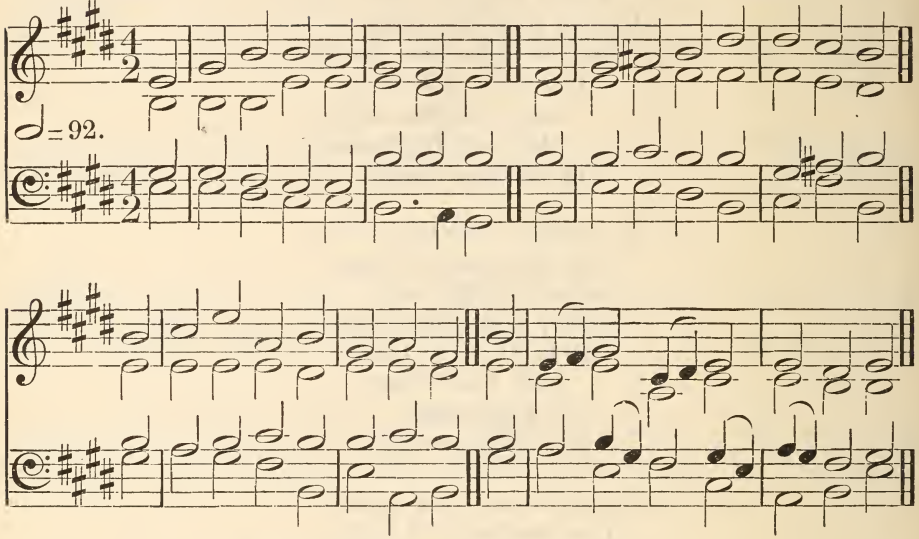
p O God, with love's sweet might,
Who dost anoint and arm
cr Christ's soldier for the fight
With spells that shield from harm,
f Thrice Blessèd Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally. Amen.

Also the following:

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry—81
O Saviour! is Thy promise fled?—506

214 St. Peter's Day.

Sarum Hymnal, No. 46. L.M. T. E. Aylward, *b.* 1844.

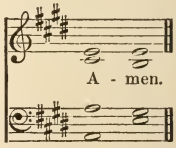


mf CREATOR of the rolling flood!
On Whom Thy people hope alone;
Who cam'st by water and by blood,
For man's offences to atone:—

Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build an endless Church to Thee:—

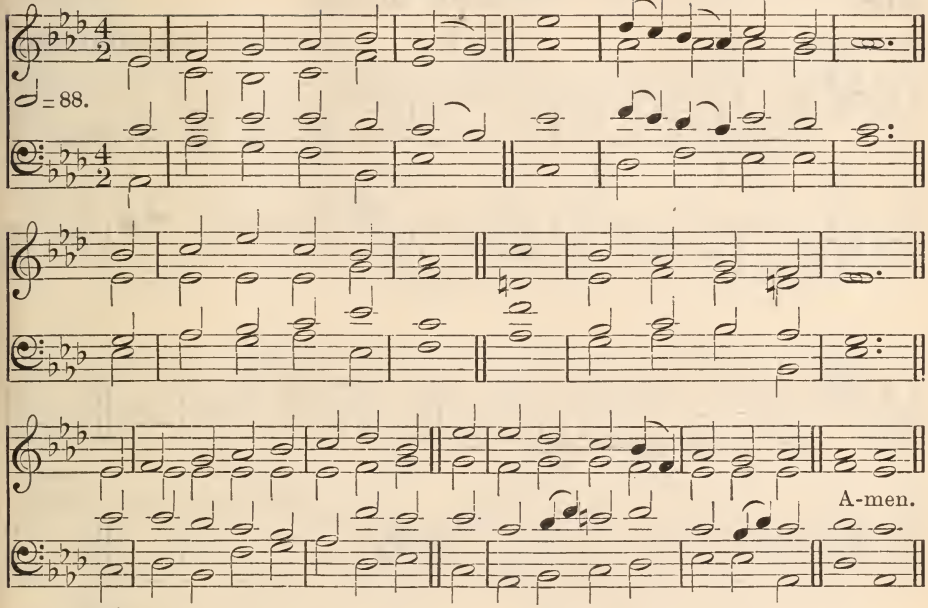
p Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on Thy sacred rock to stand:—

And when, our life-long toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
cr To cast with joy our burthen down,
f And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee!



215 St. Peter's Day.

HAREWOOD. 6.6.6.6.8.8. S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



f "THOU art the Christ, O Lord,
The Son of God Most High!"
For ever be adored
That Name in earth and sky,
In which, though mortal strength may fail,
The Saints of God at last prevail!

mf Oh, surely he was blest
With blessedness unpriced,
Who, taught of God, confessed
The Godhead in the Christ! [own
For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst
Thy Saint a true foundation-stone.

p Thrice was he put to shame,
Thrice did the dauntless fall;
But, oh! that look that came
From out the judgment-hall,—
cr It pierced and broke the spell-bound heart,
f And foiled the tempter's sifting art!

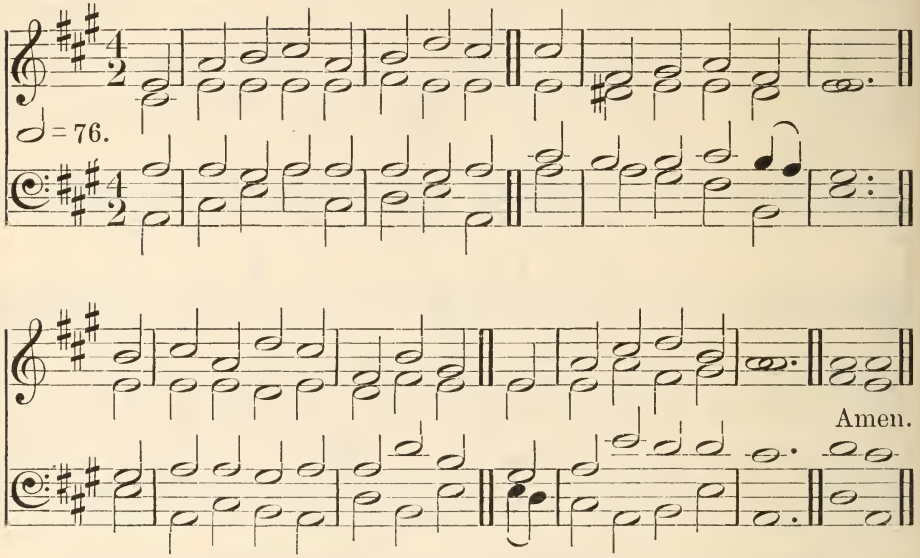
p Thrice fallen—thrice restored!
The bitter lesson learnt,
cr That heart for Thee, O Lord,
With triple ardour burnt.
The cross he took he laid not down
Until he grasped the martyr's crown!

f O bright triumphant faith!
O courage void of fears!
O love most strong in death!
O penitential tears!
p By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,
And make us go where Thou shalt call. Amen.

Also the following: Lord! have mercy when we strive—463

216 St. James the Apostle.

St. James. C.M. R. Courteville, 1676?–1772.



mf FOR all Thy Saints, a noble throng,
Who fell by fire and sword,
Who soon were called, or waited long,
We praise Thy Name, O Lord;

For him who left his father's side,
Nor lingered by the shore,
When, softer than the weltering tide,
Thy summons glided o'er;

Who stood beside the maiden dead,
Who climbed the mount with Thee,
And saw the glory round Thy head,
One of Thy chosen three;

Who knelt beneath the olive shade,
Who drank Thy cup of pain,
And passed from Herod's flashing blade
To see Thy face again.

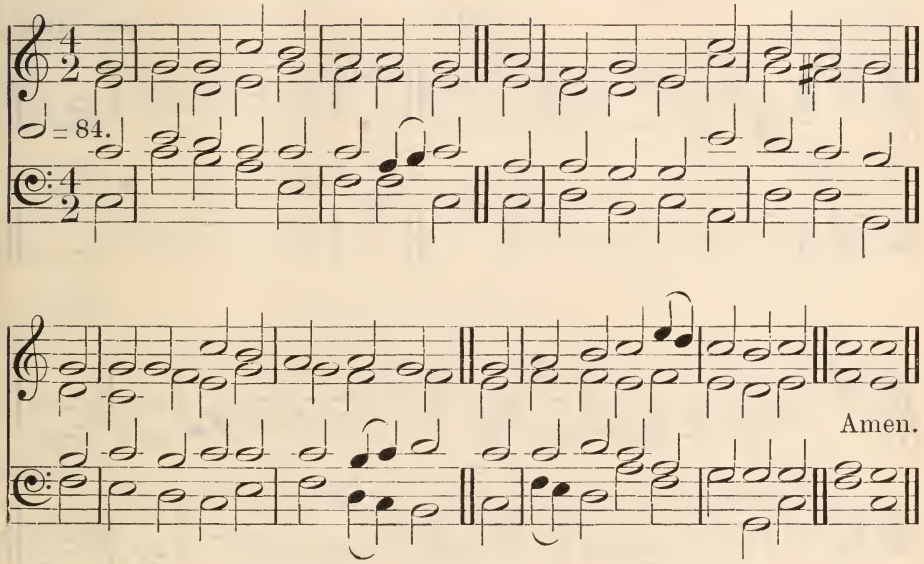
p Lord, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

mf So shall we learn to drink Thy Cup,
So meek and firm be found,
cr When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crowned.
Amen.

217

St. James the Apostle.

MAINZER. L.M. J. MAINZER, 1801–1851.



f WE praise Thy Name, O Lord Most High,
Redeemer of our souls from death,
And all Thy mercies magnify,
In making known Thy saving faith.

mf Thou didst the humble fisher call,
Beside the shores of Galilee:
At Thy command he gave up all,
And left his nets to follow Thee.

O happy choice, for earthly toil
The strife to rescue souls from sin:
For treasures that may rust and spoil,
The crown of heavenly life to win.

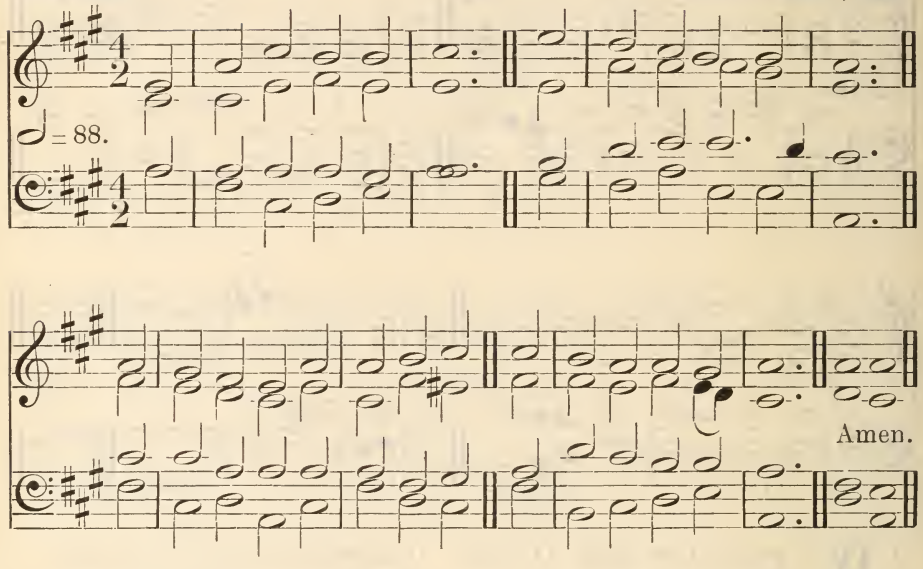
O favoured one, who, ere he knew
The sharpness of the coming cross,
Of Thy bright beauty caught the view
That turns to gain all earthly loss.

Thy promise is fulfilled, and he
Dares in Thy painful steps to go;
p To drink Thy cup of agony,
And drain the bitter dregs of woe.

mf Grant, Lord, that hope of seeing Thee
In bliss may us with courage nerve,
The world and all its pomp to flee,
Our cross to bear, and Thee to serve.
Amen.

218 St. Bartholomew the Apostle.

St. Michael. S.M. Day's *Psalter*, 1563.



mf HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
f He reigns and triumphs here.

mf How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
p Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

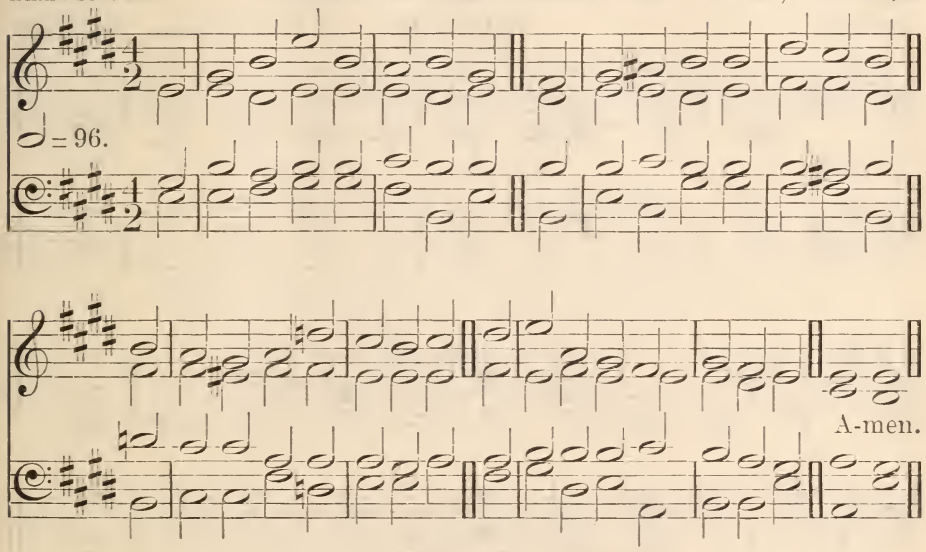
mf The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
cr Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

f The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.
Amen.

219

St. Matthew the Apostle.

THANKSGIVING. L.M. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

p BEHOLD, the Master passeth by!
Oh, seest thou not His pleading eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee—
"Leave this vain world, and follow Me."

O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
mf From earthly toils lift up thine eye;—
Behold, the Master passeth by!

One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd Cross.

That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

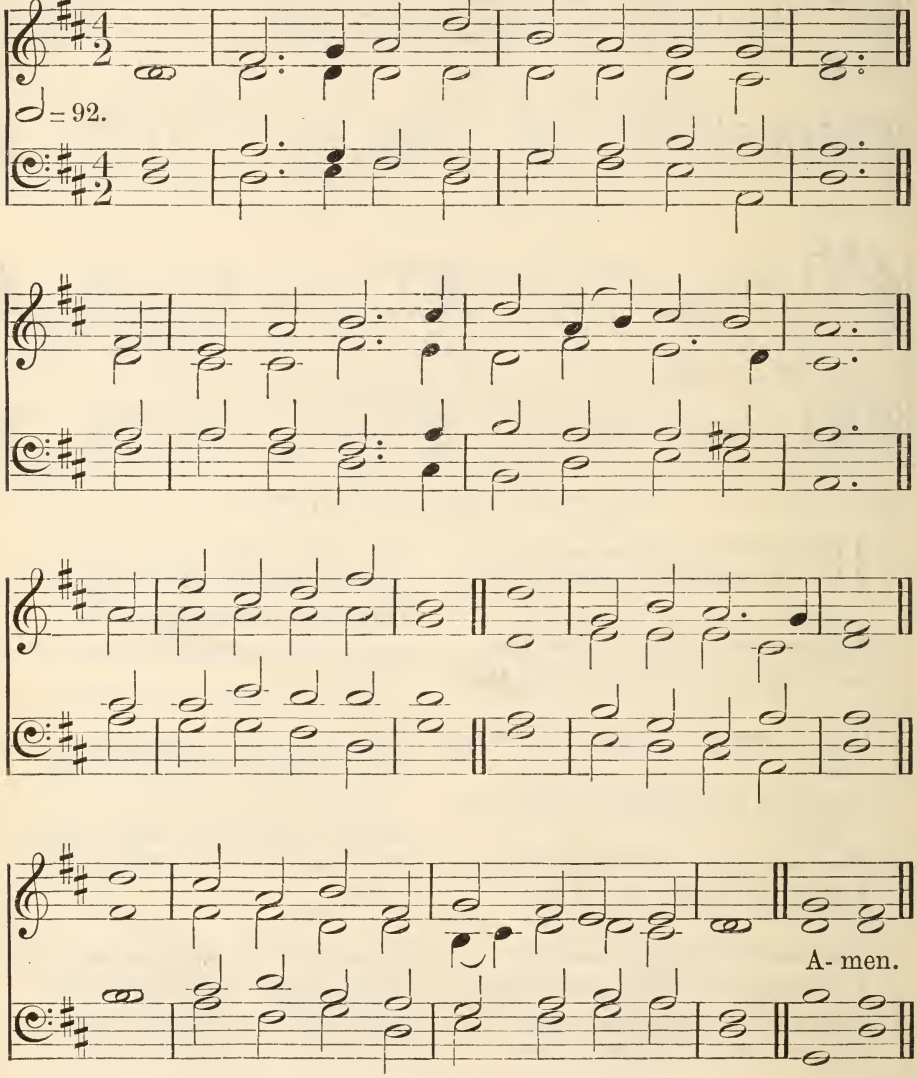
p God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to heaven an endless light:
Why should we love the dreary night?

f Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he rose and left his all:
p Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
f I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Amen.

220 St. Michael and all Angels.

TENBURY. 10.10.6.6.10. F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825–1889.



St. Michael and all Angels.

mf O GOD the Son Eternal, Thy dread might
Sent forth Saint Michael and the hosts of heaven,
And from the realms of light
Cast down in burning fight
Satan's rebellious hosts, to darkness given.

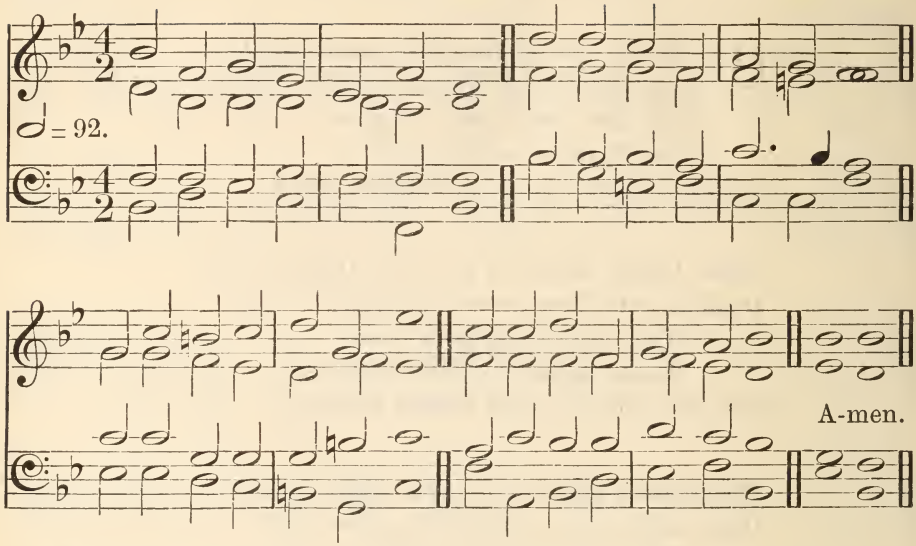
Thine Angels, Lord, we sing with thankful lays,
Dwelling with Thee above yon depths of sky;
Who, 'mid Thy glory's blaze,
Heaven's ceaseless anthems raise,
And gird Thy throne in faithful ministry.

We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
The mercies of their King
To mortal Saints to bring,
p Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

mf But Thee, the First and Last, we glorify,
Who, when Thy world was sunk in death and sin,
Not with Thine hierarchy,
The armies of the sky,
But didst with Thine own arm the battle win.

f Therefore with Angels and Archangels we
To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
And tune our songs to Thee,
Who art, and art to be;
And, endless as Thy mercies, sound Thy praise! Amen.

Xavier. 7.7.7.7. F. Champneys, *b.* 1848.



f PRAISE to God Who reigns above,
Binding earth and heaven in love;
All the armies of the sky
Worship His dread sovereignty.

mf Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
Marshalled Might that never cowers.

Speeds the Archangel from His face,
Bearing messages of grace;
Angel hosts His words fulfil,
Ruling nature by His Will.

Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state,
For in Man their Lord they see,
Christ, the Incarnate Deity.

On the throne their Lord Who died
Sits in Manhood glorified;
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.

Oh, the depths of joy divine
Thrilling through those Orders nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banished come to reign!

f Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the choirs above,
Praising, with the heavenly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

222 St. Michael and all Angels.

TRISAGION. 10.10.10.10. H. SMART, 1813–1879.

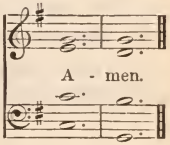
mf STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial resplendence and light;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the Tris-agion * ever and aye;

These are Thy counsellors: these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth! the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy ministers; these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

Then, when the earth was first poised in mid-space,—
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,—
cr Then, when were ended the six days' employ,—
f Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

mf These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers:
Where with the Living Ones, mystical Four,
dim Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

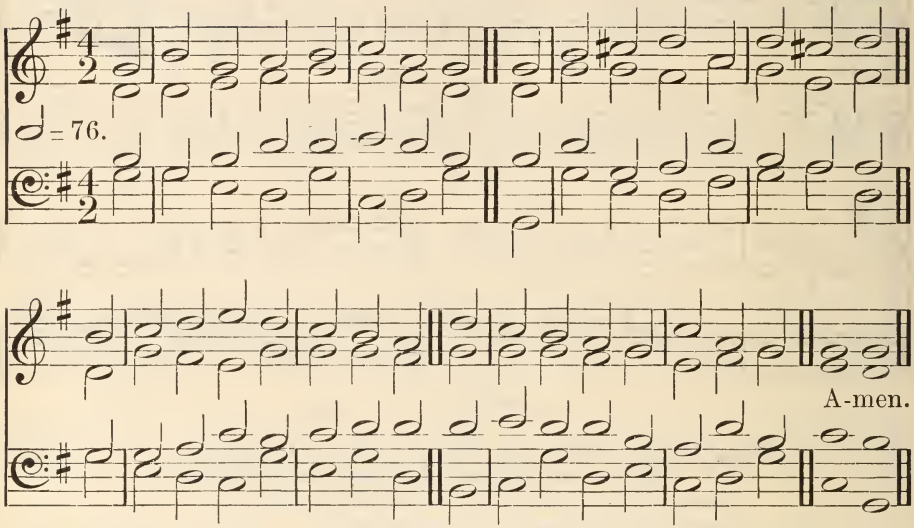
mf Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
Lord of Angelic Hosts, battling for right!
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
dim We with the Angels may bow and adore!



* A Greek versicle used in the Eastern and Gallican liturgies: "Holy God, holy mighty, holy immortal, have mercy upon us." Tris-agion means "thrice-holy."

223 St. Michael and all Angels.

ANGELS' SONG. L.M. O. GIBBONS, 1583–1625.



mf THEY come, God's messengers of love,
They come from heavenly realms above,
From fields of never-fading green,
From skies where clouds are never seen.

They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:
Ye heavenly Guides, flee not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.

p But chiefly at its journey's end,
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend;
And whisper to the faithful heart,
pp "O Christian soul, in peace depart."

p Blest Jesu, Thou Whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears!
When to the earth in sorrow weighed,
Thou didst not scorn Thine Angels' aid:

An Angel guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie;
And in Thine own Almighty arms,
O shield us in the last alarms.

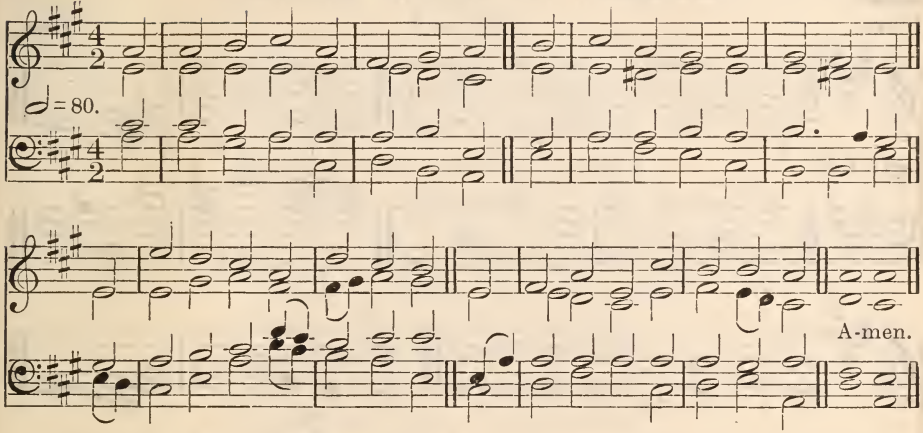
f To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
From all above, and all below,
Let joyful praise unceasing flow.
Amen.

Also the following:

Come, let us join our cheerful songs—378
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer—437

224 St. Luke the Evangelist.

ELY. L.M. Bishop TURTON, 1780–1864.



f WHAT thanks and praise to Thee we owe,
O Priest and Sacrifice divine,
For Thy dear Saint through whom we know
So many a gracious word of Thine;

mf Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale
Of all Thy Manhood's toils and tears,
And for a moment lift the veil
That hides Thy Boyhood's spotless years.

p How many a soul with guilt oppressed
cr Has learned to hear the joyful sound
In that sweet tale of sin confessed,
The Father's love, the lost and found!

p How many a child of sin and shame
cr Has refuge found from guilty fears
Through her, who to the Saviour came
With costly ointments and with tears!

mf What countless worshippers have sung,
In lowly fane or lofty choir,
The song that loosed the silent tongue
Of him who was the Baptist's sire!

f And still the Church through all her days,
Uplifts the strains that never cease,
The Blessèd Virgin's hymn of praise,
p The aged Simeon's words of peace.

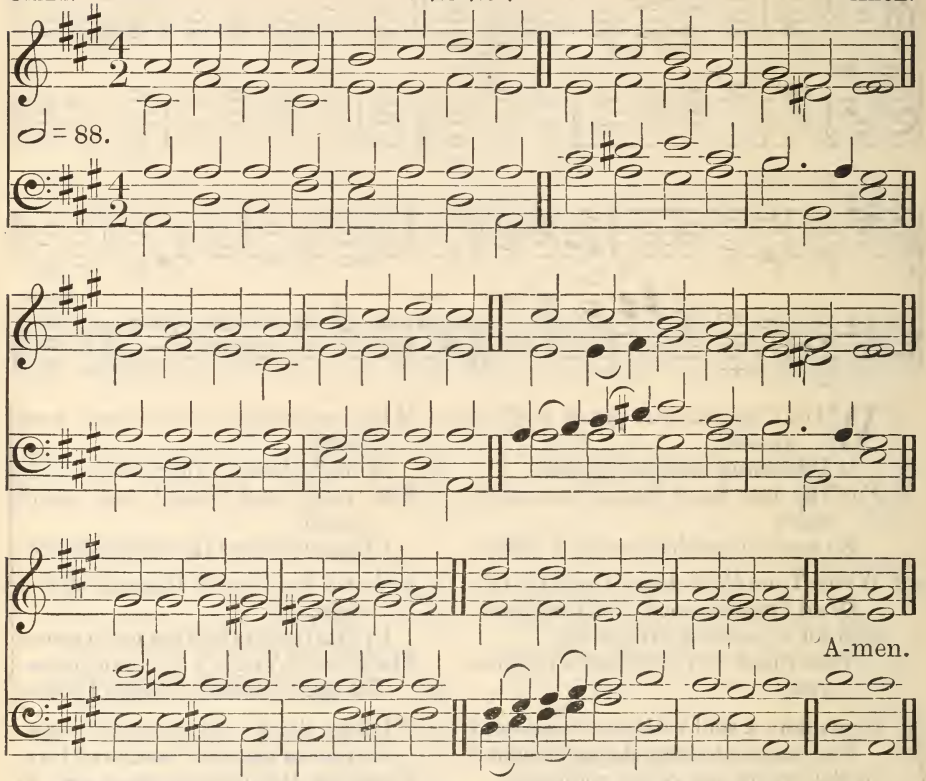
mf O happy Saint! whose sacred page,
So rich in words of truth and love,
Pours on the Church from age to age
This healing unction from above;

The witness of the Saviour's life,
The great Apostle's chosen friend
Through weary years of toil and strife,
And still found faithful to the end.

So grant us, Lord, like him to live,
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,
Till Thou at last the summons give,
And we, with him, Thy face shall see. Amen.

225 St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7. Anon.



mf THOU Who sentest Thine Apostles
Two and two before Thy face,
Partners in the night of toiling,
Heirs together of Thy grace,
cr Throned at length, their labours ended,
Each in his appointed place;

mf Praise to Thee for those Thy champions
Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;
One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened
Burned anew with nobler flame;
One, the kinsman of Thy Childhood,
Brought at last to know Thy Name.

f Praise to Thee! Thy fire within then
Spake in love, and wrought in power;
Seen in mighty signs and wonders
In Thy Church's morning hour;
Heard in tones of sternest warning
When the storms began to lour.

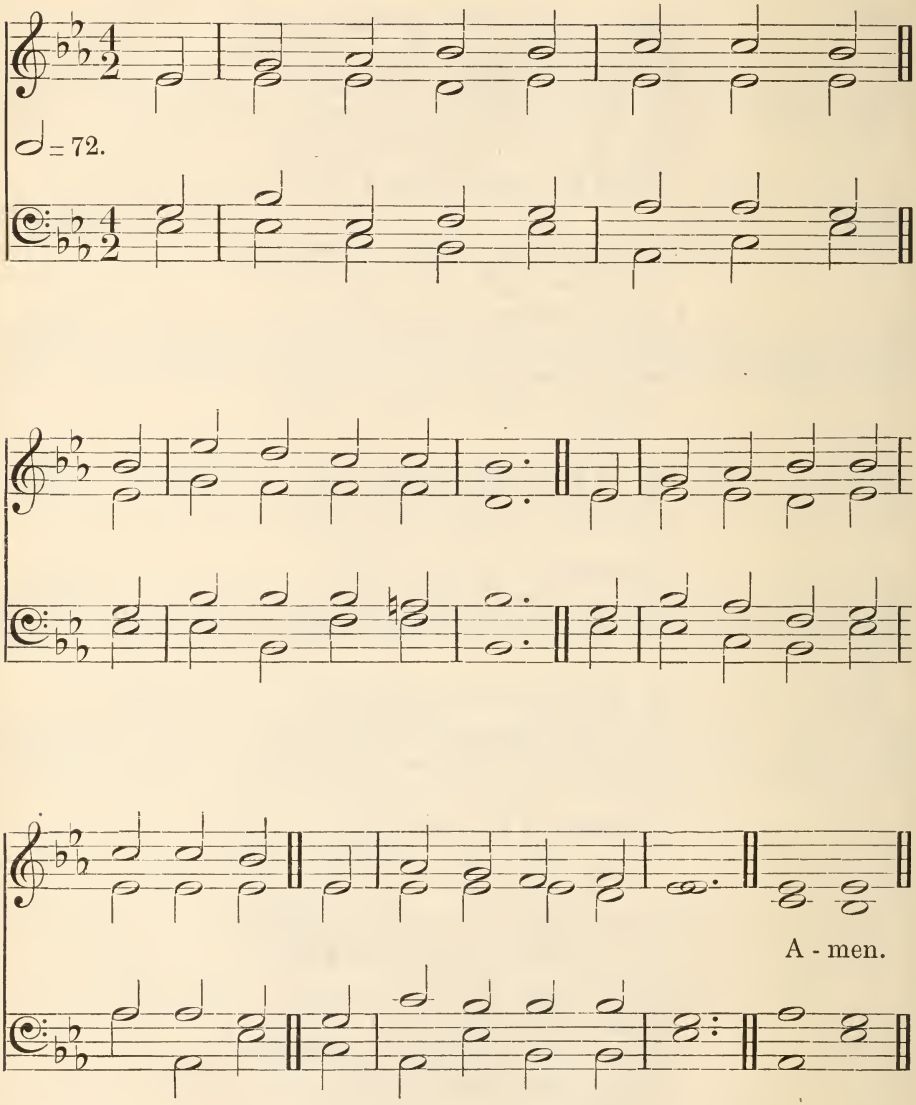
p Once again those storms are breaking;
Hearts are failing, love grows cold;
Faith is darkened, sin abounding;
Grievous wolves assail Thy fold:
Save us, Lord, our One Salvation;
Guard the Faith revealed of old.

mf Call the erring by Thy pity;
Warn the tempted by Thy fear;
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,
Counting life itself less dear,
Standing firmer, holding faster,
As we see the end draw near.

Till, with holy Jude and Simon
And the thousand faithful more,
We, the good confession witnessed
And the life-long conflict o'er,
On the sea of fire and crystal
Stand, and wonder, and adore.

f God the Father, great and wondrous
In Thy works, to Thee be praise;
King of Saints, to Thee be glory,
Just and true in all Thy ways;
Praise to Thee, from both proceeding,
Holy Ghost, through endless days. Amen.

Tallis's Ordinal. C.M. T. Tallis, 1520?–1585.



St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

mf TO-DAY, O Lord, before our eyes
Two blest Apostles stand,
For ever in Thy holy Church
United hand in hand.

Jude bids us for the holy faith
With fervent zeal to fight,
And zeal shines brightly in thy name,
Simon the Canaanite.

p O Lord, send down into our hearts
Thy Spirit from above;
And give us ever fervent zeal
Tempered with holy love.

mf Give zeal that for Thy glory burns,
And still Thy law obeys;
Which, while with Stephen it rebukes,
With Stephen loves and prays.

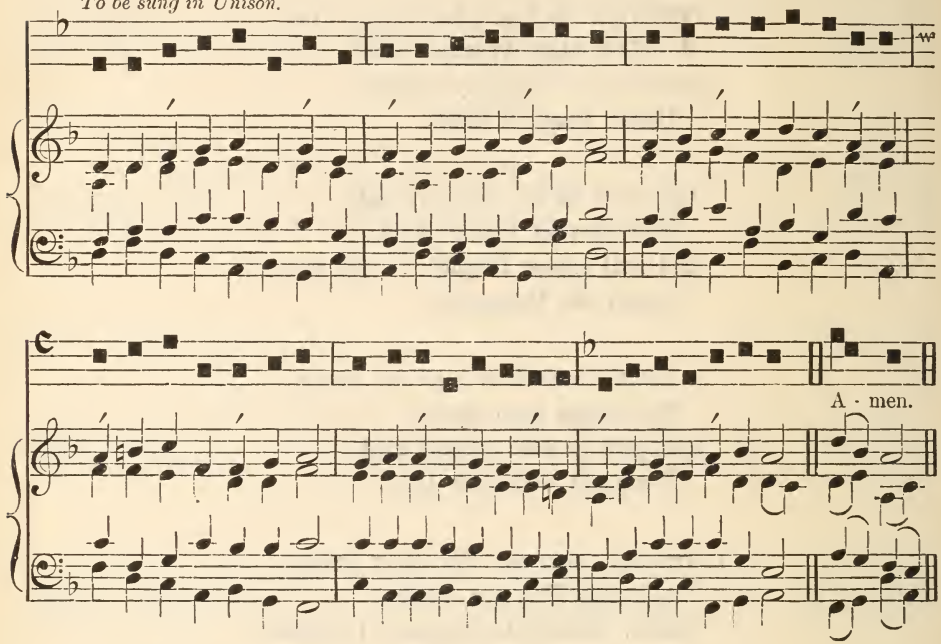
So may we with Thy brethren, Lord,
In heavenly glory be;
For fellowship in holy love
Is brotherhood to Thee.

p O gracious Spirit, ever brood
On us with holy wing,
mf Give zeal and love, that we Thy praise,
In heaven may always sing. Amen.

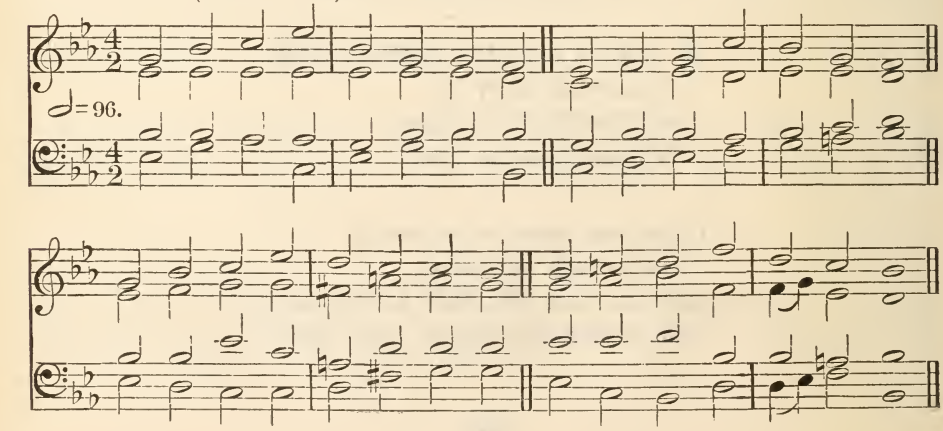
227 All Saints' Day.

Quisquis valet numerare (*First Tune*). Mode IV. transposed. Ancient Plain Song.

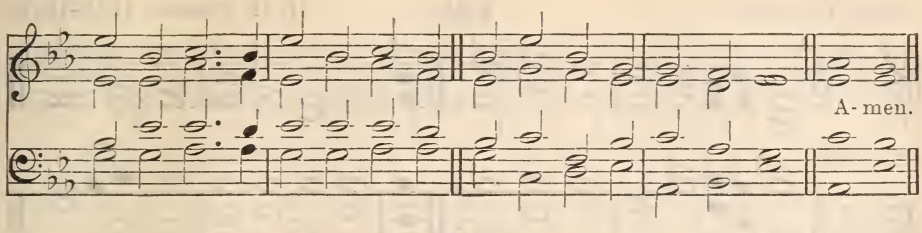
To be sung in Unison.



St. Lawrence (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. C. Steggall, *b.* 1826.



All Saints' Day.



mf IF there be that skills to reckon
All the number of the blest,
He, perchance, can weigh the gladness
Of the everlasting rest
Which, their earthly warfare finished,
They through sufferings have possest.

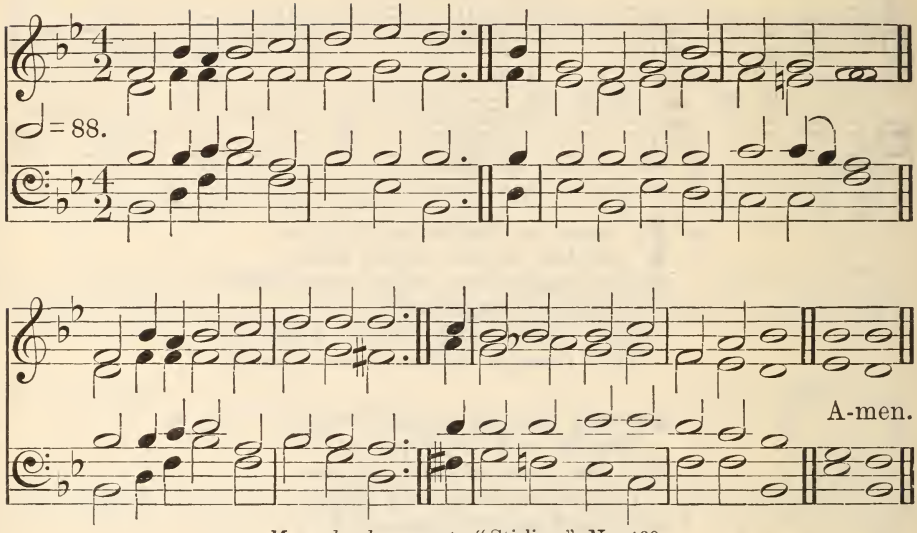
Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their memory they recast,
And the fulness of perfection
They can contemplate at last.

There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded shall we see;
There the Unity of Essence
Shall revealed in glory be;
While we hail the Threefold Godhead,
And the simple Unity.

Wherefore, man, take heart and courage
Whatsoe'er thy present pain;
Such untold reward through suffering
Thou mayest merit to attain;
And for ever in His glory
With the Light of Light to reign.

f Laud and honour to the Father;
Laud and honour to the Son;
Laud and honour to the Spirit;
Ever Three, and ever One:
Consubstantial, Co-eternal!
While unending ages run. Amen.

CROWN OF LIFE. L.M. H. H. PIERSON, 1815–1873.



May also be sung to "Stirling," *No.* 460.

f LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The Saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in Blood.

p Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

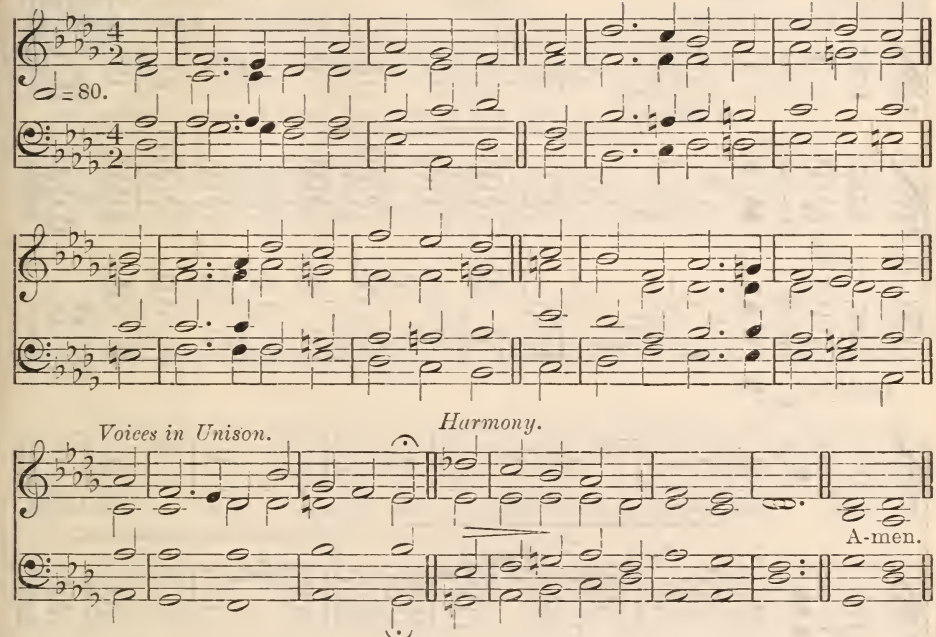
f They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:

f "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

p O may we tread the sacred road
That Saints and holy Martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
f And win, like them, a crown of life. **Amen.**

229 All Saints' Day.

REST. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.



mf THE Saints of God! Their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:—
p O happy Saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

mf The Saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:—
p O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

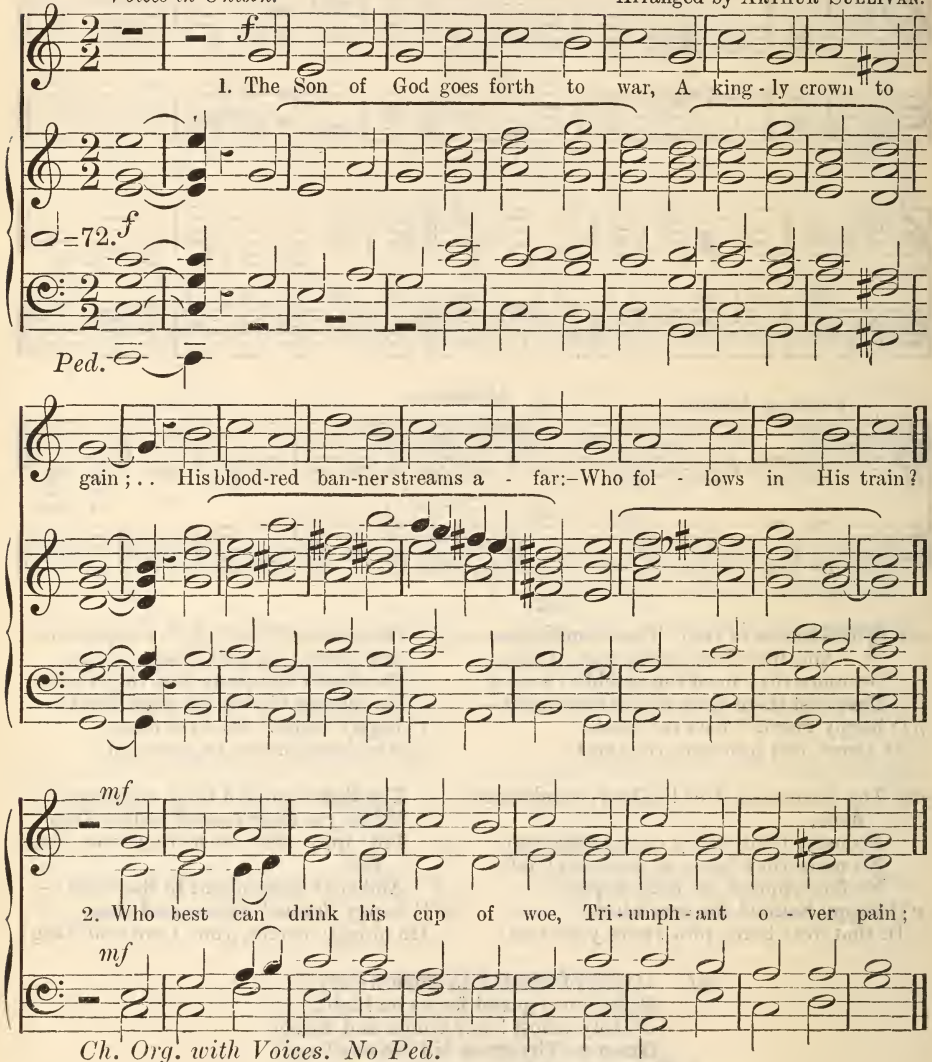
mf The Saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:—
p O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

The Saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
cr Till from the dust they too shall rise
f And soar triumphant to the skies:—
mf O happy Saints! rejoice and sing,
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

mf O God of Saints! to Thee we cry;
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end:
p That with all Saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee! Amen.

ST. ANN. C.M. W. CROFT, 1678–1727.

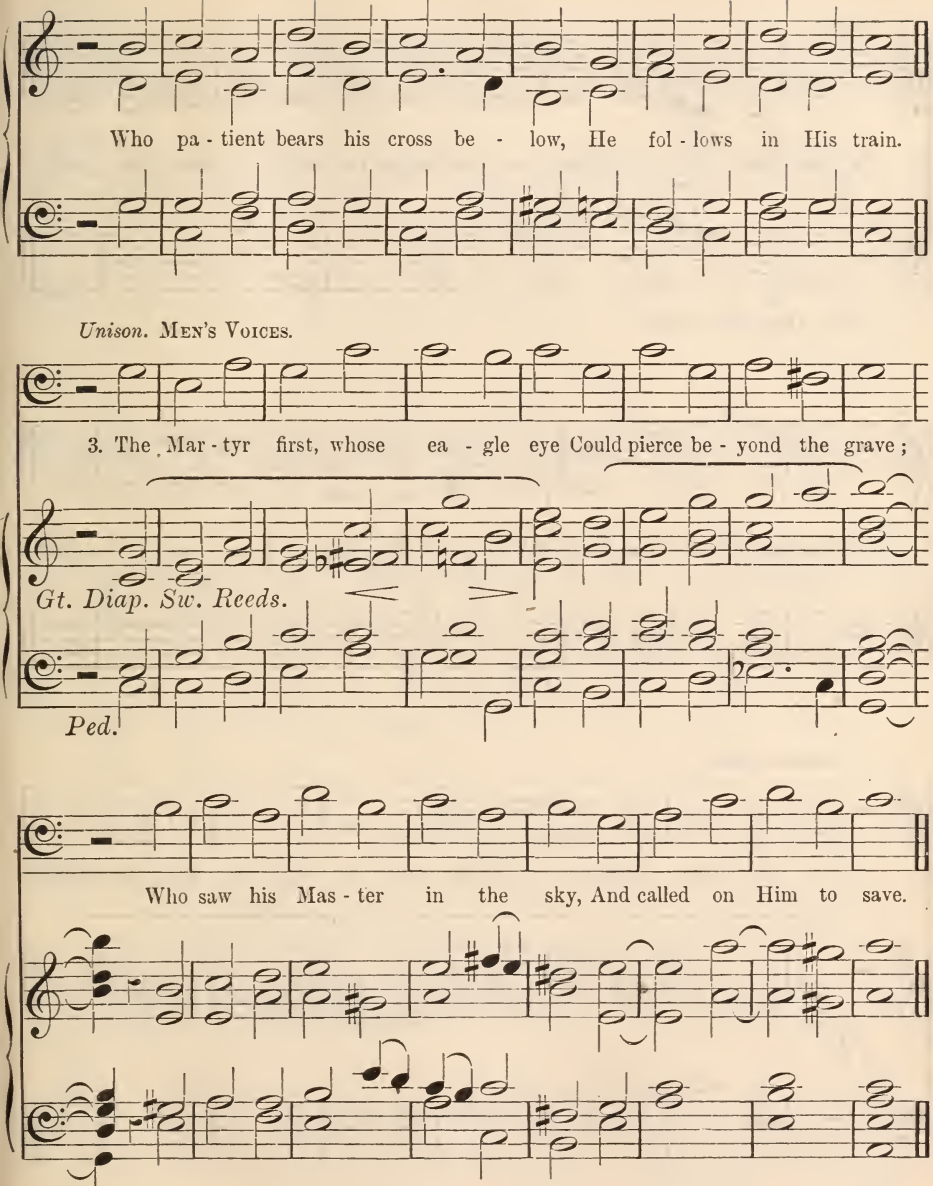
Voices in Unison. Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

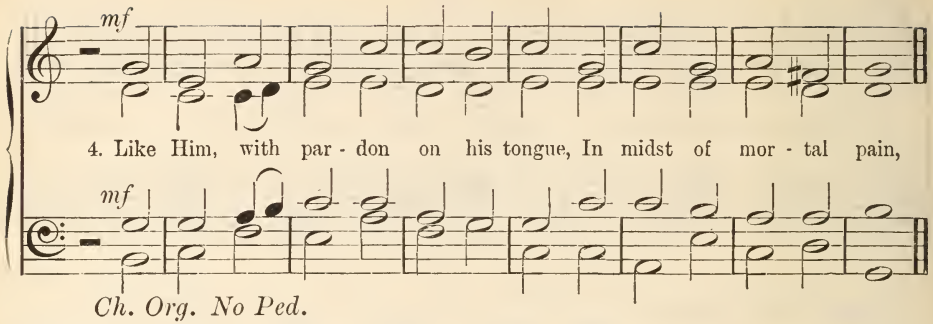

f
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to
♩=72. f
Ped.
gain; . . His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far:—Who fol - lows in His train?
mf
2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o - ver pain;
mf
Ch. Org. with Voices. No Ped.

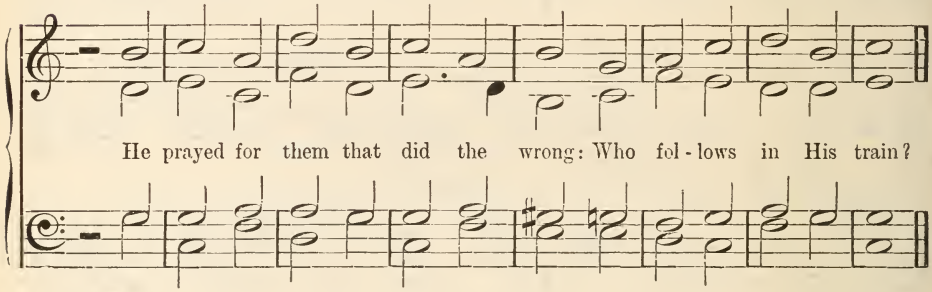
(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

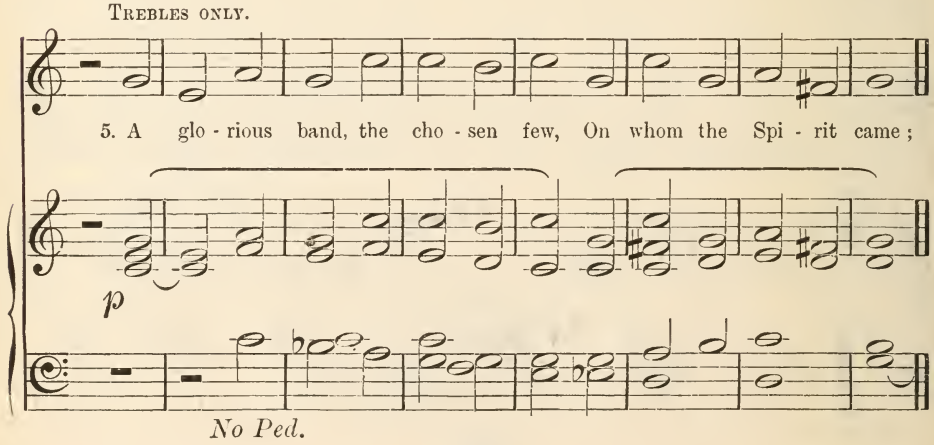
N.B.—If a simpler arrangement is preferred, the harmonies of verse 2 can be sung throughout.

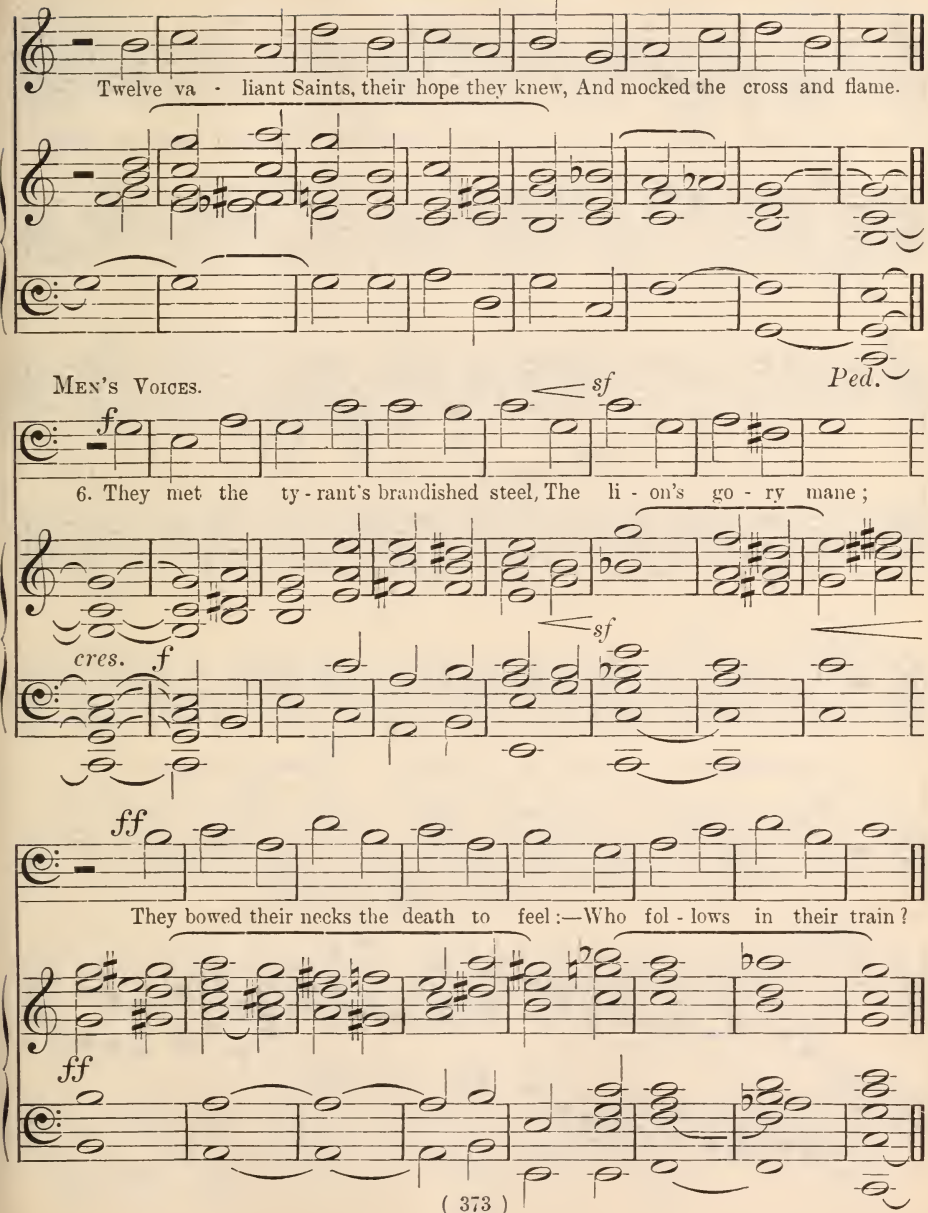
All Saints' Day.

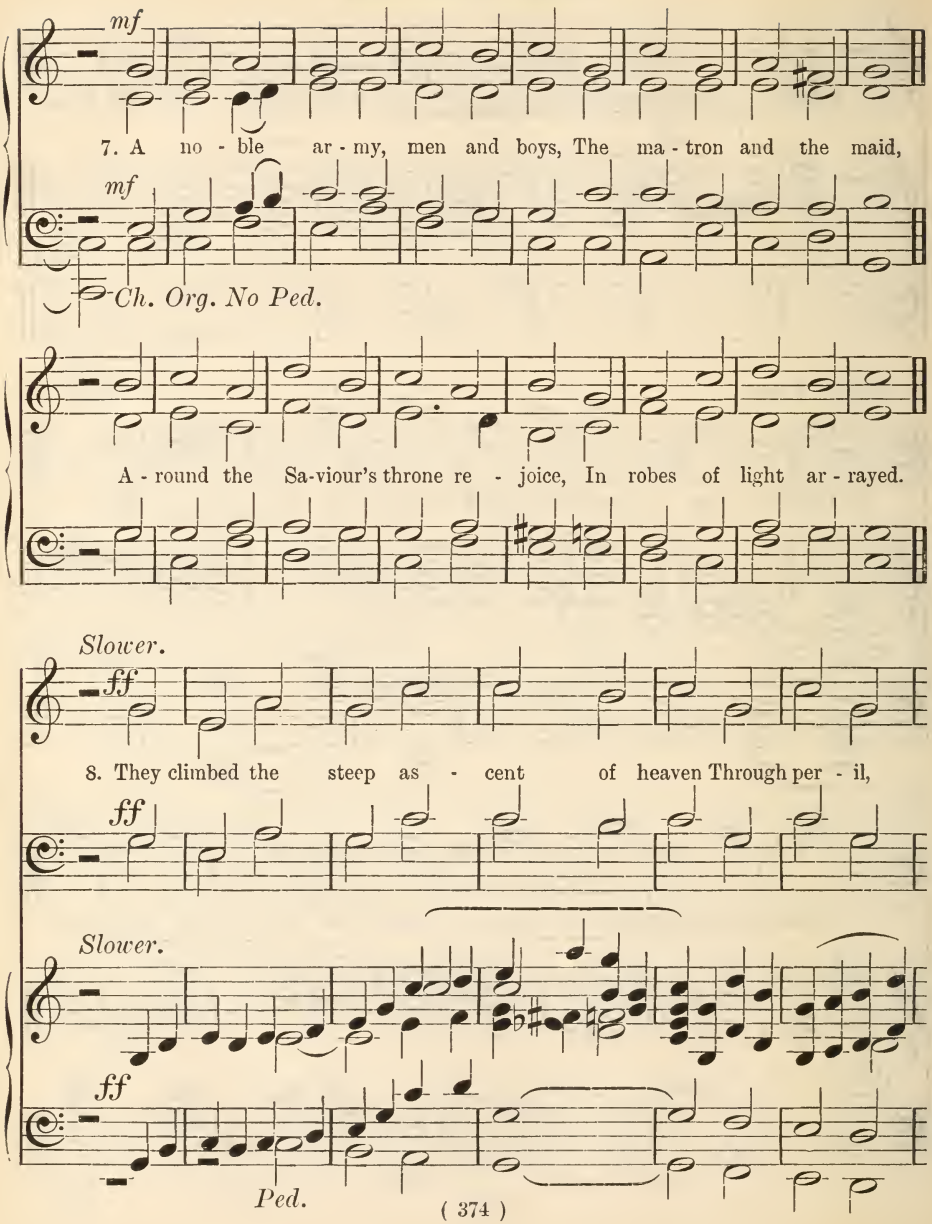

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
Unison. Men's Voices.
3. The Mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;
Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds.
Ped.
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.


mf
4. Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
mf
Ch. Org. No Ped.

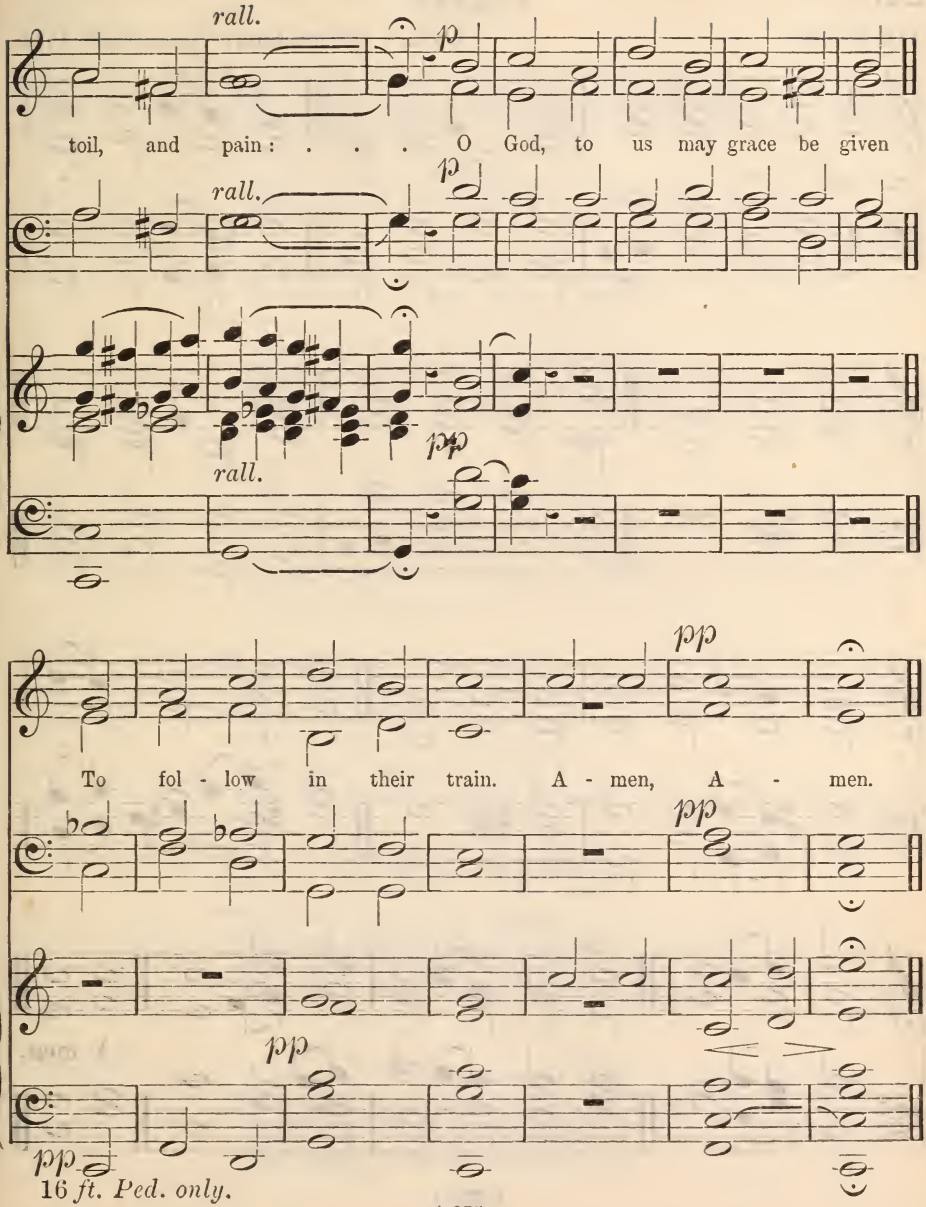

He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?


Trebles only.
5. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spi - rit came;
p
No Ped.


Twelve va - liant Saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
Ped.
Men's Voices.
sf
f
6. They met the ty - rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
sf
cres.
f
ff
They bowed their necks the death to feel:—Who fol - lows in their train?
ff


mf
7. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
mf
Ch. Org. No Ped.
A - round the Sa-viour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.
Slower.
ff
8. They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven Through per - il,
ff
Slower.
ff
Ped.

All Saints' Day.



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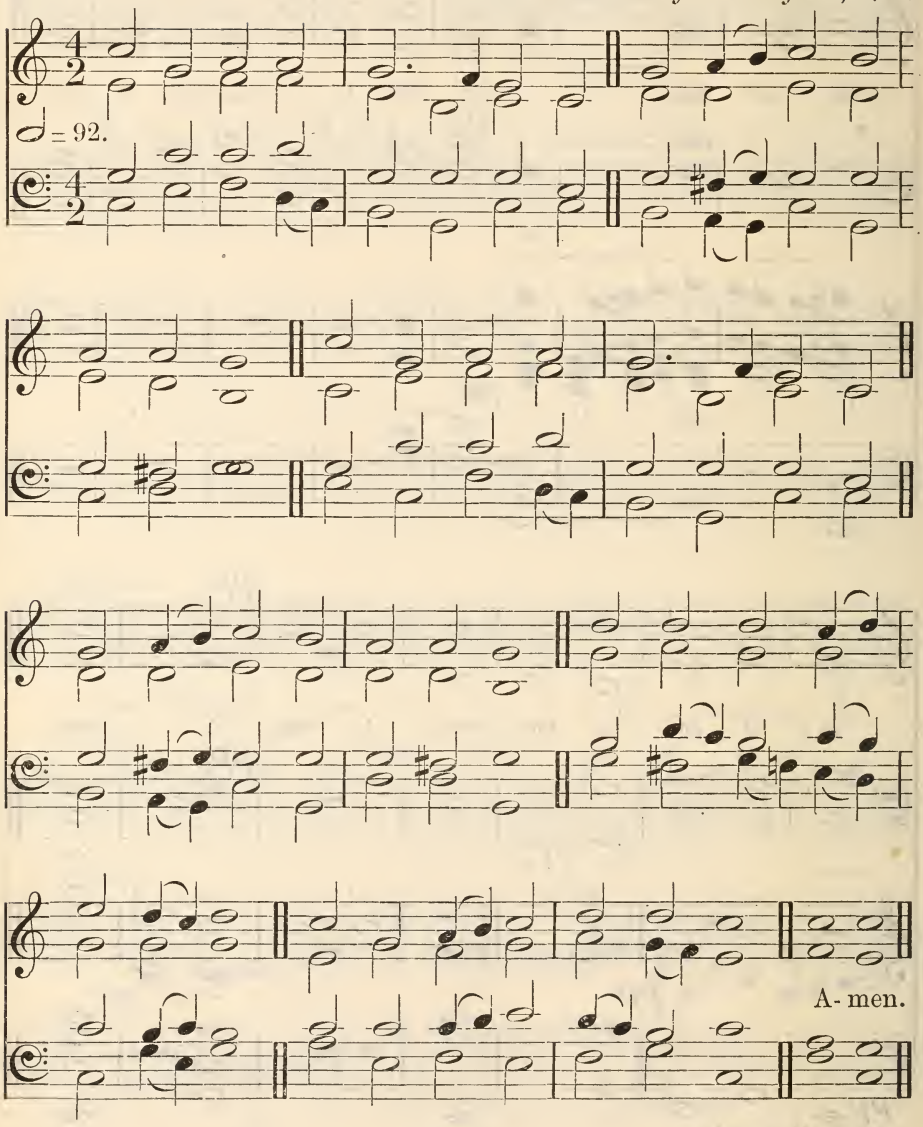
8.7.8.7.7.7.

ALL SAINTS. STÖRL'S *Würtemberger Gesangbuch*, 1711.



All Saints' Day.

mf WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand!
Each a golden crown is wearing—
Who are all this glorious band?
f Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King!

mf Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand—
Whence comes all this glorious band?

f These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

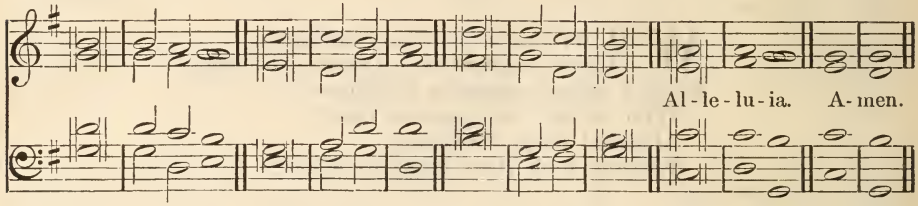
p These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
f Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

mf These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as Priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
f Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face. Amen.

Also the following:

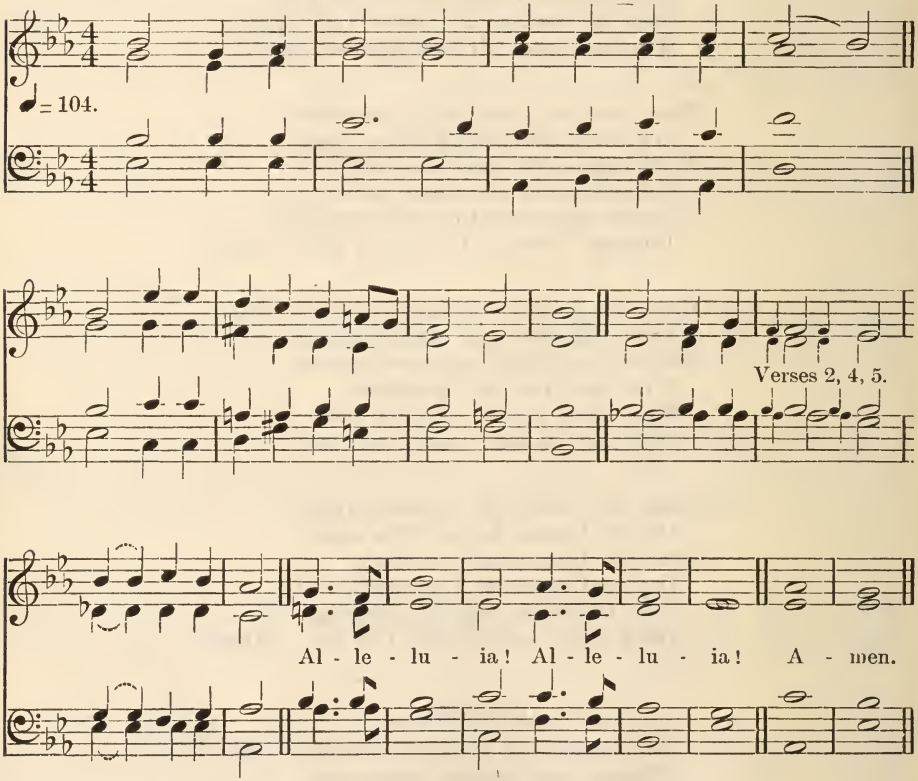
How bright these glorious spirits shine!—236
Palms of glory, raiment bright—528
Ten thousand times ten thousand—552

TROYTE No. 2 (*First Tune*). 10.10.10.4. A. H. D. TROYTE, 1811–1857.



10.10.10.4.

PRO OMNIBUS SANCTIS (*Second Tune*). J. BARNBY, 1838–1896.



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Full. Unison. *f* FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight:
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light!
Alleluia!

Men in Unison. Oh! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony. *mf* Oh, blest communion! Fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

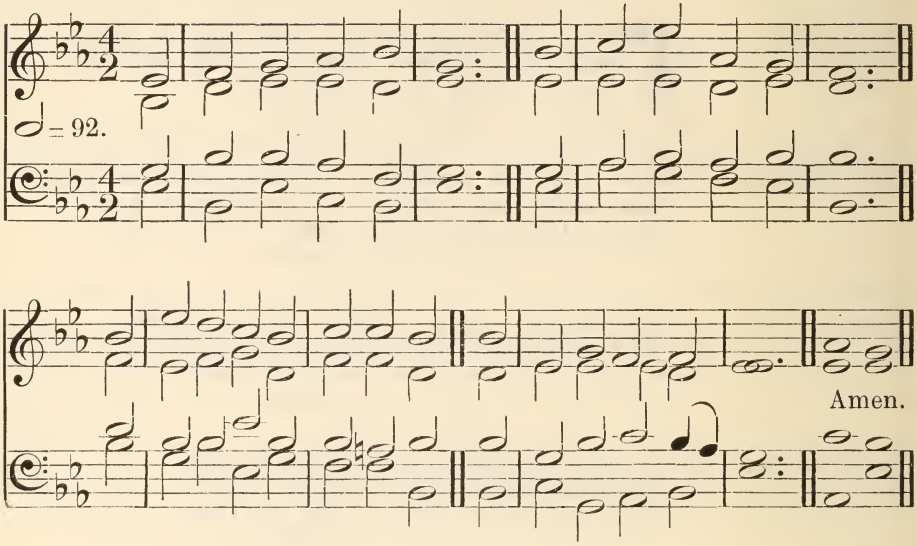
Men in Unison. *p* And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
cr Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
f And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong!
Alleluia!

Trebles only. *p* The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony. *f* But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way!
Alleluia!

Full. Unison. *ff* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
Alleluia! Amen.

FRANCONIA. S.M. MÜLLER'S *Choralbuch*, 1754.



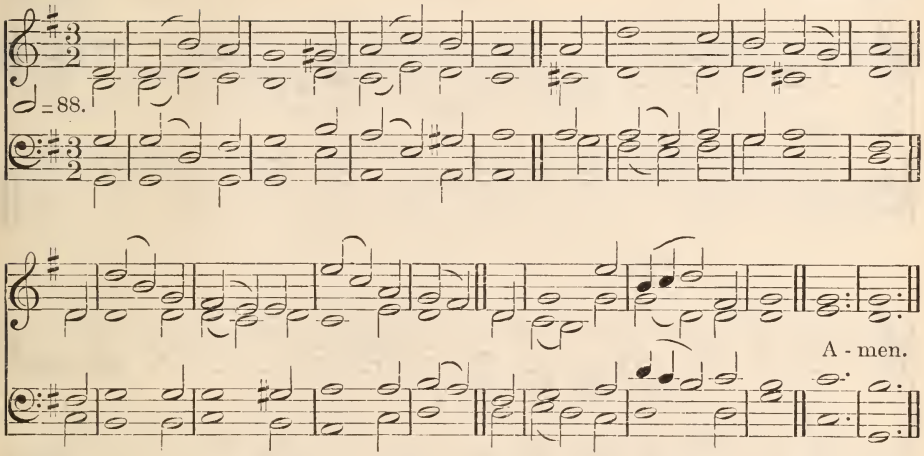
mf FOR all Thy Saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy Saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learnt from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this Thy Name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee. Amen.

CHELSEA. C.M. T. ATTWOOD, 1765–1838.



mf GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The Saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

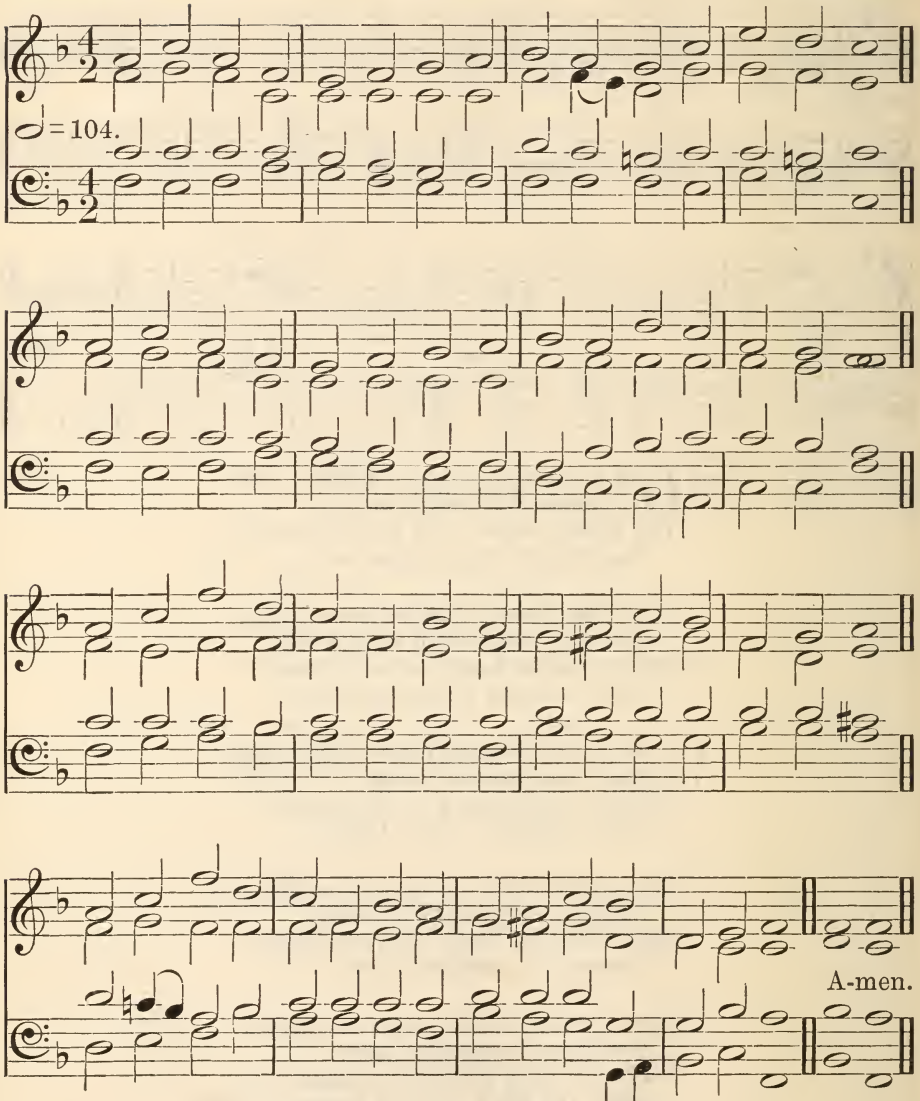
p Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
mf They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

p I ask them, whence their victory came;
f They with united breath,
Ascribe the conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His Death.

mf They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast:
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

f Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. Amen.

DEERHURST. 15.15.15.15. J. LANGRAN, *b.* 1835.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

f HARK, the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Lord, to Thee.
mf Multitudes, which none can number, like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.

mf Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there.

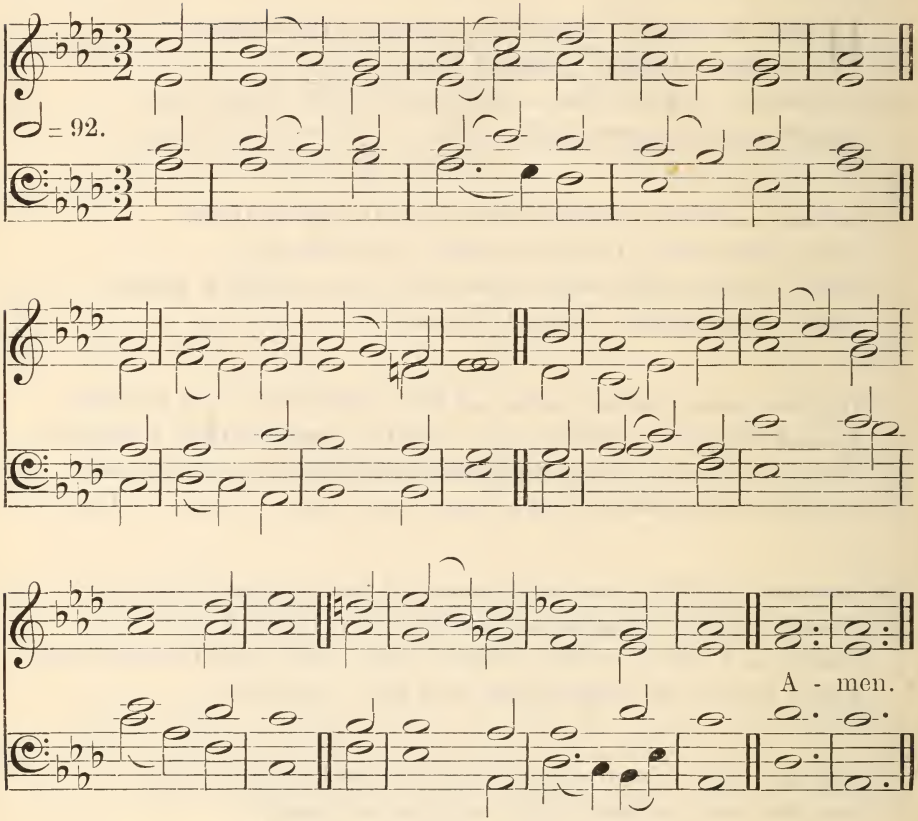
p They have come from tribulation and have washed their robes in Blood,
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus; tried they were and firm they stood;
cr Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,
f They have conquered death and Satan, by the might of Christ the Lord.

f Marching with Thy Cross their banner they have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal they were born, and glorified.

f Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
p Love and Peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessèd Trinity.

f God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together all the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

ST. JEROME. C.M. H. H. PIERSON, 1815–1873.



May also be sung to "St. Stephen," *No.* 485.

mf HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

p Lo! these are they, from sufferings great,
cr Who came to realms of light;
f And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

f Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

mf Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
f God is their sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

mf The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

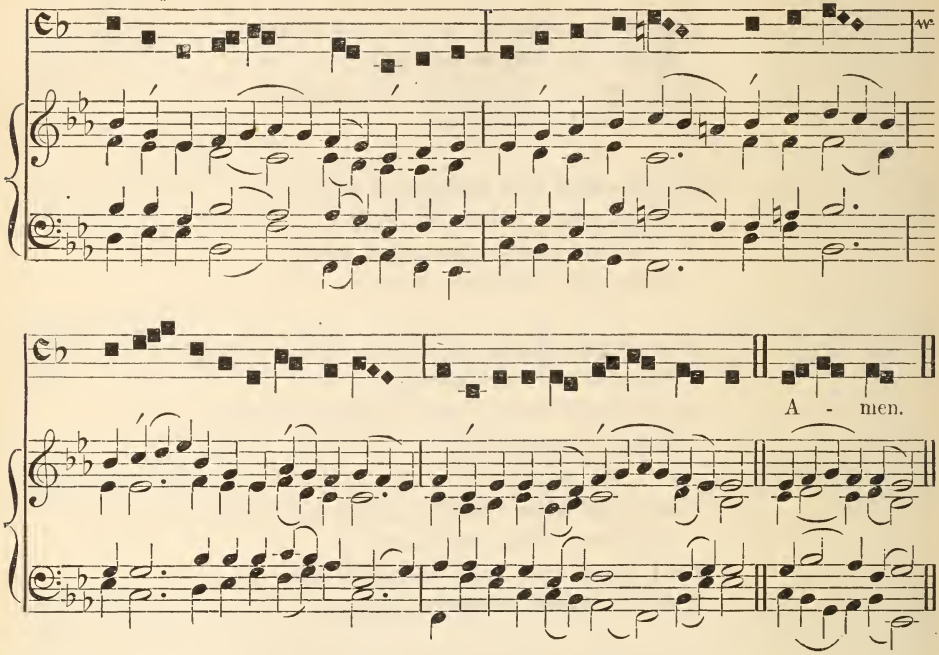
In pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;
f And God the Lord from every eye
dim Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

Also the following:

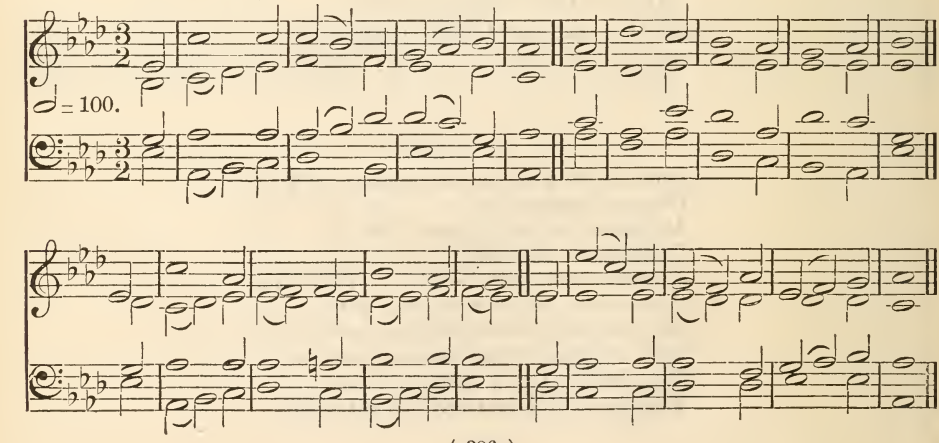
Come, let us join our friends above—379
Disposer supreme—391
Jerusalem, my happy home—438
Jerusalem on high—439
Jerusalem the golden!—561 [Part IV.]
O God, our Help in ages past—488
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be—524
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise—544
The Church's One Foundation—553
The Son of God goes forth to war—230

Cœlestis aulæ Principes (*First Tune*). Modes V. & VI. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.



Gideon (*Second Tune*). L.M. J. B. Southgate, 1814–1868.



Festivals of the Apostles.

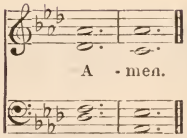
f HAIL! Princes of the Host of heaven,
To whom by Christ, your Chief, 'tis given
On twelve bright thrones to sit on high,
And judge the world with equity.

mf 'Tis yours to cheer with sacred light
Those who lie sunk in sin's dark night;
To guide them in the upward path,
And rescue them from endless wrath.

With no vain arts, no earthly sword,
Ye quell the rebels of the Lord;
cr The Cross, the Cross which men despise,
f 'Tis that achieves your victories.

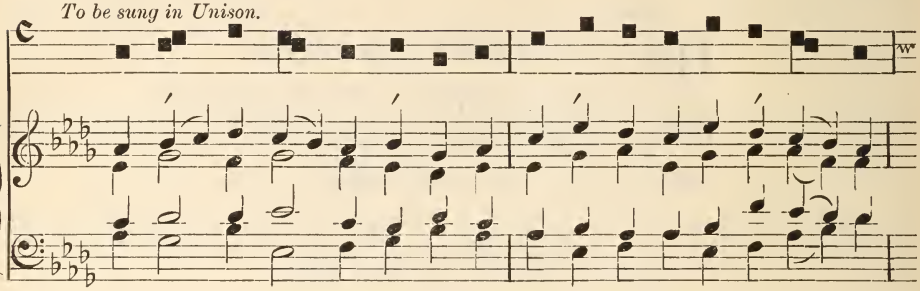
mf Through you the wondrous works of God
Are spread through every land abroad;
Thus every clime records your fame,
And distant ages praise your name.

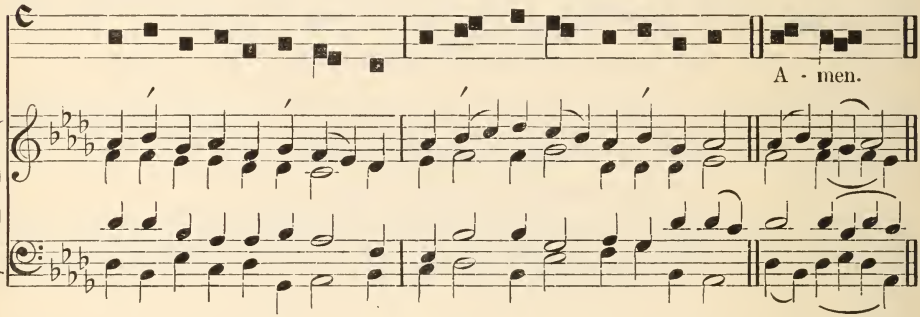
f And now to God, the Three in One,
Be highest praise and glory done,
Who calleth us from sin's dark night,
To walk in His eternal light. Amen.



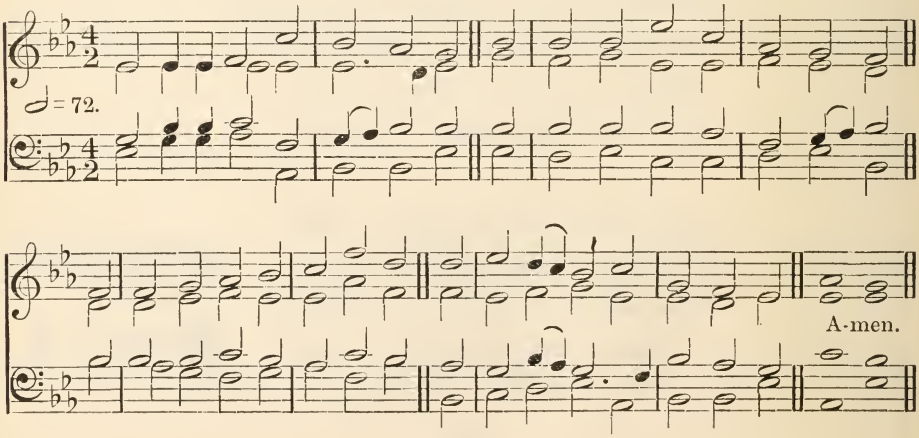
EXULTET ORBIS GAUDIIS (*First Tune*). MODE VIII. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.





WAINWRIGHT (*Second Tune*). L.M. R. WAINWRIGHT, 1758–1825.



Festivals of the Apostles.

f LET the round world with songs rejoice;
Let heaven return the joyful voice;
All mindful of the Apostles' fame,
Earth, sky, their Sovereign's praise proclaim.

mf Thou, at Whose word they bore the light
Of gospel truth o'er heathen night,
Oh still to us that light impart,
To glad our eyes and cheer our heart.

Thou, at Whose will to them was given
The key that shuts and opens heaven,
Our chains unbind, our loss repair,
Oh grant us grace to enter there

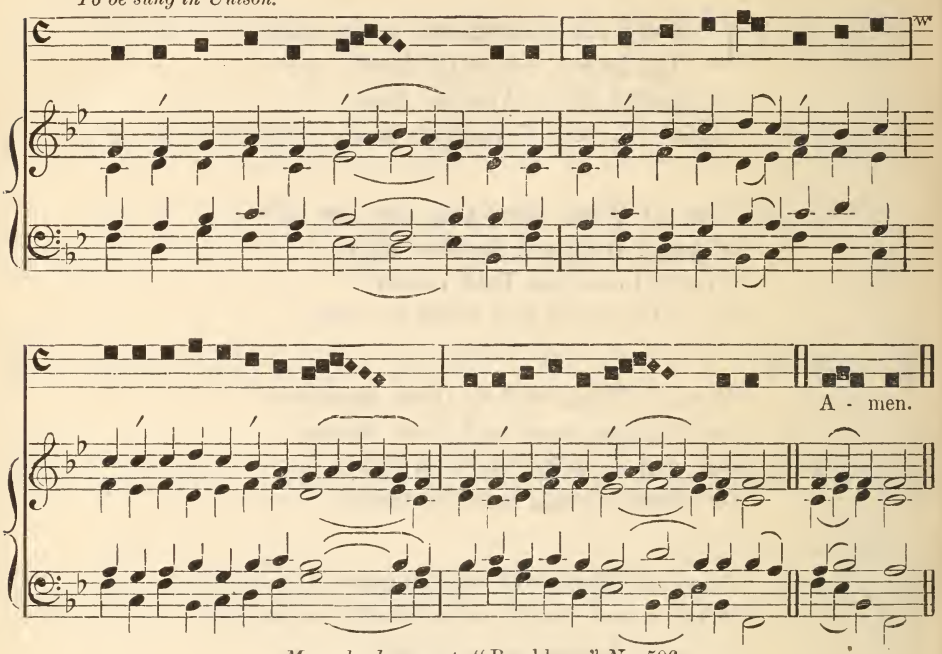
Thou, at Whose will they preached the word
Which cured disease, which health conferred;
To us its healing power prolong;
The weak support, confirm the strong:

That when Thy Son again shall come,
And speak the world's unerring doom,
He may with them pronounce us blest,
And place us in Thy endless rest.

f To Thee, O Father; Son, to Thee;
To Thee, Blest Spirit, glory be!
So was it aye for ages past,
So shall through endless ages last. Amen.

ÆTERNA CHRISTI MUNERA. MODE VIII. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.



May also be sung to "Brockham," *No.* 506.

f THE eternal gifts of Christ the King,
The Apostles' glory let us sing;
To Him, with hearts of gladness, raise
The voice of thankful love and praise.

For they the Church's princes are,
Triumphant leaders in the war;
In heavenly courts a warrior band,
True lights to lighten every land.

mf Theirs was the steadfast faith of Saints,
The hope that never yields nor faints,
And love of Christ in perfect glow,
That lays the Prince of this world low.

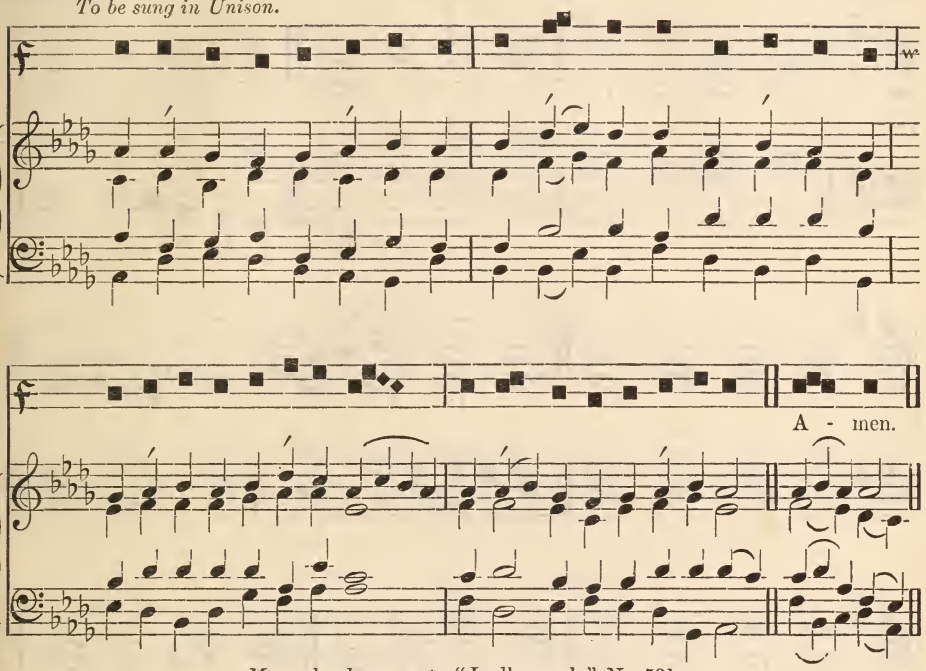
cr In these the Father's glory shone;
In these the will of God the Son;
f In these exults the Holy Ghost; [Host.
Through these rejoice the heavenly

p Redeemer, hear us of Thy love,
cr That, with the glorious band above,
Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
f Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

Also the following: Disposer supreme—391

CHRISTI PERENNES NUNTII. MODE VIII. Milan.

To be sung in Unison.



May also be sung to "Ludborough," *No.* 531.

mf HERALDS of Christ, to every age,
Who open wide the Gospel page,
Unfolding all the wondrous plan
Of love divine to sinful man.

The mysteries, which beneath the law
The holy prophets dimly saw,
f Ye now behold in open day,
For Christ removes the shades away.

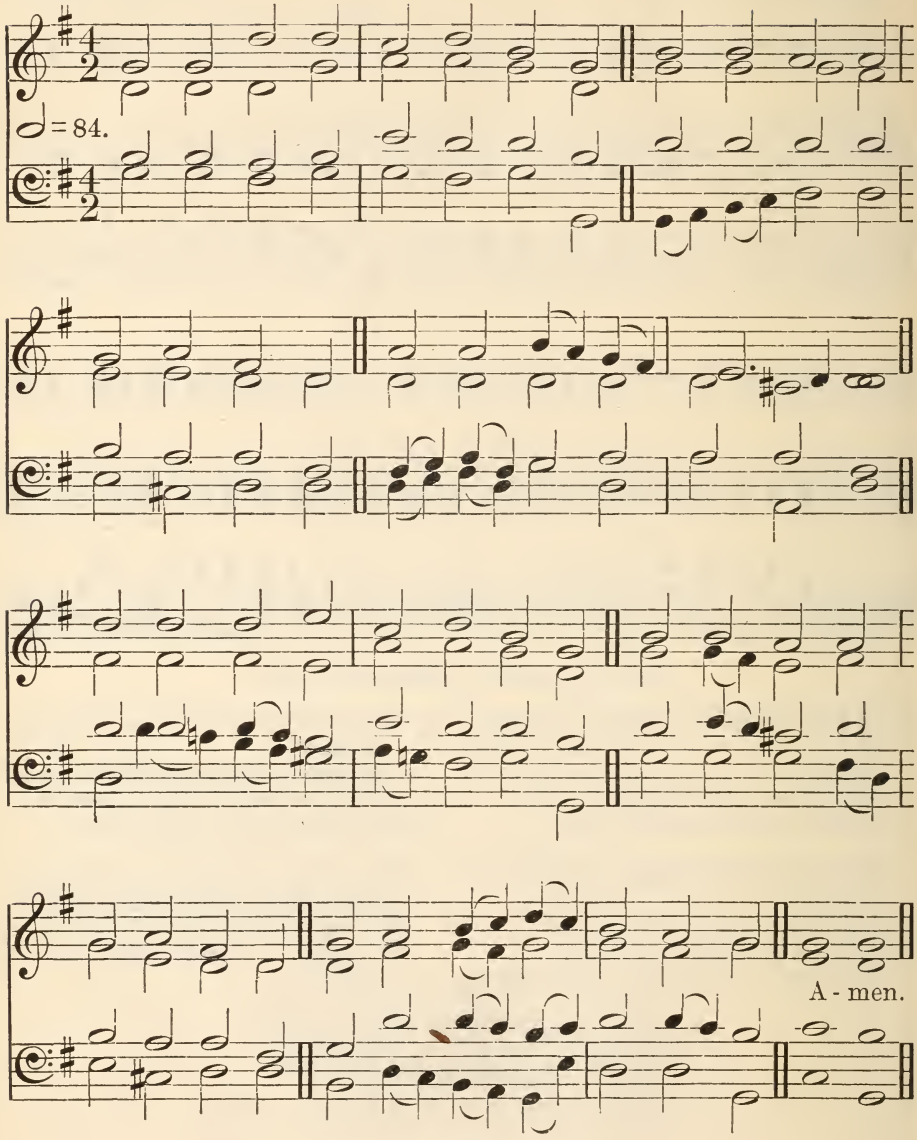
mf The woes He bore, the words He taught,
The wondrous miracles He wrought,
All this ye wrote, as God decreed,
That all posterity might read.

p The self-same Spirit was your Guide,
On Him your faithful minds relied;
Oh may that Spirit still be given
To teach our hearts the laws of heaven!

f Oh! praise the Father, praise the Son,
Who victory o'er the grave hath won,
And to the Spirit praise be given
By all on earth, and all in heaven. Amen.

Festivals of the Evangelists.

EVANGELISTS. 8.8.7. D. German.

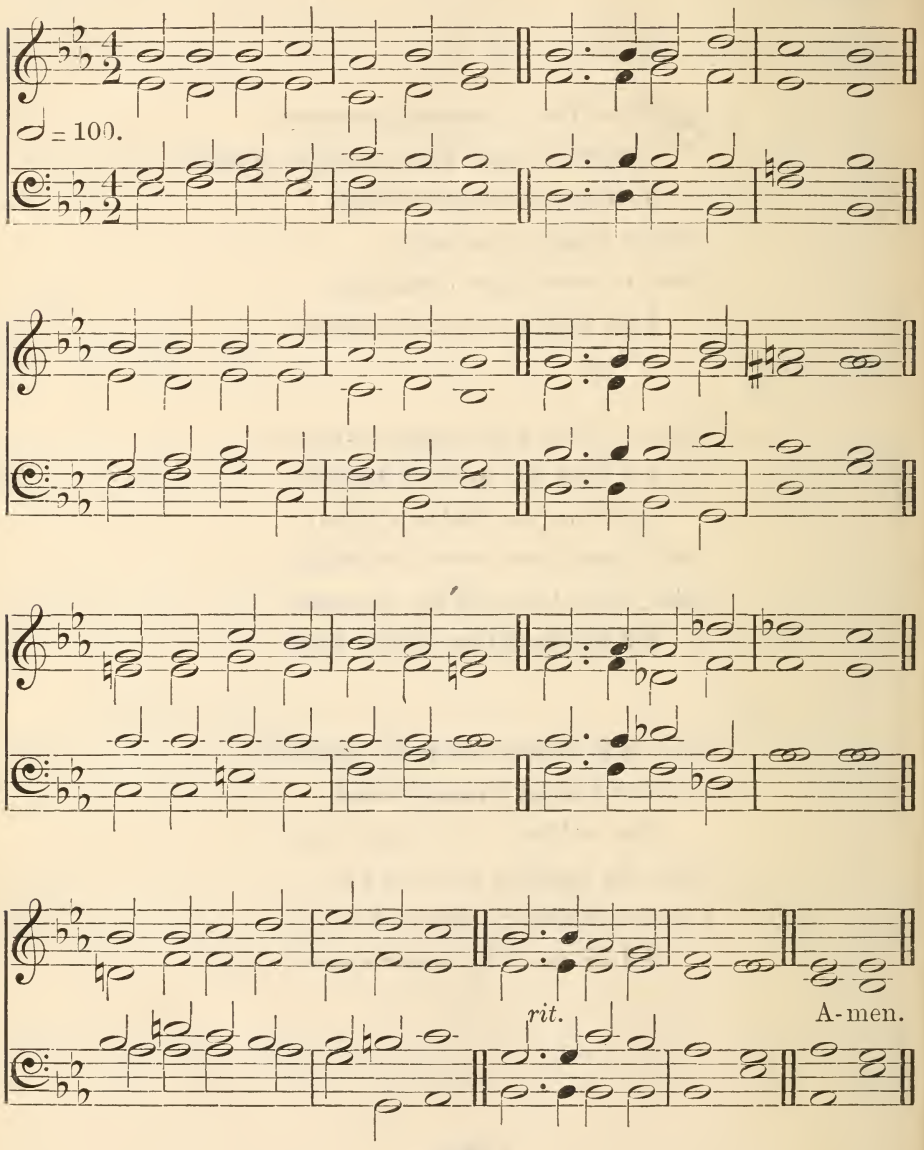


mf SING to God in sweetest measures
Praise for those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospel shrined:
Blessèd tidings of salvation,
p Peace on earth their declaration,
mf Love from God to lost mankind.

mf Thou, by Whom the words were given
For our light and guide to heaven,
Spirit, on our darkness shine;
Graft them in our hearts, increasing
Faith, hope, love, and joy unceasing,
Till our hearts are wholly Thine.

f Then shall thanks and praise ascending,
For Thy mercies without ending,
Rise to Thee, Thou Lord of love:
p With Thy gracious aid defend us;
Let Thy guiding light attend us,
cr Till we join Thy Saints above. Amen.

St. Joseph of the Studium. 7.6.7.6. D. J. Barnby, 1838–1896.



f LET our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness:
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
This the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down,
And put on the immortal.

mf Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
cr For by faith they saw the Land
Decked in all its glory,
f Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

mf Faith they had that knew no shame,
Love that could not languish;
And eternal hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.
He Who trod the self-same road,
Death and hell defeated;
Wherefore these their sufferings showed
Calvary repeated.

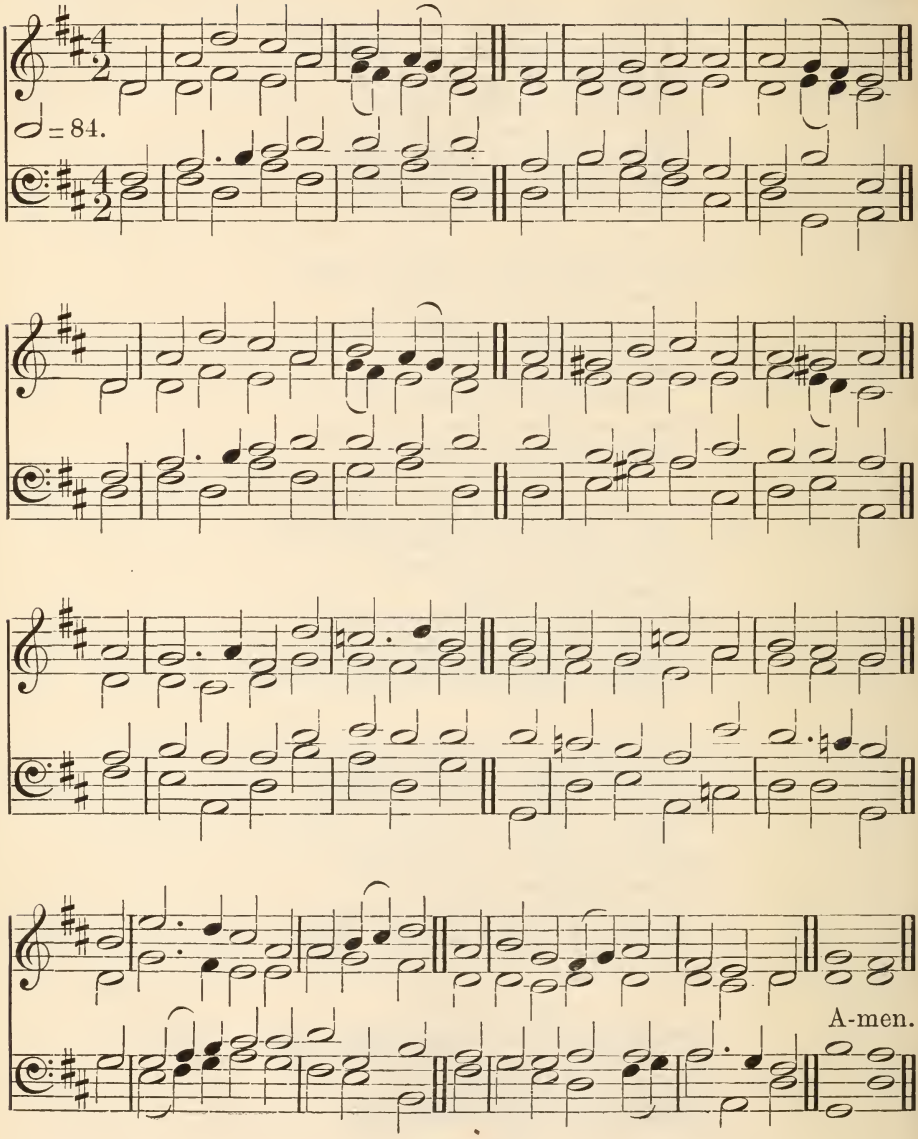
f Up, and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then,—
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it?
Who will grasp the land of life?
ff Warriors! up and win it! Amen.

Also the following:

How bright these glorious spirits shine!—236
Lo! round the throne, a glorious band—228
Oh what, if we are Christ's—523
Palms of glory, raiment bright—528
Soldiers, who are Christ's below—547

243 The Transfiguration.

St. Basil. D.L.M. Old Tune.



The Transfiguration.

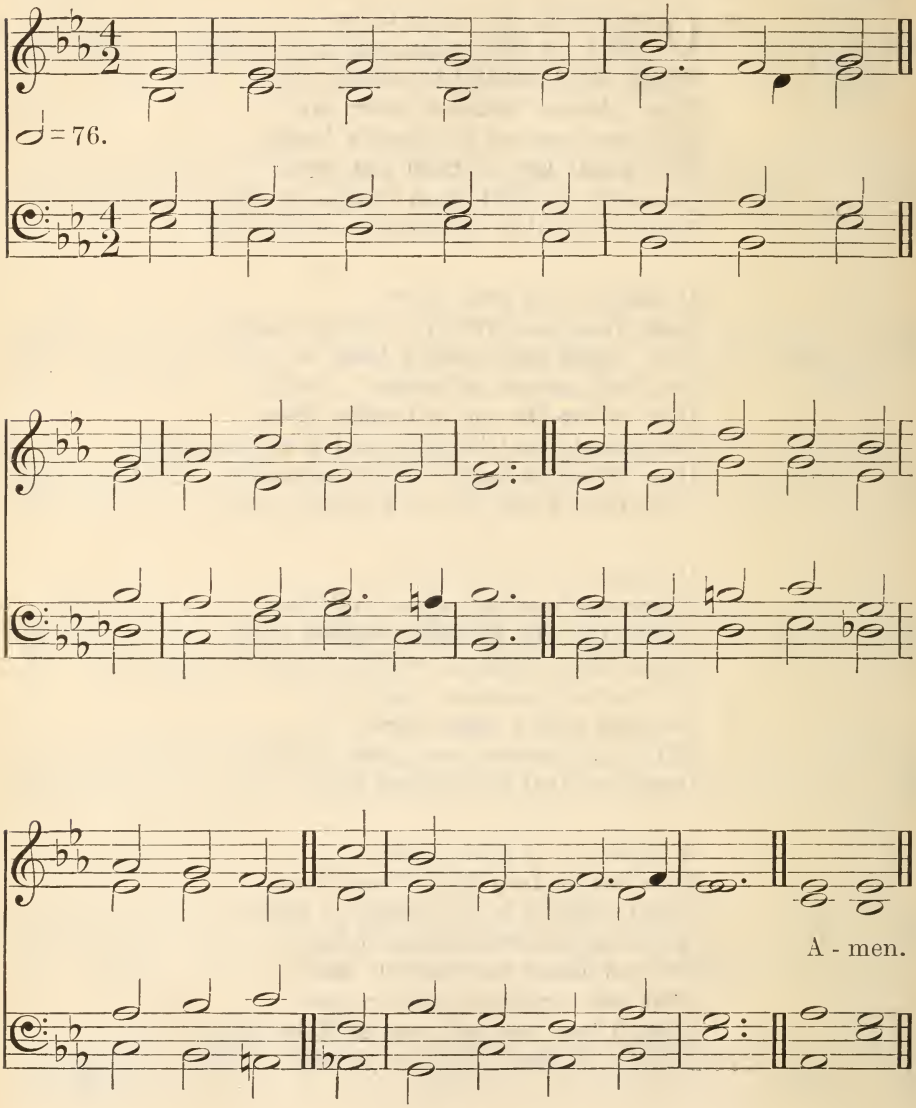
mf O MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee:
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious Saints of other days;
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

O Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three:
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word that burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With Him Whose last best creed is love.

O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

O Master, it is good to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee:
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—
f "This is My Son—Oh hear ye Him." Amen.

St. Hugh. C.M. E. J. Hopkins, 1818–1901.



p ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy Testamental Cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

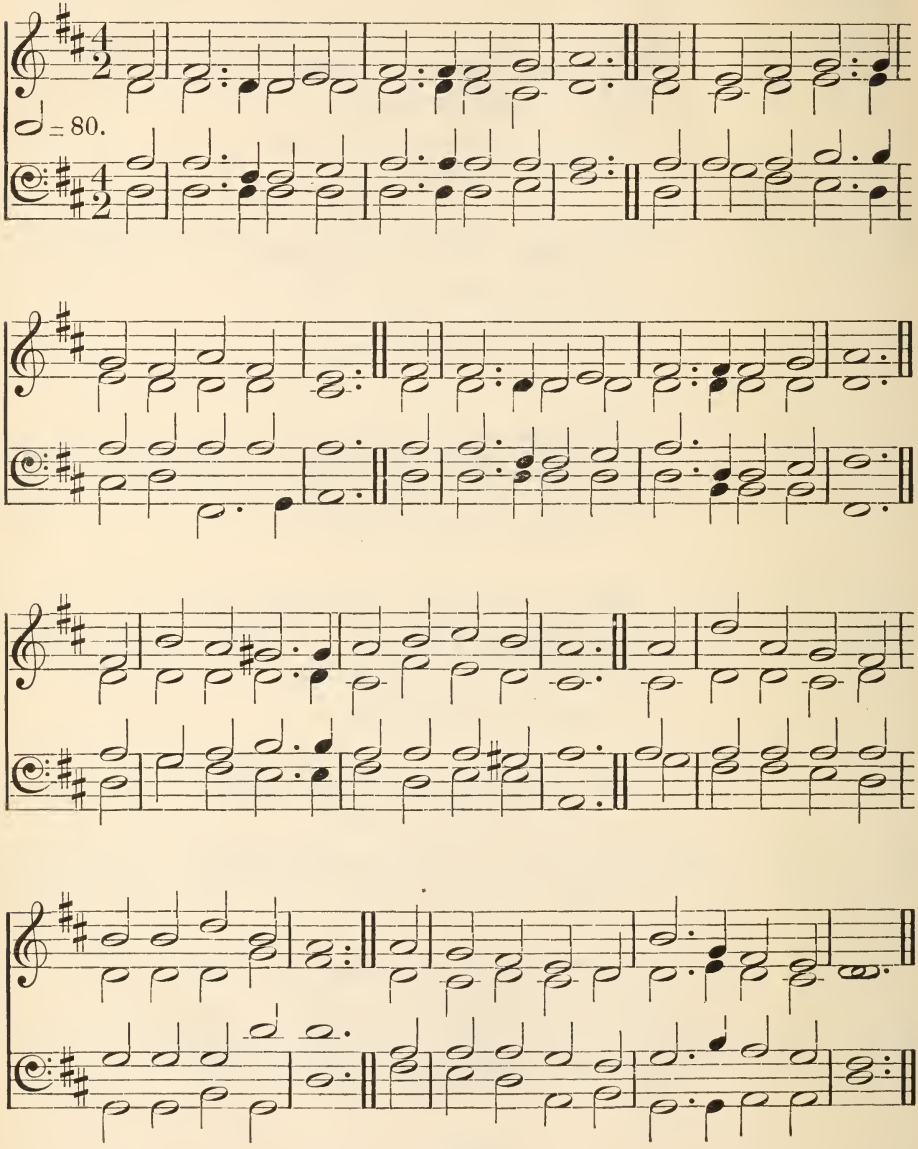
Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
mf Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

p And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
Jesu, remember me. Amen.

UNDE ET MEMORES. Six 10's. W. H. MONK, 1825–1889.



p AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
cr We here present, we hear spread forth to Thee
mf That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

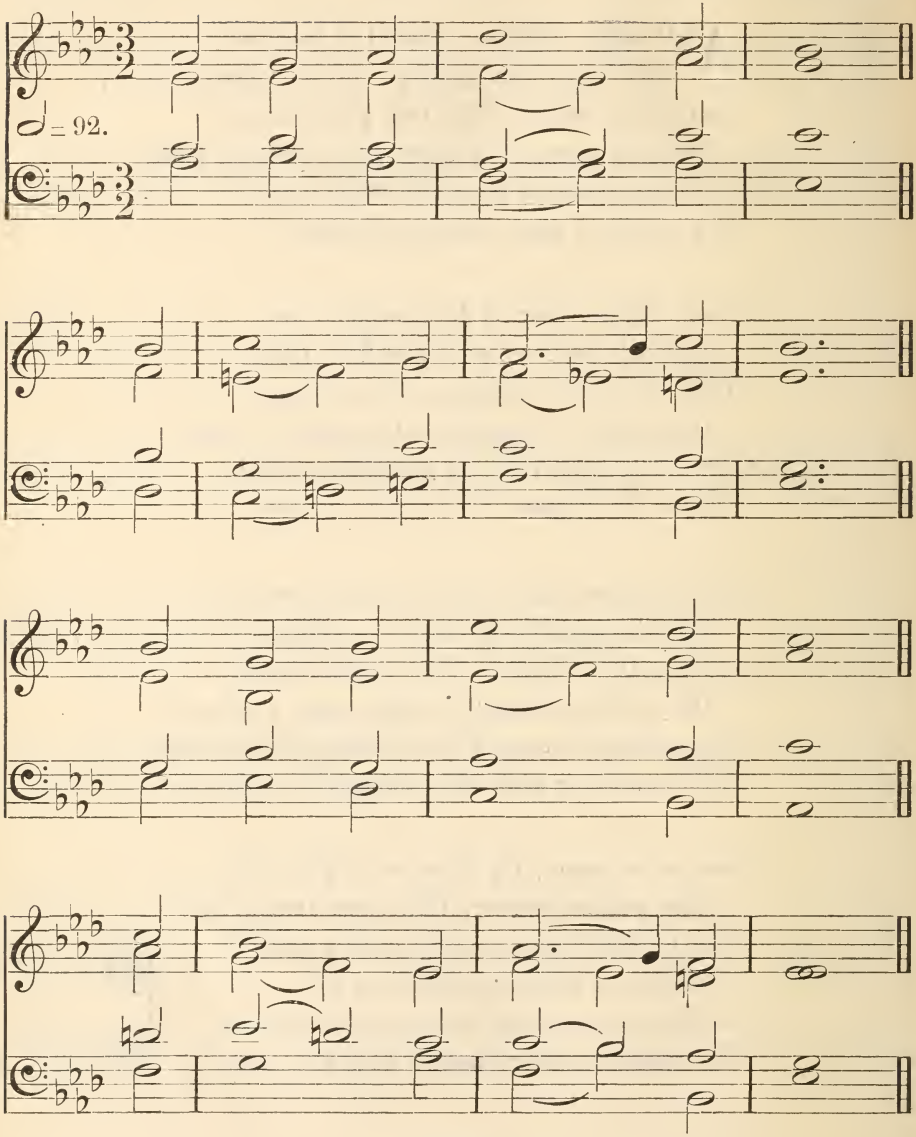
p Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim:
mf For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

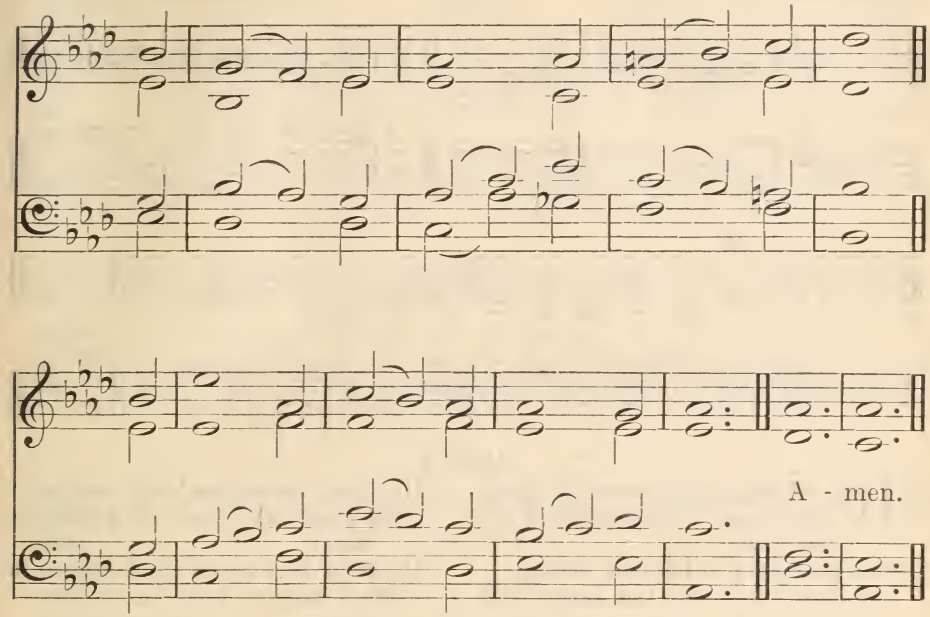
p And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
cr Oh fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
Oh do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

p And so we come; Oh draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still;
cr And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
f In Thine own service make us glad and free,
p And grant us never more to part with Thee.

Holy Communion.

HARTLAND. 6.6.6.6.8.8. C. H. LLOYD, *b.* 1849.

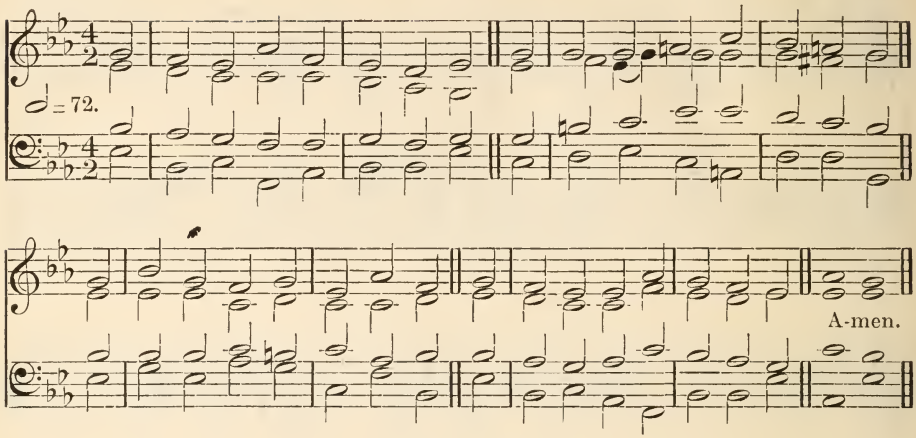




p AUTHOR of Life Divine,
Who hast a Table spread,
Furnished with mystic Wine
And everlasting Bread,
cr Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

p Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all Thy life we gain,
And all Thy fulness prove,
cr And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil Thy face. Amen.

ELLESMERE. L.M. A. R. REINAGLE, 1799–1877.



PART I.

p BE still, my soul! for God is near;
The great High Priest is with thee now!
The Lord of Life Himself is here,
Before Whose face the Angels bow.

To make thy heart His lowly throne
Thy Saviour God in love draws nigh;
He gives Himself unto His own,
For whom He once came down to die.

He pleads before the Mercy-seat—
He pleads with God; He pleads for thee;
He gives thee Bread from heaven to eat—
His Flesh and Blood in mystery.

mf I come, O Lord!—for Thou dost call—
To blend my pleading prayer with Thine;
To Thee I give myself—my all,
And feed on Thee, and make Thee mine. Amen.

PART II.

p O BODY bruisèd for my sake,
And dying on the awful Tree!
That I from death new life should take,
And live engrafted into Thee.

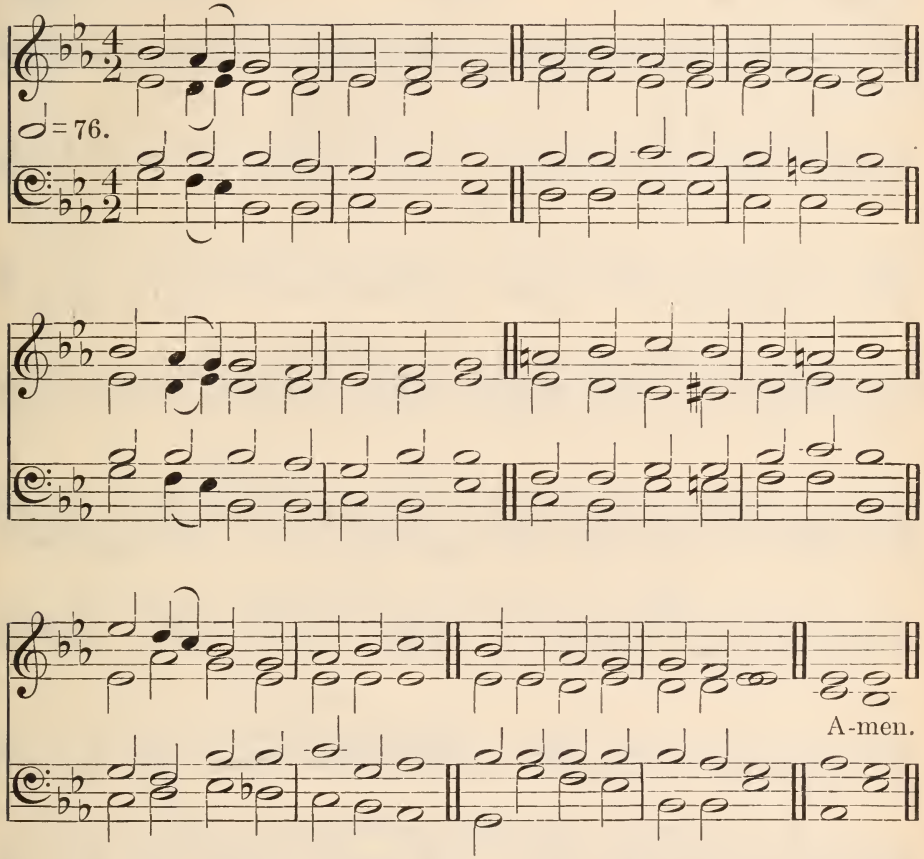
O living Bread! Who once didst die,
And lay Thee down in rocky tomb,
Within my heart for ever lie,
And shed Thy brightness o'er its gloom.

O precious Blood! so freely shed,
The pledge of pardon from above;
Speak to my heart, so cold and dead,
And wake it into life and love.

Speak better things than Abel's blood—
My ransom paid, my sins forgiven!
My soul restored to peace with God,
My place prepared for me in heaven.

O sacred Food! O cleansing Stream!
Fill all my soul with love divine;
O Thou, Who didst my life redeem,
Come to my heart, and make it Thine! Amen.

BREAD OF HEAVEN. Six 7's. Archbishop MACLAGAN, *b.* 1826.

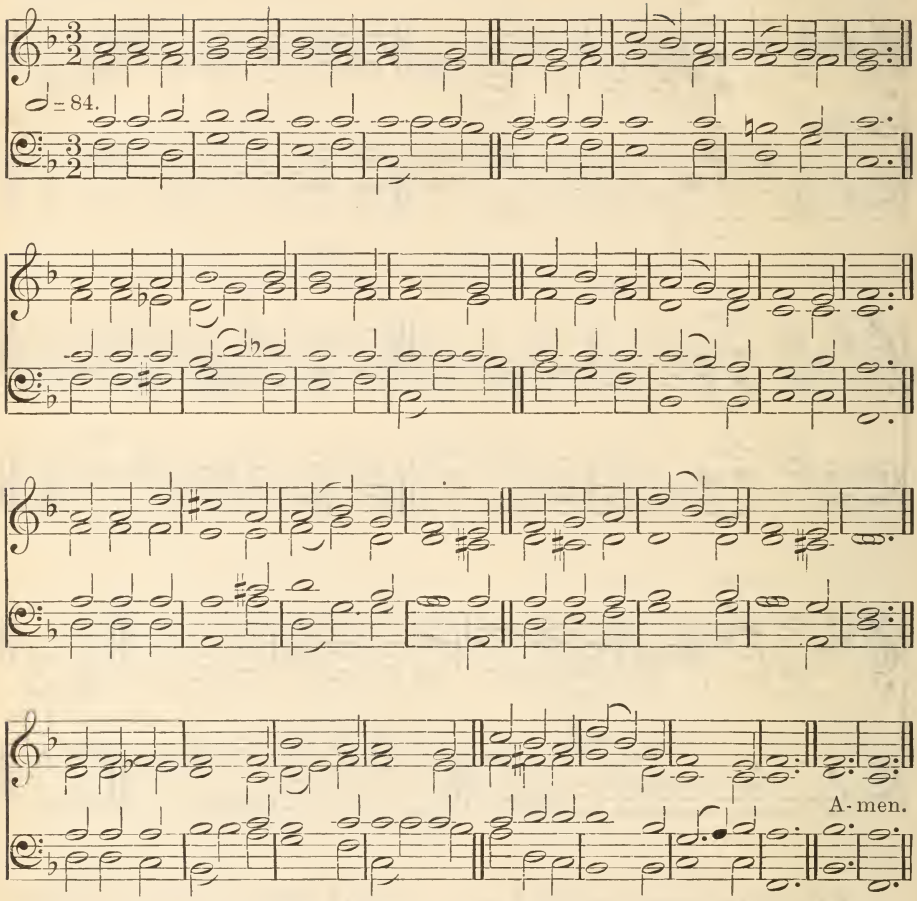


p BREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living Bread;
cr Day by day with strength supplied
dim Through the Life of Him Who died.

p Vine of heaven! Thy Blood supplies
This blest Cup of Sacrifice.
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give;
To Thy Cross I look, and live.
cr Thou, my Life, Oh let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee!
Amen.

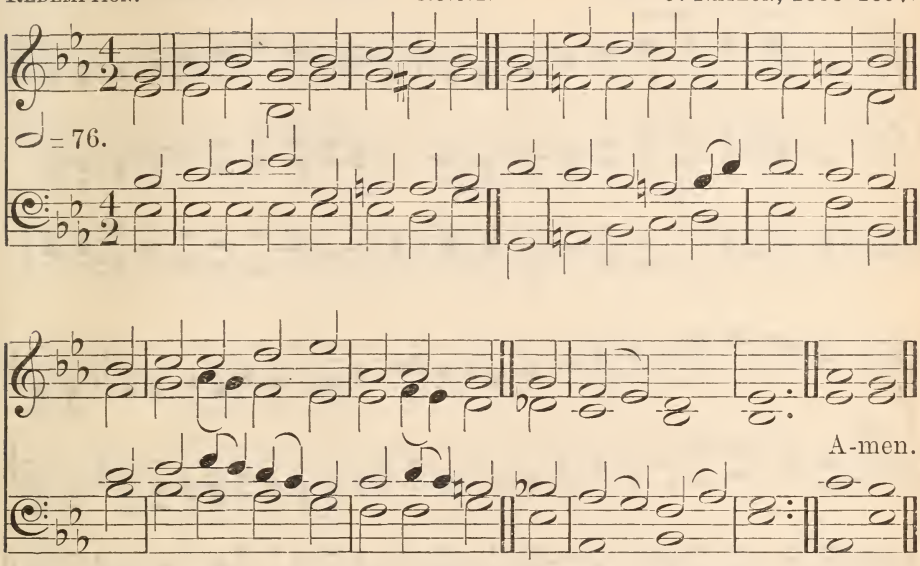
Holy Communion.

EUCHARISTICA. 9.8.9.8. D. J. LANGRAN, *b.* 1835.



p BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead;
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy Feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

REDEMPTION. 8.8.8.4. J. NAYLOR, 1838–1897.



mf BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
p And show the death of our dear Lord
pp Until He come.

p His Body slain upon the Tree,
His Life-blood, shed for us, we see;
cr Thus faith shall read the mystery
pp Until He come.

p And thus that dark betrayal-night
With the last Advent we unite
By one blest chain of loving rite,
pp Until He come:—

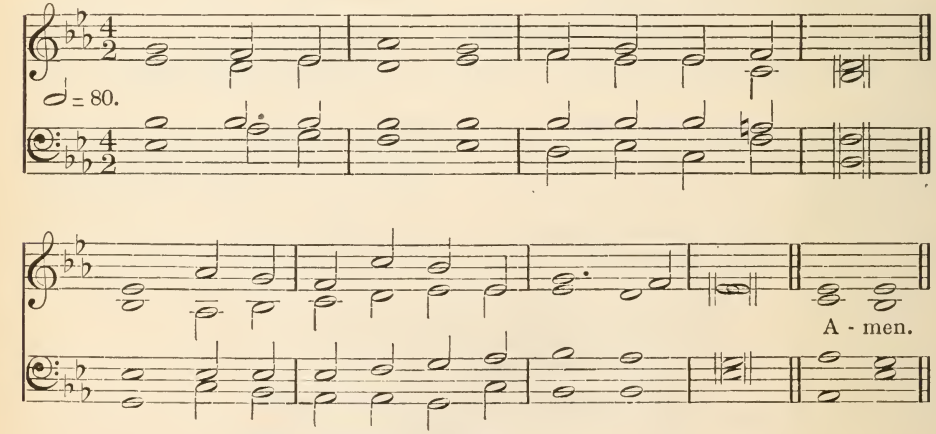
mf Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
cr And with the great commanding word
f The Lord shall come.

mf Oh, blessèd hope! With this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
cr But, strong in faith, in patience wait
p Until He come! Amen.

SANCTI VENITE (*First Tune*). MODE V. Old French Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.

CŒNA DOMINI (*Second Tune*). 10.10. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

p DRAW nigh and take the Body of the Lord,
And drink the holy Blood for you outpoured.

mf Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,
Whereby refreshed, we render thanks to God.

Salvation's Giver, Christ the Only Son,
By that His Cross and Blood the victory won.

p Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the law of old,
That, in a type, celestial mysteries told.

mf He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Giveth His holy grace His Saints to aid.

p Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

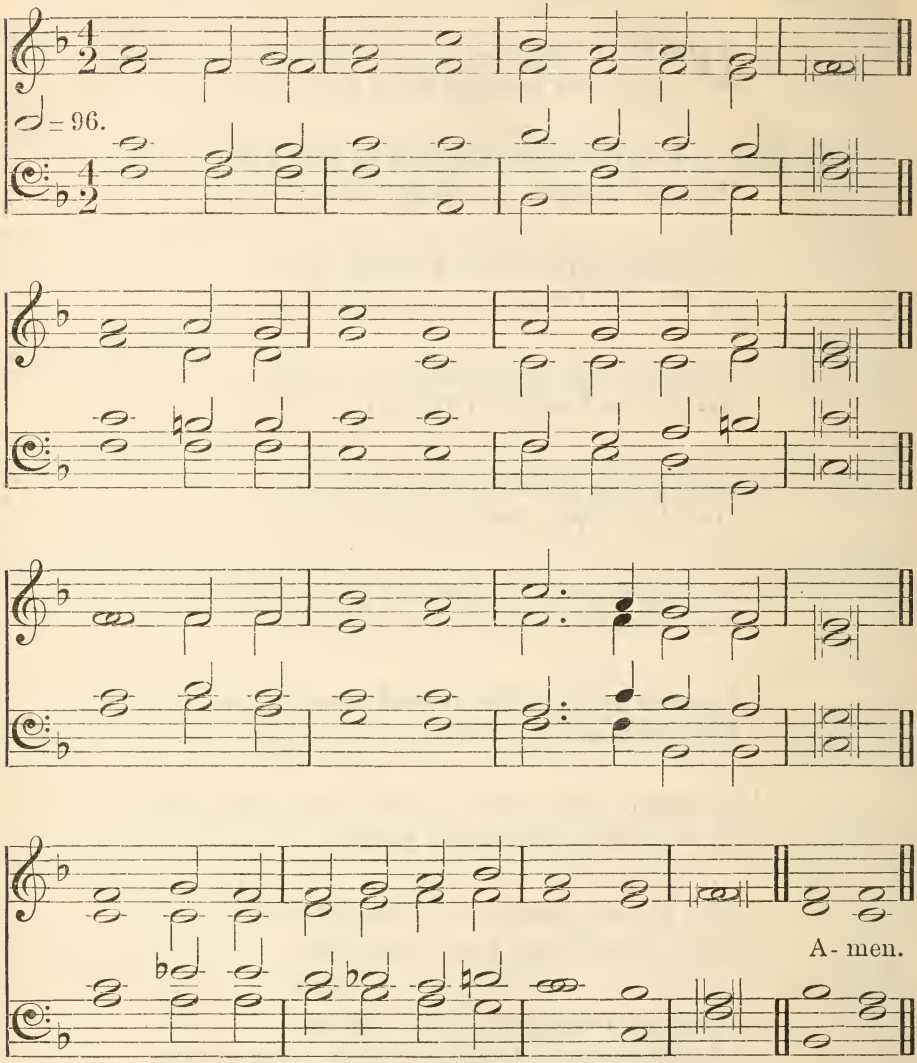
mf He that in this world rules His Saints and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields:

With heavenly Bread makes them that hunger whole;
Gives living Waters to the thirsty soul.

p Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now. Amen.

252

St. Agnes (Langran). 10.10.10.10. J. Langran, *b.* 1835.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

May also be sung to "Old 124th," *No.* 263.

mf HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

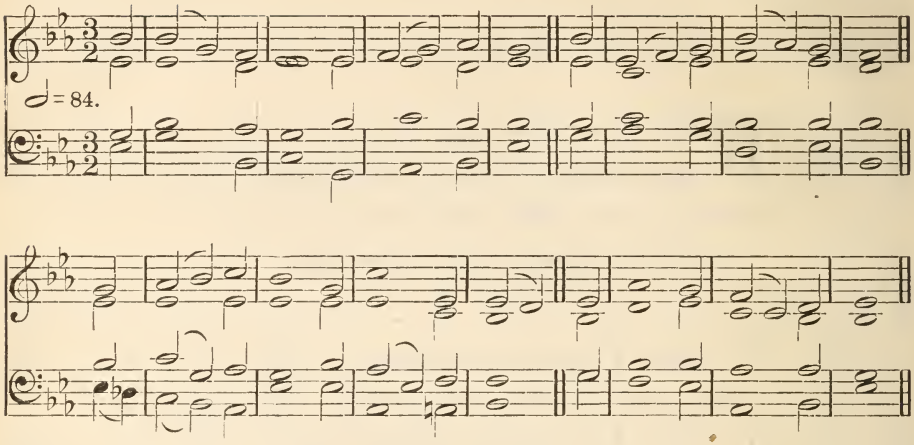
Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy Blood, Thy Righteousness, O Lord, my God! Amen.

Holy Communion.

LEICESTER. C.M. W. HURST, *b.* 1849.

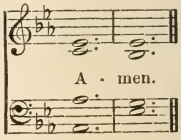


p I AM not worthy, Holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
cr Speak but the word, one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

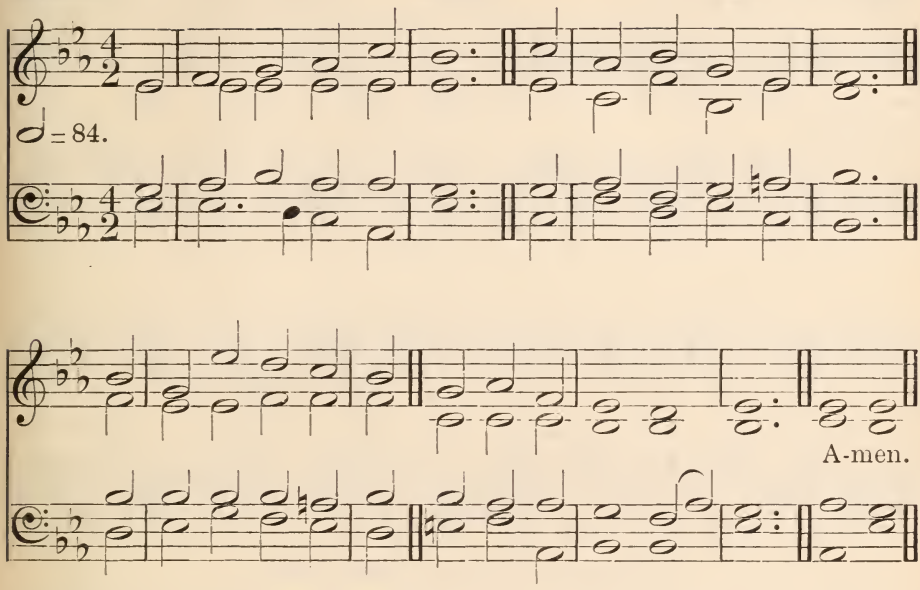
p I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
cr Lord, speak, and make me whole.

p I am not worthy; yet, my God,
cr How can I say Thee nay;
Thee, Who didst give Thy Flesh and Blood
My ransom-price to pay?

mf O come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with Food Divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
p This worthless heart of mine.



Moseley. 6.6.6.6. H. Smart, 1813–1879.



mf I HUNGER and I thirst;
Jesu, my manna be:
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

p Thou bruised and broked Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
Oh feed me, or I die.

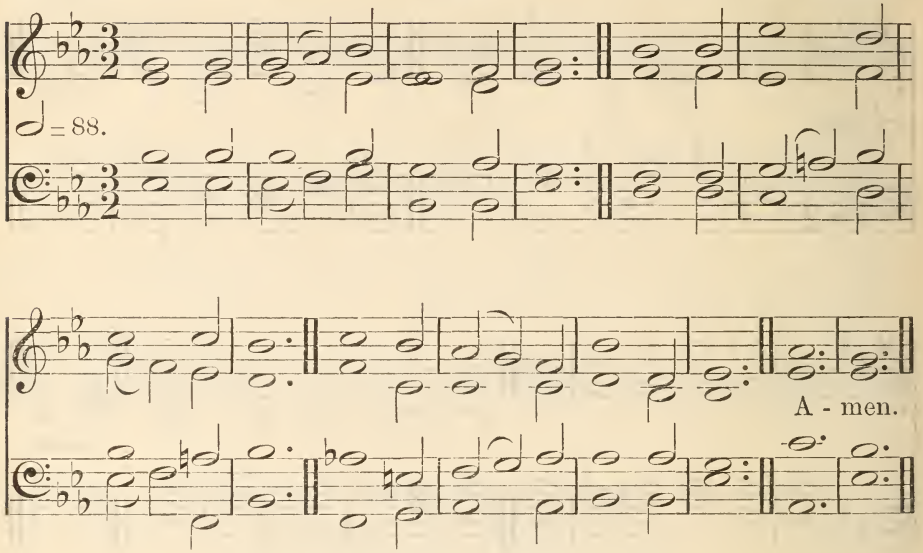
mf Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

p For still the desert lies
My fainting soul before;
cr O living waters rise
Within me evermore. Amen.

255

LACRYMÆ. 7.7.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

mf JESU, to Thy Table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

p While in penitence we kneel,
cr Thy sweet Presence let us feel,
mf All Thy wondrous love reveal.

p While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
cr Turn our sadness into praise.

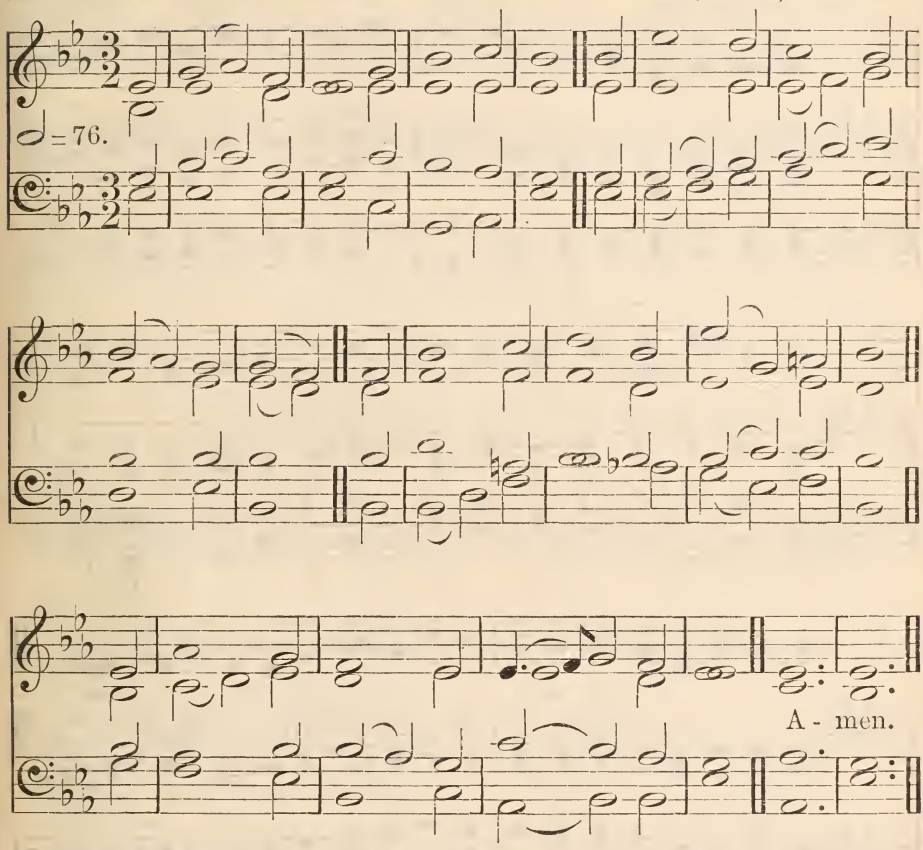
mf When we taste the mystic Wine,
Of Thine out-poured Blood the sign,
cr Fill our hearts with love Divine.

p Draw us to Thy wounded side, [tide;
cr Whence there flowed the healing
dim There our sins and sorrows hide.

mf From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
p Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

mf Lead us by Thy pierced hand
cr Till around Thy throne we stand
p In the bright and better land. Amen.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. E. MILLER, 1731–1807.



mf MY God, and is Thy Table spread,
And does Thy Cup with love o'er-flow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food.

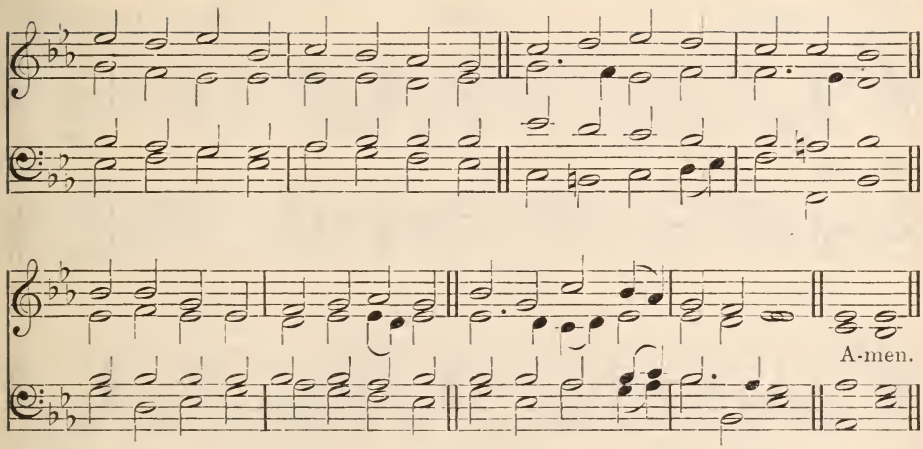
p Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's Bread?

f Oh, let Thy Table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests,
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes!
Amen.

PANGE LINGUA (*First Tune*). MODE III. (transposed). Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.

ST. THOMAS (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.



PART I.

mf NOW, my tongue, the mystery telling,
Of the glorious Body sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
p In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

mf Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending,
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
p Till He closed with wondrous ending
His most patient life of woe.

mf That last night, at supper lying,
'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious Food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own hand.

p Word-made-Flesh true Bread He maketh
By His word His Flesh to be;
Wine His Blood; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
mf Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.
Amen.

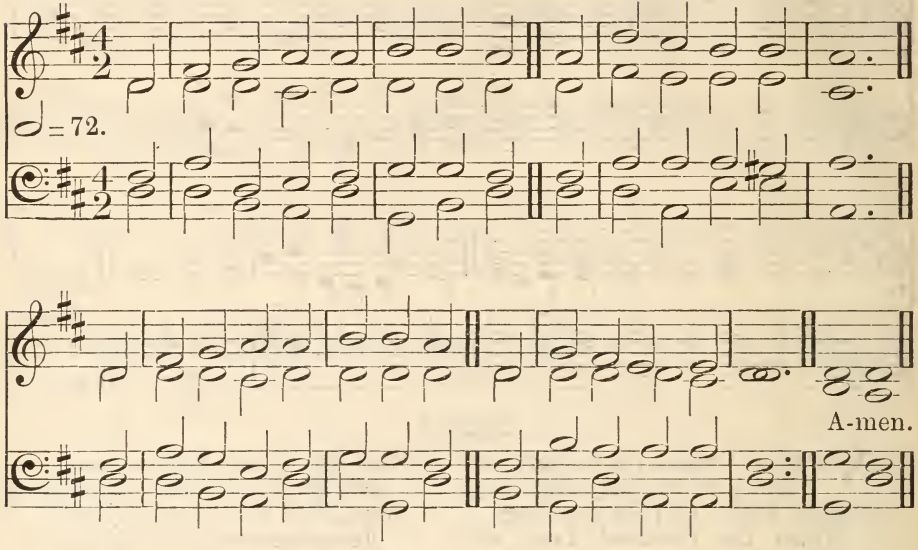
PART II.

p THEREFORE we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
cr Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
mf Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

f Glory let us give, and blessing
To the Father, and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too His love confessing,
Who from Both with Both is One.
Amen.

O Body bruisèd for my sake—*see* 247 [Part II.]

TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M. T. TALLIS, 1520?–1585.



mf O God, unseen yet ever near!
Thy Presence may we feel;
dim And thus inspired with holy fear
p Before Thine Altar kneel!

mf Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The Manna from above!

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly Food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious Blood.

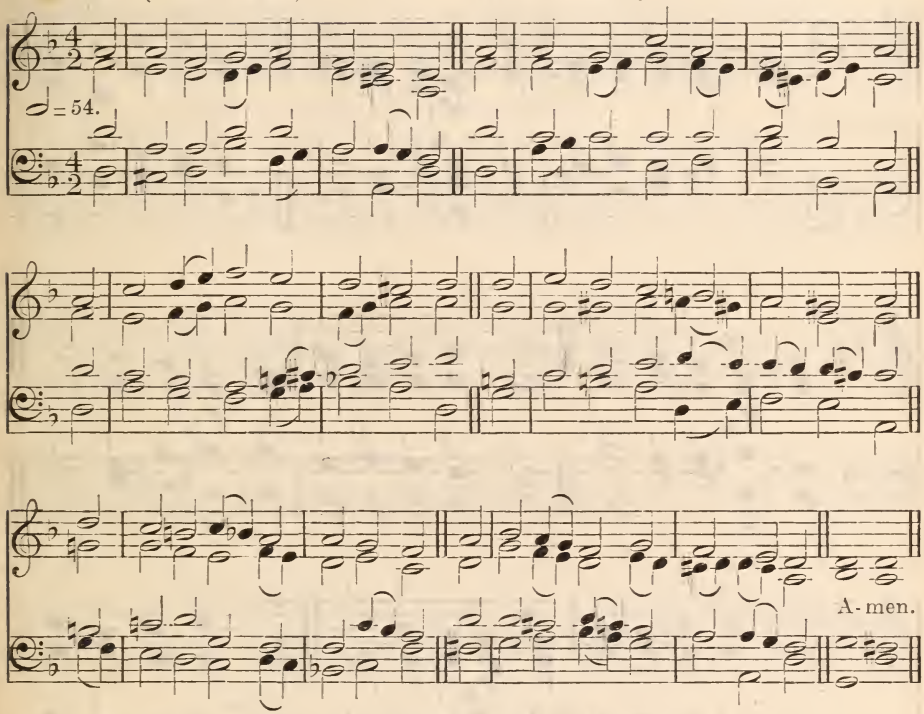
Thus may we all Thy words obey;
For we, O God, are Thine;
cr And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine. Amen.

O Saving Victim, opening wide—262 [Part II.]

Holy Communion.

Six 8's.

Old 112th (Vater unser). Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750.



May also be sung to "Giessen," *No.* 270.

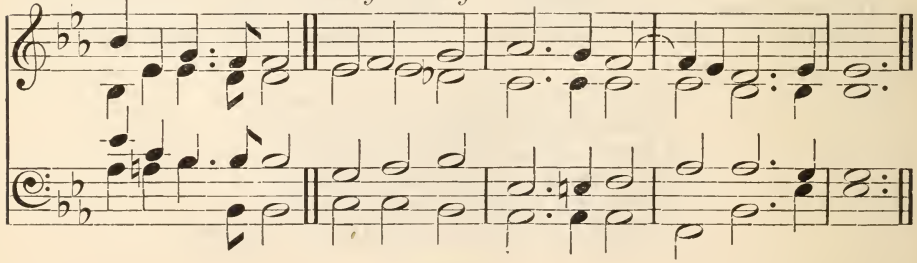
mf O THOU, before the world began,
Ordained a Sacrifice for man;
And by the Eternal Spirit made
An Offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
Pleading Thy death for sinners now.

Thy Offering still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps its blood-stained hue;
Thyself the Lamb for sinners slain,
Thy Priesthood doth unchanged remain;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

p Oh! that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love;
cr Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
p And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,
Our Victim and our Priest to be! Amen.

SACRAMENTUM UNITATIS. Six 10's. C. H. LLOYD, *b.* 1849.

May be sung in Unison.

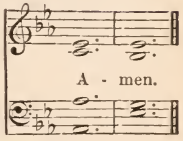


mf O THOU, Who at Thy Eucharist didst pray
That all Thy Church might be for ever one,
p Grant us at every Eucharist to say
cr With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."
mf Oh, may we all one Bread, one Body be,
pp One through this Sacrament of Unity.

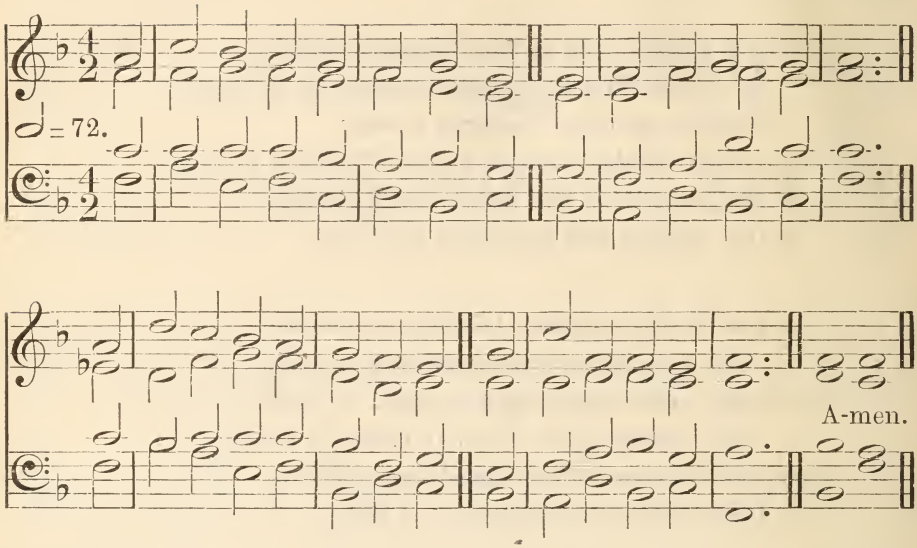
p For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
Oh make our sad divisions soon to cease;
cr Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;
mf Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
pp One through this Sacrament of Unity.

p We pray Thee too for wanderers from Thy Fold,
Oh bring them back, Good Shepherd of the sheep,
r Back to the Faith which Saints believed of old;
Back to the Church which still that Faith doth keep;
mf Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
pp One through this Sacrament of Unity.

mf That so, at length when Sacraments shall cease,
We may be one with all Thy Church above,
cr One with Thy Saints in one unbroken peace,
One with Thy Saints in one unbounded love:
More blessèd still in peace and love to be
pp One with the Trinity in Unity.



ALBANO. C.M. V. NOVELLO, 1781–1861.



mf ONCE, only once, and once for all
His precious life He gave;
Before the Cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

"One Offering, single and complete,"
With lips and heart we say;
But what He never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the Holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

So He, Who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents Himself for those He bought
In that dark noontide hour.

His Manhood pleads where now it lives
On heaven's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
Its Presence to His own.

And so we show Thy death, O Lord,
Till Thou again appear;
And feel, when we approach Thy Board,
We have an Altar here.

f All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS (*First Tune*). MODE VIII. Mechlin.

To be sung in Unison.

PART I.

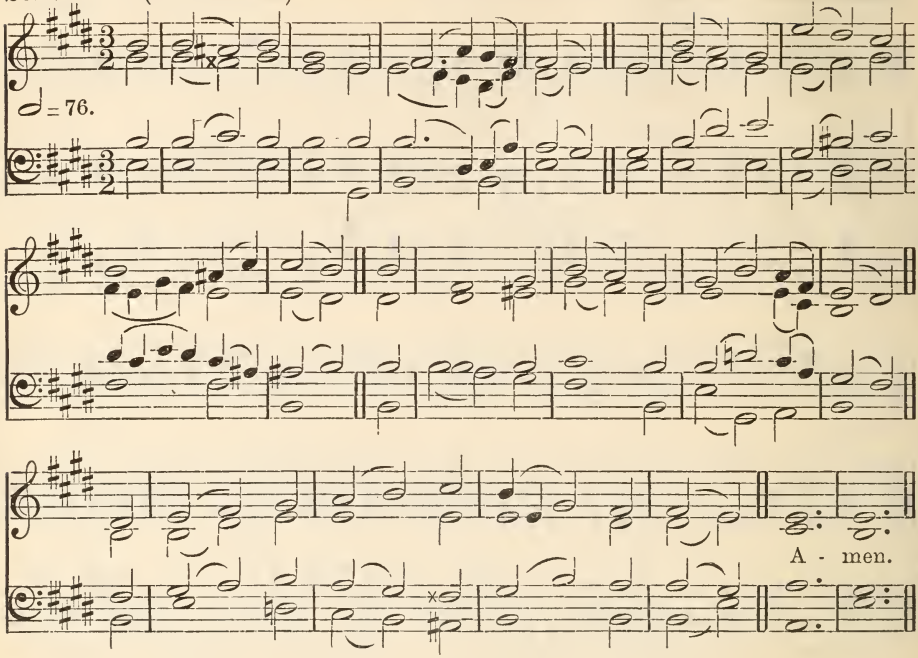
mf THE heavenly Word proceeding forth,
Yet leaving not the Father's side,
Accomplishing His work on earth
p Had reached at length life's eventide.

mf By false disciple to be given
To foemen for His life athirst,
Himself, the very Bread of heaven,
He gave to His disciples first.

He gave Himself in either kind,
His precious Flesh, His precious Blood;
cr In love s own fulness thus designed
Of the whole man to be the Food.

p By Birth their Fellow-man was He;
Their Meat, when sitting at the Board;
cr He died, their Ransomer to be;
mf He ever reigns, their great Reward. Amen.

St. Vincent (*Second Tune*). L.M. J. Üglow.



PART I.

mf THE heavenly Word proceeding forth,
Yet leaving not the Father's side,
Accomplishing His work on earth
p Had reached at length life's eventide.

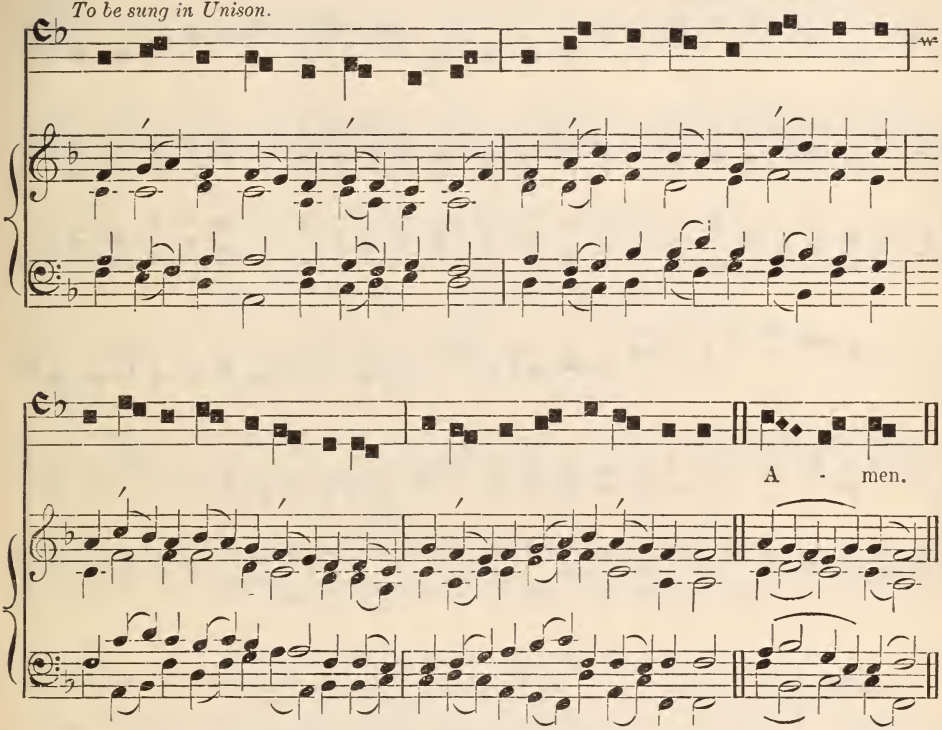
mf By false disciple to be given
To foemen for His life athirst,
Himself, the very Bread of heaven,
He gave to His disciples first.

He gave Himself in either kind,
His precious Flesh, His precious Blood;
cr In love's own fulness thus designed
Of the whole man to be the Food.

p By Birth their Fellow-man was He;
Their Meat, when sitting at the Board;
cr He died, their Ransomer to be;
mf He ever reigns, their great Reward. Amen.

O Salutaris Hostia. Mode VI. Old French Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.



May also be sung to "Melcombe," *No.* 349, which was composed for the Latin original of this hymn.

PART II.

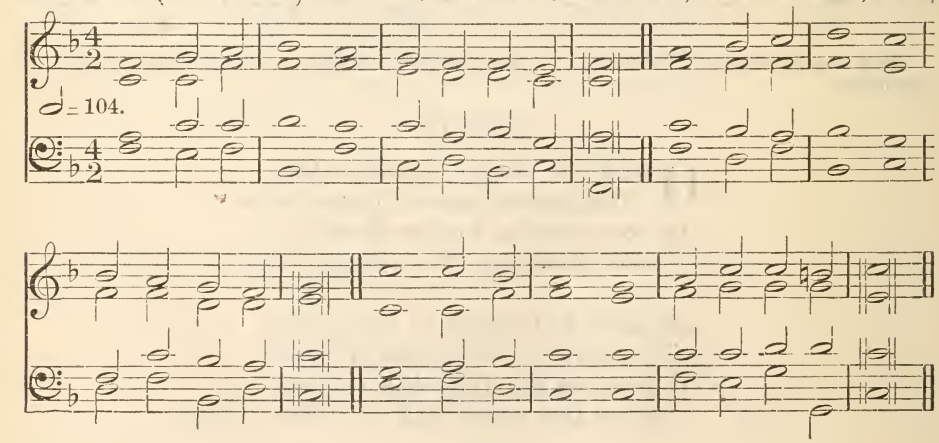
p *cr* O SAVING Victim, opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below,
Our foes press on from every side,
p Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

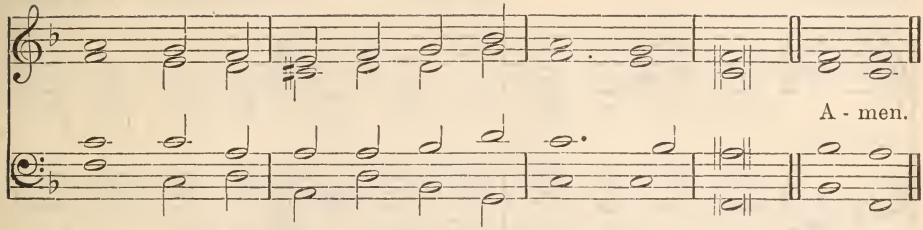
f All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
For evermore, Blest One in Three;
p Oh grant us life, that shall not end,
In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

ADORO TE DEVOTE (*First Tune*). MODE V. Old French Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.

OLD 124th (*Second Tune*). 10.10.10.10. C. GOUDIMEL, *Genera Psalter*, 1551.





May also be sung to "St. Agnes" (Langran), *No.* 252.

p THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour! Thee,
Who in Thy Supper with us deign'st to be.
Both flesh and spirit in Thy Presence fail,
Yet here Thy Presence we devoutly hail.

mf Oh, blest Memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be!

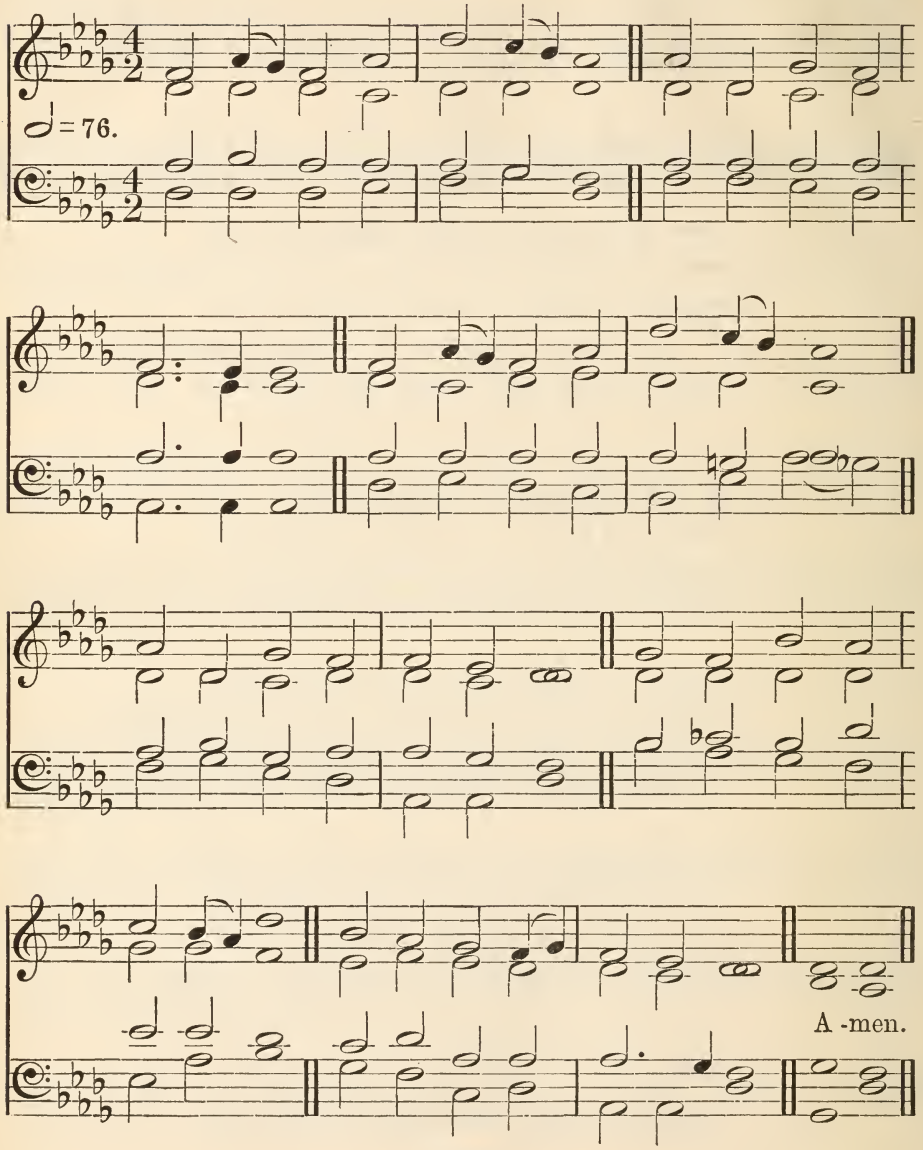
Fountain of goodness! Jesu, Lord and God!
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy Presence flow.

p O Christ! Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;
cr To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,
mf The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Amen.

Therefore we, before Him bending—257 [PART II.]

264

TICHFIELD. Six 7's. J. RICHARDSON, 1816–1879.



p TILL He come—Oh let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
cr Let us think how heaven and home
dim Lie beyond that "Till He come."

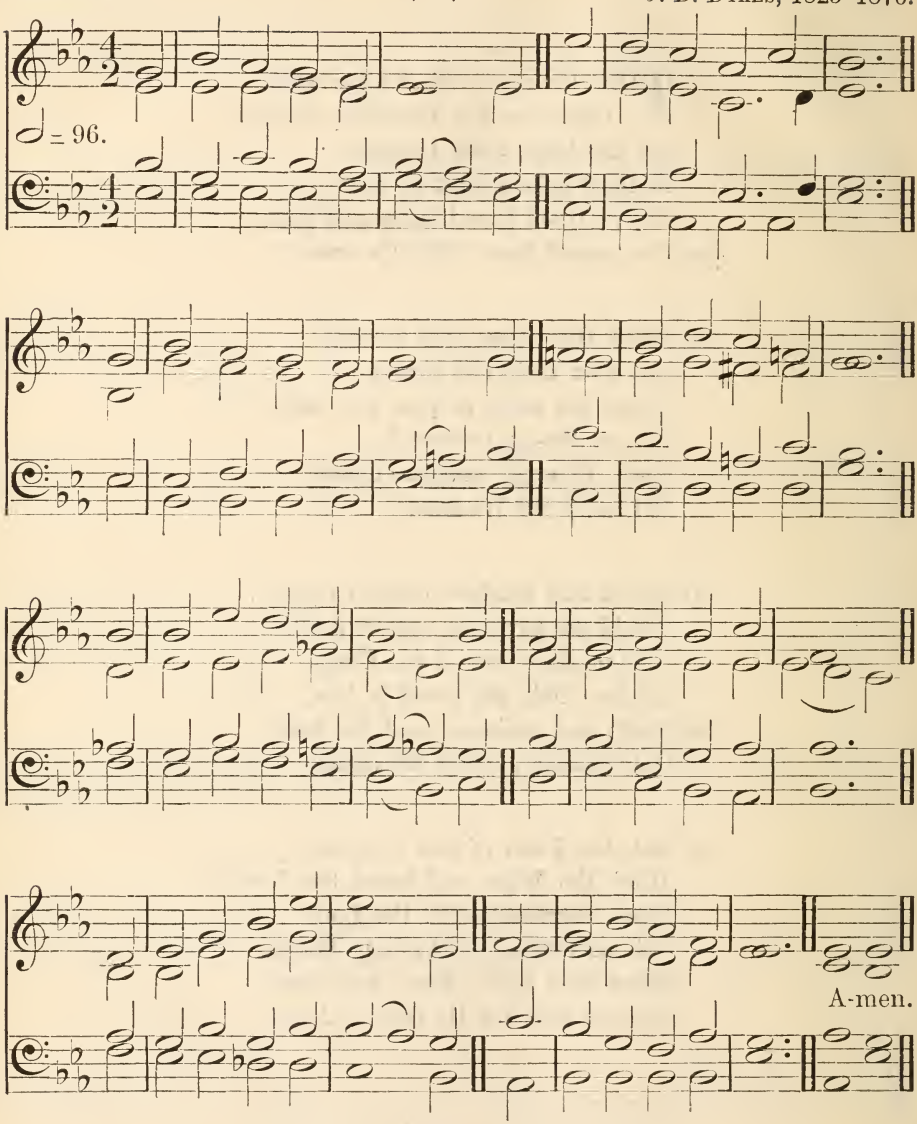
p When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only till He come.

mf Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the Cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
p Death and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till He come."

mf See, the Feast of love is spread,
Drink the Wine, and break the Bread:
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly Board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come. Amen.

265

DIES DOMINICA. 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



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mf WE pray Thee, heavenly Father,
To hear us in Thy love,
And pour upon Thy children
The unction from above;
That so in love abiding,
From all defilement free,
We may in pureness offer
Our Eucharist to Thee.

Be Thou our Guide and Helper,
O Jesu Christ, we pray;
So may we well approach Thee,
If Thou wilt be the Way.
Thou, very Truth, hast promised
To help us in our strife,
Food of the weary pilgrim,
Eternal Source of Life.

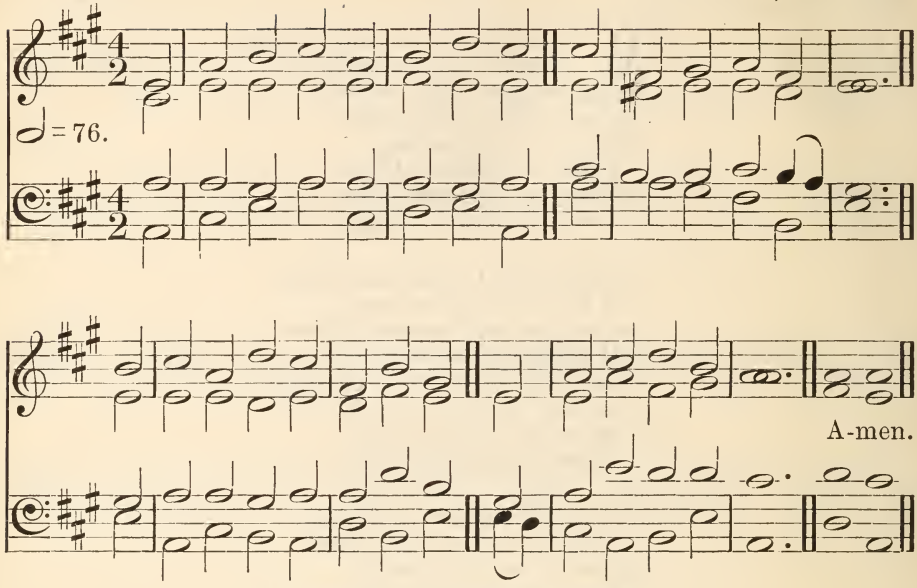
And Thou, Creator Spirit,
Look on us, we are Thine;
Renew in us Thy graces,
Upon our darkness shine;
That with Thy benediction
Upon our souls outpoured,
We may receive in gladness
The Body of the Lord.

O Trinity Eternal!
O Unity most high!
On Thee alone relying,
Thy servants would draw nigh.
Unworthy in our weakness,
On Thee our hope is stayed,
And blest by Thy forgiveness
We will not be afraid. Amen.

Also the following:

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!—360
Forth from the dark and stormy sky—404
God the Father, God the Son—651
Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts!—447
The King of love my Shepherd is—556

St. James. C.M. R. Courteville, 1691–1772.



May also be sung to "St. Stephen," *No.* 485.

mf IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

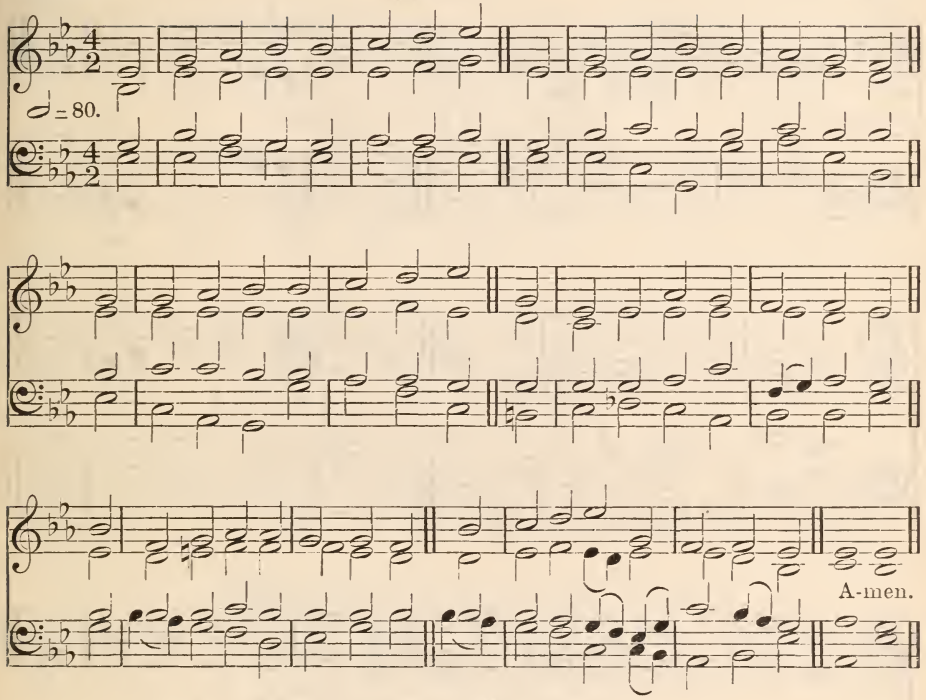
f In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

p In token that thou, too, shalt tread
The path He travelled by;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
cr And sit thee down on high;

mf Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
cr Hereafter share His Crown. Amen.

267 Holy Baptism.

BERNE. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. J. SCHOP, *c.* 1650.



May also be sung to "Melita," *No.* 317.

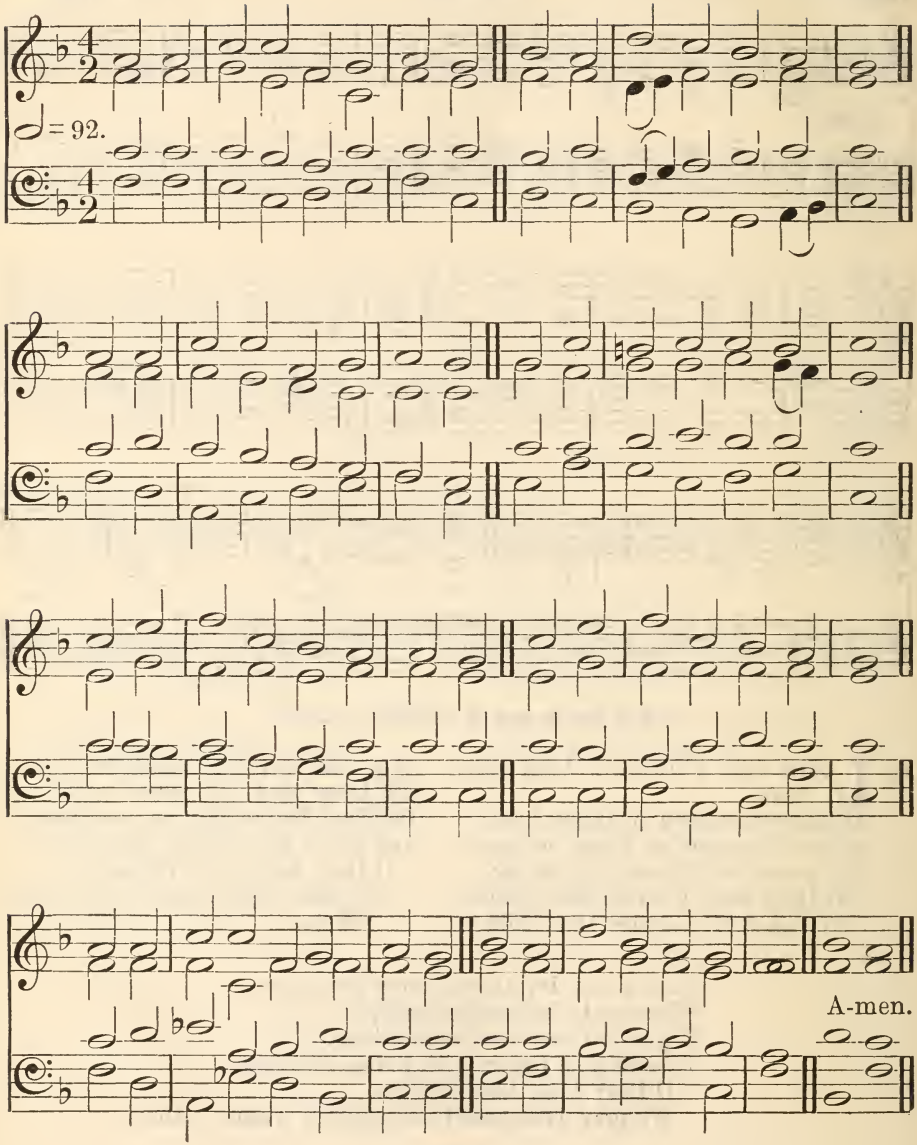
mf LORD Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear,
As Thou wast once an Infant here,
So give this child of Thine, we pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day.
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine, [Thine.
We pray Thee guard this child of

As in Thy heavenly Kingdom, Lord,
All things obey Thy sacred word,
Do Thou Thy mighty succour give,
And shield this child by morn and eve.
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee guard this child of Thine.

Their watch let Angels round him keep
Where'er he be, awake, asleep;
Thy holy Cross now let him bear,
That he Thy Crown with Saints may wear.
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee guard this child of Thine. Amen.

268 Holy Baptism.

St. Hilary. 8.7.8.7. D. Ganther.



mf O'ER the shoreless waste of waters
In the world's primeval night,
cr Moved the quickening Spirit, waking
All things into life and light.
f So, Lord, in Thy new creation
Light in Thine own Light we see,
By the water and the Spirit
Born again to life in Thee.

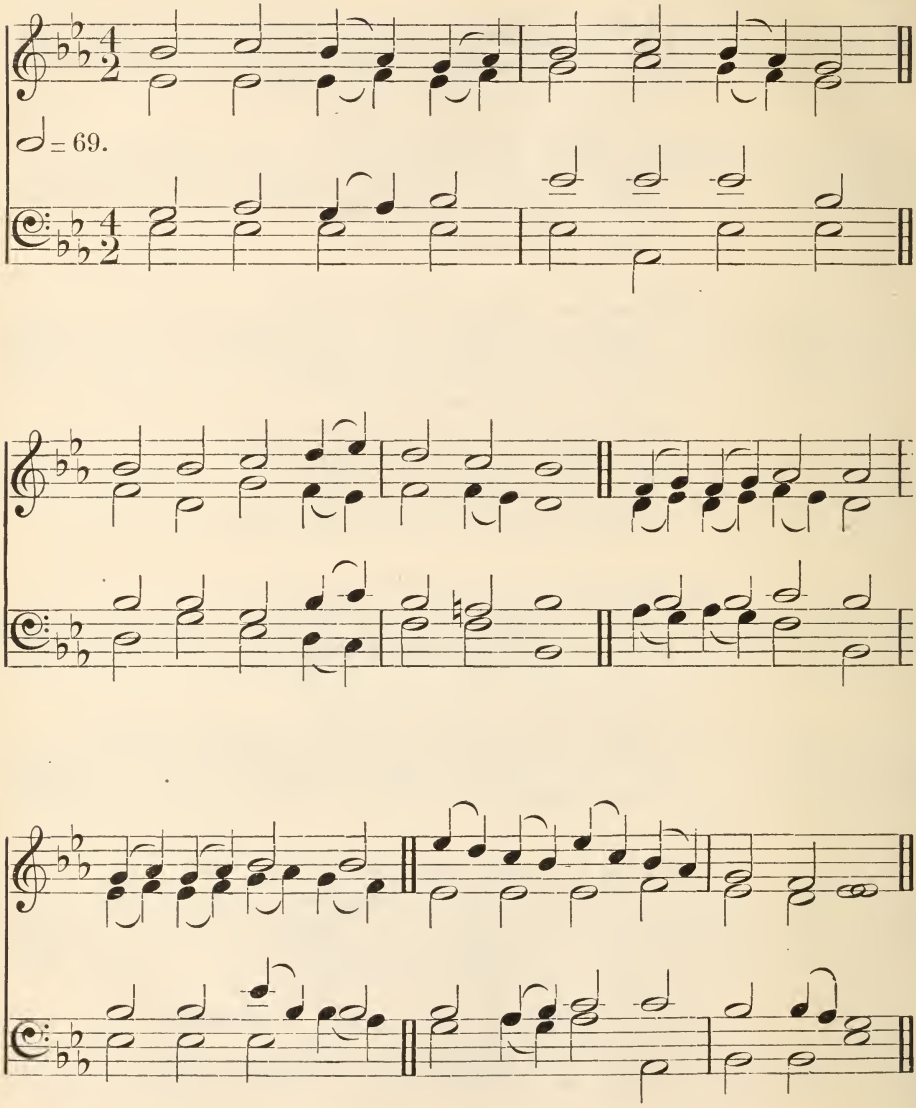
mf When from Thine avenging deluge
Thou Thy chosen ones wouldst save,
cr Lo! the Ark of Thine appointing
Rode in safety on the wave.
f So, Lord, on the world's broad ocean,
Tost with tempests fierce and dark,
Thine elect have found a refuge,
And Thy Church is now their Ark.

mf Through the Red Sea's cloven waters
Israel's children gained the shore,
cr Free to seek the land of promise,
Egypt's bond-slaves now no more:
f So upon their journey starting,
Thou Thy children, Lord, dost free:
Lo! they pass from Satan's bondage
Into glorious liberty!

p Buried with their buried Saviour,
cr Raised with Him to life again,
mf Oh, that, dead to sin, Thy children
May to Christ-like life attain!
p Father, guide them by Thy Spirit,
cr Lead them on from strength to strength,
Till, all toils and conflicts ended,
f They are safe with Thee at length. Amen.

Holy Baptism.

Sicilian Mariners. 8.7.8.7. Sicilian Melody.

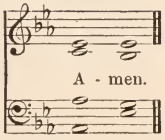


mf SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share:

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

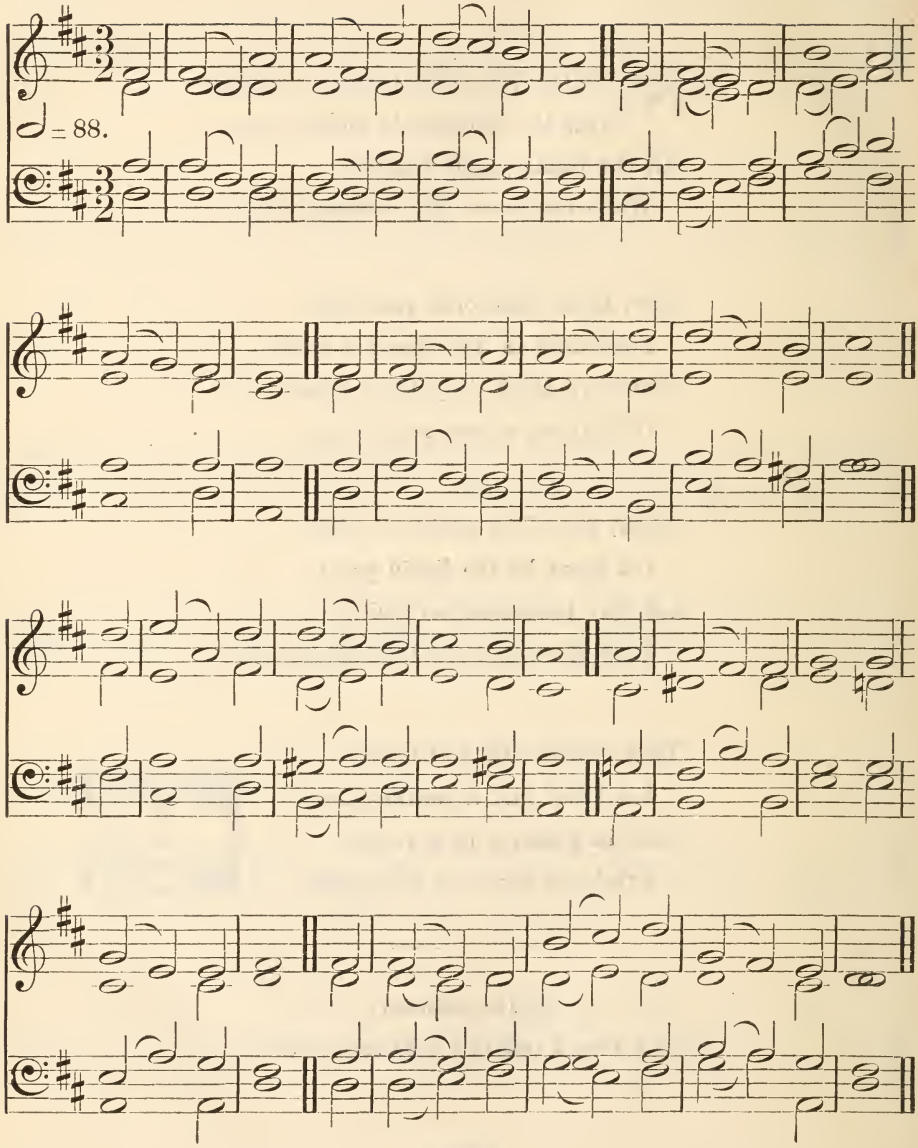


Also the following:

I think when I read that sweet story of old—627

Confirmation.

GIESSEN. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. Adapted.



Confirmation.

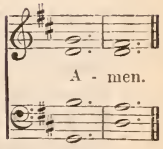
mf BEHOLD us, Lord, before Thee met,
Whom each bright Angel serves and fears,
Who on Thy throne rememberest yet
Thy spotless Boyhood's quiet years,
Whose feet the hills of Nazareth trod,
f Who art true Man and perfect God.

mf To Thee we look, in Thee confide,
Our help is in Thine own dear Name;
For who on Jesus e'er relied
cr And found not Jesus still the same?
p Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought,
Oh, stablish well what Thou hast wrought!

mf The seed of our Baptismal life,
O living Word! by Thee was sown;
cr So, where Thy soldiers wage the strife,
Our posts we take, our vows we own;
And ask, in Thine appointed way,
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

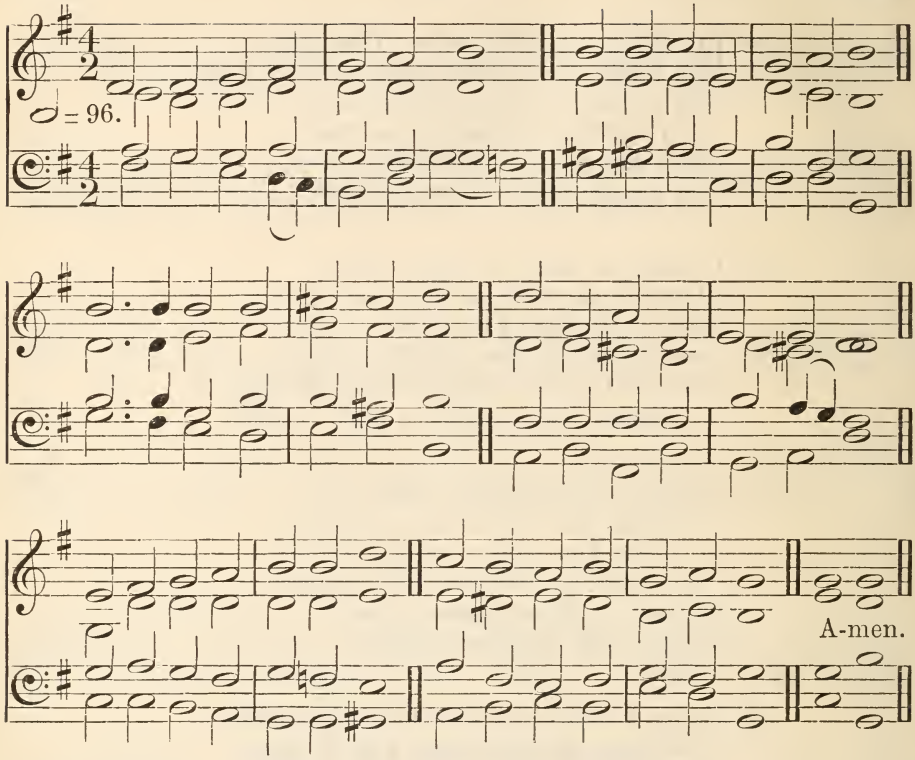
mf We need Thee more than tongue can speak
'Mid foes that well might cast us down;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight, and won the crown.
We ask the help that bore them through;
We trust the Faithful and the True.

p So bless us with the Gift complete
By hands of Thy chief pastors given,
That awful Presence kind and sweet
Which comes in sevenfold might from heaven.
Eternal Christ, to Thee we bow:
Give us Thy Spirit here and now.



Confirmation.

PROBUS. Six 7's. G. R. SINCLAIR, *b.* 1863.



May also be sung to "Dix," *No.* 109.

p HOLY Spirit, Lord of love,
Thou Who camest from above,
Gifts of blessing to bestow
On Thy waiting Church below;
cr Once again in love draw near
To Thy children gathered here.

mf From their bright Baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant Guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now, till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their Friend.

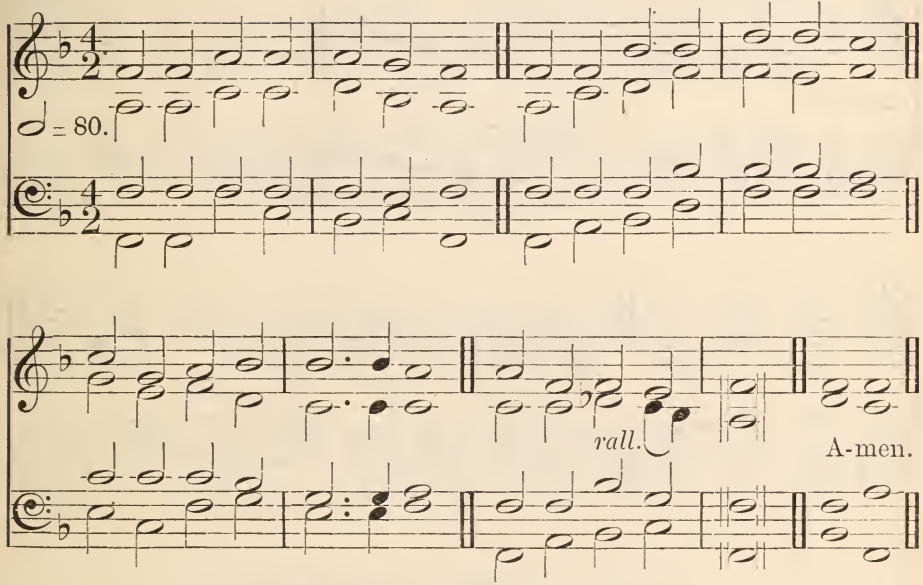
mf Give them light Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
cr Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the Crown to win;
mf Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

p When the holy vow is made,
When the holy hands are laid,
Come in this most solemn hour,
With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,
cr Come, Thou blessèd Spirit, come,
Make each heart Thy happy home.
Amen.

Confirmation.

7.7.7.5.

OSBORNE. H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, *b.* 1857.



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mf LORD of grace and holiness,
Who alone canst guide and bless,
God of love and tenderness,
Guard these lambs of Thine.

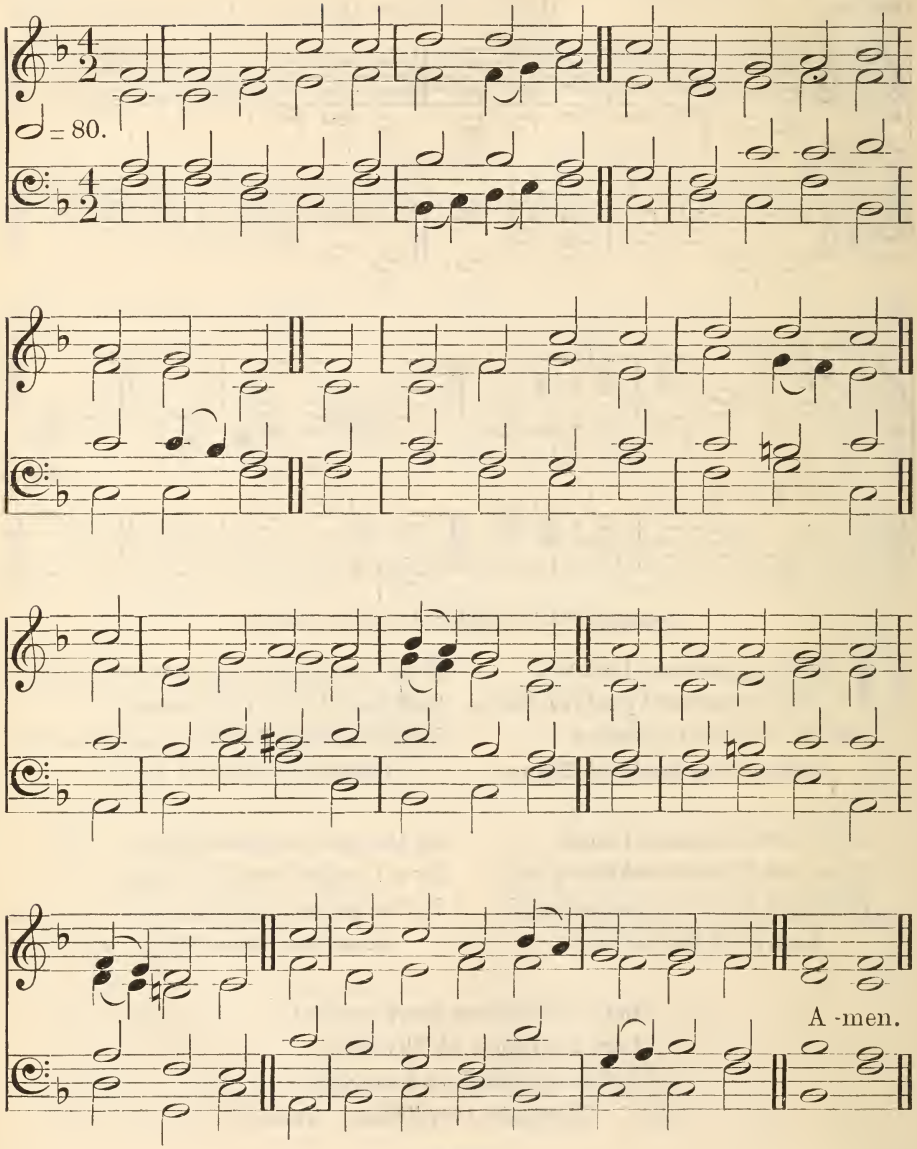
Jesu, Thou wast man indeed,
Thou dost for our weakness plead;
Thou dost know our deepest need;
Jesu, keep them Thine.

Keep them generous, brave, and true,
Still their loving trust renew,
Make them faithful through and through:
Saviour, keep them Thine.

By the grace of gentle years,
By all tender hopes and fears,
By the power of loving tears,
Jesu, keep them Thine.

Lord, Thy loving heart is wide!
Jesu, hold them at Thy side,
cr Saved, redeemed, and sanctified,
f Thine, for ever Thine. Amen.

STETERBURG. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. NICOLAUS DECIUS, *d.* 1541.



Confirmation.

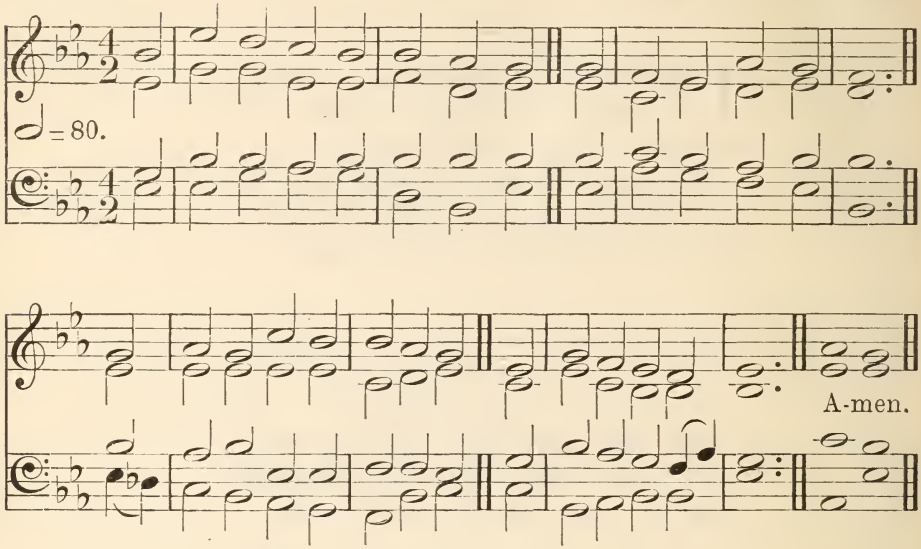
mf LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?—
A boon of love divine we seek;—
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come?—and come again?—
Oft as we see yon Table spread,
And—tokens of Thy dying pain—
The Wine poured out, the broken Bread,
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come?—not thus alone
At holy time, or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light—
Come to Thy throne of grace,—that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

Lord, shall we come?—come yet again?—
Thy children ask one blessing more;—
cr To come, not now alone,—but then
When life, and death, and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
f Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee. Amen.

St. Peter. C.M. A. R. Reinagle, 1799–1877.



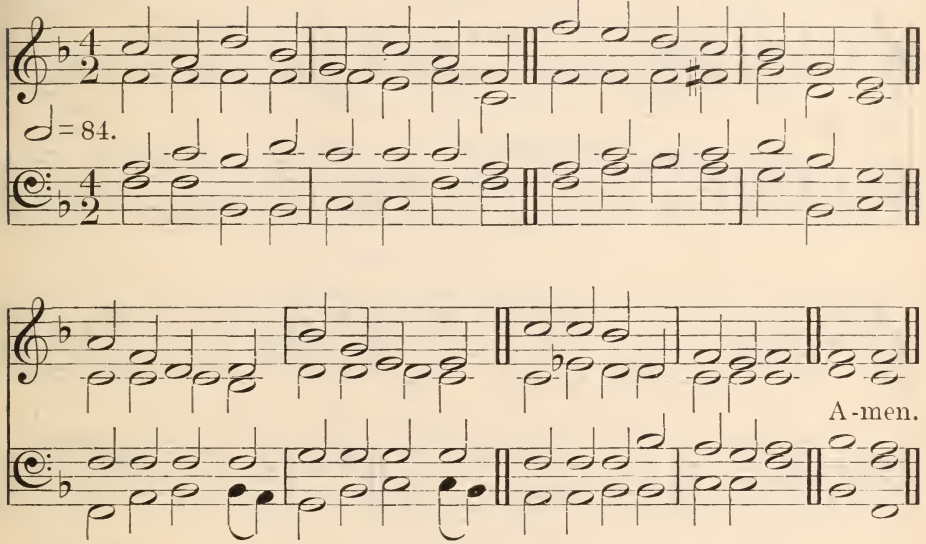
mf MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

p Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
cr And Christ be all in all.

mf Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace.
And seal me for Thine own,
cr That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

mf Let every thought, and work, and word,
By Thee be ever blest;
cr Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of rest. Amen.

NEWTON FERNS. 8.7.8.7. SAMUEL SMITH, *b.* 1821.



mf THINE for ever! Thine for ever!
May Thy face upon us shine.
p Help, oh, help our weak endeavour,
Lord, to be for ever Thine.

mf Thine for ever, Thine for ever!
Thine for ever may we be:
May no sin nor sorrow sever
Us from union, Lord, with Thee.

mf Thine for ever, Thine for ever!
Armed with faith, and strong in
cr Ever fighting, fainting never, [Thee,
May we march to victory!

mf Daily in the grace increasing
Of Thy Spirit, more and more,
Watching, praying, without ceasing,
May we reach the heavenly shore!

p Hard the conflict; (*mf*) but what glory
Is revealèd to our eyes
While we read the heavenly story
Of our home beyond the skies!

f "Thine for ever" we are singing
Here on earth, and while we sing
Voices in our ears are ringing
Hymns of Angels to our King.

Thine for ever! Thine for ever!
May Thy face upon us shine.
p Help, oh! help our weak endeavour,
Lord, to be for ever Thine.

f Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One. Amen.

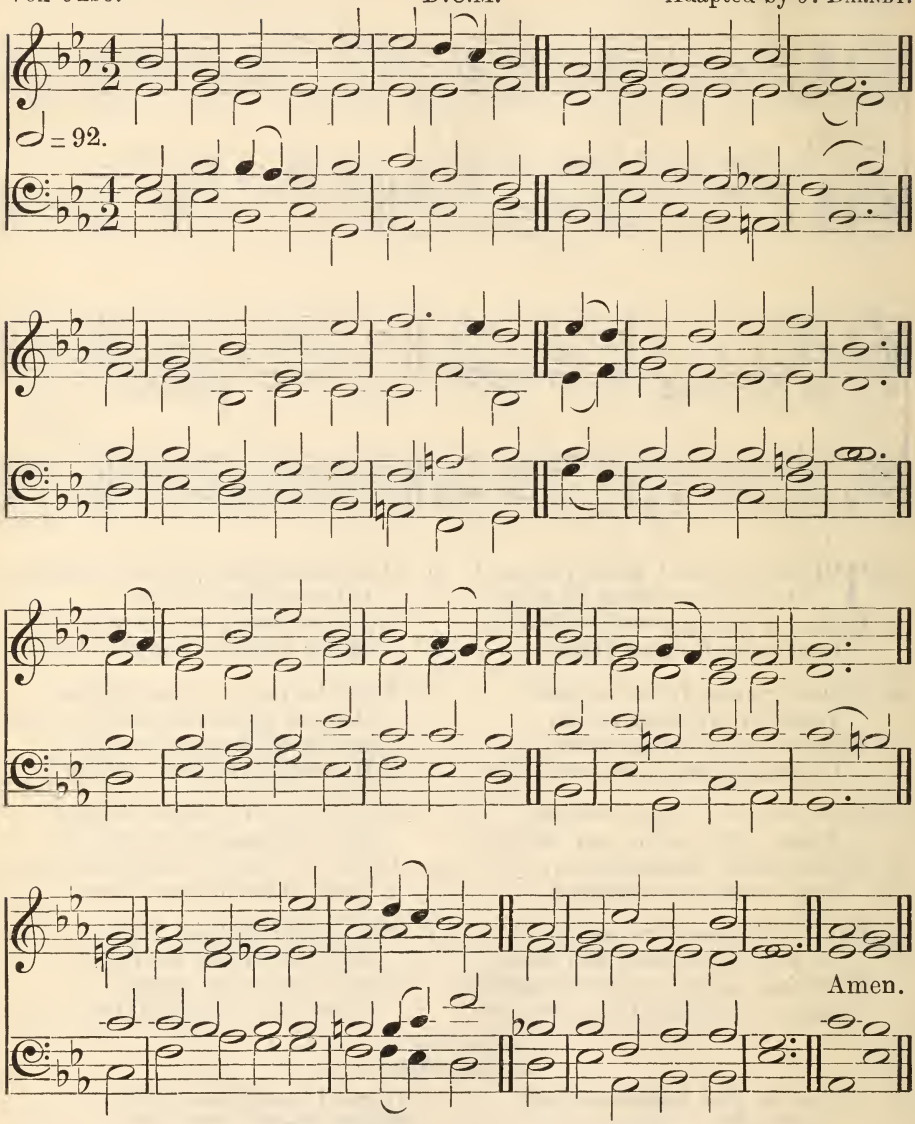
Also the following:

Fight the good fight with all thy
might—401
Jesu, meek and gentle—441
O Jesu, I have promised—493
Soldiers of Christ! arise—546
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said—551

276

Holy Matrimony.

Vox Jesu. D.C.M. Spohr, 1784–1859. Adapted by J. Barnby.



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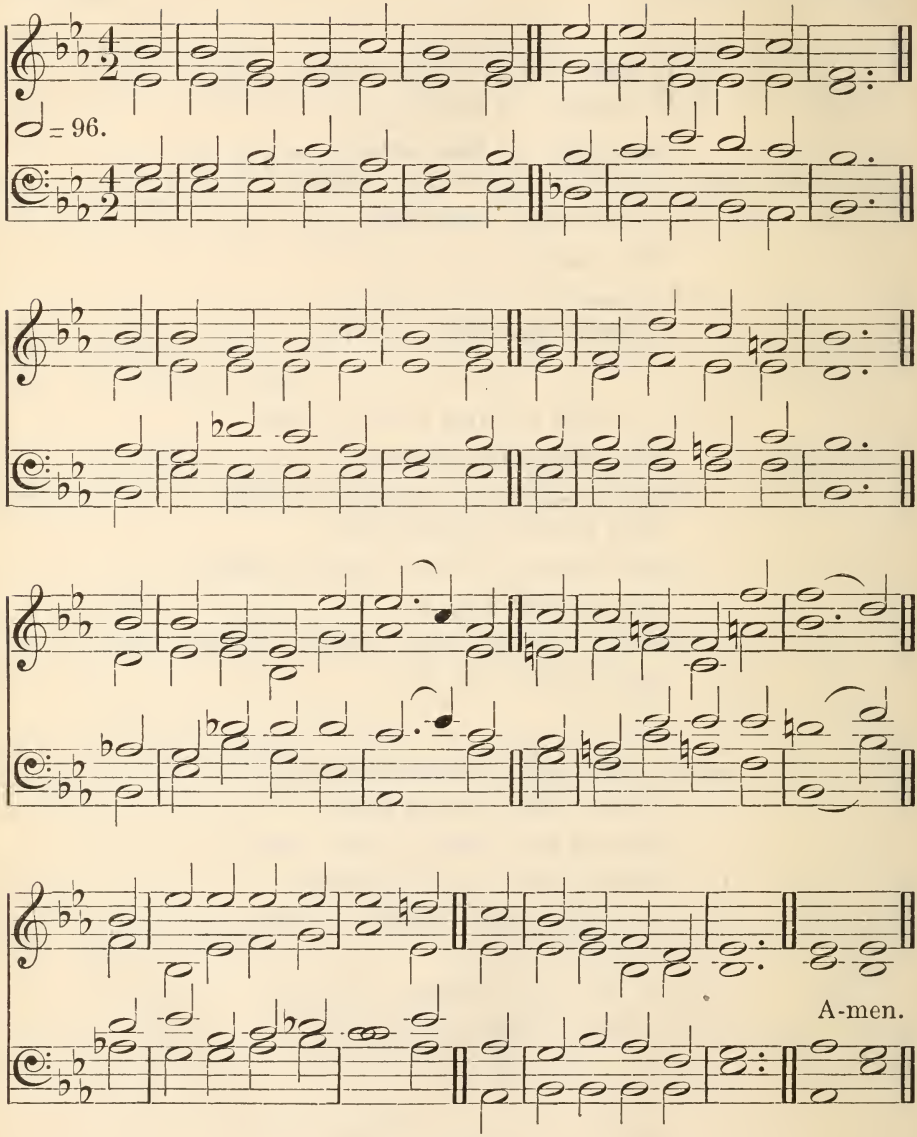
mf LORD, Who at Cana's wedding feast,
Didst as a Guest appear,
Thou dearer far than earthly guest,
p Vouchsafe Thy Presence here;
cr For holy Thou indeed dost prove
The marriage vow to be,
f Proclaiming it a type of love
Between the Church and Thee.

mf The holiest vow that man can make
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, blessed by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles every joy.

mf On those who at Thine Altar kneel
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more:
p O grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
cr And, this world leaving, to receive
f A crown of life above. Amen.

Holy Matrimony.

LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6. D. H. SMART, 1813–1879.



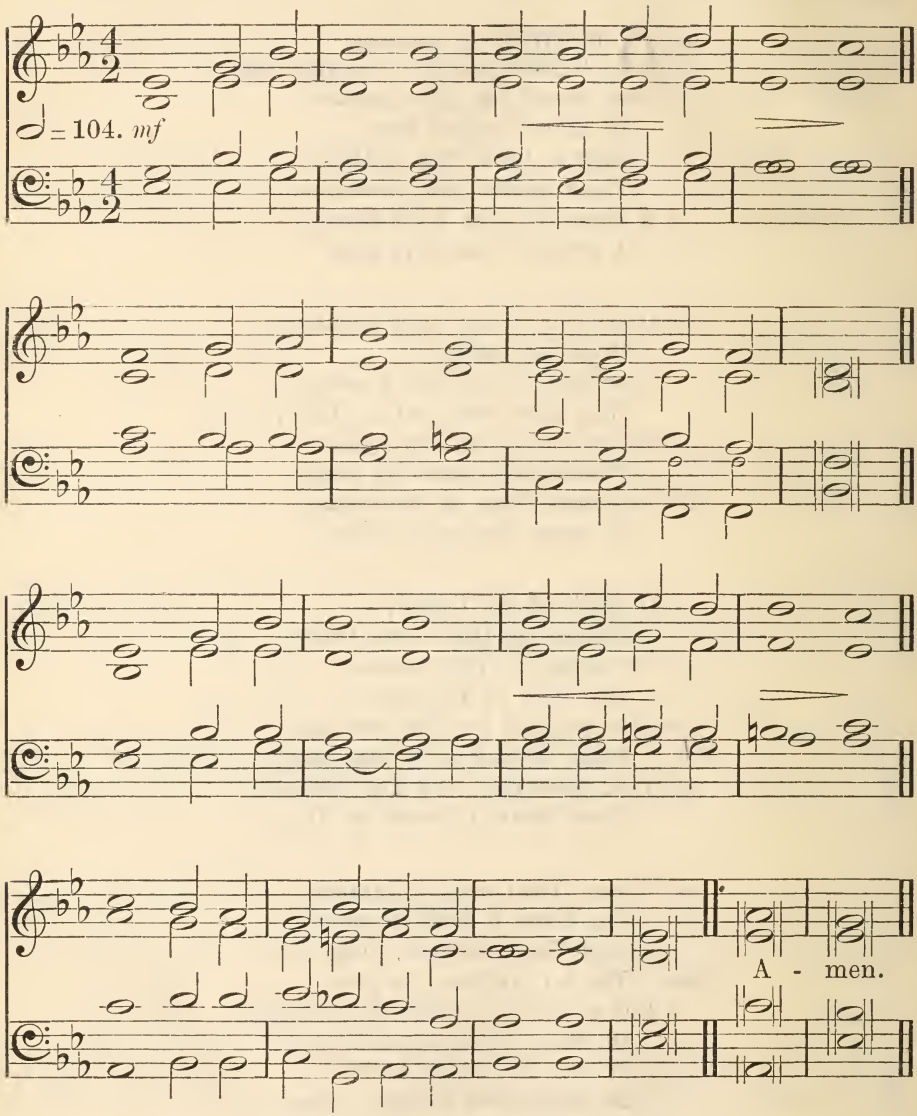
mf O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
cr A home by Thee made happy,
f A love by Thee kept true.

mf O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy Presence
With these who call on Thee;
cr Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
dim And teach them in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

p O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
cr That guarded by Thy Presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
mf Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

mf Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
dim The joy will turn to pain;
f But nought can break the marriage
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun. Amen.

O Perfect Love (*First Tune*). 11.10.11.10. J. Barnby, 1838–1896.



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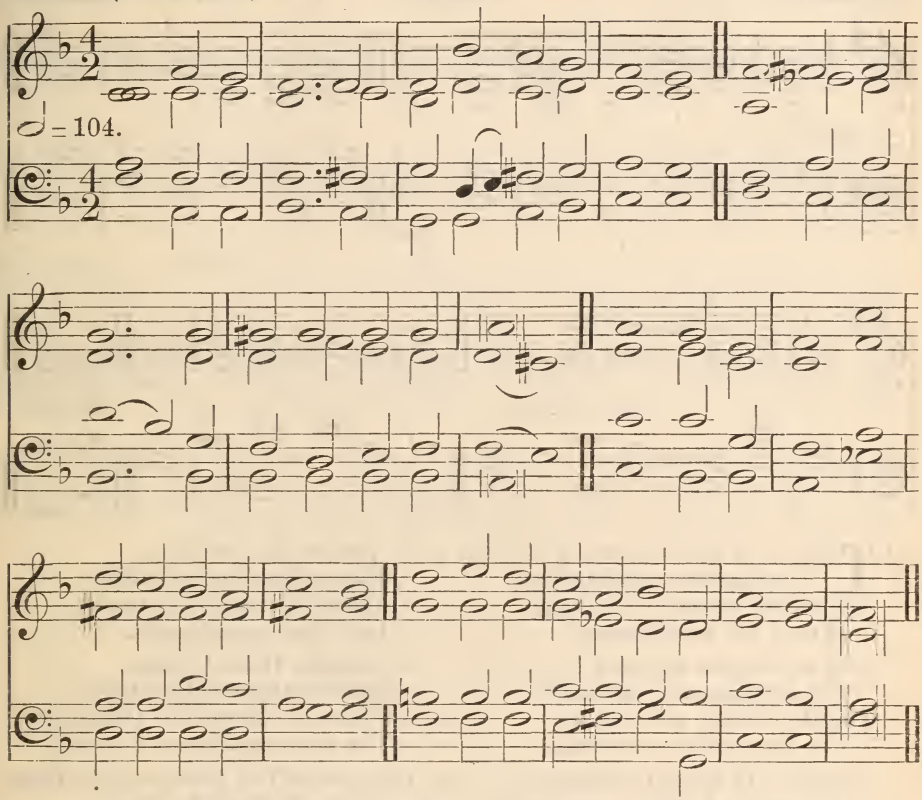
Holy Matrimony.

CROFTON (*Second Tune*). 11.10.11.10. Lord CROFTON, *b.* 1834.



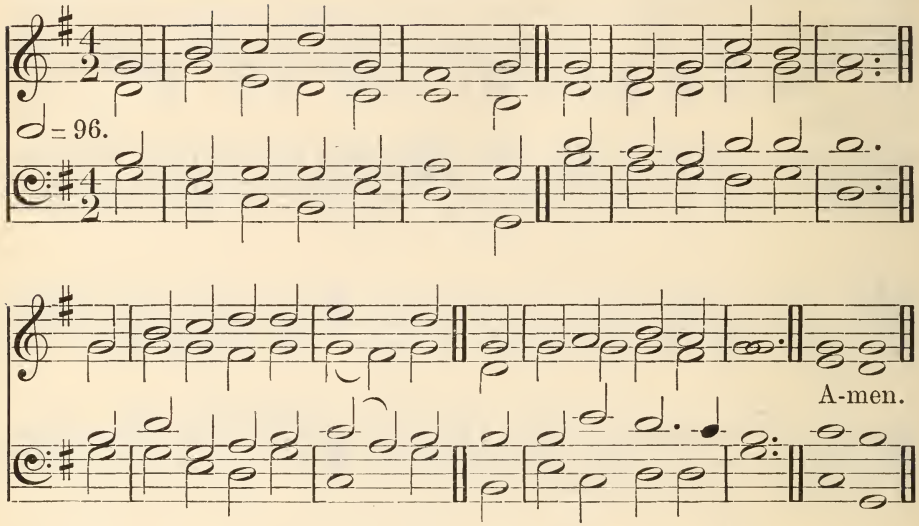
mf O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
p Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
cr That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore doth join in one.

mf O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
p Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
cr Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

mf Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
p Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
cr And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

279 Holy Matrimony.

St. Alphege. 7.6.7.6. H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876.



mf THE voice that breathed o'er Eden
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said,

For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.

p Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
cr As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

p Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
cr As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

p Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
cr As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

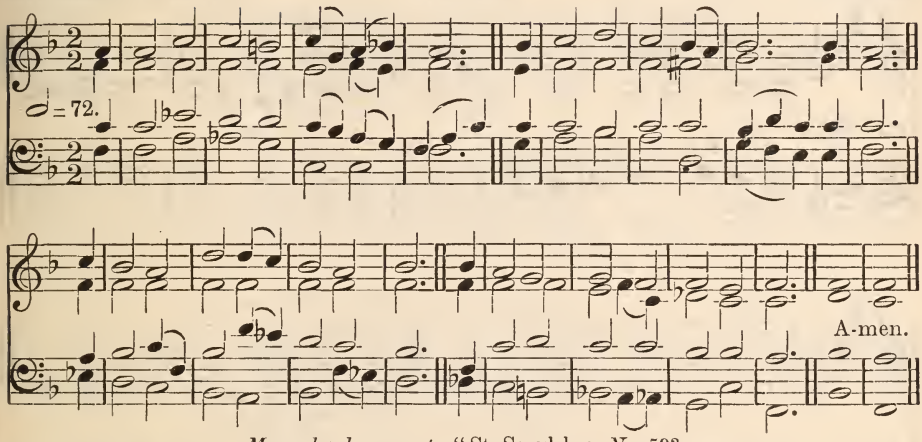
mf Oh! spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine Altar
The hallowed path they trace,

f To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise!

Also the following:
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove—190
Lead us, heavenly Father—456
Now thank we all our God—296
O God of Bethel! by Whose hand—483
Thine for ever! God of love—570

Communion of the Sick. See Hymns for Holy Communion.

ST. GABRIEL. L.M. H. H. PIERSON, 1815–1873.



May also be sung to "St. Sepulchre, *No.* 593.

p ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
Of those whose eyes have ceased to weep,
When they, who wept so oft before,
Shall wake again to weep no more.

p Asleep in Jesus! wondrous sleep,
Which they who sow in tears shall reap:
cr No more by doubt or fear opprest,
dim They sleep the sleep of Saints at rest.

p Asleep in Jesus! happy he
Whose sleep at last in Him shall be;
Whose sorrows past and labours o'er,
Now rests in Him for evermore.

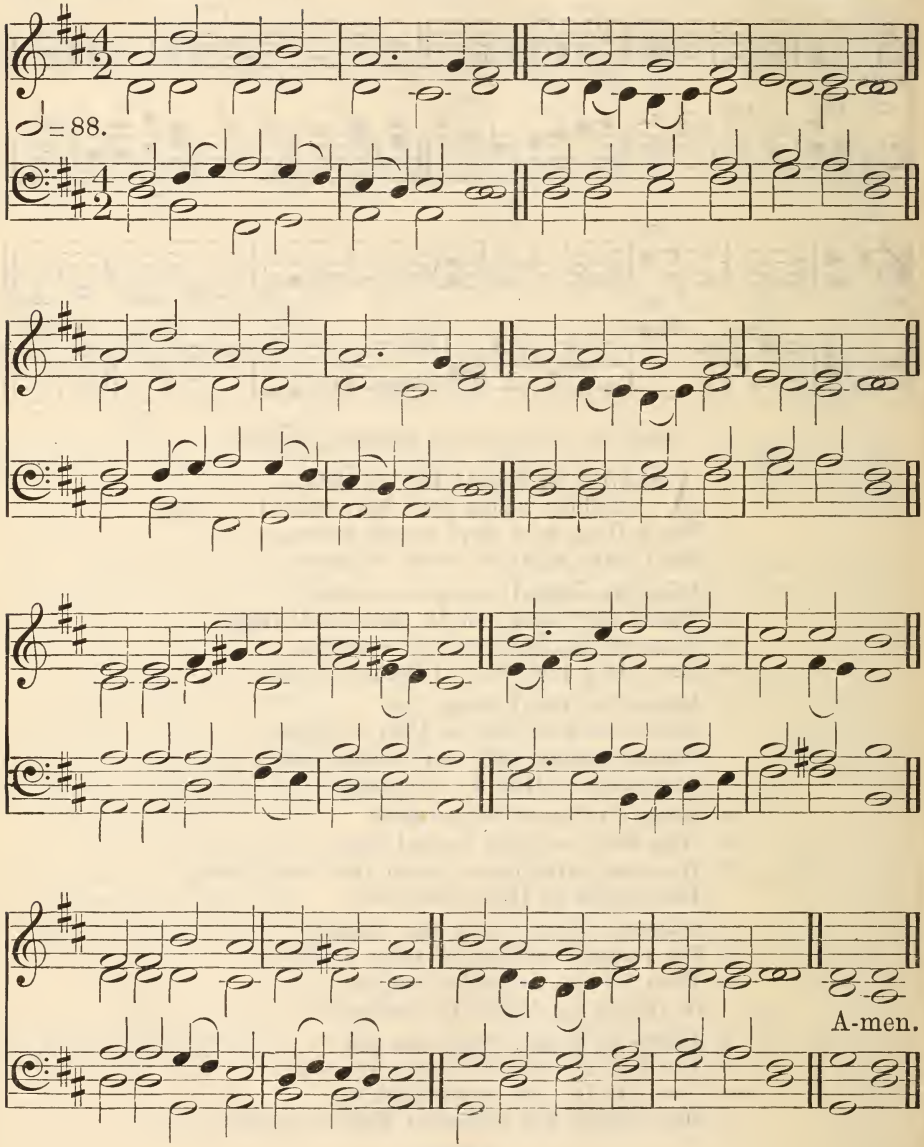
p Asleep in Jesus! happy they
cr Who wake on that eternal day,
f To share, with those whom God shall bring,
The glories of His triumphing.

p Asleep in Jesus! who can weep
For those who sleep so calm a sleep?
mf Then let the living for the dead
In Christ, by Christ be comforted.

p Asleep in Jesus! none can tell
cr The joys of those He loves so well:
dim Then, Holy Jesu, grant that we
May, dying, fall asleep in Thee. Amen.

Burial of the Dead.

SALZBURG. Eight 7's. J. HINTZE, 1622–1702.



mf BLESSING, honour, thanks and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;
Thou in Thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory.
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son:
Jesus Christ our dying Lord
f He for us the fight has won.

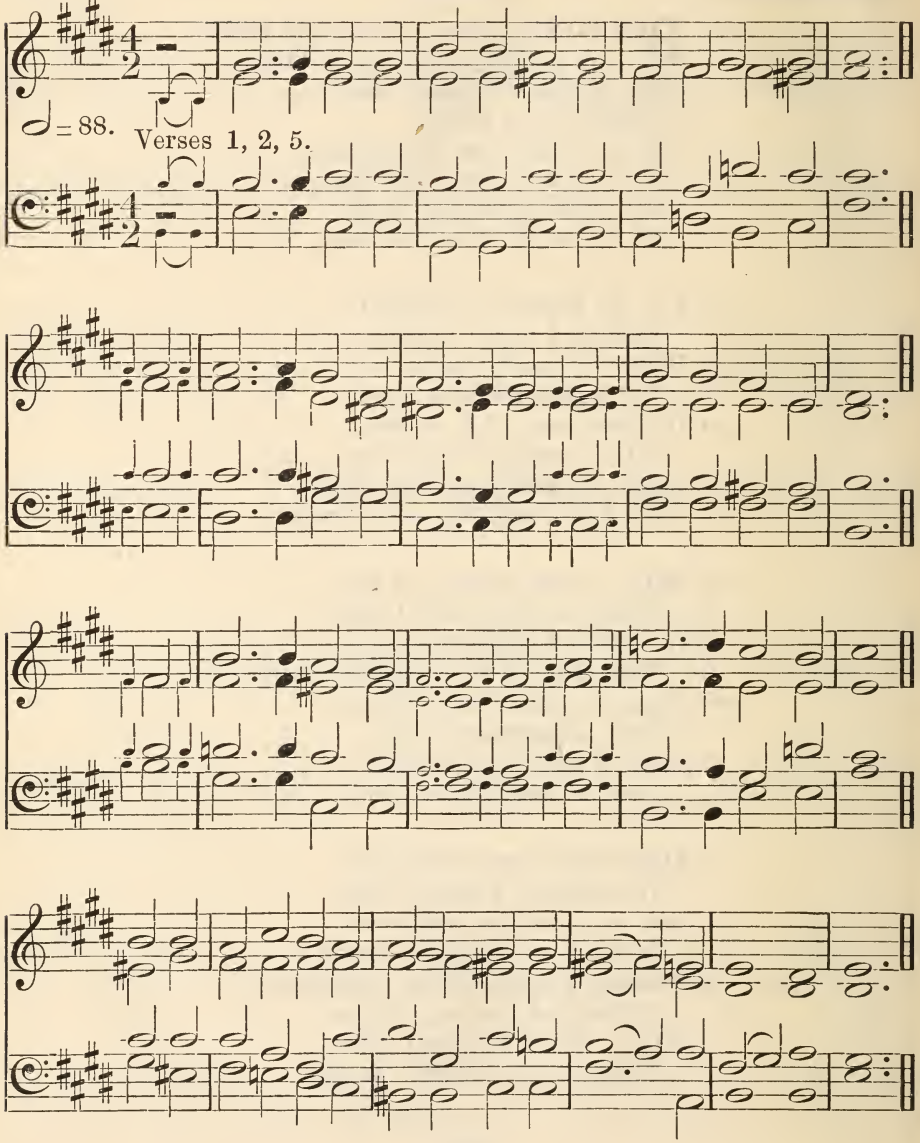
mf Lo! the prisoner is released;
Lightened of his fleshly load.
p Where the weary are at rest
He is gathered unto God.
mf Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

mf Hark, a voice divides the sky,
p Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die:
They from all their toils are freed:
mf These the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

p Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long:
cr Join we them with one accord
In the new, the joyful song;
ff Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,
Triune God, we pay to Thee,
Who in Thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory. Amen.

Burial of the Dead.

Campo santo. Irregular. C. H. Lloyd, *b.* 1849.



Burial of the Dead.

p BROTHER, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;
cr From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
dim Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

p The toilsome way thou hast travelled o'er, and borne the heavy load;
mf But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach His blest abode:
p Thou art sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

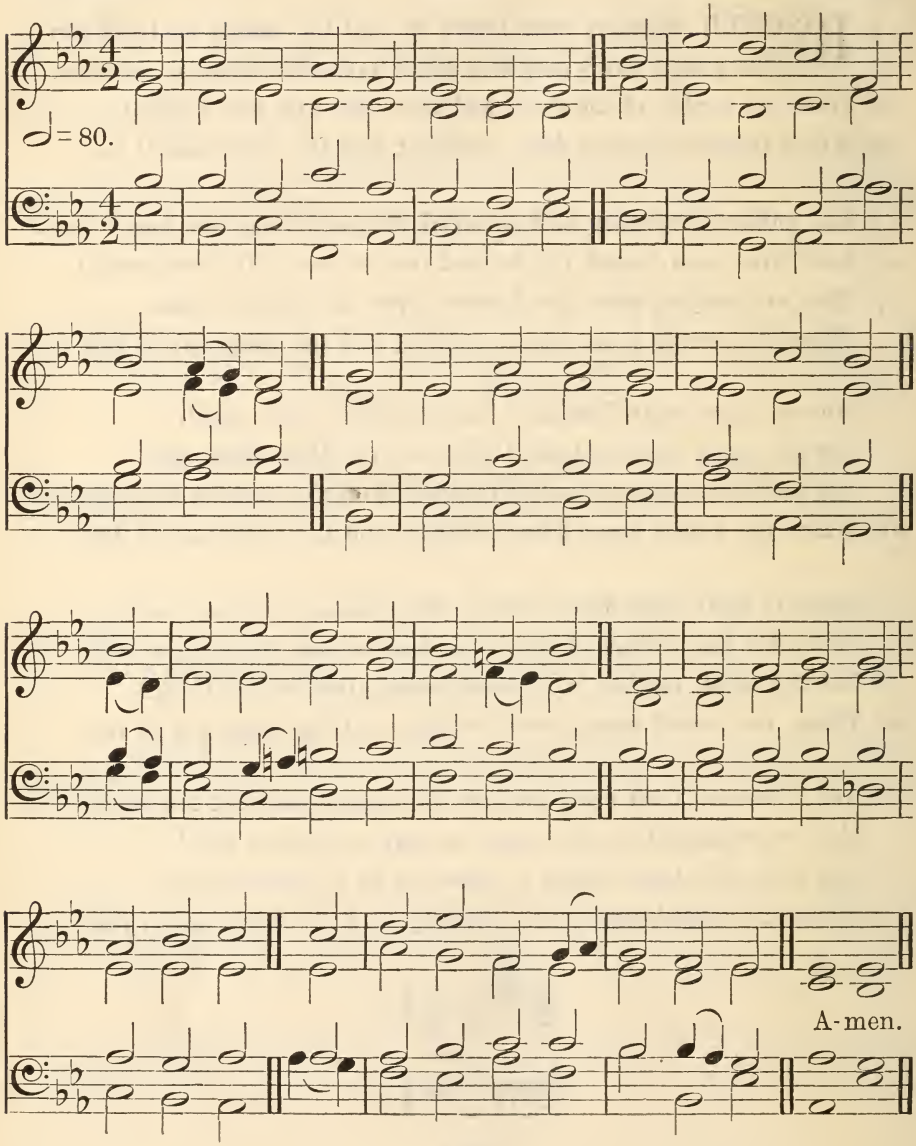
mf Sin can never taint Thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou art sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best,
dim Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

p "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," the solemn words are said;
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy narrow bed;
cr But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest,
dim Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

mf And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find!
cr May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
dim Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!

Burial of the Dead.

COLCHESTER. Six 8's. S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



mf GOD of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
cr From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

mf Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
cr For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

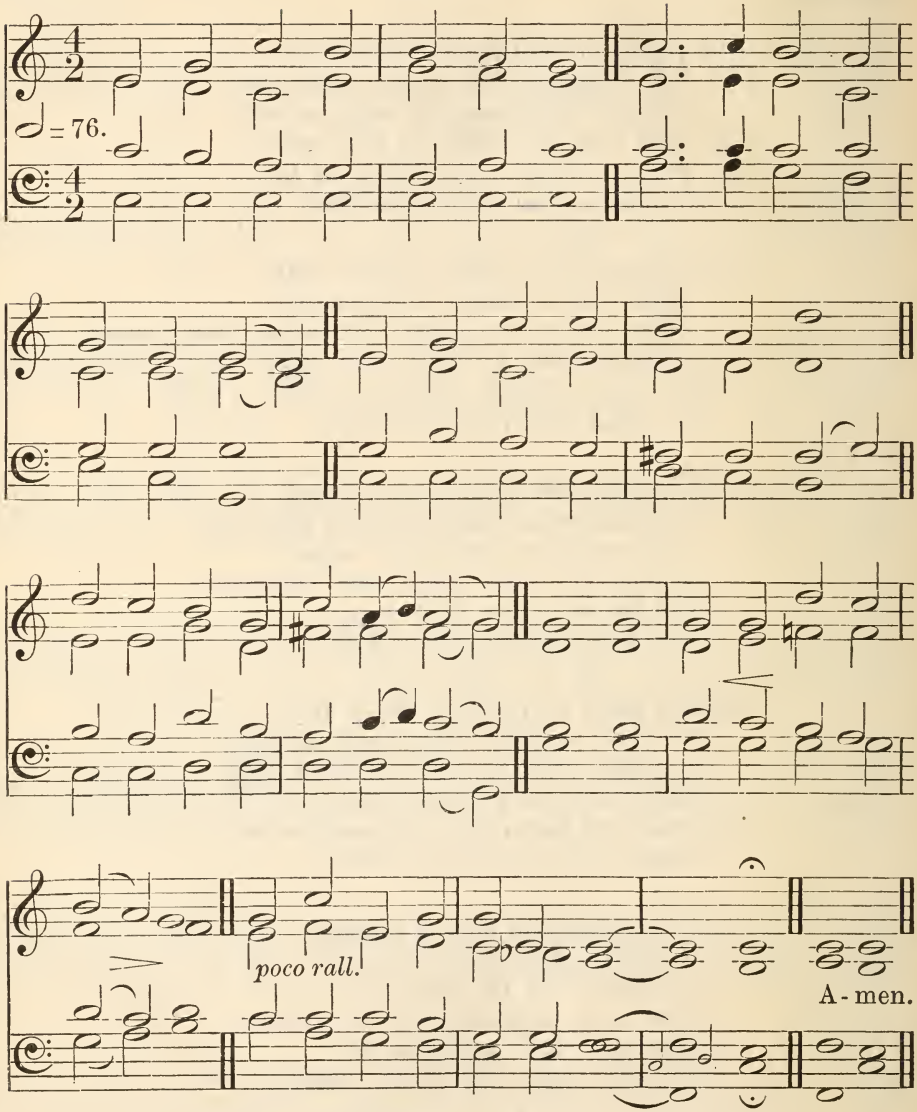
mf Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
cr Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

mf Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
cr That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

mf O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
cr That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee! Amen.

Burial of the Dead.

REQUIESCAT. 7.7.7.7.8.8. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



If there is no Accompaniment the small notes may be sung.

p NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
cr Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
cr There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes.
cr All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
cr Christ the Lord shall guard them well;
He Who died for their release.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf [" Earth to earth, and dust to dust;" *
Calmly now the words we say;
cr Left behind, we wait in trust
For the Resurrection day.]
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping. Amen.

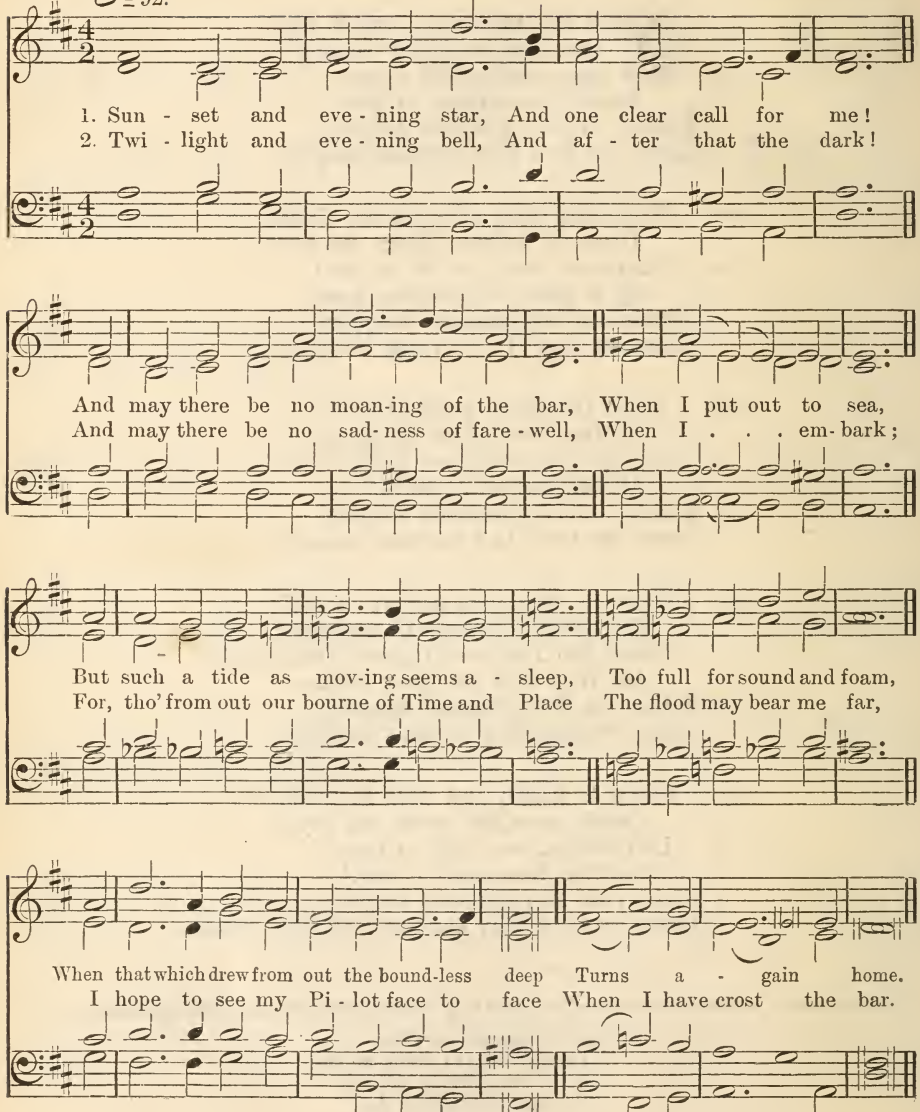
---

* In the case of a Burial at Sea these four lines may be substituted for those bracketed above:—

Laid in ocean's quiet bed,
Calmly now the words we say;
Till the sea gives up its dead,
Till the Resurrection day.

FRESHWATER.

Irregular. C. H. H. PARRY, *b.* 1848.


♩ = 92.
1. Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me!
2. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And af - ter that the dark!
And may there be no moan-ing of the bar, When I put out to sea,
And may there be no sad- ness of fare - well, When I . . . em- bark;
But such a tide as mov-ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam,
For, tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far,
When that which drew from out the bound-less deep Turns a - gain home.
I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar.

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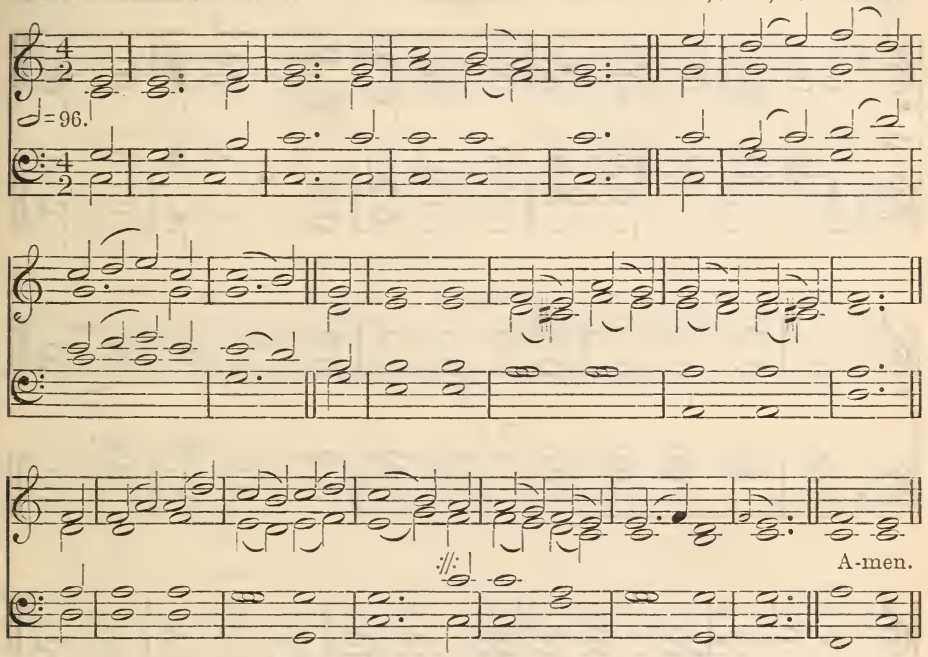
THE RIGHTEOUS SOULS. C.M. HIGHMORE SKEATS, Sen., 1756?–1831.



May also be sung to "Chelsea," *No.* 234.

mf THE righteous souls that take their flight
Far from this world of pain;
p In God's eternal bosom blest
For ever shall remain.

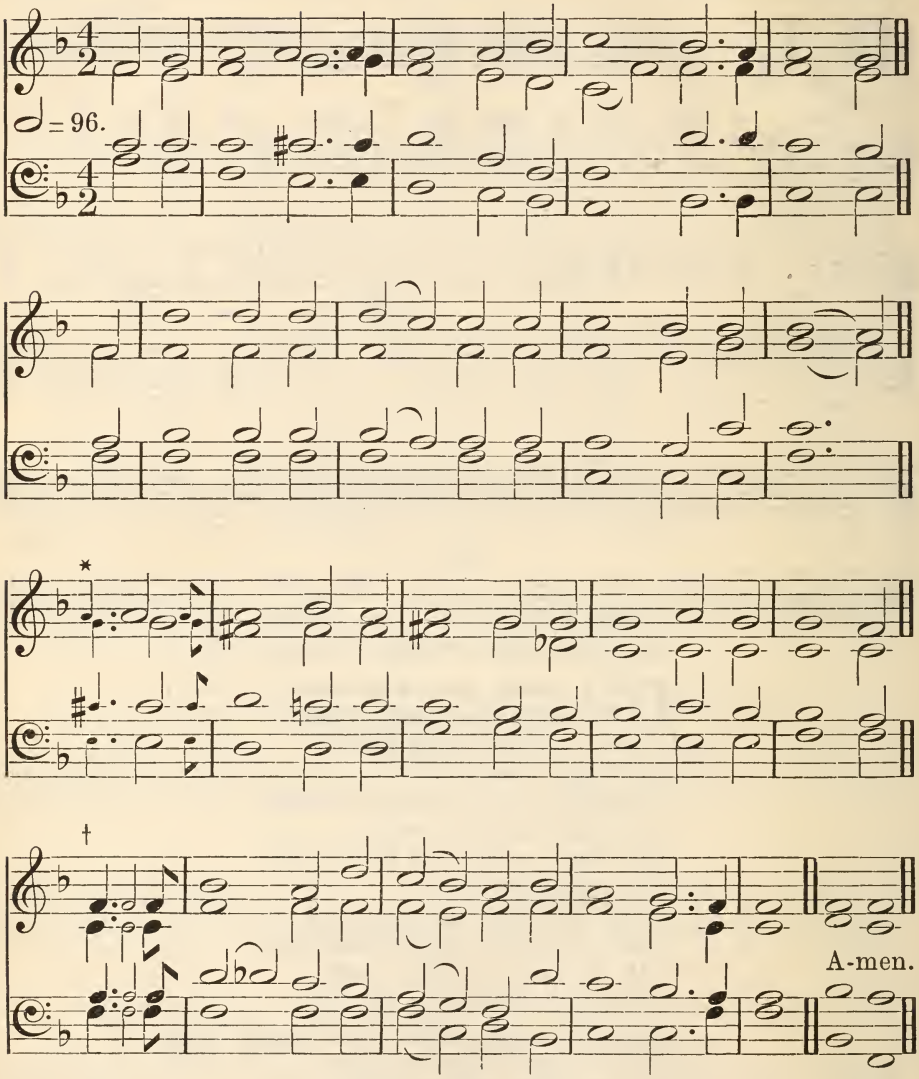
p To minds unwise they seem to die,
All joyful hope to cease;
cr While they, secured by faith, repose
p In everlasting peace.

mf For at the great, the awful day,
When Christ descends from high;
cr With myriads of Angelic Saints,
They'll meet Him in the sky.

mf Their God, their Judge, their mighty Lord,
Shall pour redeeming grace;
cr And call them ever to behold
The brightness of His face. Amen.

Burial of the Dead.

CLEWER. Irregular. W. S. BAMBRIDGE, *b.* 1842.



* The small notes are to be sung in verses 2 and 3.
† The small notes are to be sung in verses 2 and 4.

Burial of the Dead.

p THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
cr Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
f And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

p Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
cr But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
f And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

p Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
cr But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
f And the sound which thou heardst was the Seraphim's song.

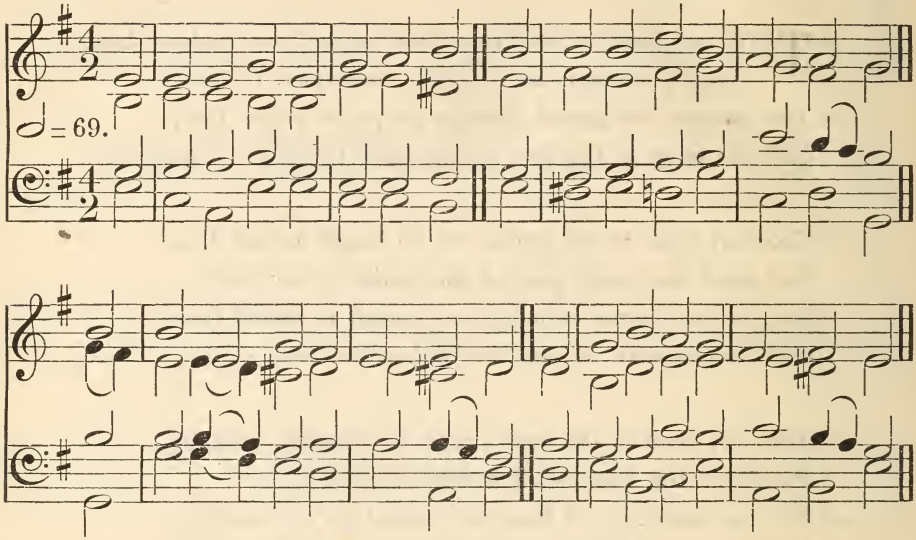
p Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
cr Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
f He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
ff And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died. Amen.

Also the following

A few more years shall roll—353
Brief life is here our portion—561 [Part II.]
Day of wrath! Oh, day of mourning—74 [Part I.]
Days and moments quickly flying—103 [Part I.]
For ever with the Lord—402
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now—171
My God and Father, while I stray—475
O God, our Help in ages past—488
Oh! let him, whose sorrow—520
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be—524
On the Resurrection morning—174
Palms of glory, raiment bright—528
Peace, perfect peace—529
There is no night in heaven—567
When our heads are bowed with woe—597

288 In Time of Distress.

SAXONY. L.M. Old German Chorale, 16th cent.



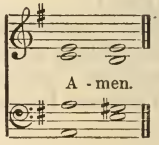
p GOD of our life, to Thee we call;
Afflicted at Thy feet we fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

mf Amidst the roaring of the sea
Our souls still hang their hopes on Thee:
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Alone can save us from despair.

p Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should we lodge our deep complaint?
cr Where, but with Thee, Whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

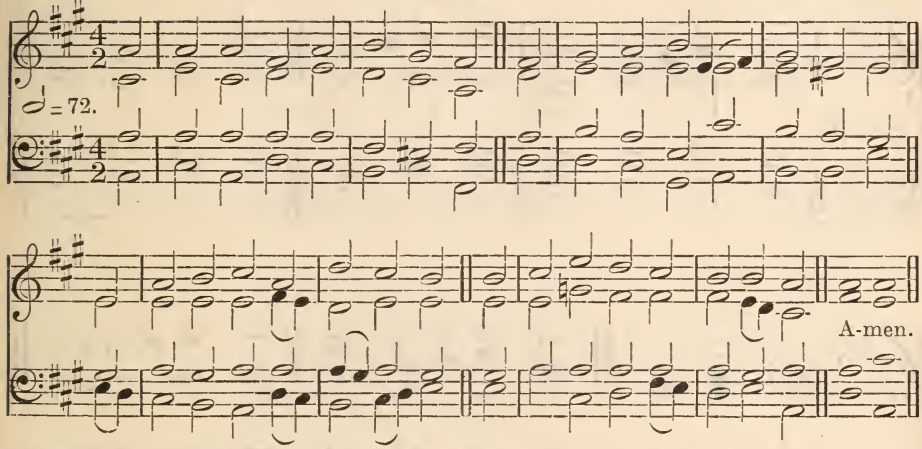
mf Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

p Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
And bend on us Thy pitying eye:
cr To Thee their prayer Thy people make:
p Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake.



289 In Time of Distress.

BRESLAU. L.M. CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia nova*, 1630.



mf O THOU, Whom heavenly Hosts obey,
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?
How long Thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

Thou broughtst a vine from Egypt's land,
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with Thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

To Thee, O God of Hosts, we pray;
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heaven, Thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

Behold the vineyard made by Thee,
Which Thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for Thyself Thou mad'st so strong.

p Do Thou convert us, Lord; do Thou
cr The lustre of Thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
f Like scattered clouds, shall pass away. Amen.

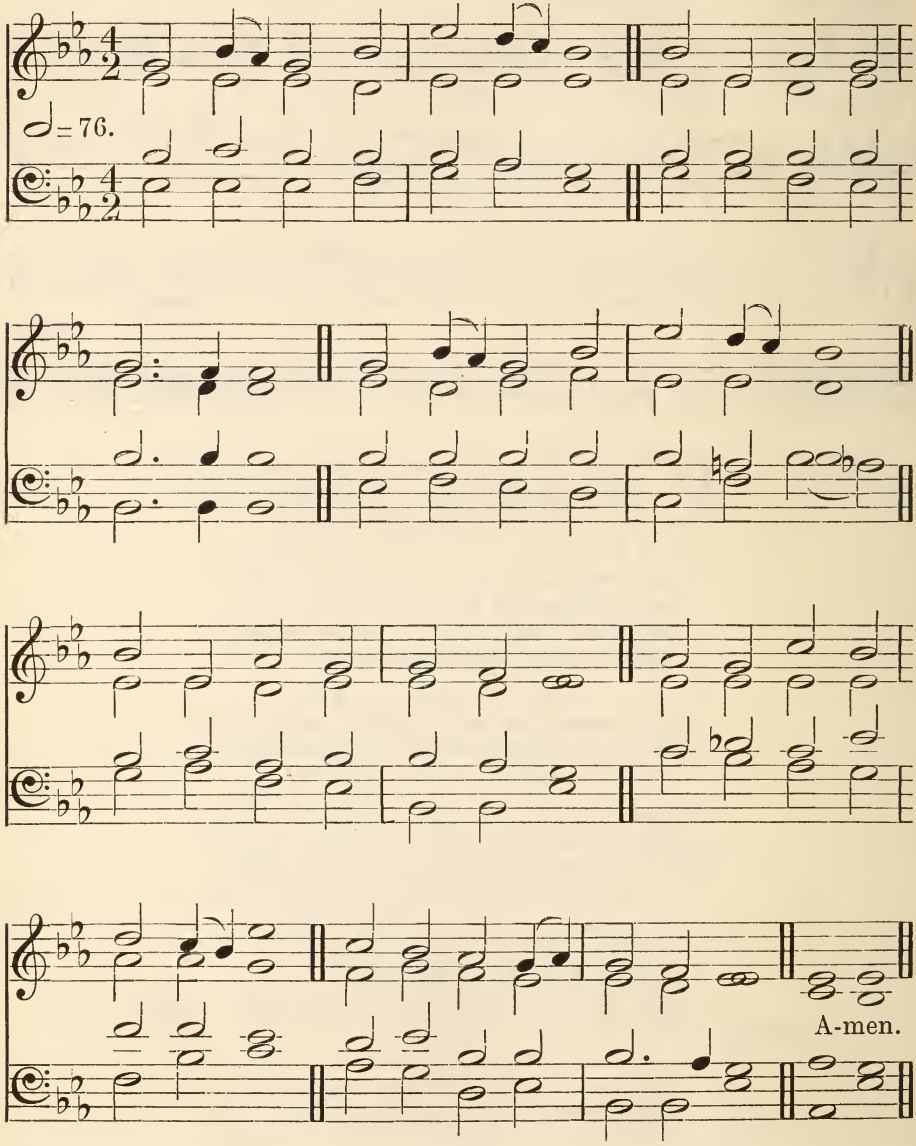
Also the following:

From foes that would the land devour—408
God moves in a mysterious way—416
When the dark waves round us roll—598

290

In Time of Scarcity.

TICHFIELD. Six 7's. J. RICHARDSON, 1816–1879.



In Time of Scarcity.

mf WHAT our Father does is well:
Blessèd truth His children tell!
Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

What our Father does is well:
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our Store eternally?

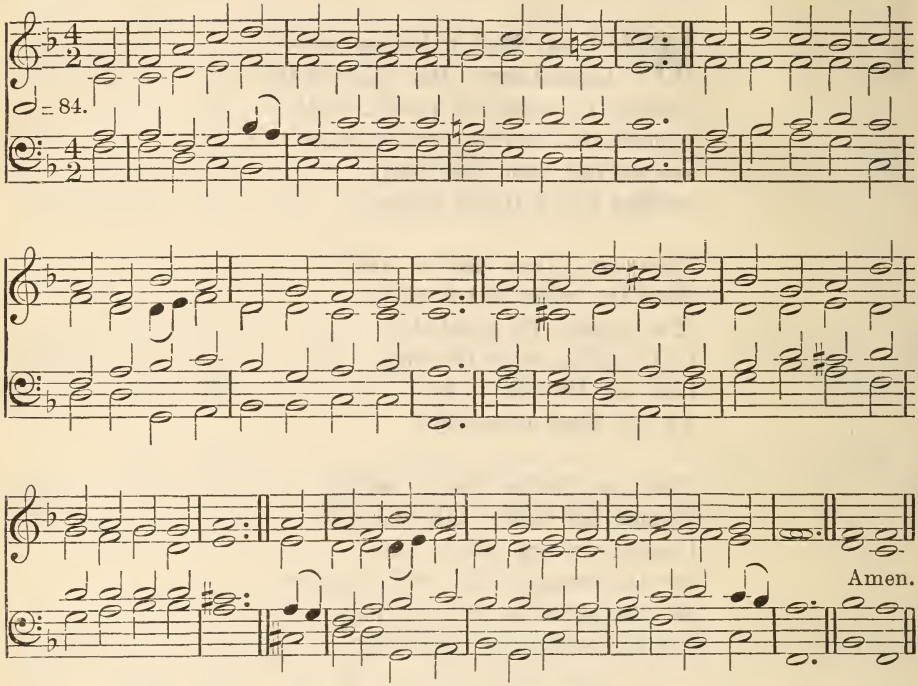
What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His word supplies;
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod?

What our Father does is well:
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
f God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

f Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity. Amen.

291 In Time of War.

GRETTON. 14.14.14.14. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK, 1840–1894.



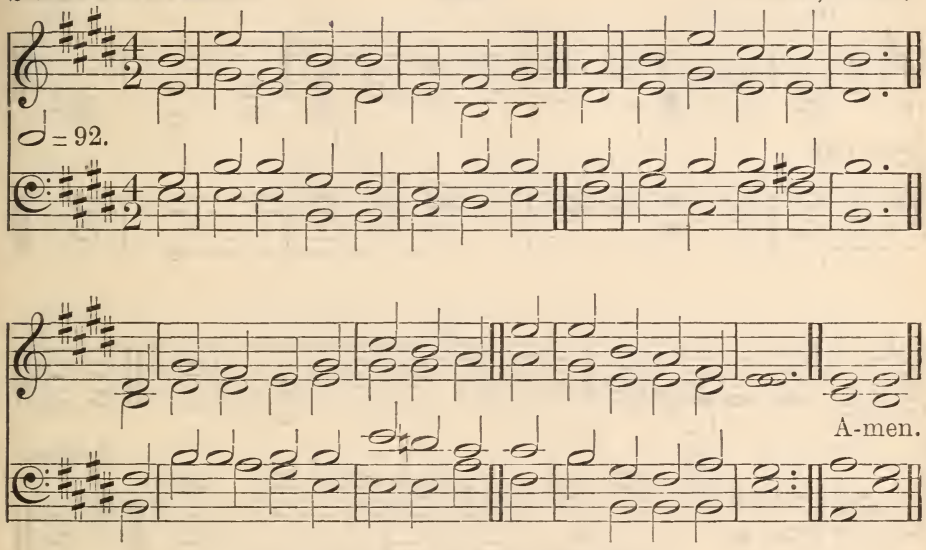
p GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer, while at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry, to Thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine; Oh turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne, and help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no less, we own;
Yet wondrously from age to age Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, and help in Thee was found.

With one consent we meekly bow beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we lift our prayer,
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord, then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

292 In Time of War.

St. John the Baptist. C.M. J. B. Calkin, *b.* 1827.



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f GREAT God of Hosts, our ears have heard,
Our fathers oft have told,
What wonders Thou hast done for them,
Thy glorious deeds of old.

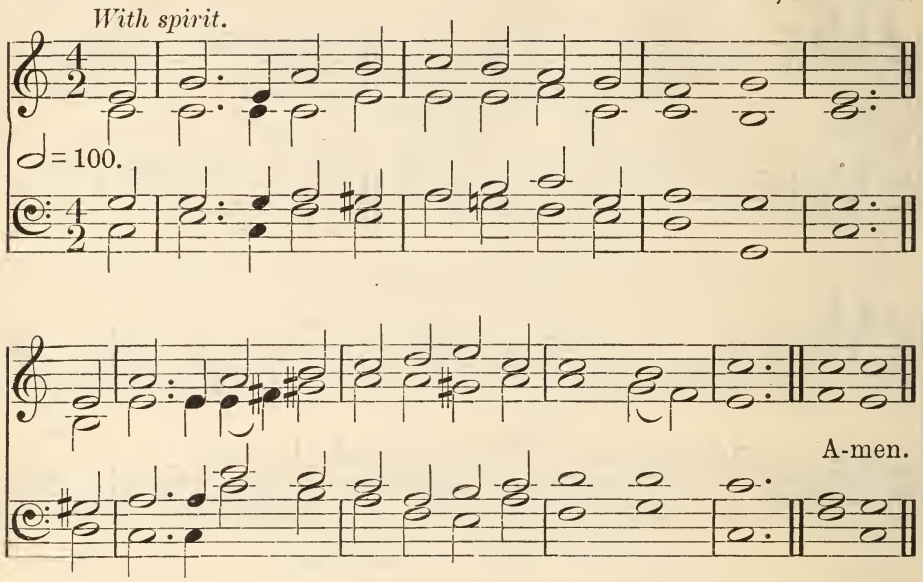
mf Not by their might was safety wrought,
Nor victory by their sword;
f But Thou didst guard the chosen race
Who Thy great Name adored.

mf Great God of Hosts! their God, and ours;
Our only Lord and King;
Let Thy right arm which fought for them
To us salvation bring.

f To Thee the glory we'll ascribe,
By Whom the conquest came,
And, in triumphant songs of praise,
Will celebrate Thy Name. Amen.

293 In Time of War.

EXSURGAT DEUS. 8.4.8.4. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.



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f LET God arise to lead forth those
Who march to war!
Let God arise, and all His foes
Be scattered far!

mf So Israel prayed, and Thou, O Lord,
Wast with him then:
Be with us now, who draw the sword
For war again.

f Grant Thou our soldiers courage high
When foes are near,
dim To strive, to suffer, or to die
cr Untouched by fear.

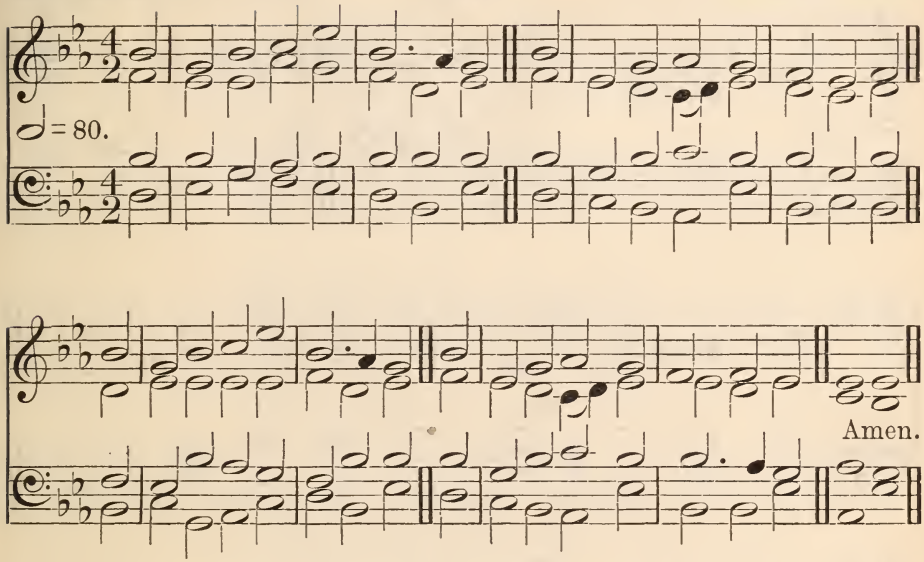
p Grant strength to those, who mourn to-day
Their loved ones lost,
Yea, those who give their best, nor stay
To count the cost.

f Fight Thou for us, that we may fill
Thy courts with praise;
mf Then teach us mercy, teach us still
The fallen to raise.

p Yet more and more, as ages run,
Bid warfare cease,
And give to all beneath the sun
Love, Freedom, Peace. Amen.

294 In Time of War.

St. Gregory. L.M. *Darmstadt Gesangbuch*, 1698.



mf O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

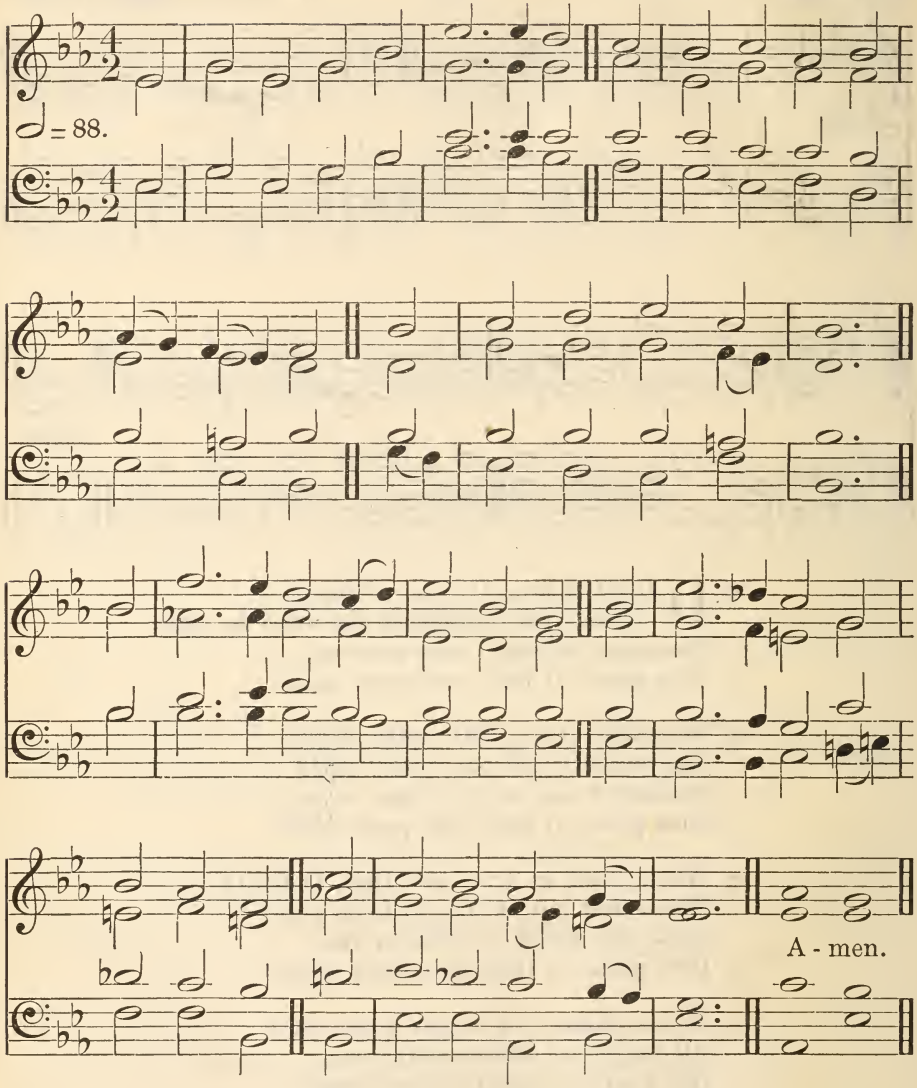
mf Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

mf Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

mf Where Saints and Angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again. Amen.

295 In Time of War.

JEHOVAH-NISSI. 8.8.6. D. GEORGE J. BENNETT, *b.* 1863.



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May also be sung to "Innsbruck," *No.* 498.

In Time of War.

mf O LORD our Banner, God of might,
Who wast with Joshua in the fight,
And Moses on the hill,
Be with Thy servants far away,
Their shield by night, their guide by day,
To succour them from ill.

For husband, brother, son, and sire,
We raise up hands that never tire
On this our mount of prayer;
p Thou knowest, we but dimly guess,
The day's long toil, the night's distress,
And all they do and bear.

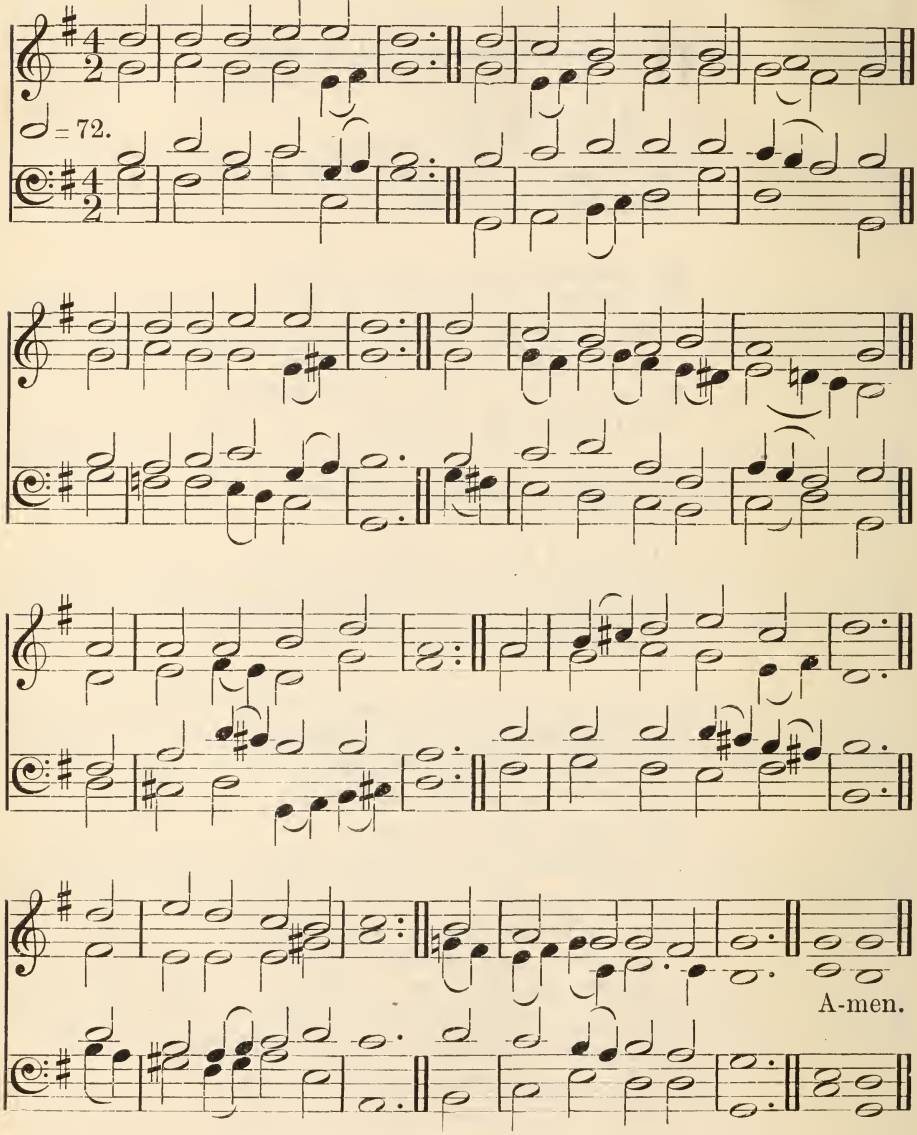
mf The battle's issue hangs on Thee;
In Thy firm hand the scales we see
Of mortal loss and gain:
And tidings carried swift as thought
'Twixt land and land to Thee are nought
But Thine own will made plain.

f Giver of strength, Oh! bless and aid
Thy servants 'gainst the foe arrayed;
Go forth with them to fight!
In battle's storm their shelter be;
Thy Spirit grant, of unity,
Of counsel, and of might.

p Watch o'er the wounded in the field,
And, where the sick and dying yield
Their souls, do Thou be nigh!
Give peace within the heart distressed,
And peace on earth, (*cr*) and, last and best,
mf Thy peace beyond the sky. Amen.

296 Thanksgiving.

NUN DANKET. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. M. RÜCKERT, *c.* 1649.



Thanksgiving.

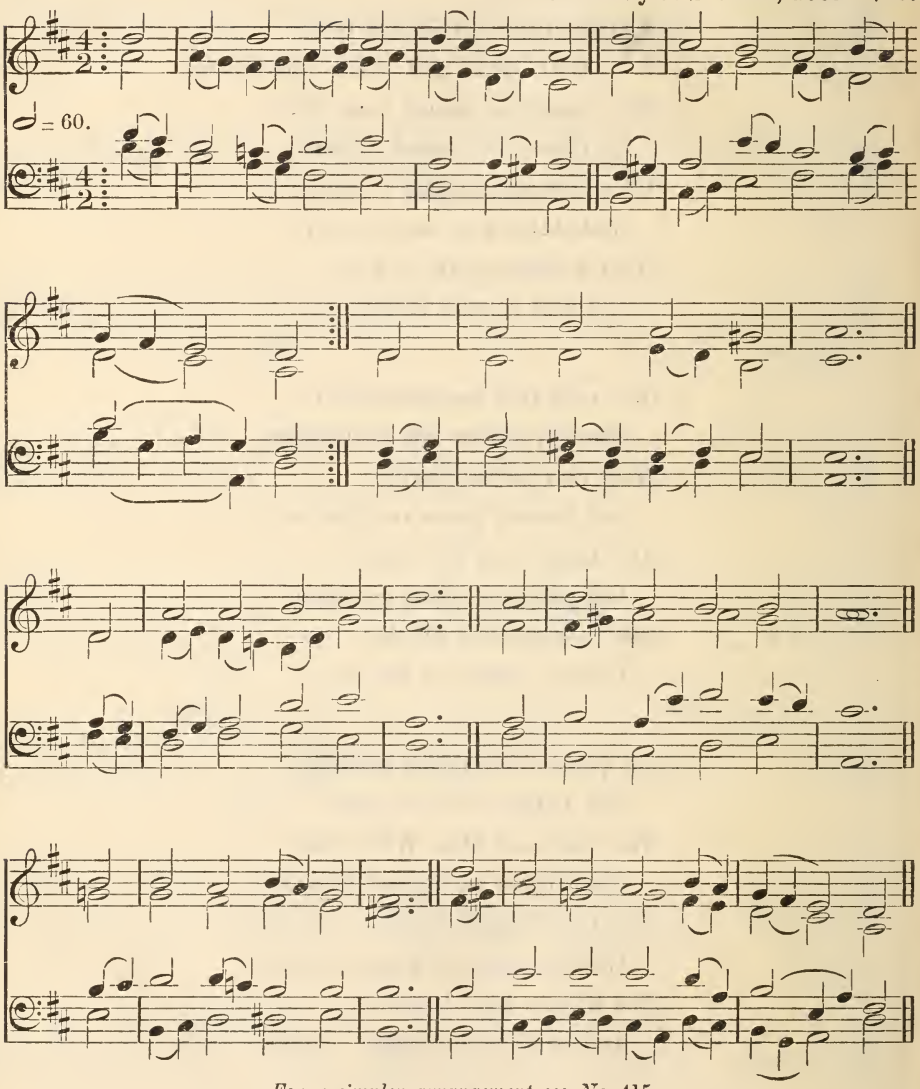
f NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day

p Oh! may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

ff All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven!
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore! Amen.

Thanksgiving.

Ein' feste Burg. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7. M. Luther, 1483–1546.
Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750.



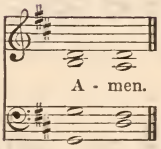
For a simpler arrangement see No. 415.

Thanksgiving.

f REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His Saints adore Him!

p When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
cr Oh trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
f Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"Oh praise our God alway!"
Let all His Saints adore Him!

ff Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation:
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His Saints adore Him!

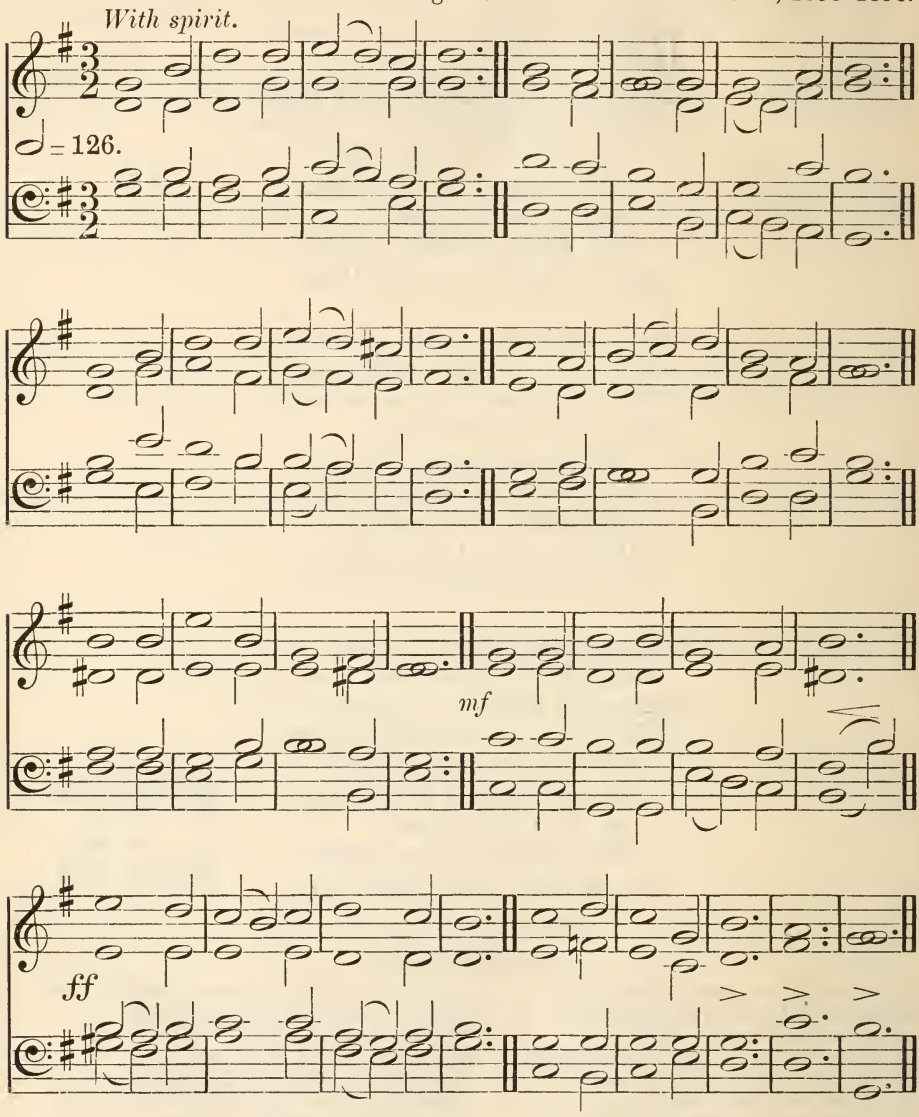


Also the following:

All people that on earth do dwell—357
Before Jehovah's awful throne—368
Before the Lord we bow—369
Let all the world in every corner sing—457
Oh come, loud anthems let us sing—516
Oh worship the King—525
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven—532
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him—533
Praise to God, immortal praise—306
Rejoice, the Lord is King!—537
Sing to the Lord a joyful song—545
The strain upraise of joy and praise—560
Through all the changing scenes of life—576
When all Thy mercies, O my God—592

298 In time of Victory.

PRAISE THE LORD. Eight 7's. J. BARNBY, 1838–1896.



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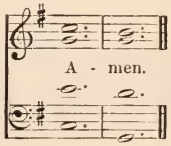
In time of Victory.

f PRAISE the Lord: to-day we raise
Hymns of thankfulness and praise.
After sorrow's night forlorn
Brightly breaks a joyful morn.
For our soldiers' duty done,
For our triumph nobly won,
ff Lift your hearts with one accord,
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

mf For the souls with high intent
From our world-wide Empire sent,
Fearless, faithful, tender, true,
Strong to suffer, strong to do,
cr All their powers with all their might
Spending freely for the right,
ff Lift your hearts with one accord,
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

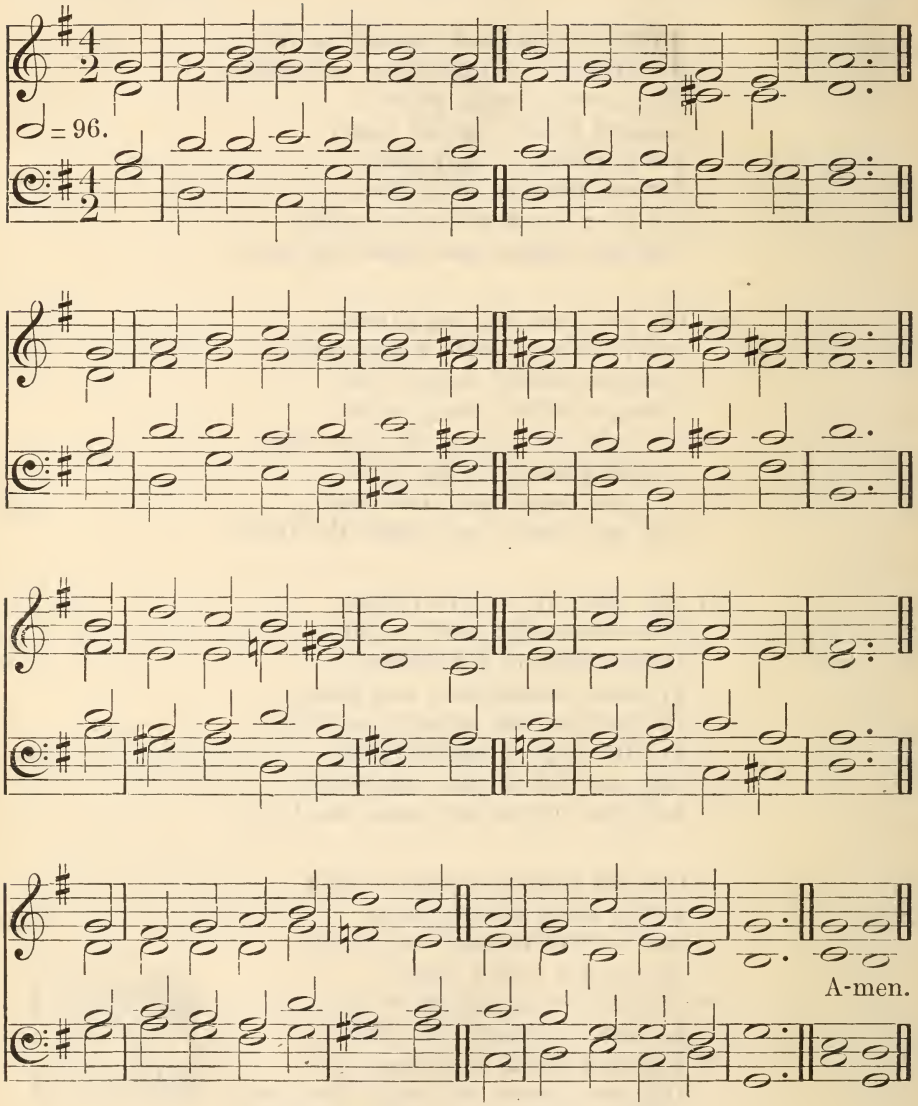
mf God can give, and God alone,
From the seed in conflict sown
Harvest time of fair increase,
Freedom, brotherhood, and peace.
cr For the joy that springs from tears,
For the hope of coming years,
ff Lift your hearts with one accord,
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

f O'er the earth from pole to pole,
Far as ocean's billows roll,
One with us in heart and voice
All our kin to-day rejoice.
cr For the love that links in one
All our kin beneath the sun,
ff Lift your hearts with one accord,
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!



299 For Peace.

RECTOR OMNIPOTENS. 7.6.7.6. D. A. H. BREWER, *b.* 1865.



May also be sung to "Kreuznach," *No.* 493.

For Peace.

mf GREAT Ruler of the nations,
Thou Lord of mortal life,
Whose ageless will moves forward
Through stress, and storm, and strife;
Though not in fire and earthquake
And mighty tempests' roar,
Thou speak'st in still small accents
When thunders crash no more.

p When storms of war were rolling
We bowed our heads in dust,
With penitence and sorrow,
With humbleness and trust
cr We felt Thy judgments near us,
To Thee we made our prayer,
Ourselves and ours commending
In patience to Thy care.

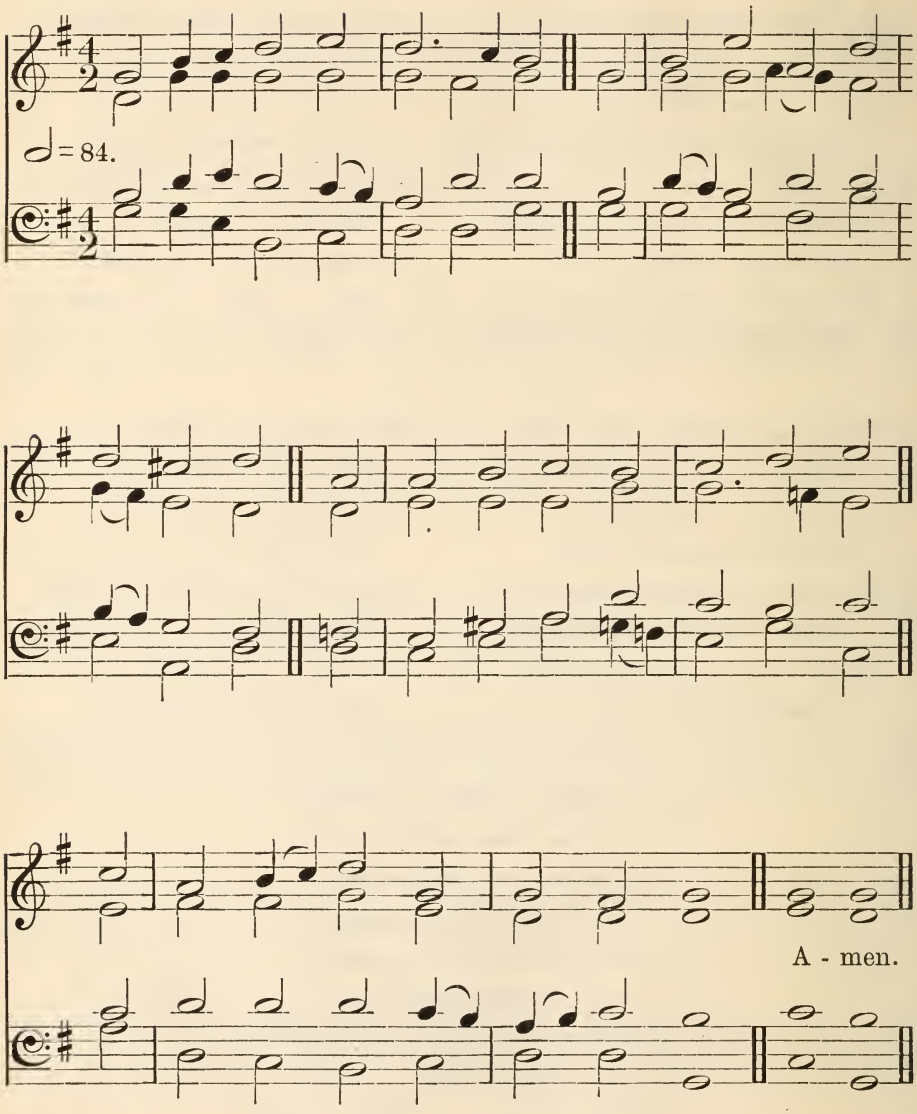
mf And now the clouds are lifting,
The darkness rolls apart,
The tender light is dawning
Of peace within the heart;
p We see the homes around us
By many a sorrow torn,
cr But that soft voice of comfort
dim Cries "Blest are they that mourn."

p Yea, blest are the departed
Who in the Lord repose—
All brethren in Christ Jesus,
And friends who once were foes.
They rest from all their labours,
From famine, hardships, pain,
cr Till God's last trumpet, sounding,
f Shall bid them rise again.

mf Oh grant us, Lord, the blessing
Of those who make for peace;
Be wisdom ours and mercy
As days and years increase,
f Through Him that overcometh,
And sits enthroned above,
ff Crowned with the crown of triumph
For victories of love. Amen.

For National Blessings.

HILDERSTONE. L.M. P. HART, 1670–1749.



For National Blessings.

PRAISE to our God, Whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong and free.

Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God; the Vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

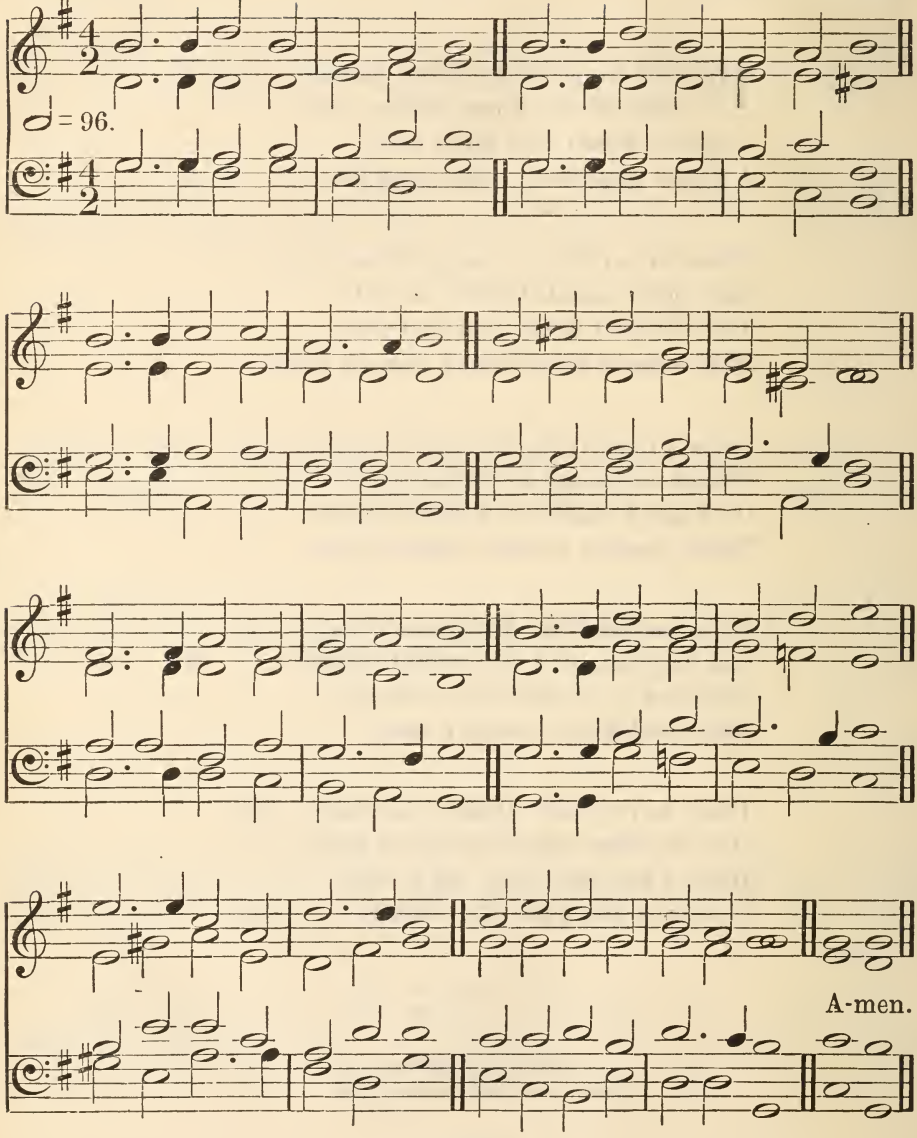
Praise to our God; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne;
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage! Amen.

Also the following:
Before the Lord we bow—369

301 Harvest.

St. George. Eight 7's. G. J. Elvey, 1816–1893.



Harvest.

f COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin:
mf God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:—
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

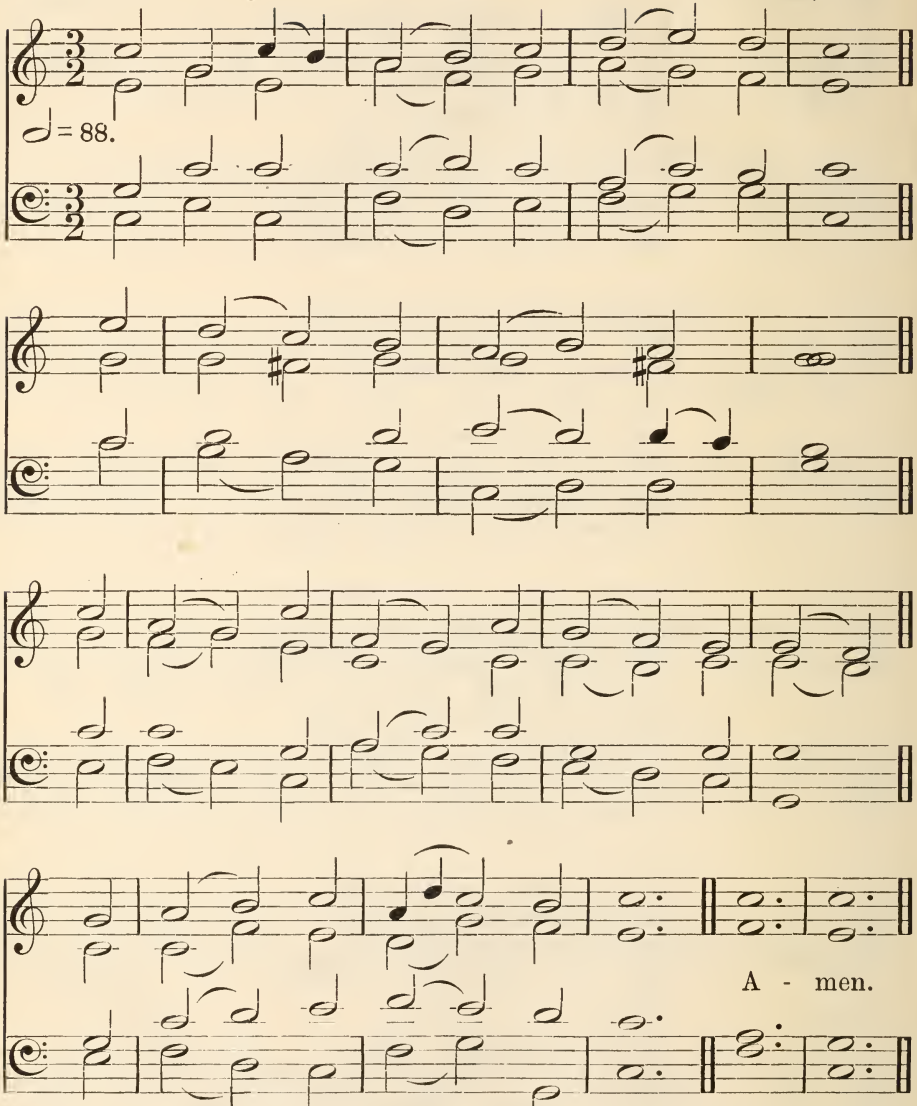
mf All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
p Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

mf For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
p Give His Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
f But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

mf Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home!
cr Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
f Come, with all Thine Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home! Amen.

Harvest.

Oxford New. C.M. W. Coombs, *c.* 1770.



May also be sung to "St. Columba" (Macmeikan), *No.* 398.

Harvest.

mf FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are;
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

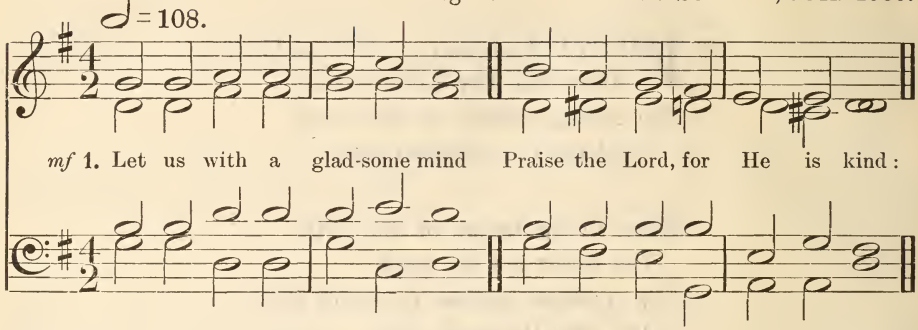
The Spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A golden harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

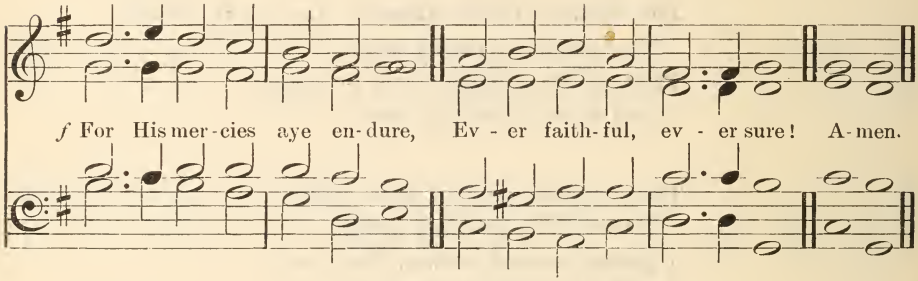
Seed-time and harvest Thou alone
Dost, Lord, on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From Whom his blessings flow.

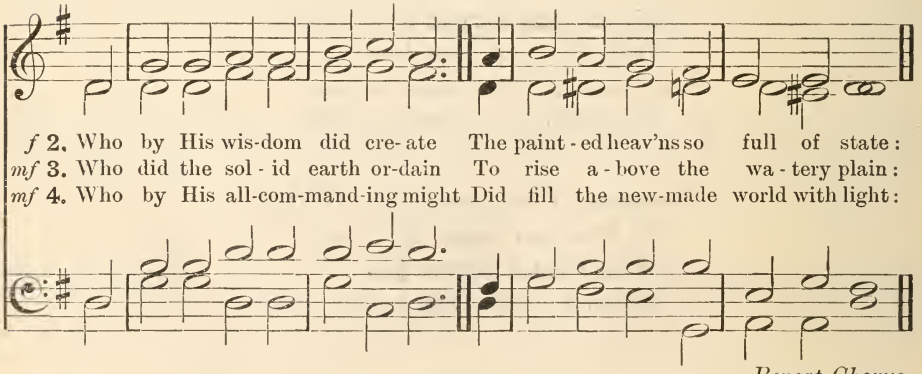
f Fountain of love! our praise is Thine,
To Thee our songs we'll raise;
And all created Nature join
In sweet harmonious praise. Amen.

EVER FAITHFUL, EVER SURE. Irregular. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



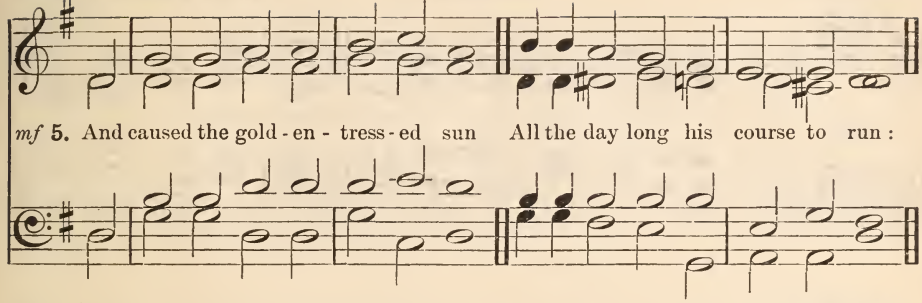
CHORUS.



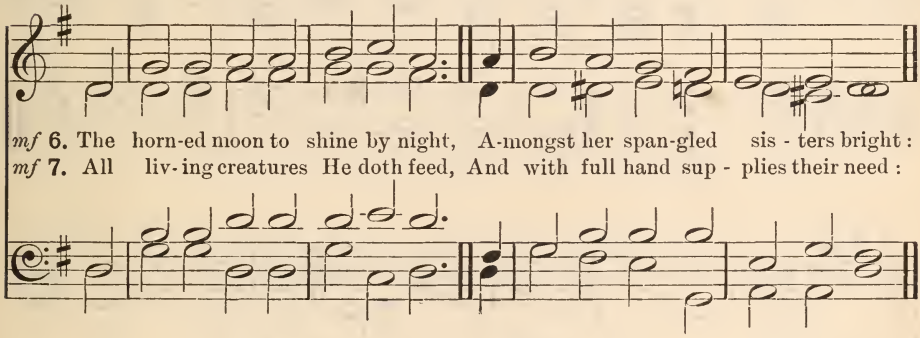

f 2. Who by His wis-dom did cre-ate The paint-ed heav'ns so full of state:
mf 3. Who did the sol-id earth or-dain To rise a-bove the wa-tery plain:
mf 4. Who by His all-com-mand-ing might Did fill the new-made world with light:

Repeat Chorus.

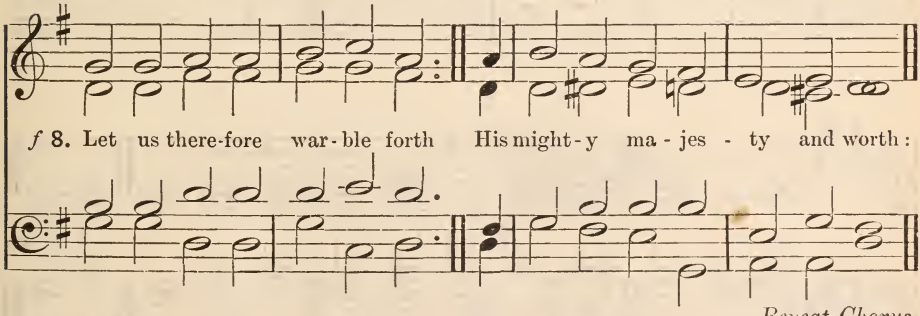
Harvest.



Repeat Chorus.


mf 6. The horn-ed moon to shine by night, A-mongst her span-gled sis - ters bright :
mf 7. All liv-ing creatures He doth feed, And with full hand sup - plies their need :

Repeat Chorus.



Repeat Chorus.

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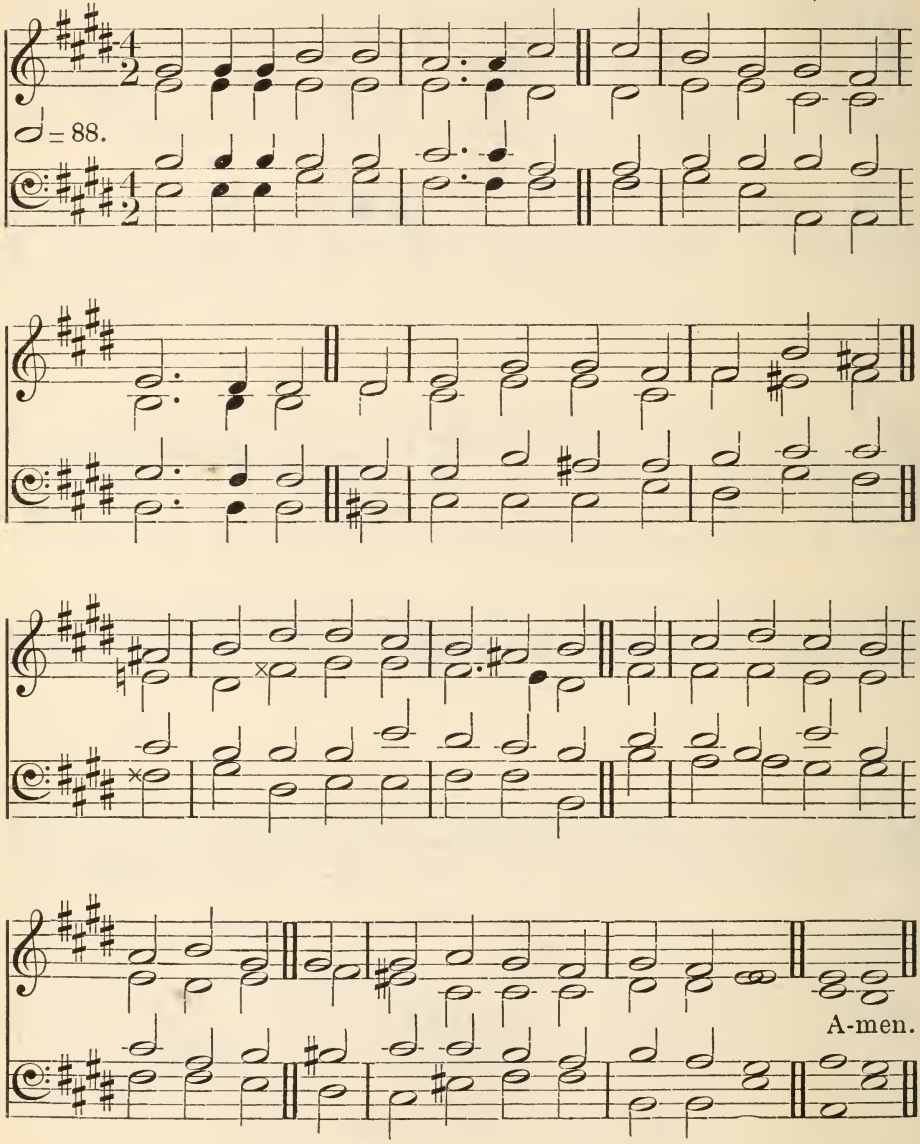
304

Harvest.

CRAIGMILLAR. 8.8.8.8.4.4.8. C. W. PEARCE, *b.* 1856.



Harvest.

mf LORD of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are crowned;
f Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
p Oh let our hearts in tune be found!

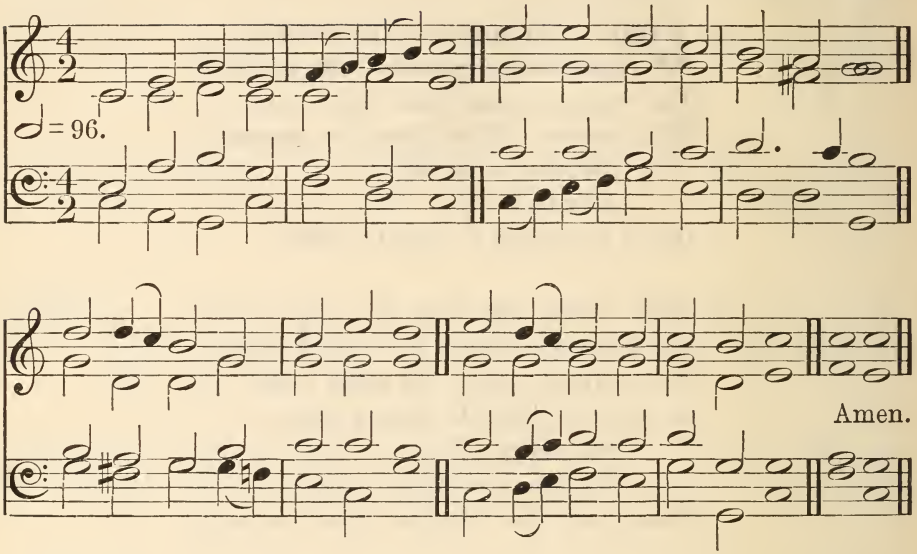
mf When Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When Summer warms the fruitful earth,
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain,—
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

f Lord of the harvest! all is Thine;
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound. Amen.

305 Harvest.

MONKLAND. 7.7.7.7. German Melody. Arranged by J. WILKES, *c.* 1860.



f PRAISE, Oh praise our God and King;
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
f For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

p And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
f For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
f For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure;

mf And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
f For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

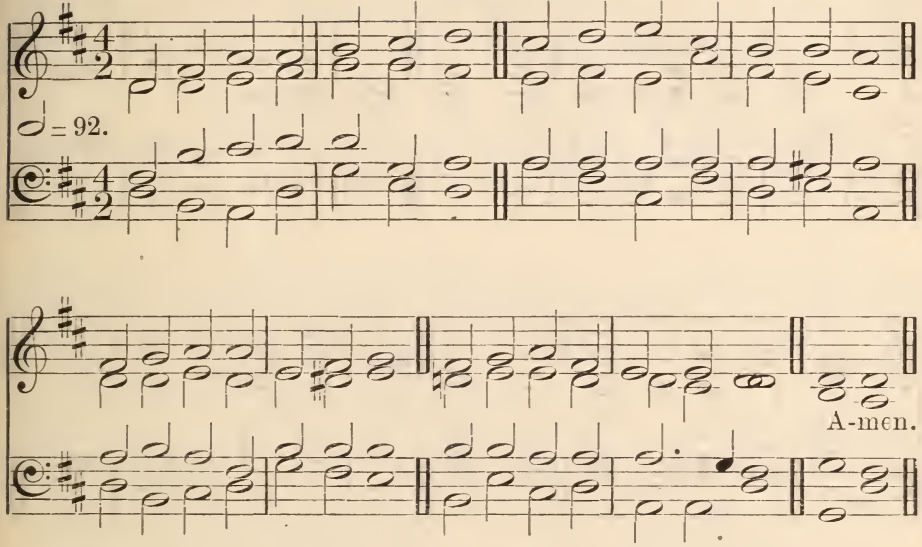
ff Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor:
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

p And for richer Food than this,
cr Pledge of everlasting bliss;
f For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

ff Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One.
Amen.

Harvest.

LÜBECK. 7.7.7.7. *Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch*, 1704.



f PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:

For the blessings of the fields,
For the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:

All the Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal Autumn pours,
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe:
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these, my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

mf * Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

* Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store; [fall,
Though the sickening flocks should
And the herds desert the stall;

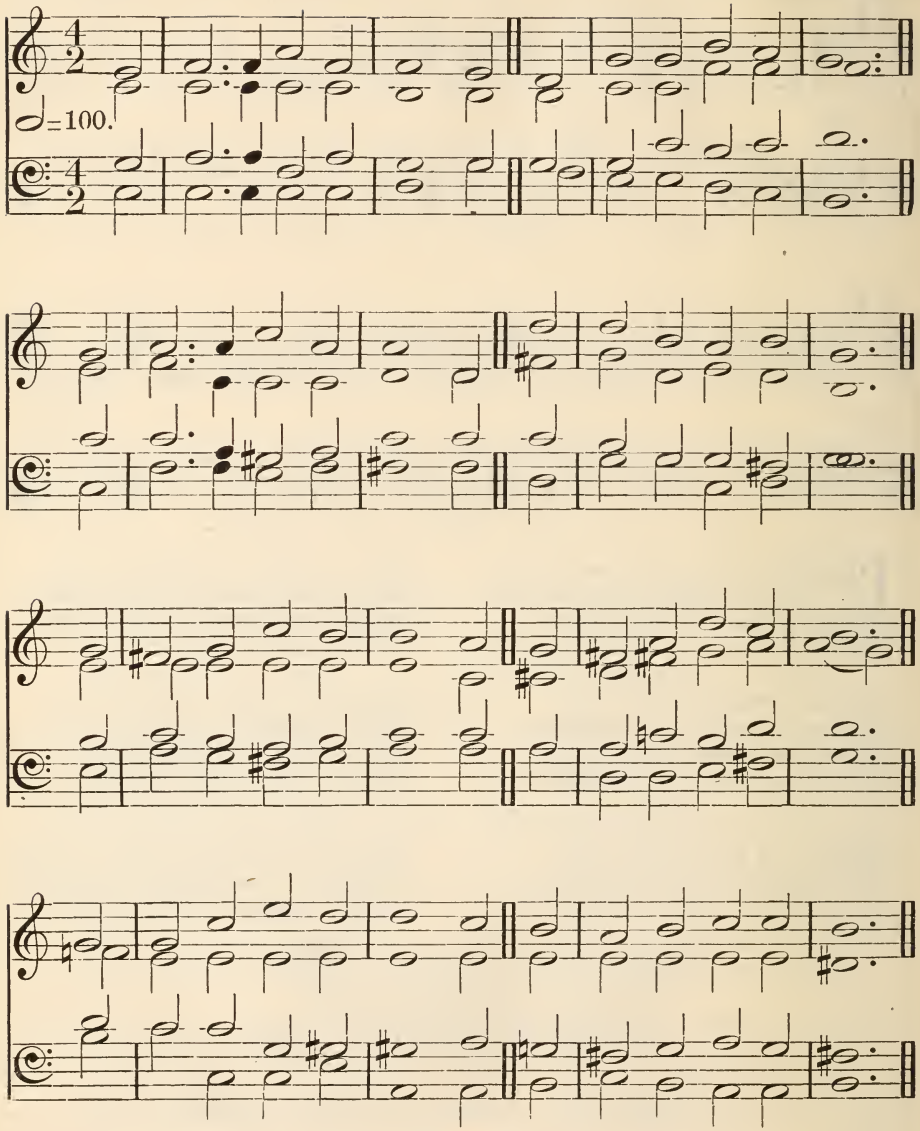
f * Yet, to Thee, my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone. Amen.

---

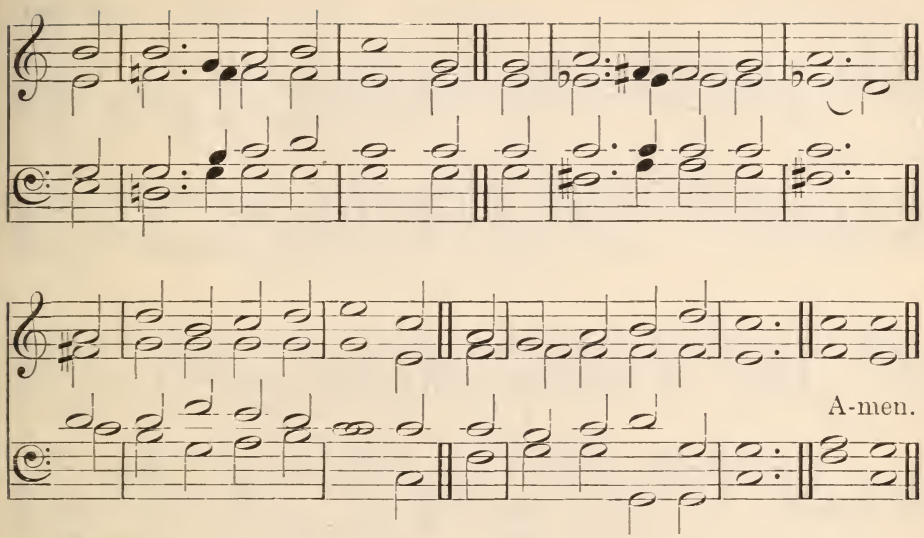
* These verses to be sung in time of Dearth and Famine.

307 Harvest.

St. Beatrice. 7.6., 12 lines. J. F. Bridge, *b.* 1844.



Harvest.



mf THE Sower went forth sowing,
The seed in secret slept
Through days of faith and patience,
Till out the green blade crept;
And warmed by golden sunshine
And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whitened
To harvest once again.

f Oh praise the heavenly Sower,
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watched and watered duly,
And ripened for our need.

mf Behold! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The word of sure Salvation,
With feet and hands that bleed;
Here in His Church 'tis scattered,
Our spirits are the soil;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.

f Oh, beautiful the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

p Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;

cr For though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise;
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.

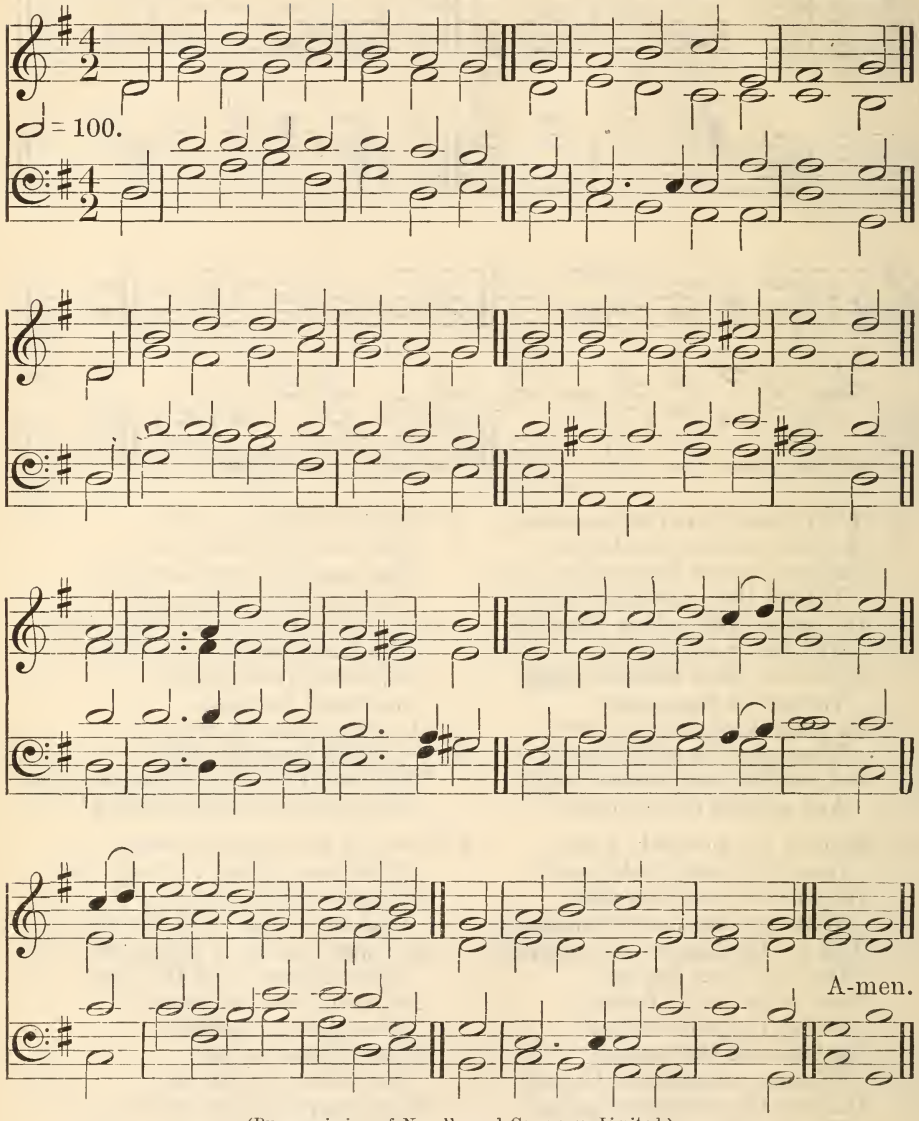
f O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

mf One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own;

p And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
And cast us not away. Amen.

308

GOLDEN SHEAVES. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



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Harvest.

f TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
In hymns of adoration;
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise,
With shouts of exultation.
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing;
The valleys stand so thick with corn,
That even they are singing.

mf And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine Altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing:
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread Eternal.

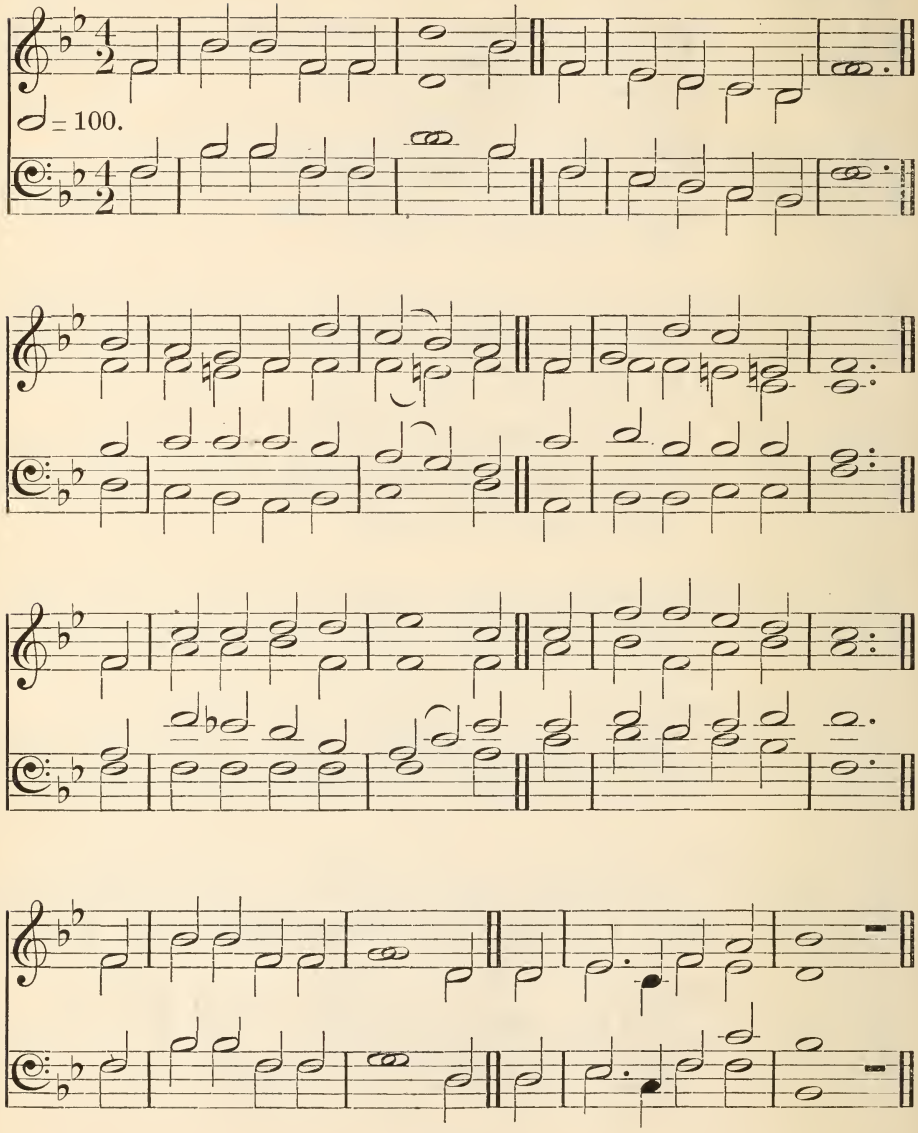
p We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary,
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary:
May we, the Angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected!

mf Oh! blessèd is that land of God,
Where Saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
cr The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
f Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending! Amen.

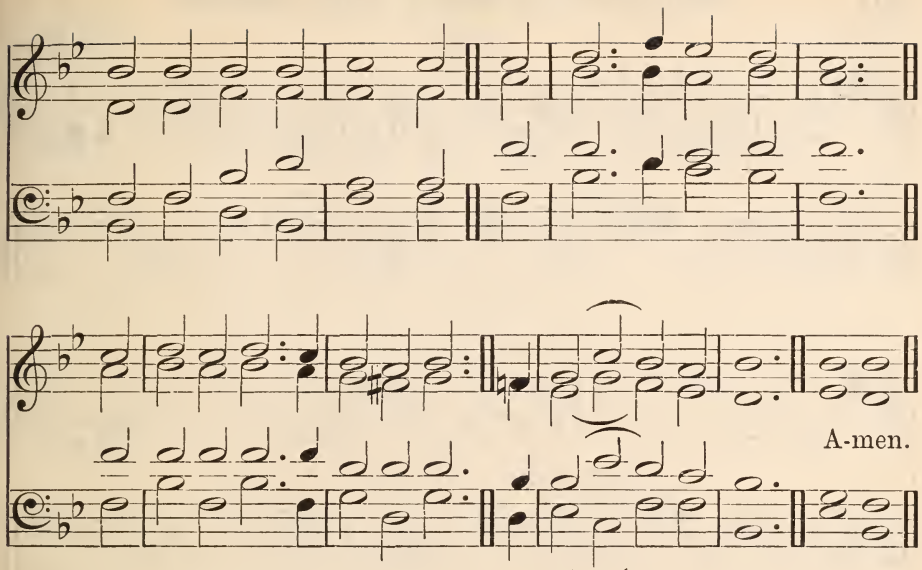
309

Harvest.

Wir pflügen. 7.6.7.6. D, 6.6.8.4. J. A. P. Schulz, 1747–1800.



Harvest.



mf WE plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank
For all His love. [the Lord,

mf He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank
For all His love. [the Lord,

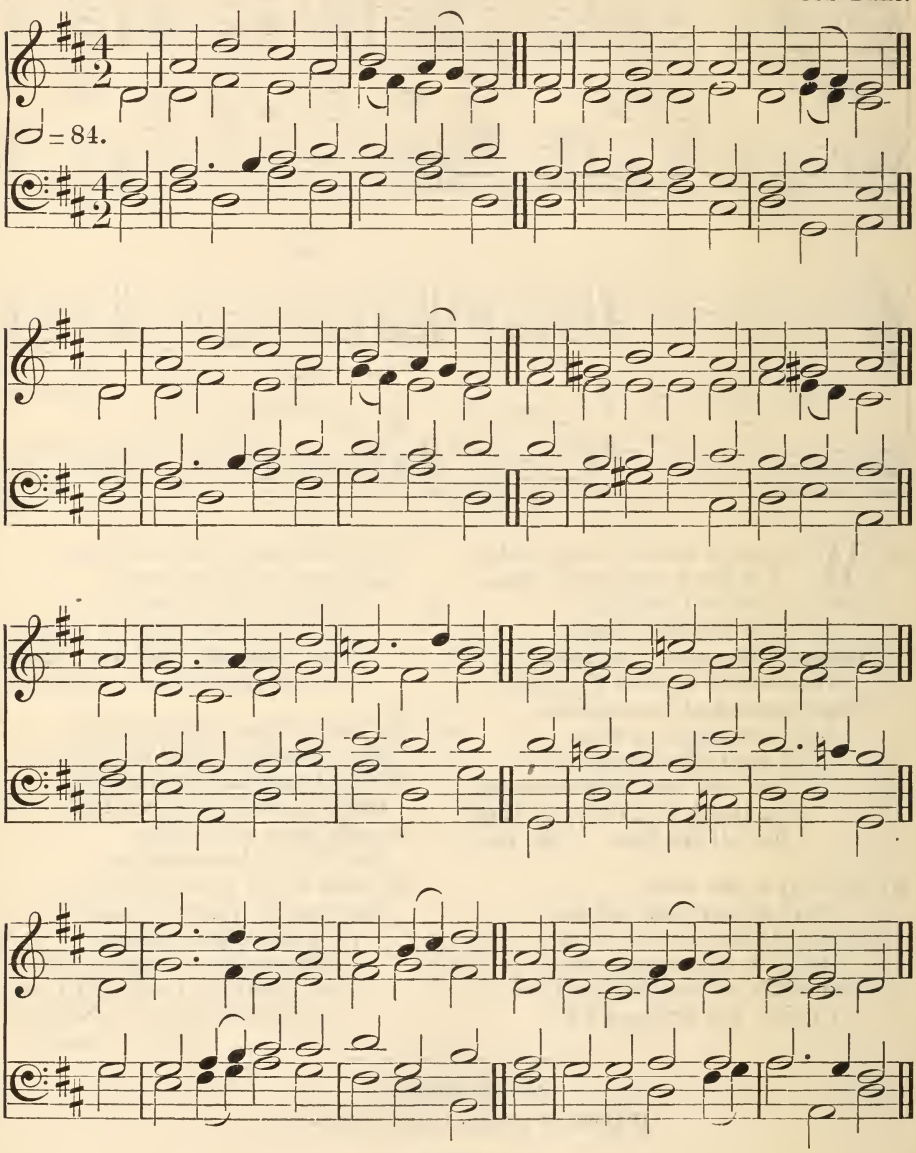
mf We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank
For all His love. [the Lord,
Amen.

Also the following:

O Hand of bounty, largely spread—490

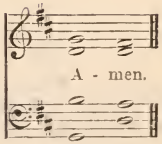
St. Basil. D.L.M. Old Tune.



mf LORD, cause Thy face on us to shine;
Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine:
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love Thy earthly dwelling-place;
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness,
And all Thy power and glory see,
Within Thy hallowed sanctuary.

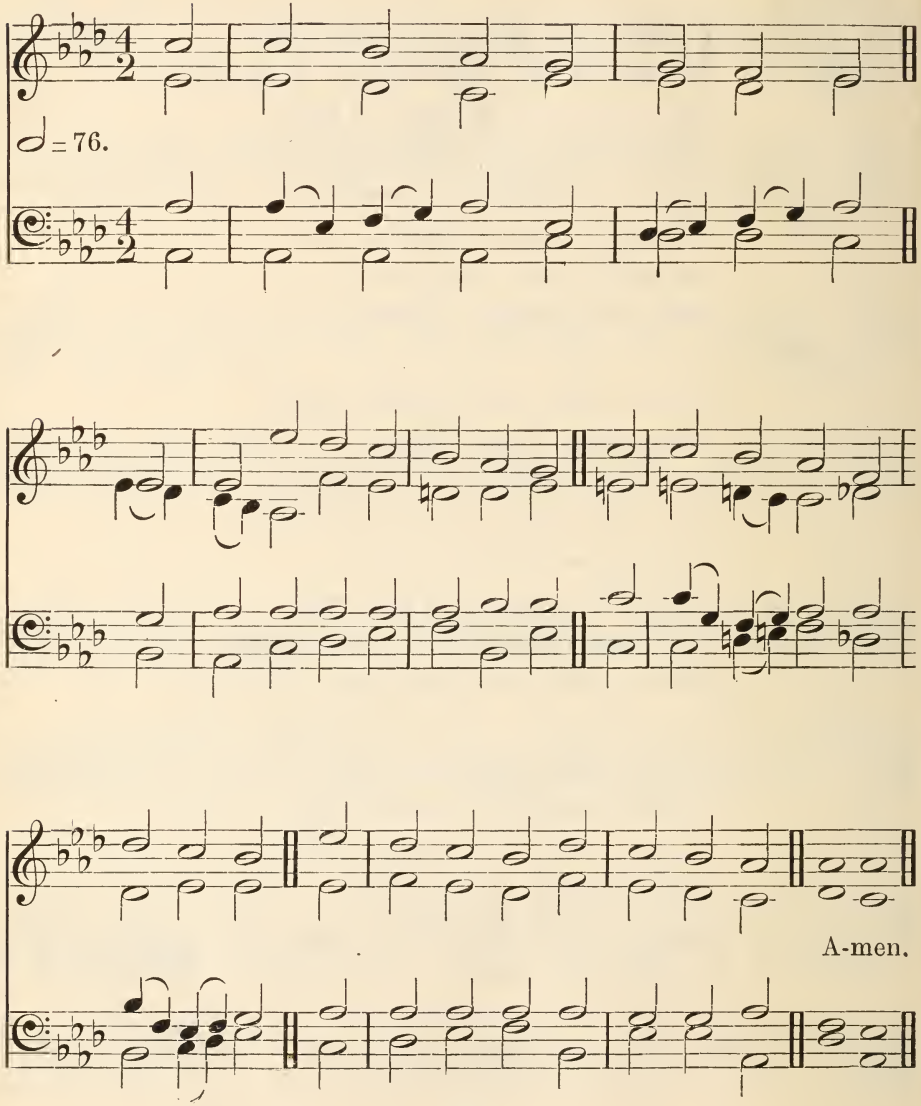
Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things:
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless;
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
Let many in the judgment day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;
Save those who preach and those who hear.

p O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease:
cr One is our faith, and One our Lord:
One body, Spirit, hope, reward;
One God and Father of us all,
On Whom Thy Church and people call.
f Oh may we one communion be,
One with each other and with Thee.



Ember Days, and for the Clergy.

St. Lawrence. L.M. L. G. Hayne, 1836–1883.



Ember Days, and for the Clergy.

mf O THOU Who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love;

Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That all Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer:
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

Oh! bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one;
One in the faithful watch they keep
Until this hurrying life be done.

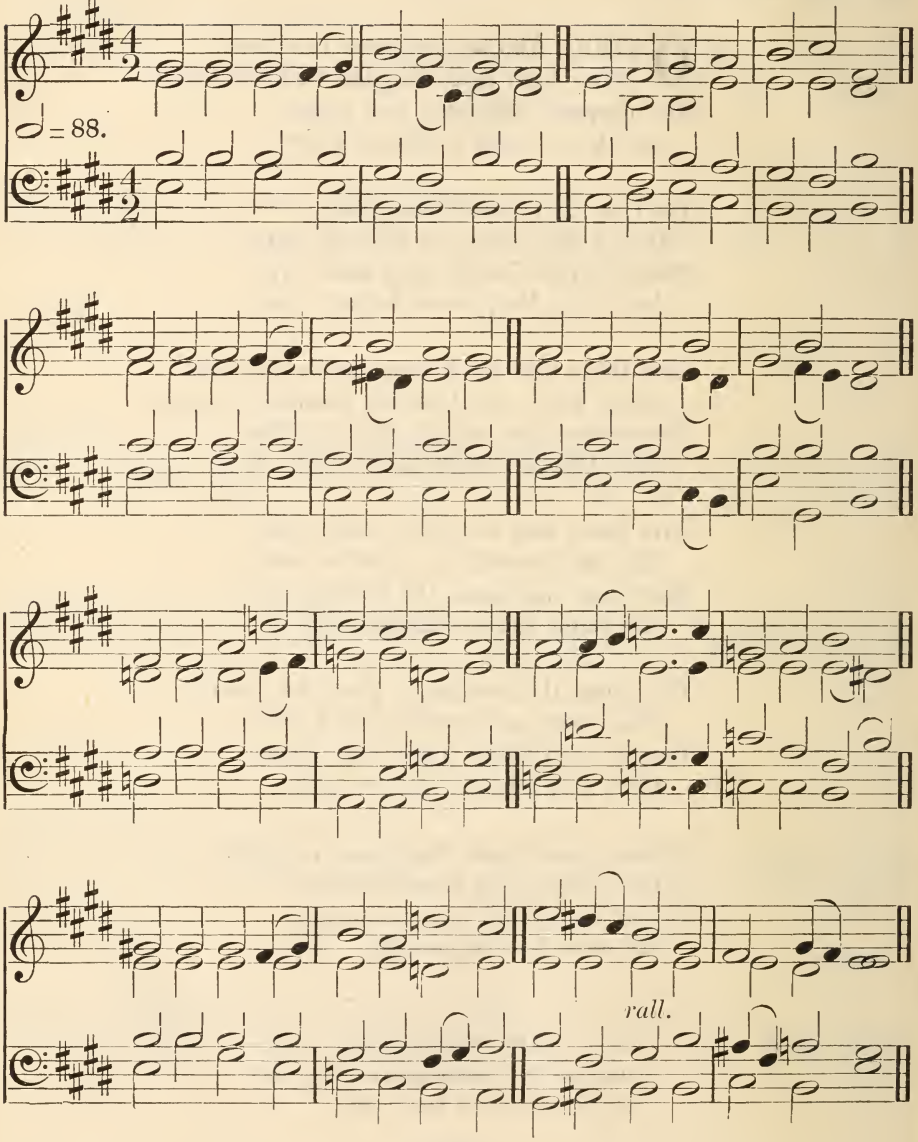
If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality. Amen.

Also the following:

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high—531
Ye servants of the Lord—608

312 Almsgiving.

CARITAS. 8.7.8.7. D. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



Almsgiving.

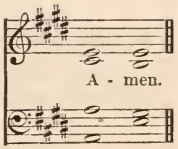
mf LORD of Glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy Life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous Sacrifice,
And with that hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand;

p Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee
Gladly, freely of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
cr Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
f That more happy and more blessèd
'Tis to give than to receive.

mf Wondrous honour hast Thou given
To our humblest charity
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by Thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you?"

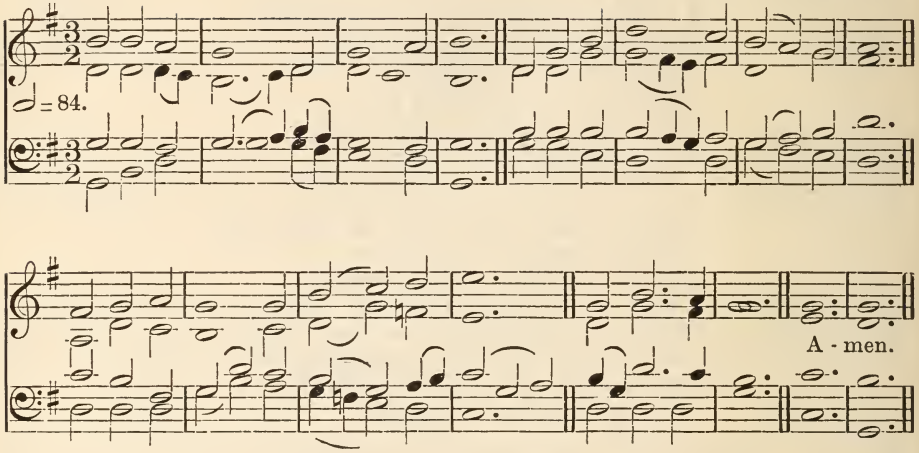
mf Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to Thee;
Right of which we may not rob Thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.

mf Lord of Glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy Life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous Sacrifice,
cr Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
f But, Oh best of all Thy graces,
dim Give us Thine own charity.



313 Almsgiving.

ALMSGIVING. 8.8.8.4. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



f O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

mf The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare:
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all!

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
cr We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all!

p Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
cr And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all!

mf Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

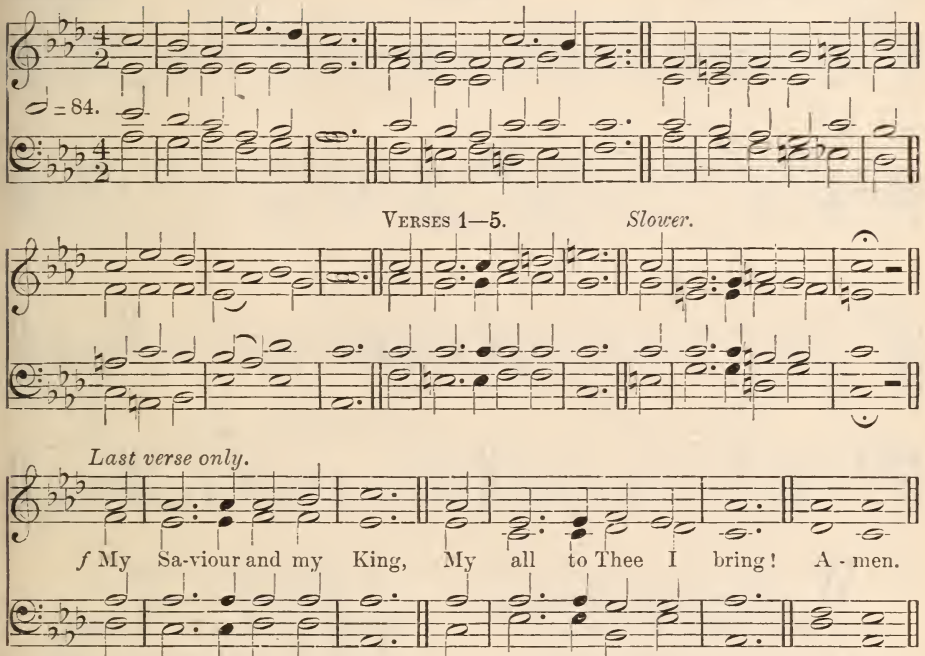
For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
cr Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

p We lose what on ourselves we spend:
f We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all!

f To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all! Amen.

Almsgiving.

OBLATION. 6.6.6.6. 6.6. J. W. ELLIOTT, *b.* 1833



p THY Life was given for me!
Thy Blood, O Lord, was shed
cr That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
mf Thy Life was given for me:—
p What have I given for Thee?

p Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
cr That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
p Long years were spent for me:—
Have I spent one for Thee?

mf Thy Father's home of light
Thy rainbow-circled Throne,
dim Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:—
p Have I left aught for Thee?

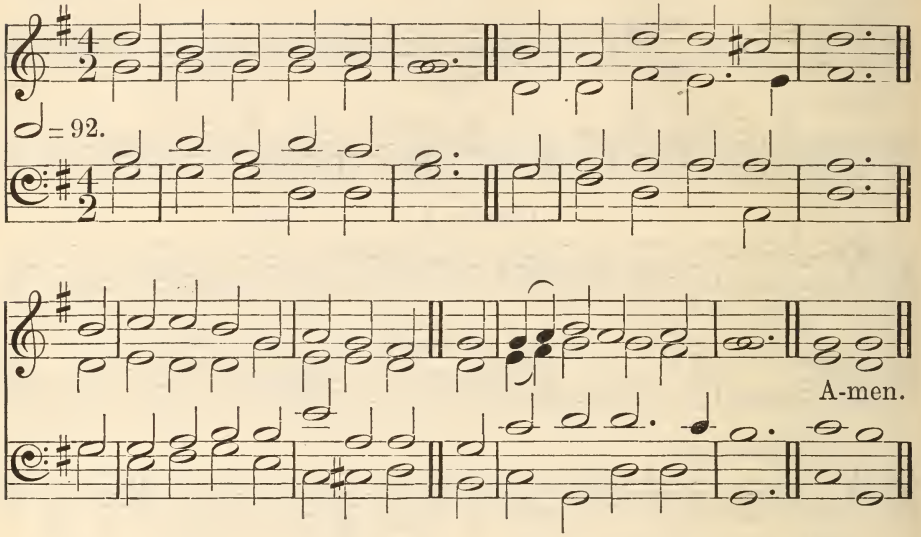
p Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell.
Thou sufferedst all for me:—
p What have I borne for Thee?

f And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:—
p What have I brought to Thee?

mf Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
f My Saviour and my King,
My all to Thee I bring! Amen.

315 Almsgiving.

ALMA MATER. S.M. R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



mf WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

p Oh! hearts are bruised and dead;
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold!

cr To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is Angels' work below.

mf The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

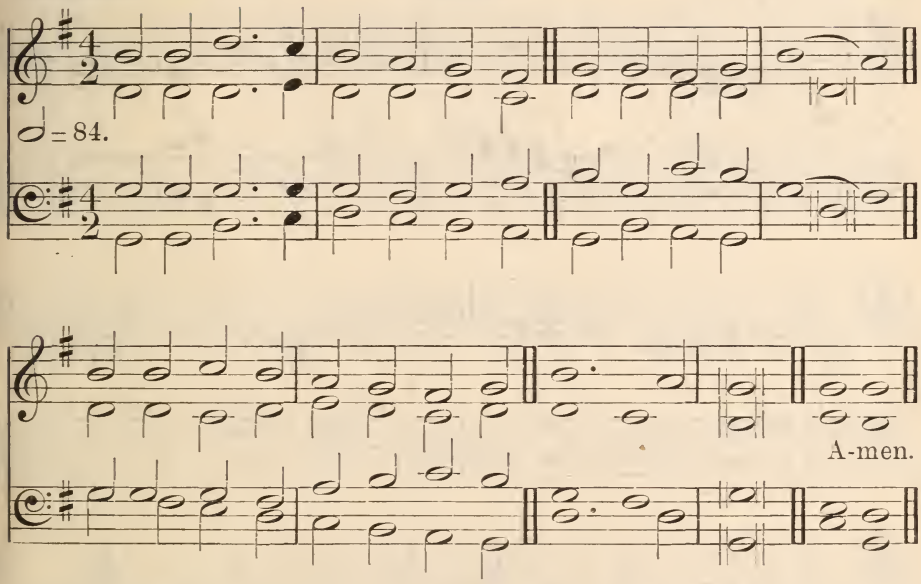
f And we believe Thy word,
p Though dim our faith may be,—
cr Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
f We do it unto Thee. Amen.

Also the following:

Jesu, our Lord, how rich Thy grace!—444
O God of mercy, God of might—486
O King of kings, before Whose throne—496

316 For Absent Friends.

CAIRNBROOK. 8.5.8.3. E. PROUT, *b.* 1835.



mf HOLY Father, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

Jesus, Saviour, let Thy Presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, Oh keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

p When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

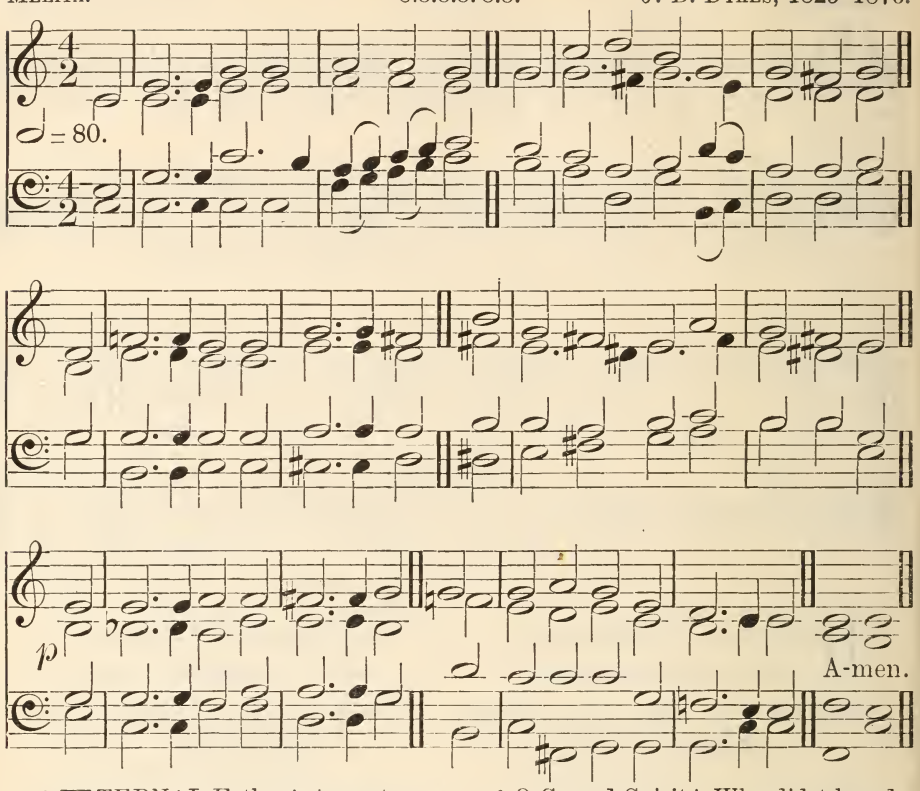
mf May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

p Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
cr Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

mf Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three, [keep them
Bless them, guide them, save them,
Near to Thee. Amen.

For those at Sea.

MELITA. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



mf ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
p Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

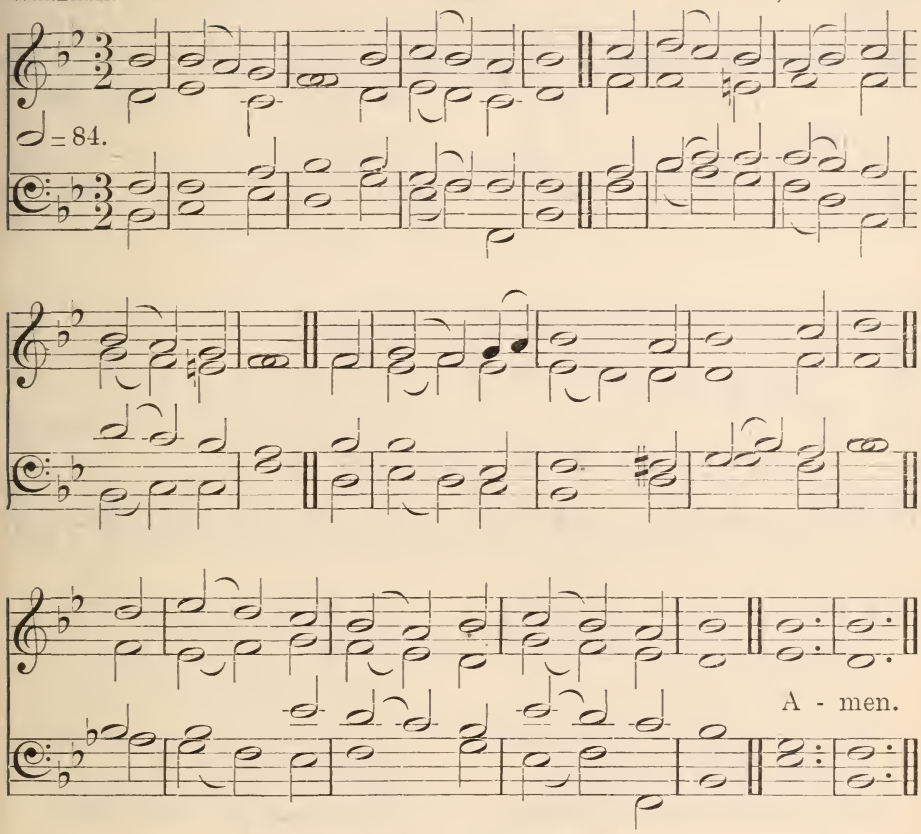
mf O Saviour! Whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
cr Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
dim And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
p Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

mf O Sacred Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
p Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

mf O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
cr And ever let there rise to Thee
f Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

For Use at Sea.

WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP, 1698–1768.



May also be sung to "Rockingham," *No.* 256.

mf ALMIGHTY Father, hear our cry,
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;
Be Thou our haven always nigh,
On homeless waters Thou our home.

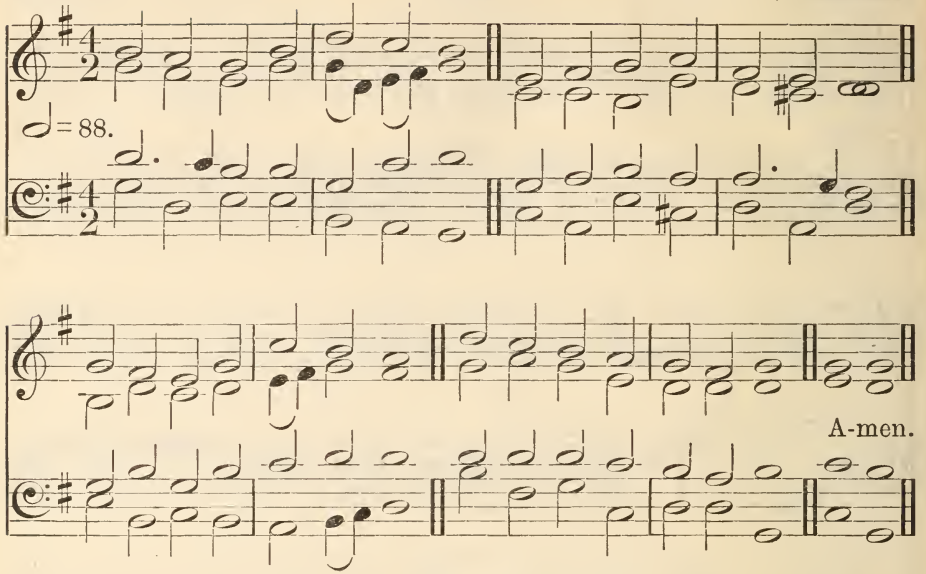
p O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
cr Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

p O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power
cr The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might!

f Great God, Triune Jehovah, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our Refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our Joy on heaven's eternal shore.
Amen.

319 For Use at Sea.

VIENNA. 7.7.7.7. J. H. KNECHT, 1752–1817.



mf ON the waters dark and drear,
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art near;
With our ship where'er it roam,
As with loving friends at home.

Thou hast walked the heaving wave;
Thou art mighty still to save;
p With one gentle word of peace
Thou canst bid the tempest cease.

mf Safely from the boisterous main
Bring us back to port again;
In our haven we shall be,
Jesu, if we have but Thee.

Only by Thy power and love
Fit us for the port above;
dim Still the deadly storm within,
Gusts of passion, waves of sin.

f So when breaks the glorious dawn
Of the Resurrection morn,
When the night of toil is o'er,
We shall see Thee on the shore.

f Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Praise unending unto Thee
Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

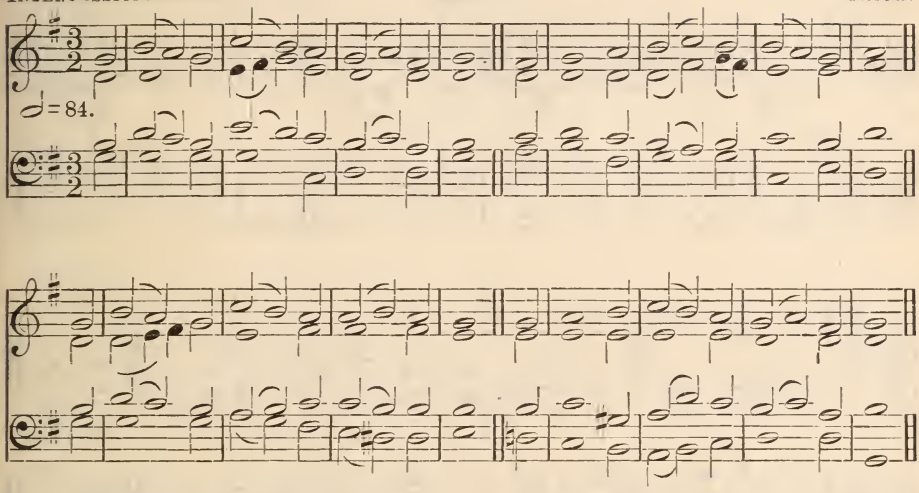
Also the following:

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep—399
Fierce was the wild billow—400

And in the case of a Burial at Sea:

Now the labourer's task is o'er—284

INTERCESSION. L.M. Anon.



mf ALMIGHTY God, Whose Only Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;

In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

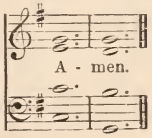
p There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessèd word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or hell;

And some within Thy sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife:

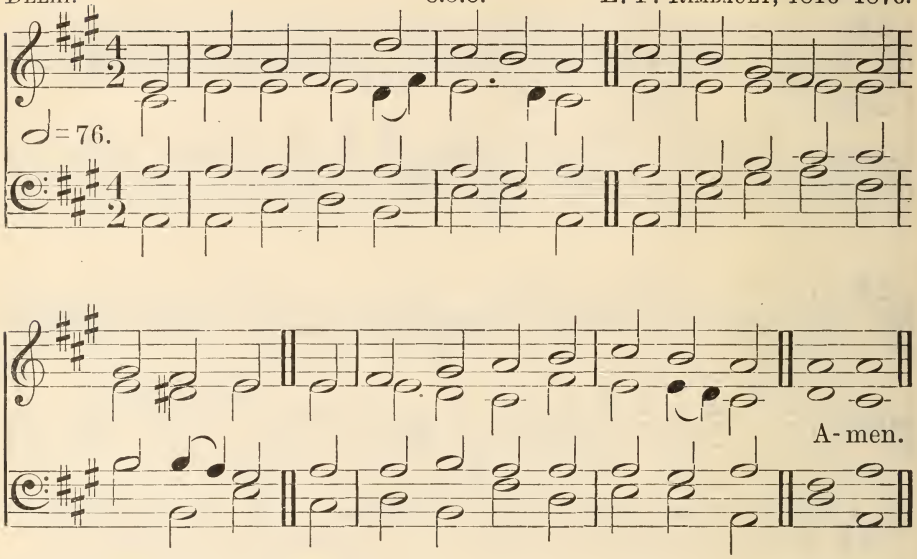
And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

mf Oh give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.

f That so from Angel-hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the Blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore.



DELHI. 8.8.8. E. F. RIMBAULT, 1816–1876.



mf O JESU, Lord, Thy Cross I see,
In love endured, and all for me,
cr That I might saved and rescued be.

mf Yea, all for me; that sin should cease,
And life be filled, and love increase,
p Unto Thine own eternal peace.

mf What can I give, or what desire?
Thy words alone my thoughts inspire,
cr And lift both hope and purpose higher.

p 'Tis Thine own call that bids me come,
With all my griefs, though great their sum,
And learn what life may yet become.

cr Yea, Thou wilt show me, for I flee
From all my past, to hide in Thee.
Take Thou my life and set it free.

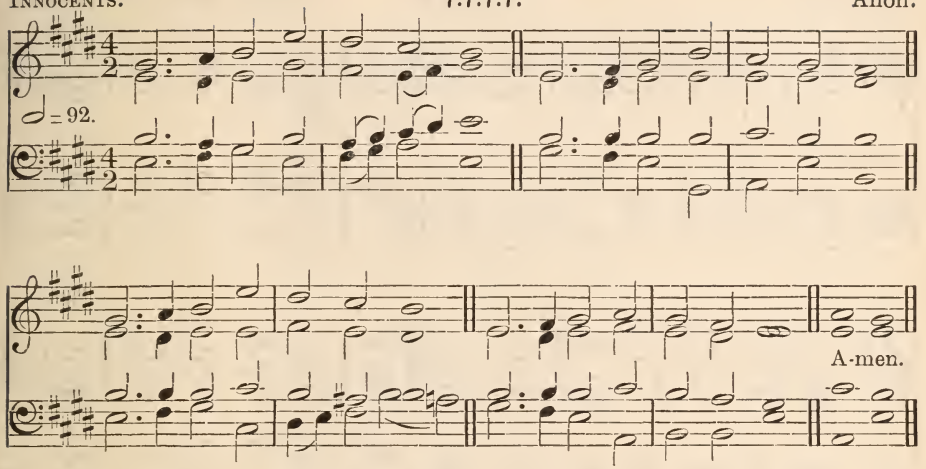
p Glad peace in Thee exceeding sweet,
To rest one moment at Thy feet,
cr To know the joy of hope complete,

mf New life to find, in powers that blend,
To work one work, to gain one end,
Through days of love, which Thou shalt send.

p Oh, grant me, Jesu, so to go,
And in Thy life for ever grow,
And joy fulfilled in Thine to know.

cr That so, my Saviour, life may be
One offering holy; let me see,
In all I give, Thy gift for me. Amen.

INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7. Anon.



f SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

mf O'er a faithless fallen world
cr Raise your banner in the sky:
Let it float there wide unfurled;
f Bear it onward; lift it high.

p 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
cr Let the Saviour's herald go,
mf Let the voice of hope be heard.

p Where the shadows deepest lie,
mf Carry truth's unsullied ray;
p Where are crimes of blackest dye,
mf There the saving sign display.

p To the weary and the worn
mf Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
p To the outcast and forlorn
mf Speak of mercy and of peace.

p Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
mf In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

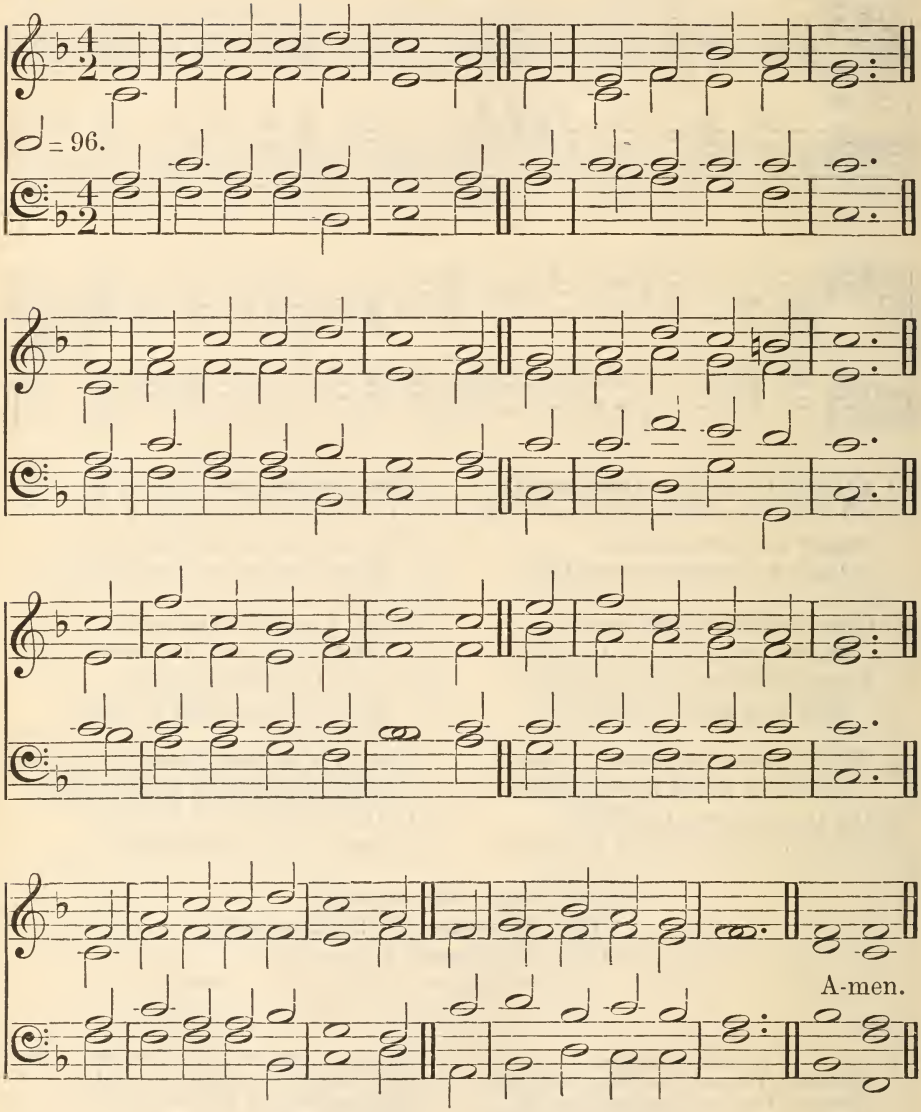
cr Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
f Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord. Amen.

Also the following:

Approach, my soul, the Mercy-seat—362
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All—442
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing—464
My God, my Father, dost Thou call—476
O for a closer walk with God—481
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said—551
Thy kingdom come, O God—578

Foreign Missions.

MISSIONARY. 7.6.7.6. D. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.



May also be sung to "Aurelia" *No.* 553.

Foreign Missions.

mf FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
p The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

mf Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

f Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
cr Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
ff Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign! Amen.

Foreign Missions.

BENSON. Irregular. M. D. KINGHAM.

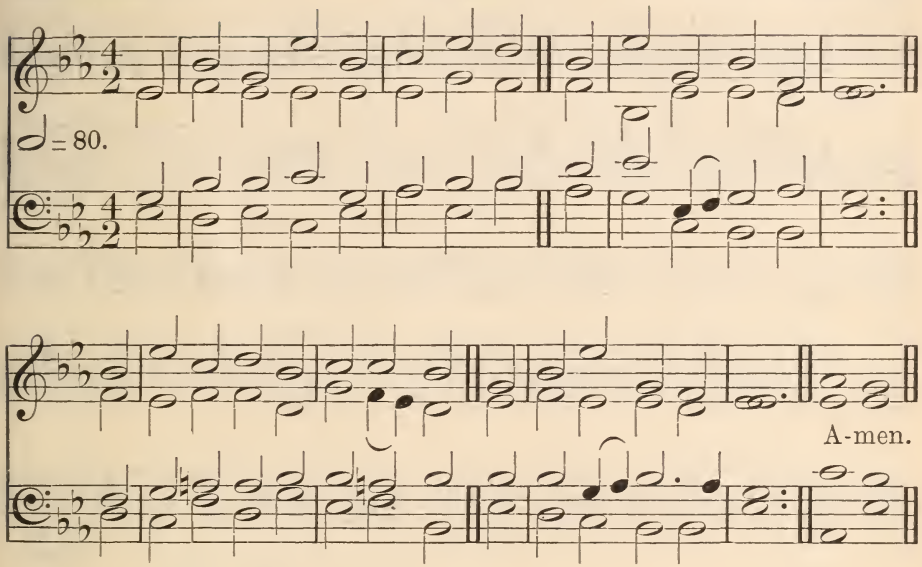
♩ = 88.
mf
1. God is . . work - ing His pur - pose out, as
3. What can we do to . . work God's work, to
5. All we can do is . . no - thing worth, un -
mf
cres.
year suc - ceeds to . . year: God is . . work - ing His
pros - per and in - crease The bro - ther - hood of . .
- less God bless - es the deed, Vain - ly we hope for the
cres.
pur - pose out, and the time is . . draw - ing . . near—
all man - kind— the . . reign of the Prince of . . Peace?
har - vest - tide, till . . God gives life to the seed; Yet

p
cres.
Near - er and near - er draws the time,
What can we do to has - ten the time, the .. time that shall sure - ly
near - er and near - er draws the time,
p
cres.
f
cres.
ff
dim.
be, When the earth shall be fill'd with the glo - ry of God, as the
When the
f
cres.
ff
dim.
wa - ters cov - er the sea.
After last verse.
A - men.
mf
2. From u - most East to .. ut - most West, wher - e'er man's foot hath
4. March we forth in the strength of God, with the ban-ner of Christ un -
mf

Foreign Missions.

cres.
trod, By the mouth of ma - ny . . mes - sen - gers goes
- furled, That the light of the glo - rious Gos - pel of Truth may
cres.
mf
cres.
forth the voice of God; Give ear . . to Me, ye con - ti-nents—ye
shine throughout the world: Fight we the fight with sor - row and sin, to
mf
cres.
f
cres.
isles, give ear to Me, } That the
set their cap - tives free, } That the earth may be fill'd with the
f
cres.
ff
dim.
glo - ry of God, as the wa - ters cov - er the sea.
ff
dim.

LONDON NEW. C.M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1635.



f LIFT up your heads, ye gates of
Ye bars of iron, yield! [brass!
And let the King of Glory pass;
The Cross is in the field!

mf That Banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from
far
His servants to the fight.

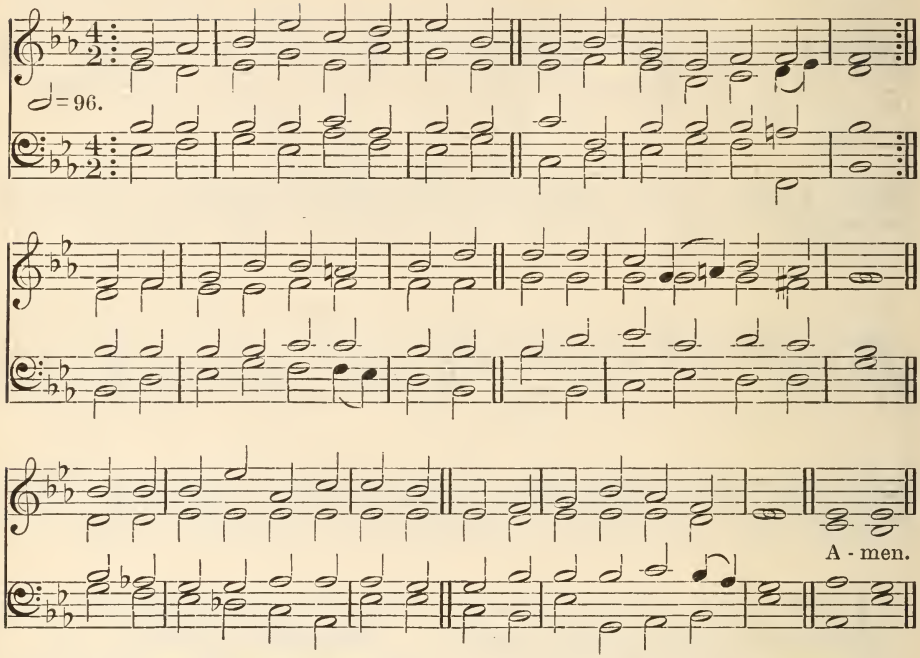
A holy war those servants wage;
Mysteriously at strife
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host!
Where hallowed footstep never trod,
Take your appointed post.

Though few and small and weak your
bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.

f Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The Cross hath won the field!
Amen.

EVERTON. 8.7.8.7. D. H. SMART, 1813–1879.

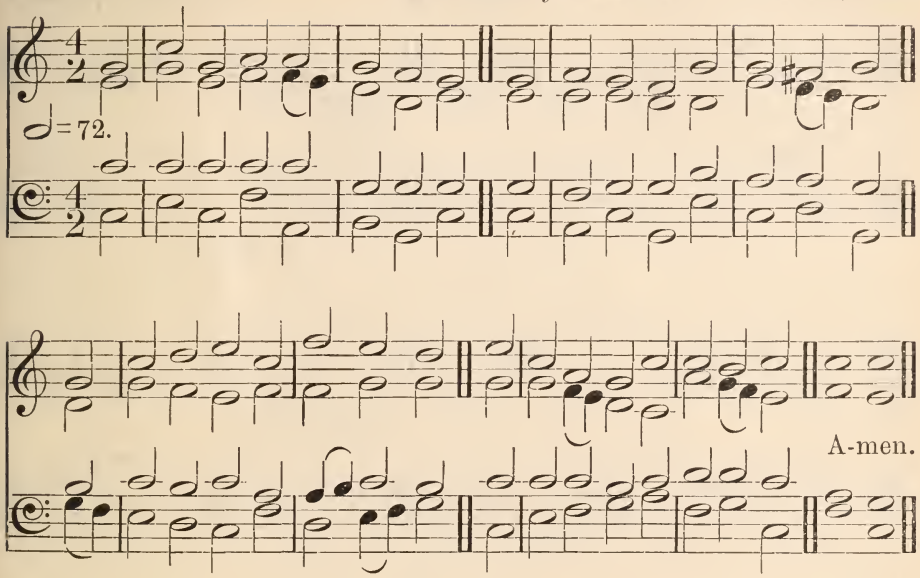


mf LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping:
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
p See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
cr Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

p Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
cr Lord Almighty, give the word!
f Give the word!—in every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

f Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
p Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain:—
cr Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign! Amen.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690.



mf O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

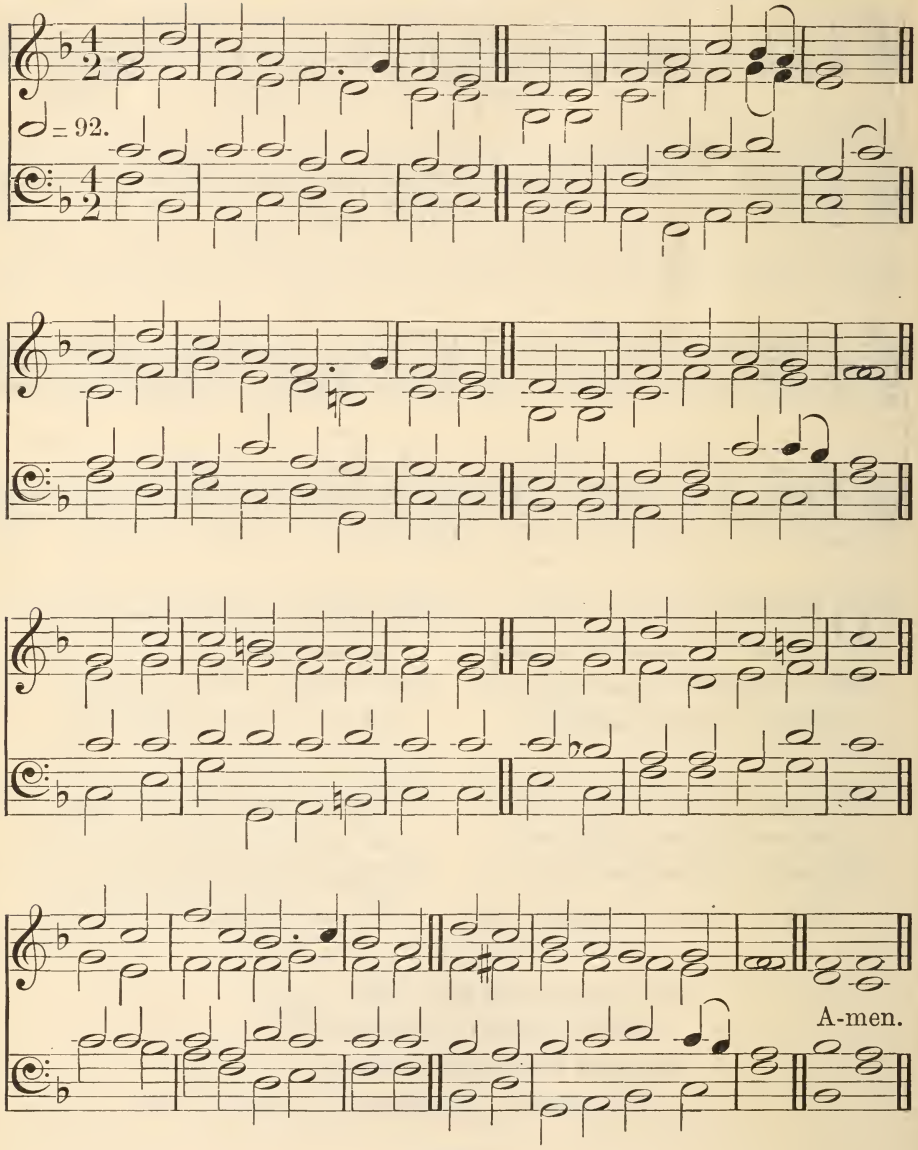
Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path; [might;
Souls without strength inspire with
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

f Baptize the nations far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through Thee. Amen.

BETHANY. 8.7.8.7. D. H. SMART, 1813–1879.



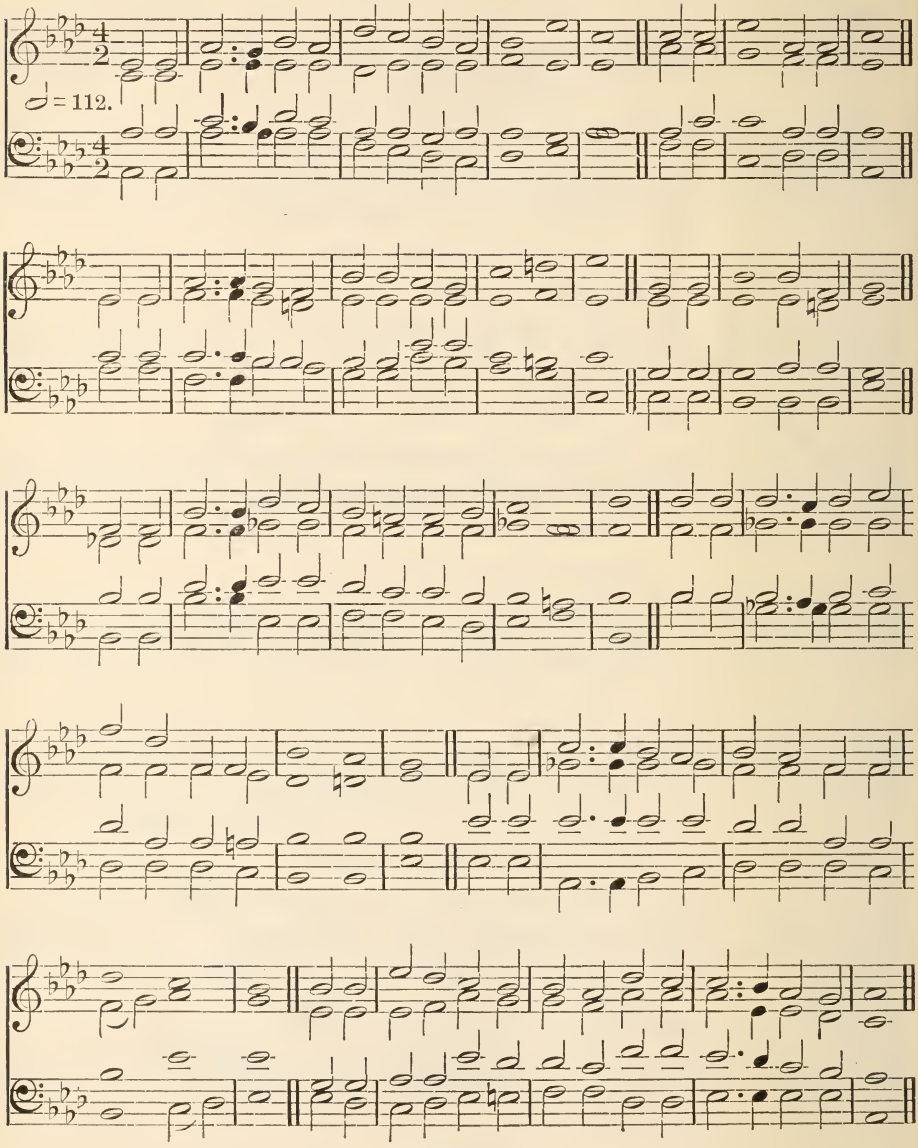
mf SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
cr Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
f Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

mf Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

mf Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
cr Give the word! and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
f Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung! Amen.

Foreign Missions.

REGNABIT DEUS. 13.6.13.6.13.13.13.15. H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.

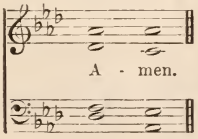


Foreign Missions.

f TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing:
Tell it out, tell it out!
mf Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
cr That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace:
f Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our King for evermore.

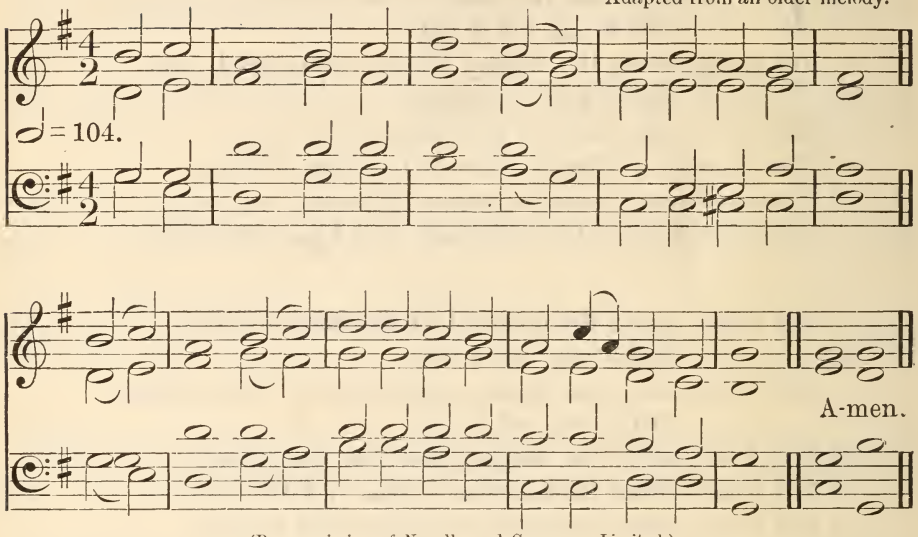
f Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains,
Tell it out, tell it out!
mf Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
cr Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
f Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

f Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love:
Tell it out, tell it out!
mf Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
cr Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
f Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.



330 For a Service of Farewell.

PARTING. 6.6.8.4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.
Adapted from an older melody.



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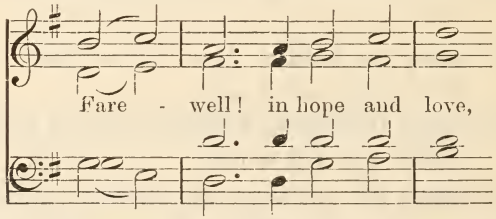
Last verse thus:



p WITH the sweet word of Peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

With the calm word of Prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

With the dear word of Love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

mf With the strong word of Faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shall be;

Then the bright word of Hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

p Farewell! in hope and love,
In faith and peace and prayer;
Till He Whose home is ours above
Unite us there! Amen.

Also the following:

God of mercy, God of grace—417
Hail to the Lord's Anointed—424
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun—452
Not by Thy mighty hand—113
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended—30
Thou, Whose Almighty word—574
Thy kingdom come, O God—578

Laying a Foundation Stone.

The following may be used:

Christ is made the sure Foundation—331 [Part II.]
Christ is our Corner-stone—375
The Church's One Foundation—553

331 Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

URBS BEATA (*First Tune*). MODE II. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.

Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

PART I.

BLESSÈD city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And, with Angel-hosts encircled,
As a bride doth earthward move;

From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

PART II.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

To this Temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants, as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

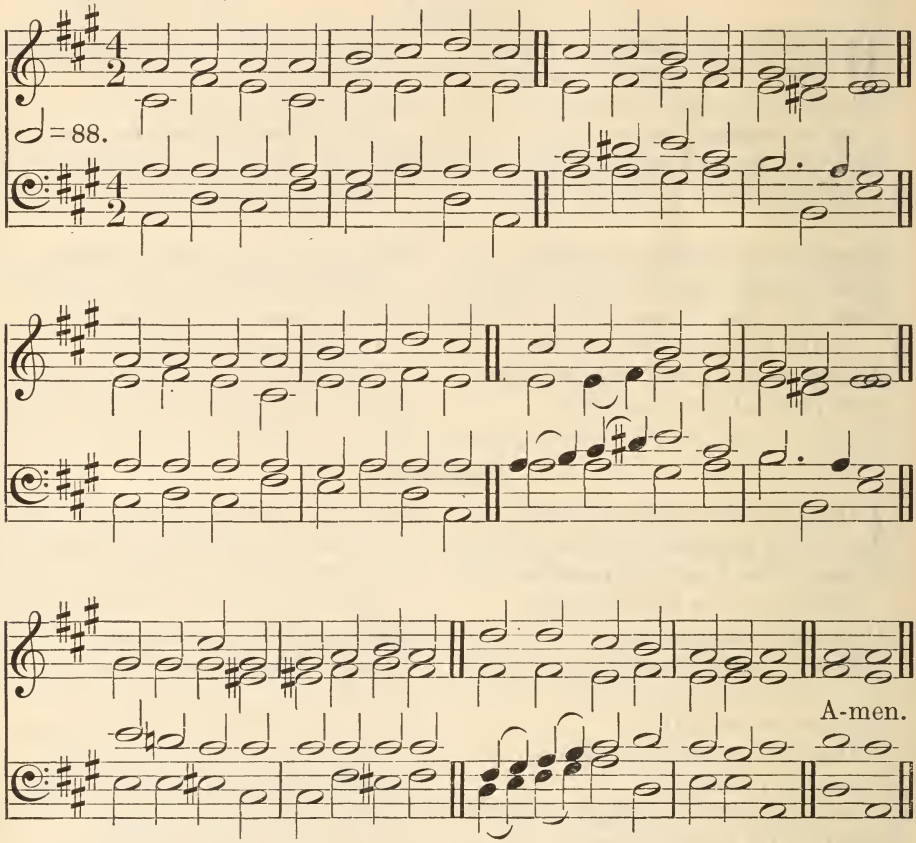
Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the Blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part:

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

ORIEL (*Second Tune*). 8.7. 8.7. 8.7. Anon.



PART I.

mf BLESSÈD city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above
And, with Angel-hosts encircled,
As a bride doth earthward move;
From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed, [thee,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
p Who for Christ's dear Name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

mf Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

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Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

mf To this Temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants, as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
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Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the Blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part:

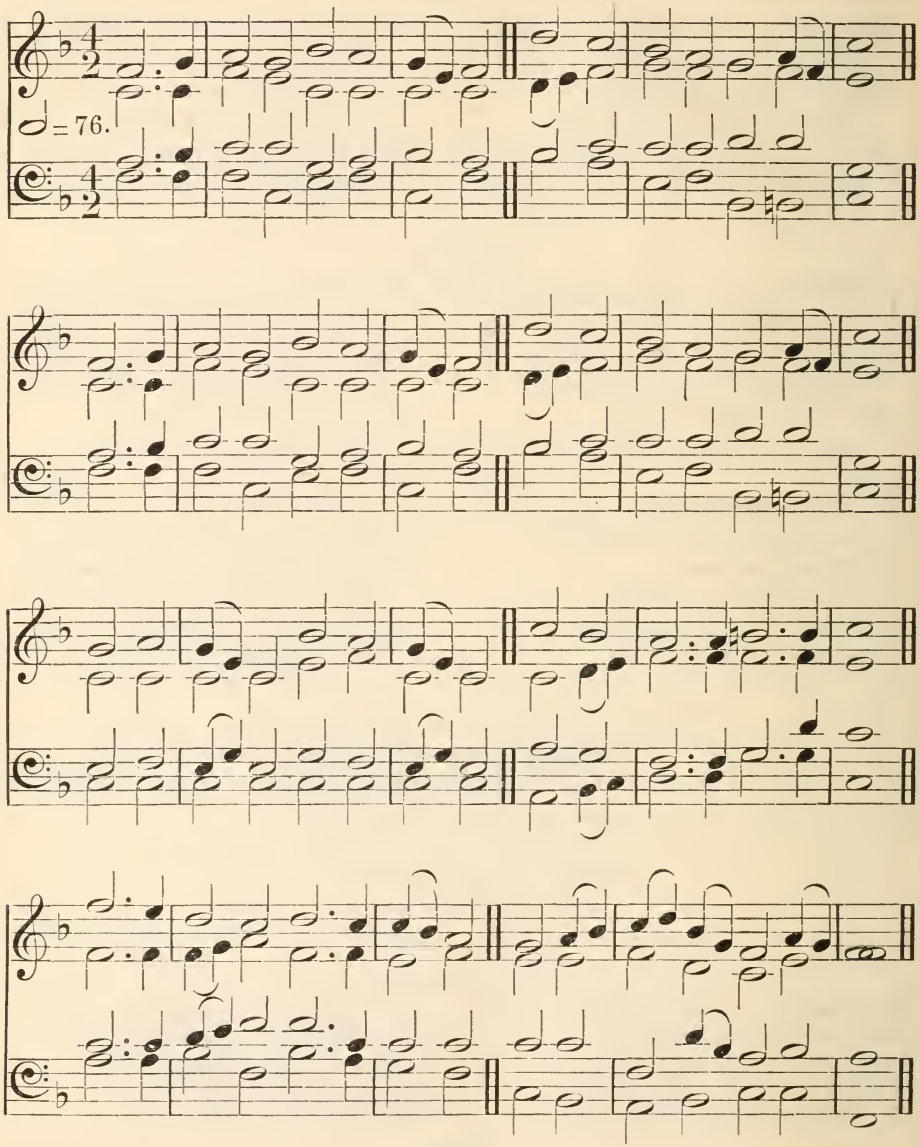
f Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

Also the following:

All people that on earth do dwell—357
Christ is our Corner-stone—375
Hosanna to the living Lord!—428
Jerusalem the golden!—561 [Part IV.]
Lo, God is here! Let us adore—460
Lord of the worlds above—470
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord—485
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see—499
Pleasant are Thy courts above—530
We love the place, O God—584

332 Restoration of a Church.

Austria. 8.7.8.7. D. J. Haydn, 1732–1809.



Restoration of a Church.

f LIFT the strain of high thanksgiving!
Tread with songs the hallowed way!
Praise our fathers' God for mercies
New to us their sons to-day:
mf Here they built for Him a dwelling,
cr Served Him here in ages past,
f Fixed it for His sure possession,
Holy ground, while time shall last.

mf When the years had wrought their changes,
He, our own unchanging God,
Thought on this His habitation,
Looked on His decayed abode;
Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,
cr Blessed the silver and the gold,
f Till once more His house is standing
Firm and stately as of old.

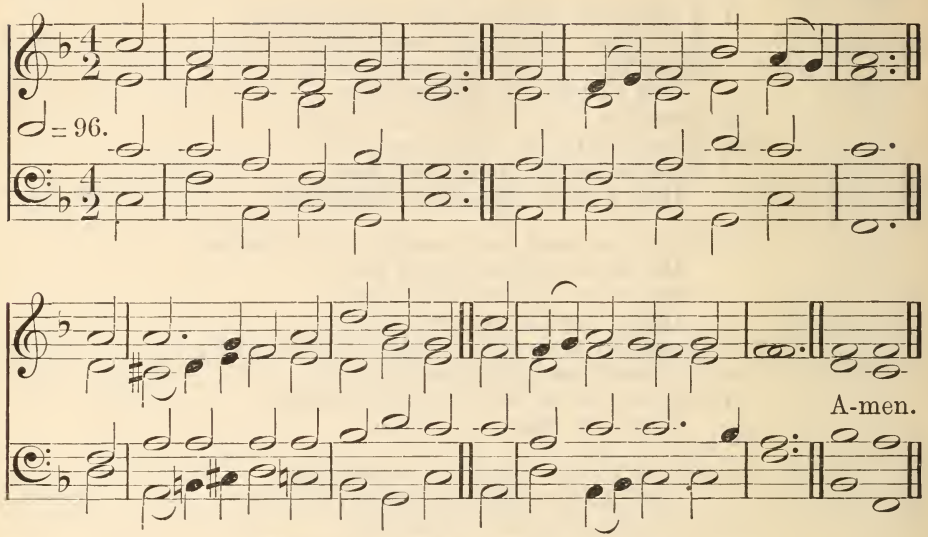
mf Entering then Thy gates with praises,
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer;—
cr "Rise into Thy place of resting,
Show Thy promised Presence there!"
mf Let the gracious word be spoken
Here, as once on Sion's height,
"This shall be My rest for ever,
This My dwelling of delight."

mf Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew;
Clothe with righteousness its Priesthood,
Guide its Choir to reverence true;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sevenfold blessing shed;
Spread for us the heavenly Banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with Bread.

f Praise to Thee, Almighty Father!
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son!
Praise to Thee, all-quickening Spirit!
Ever-blessèd Three in One!
p Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom;
cr Moulding out of sinful clay
f Living stones for that true Temple
Which shall never know decay.

333 Restoration of a Church.

THE DAY OF PRAISE. S.M. C. STEGGALL, *b.* 1826.



May also be sung to "Franconia," *No.* 233.

mf O WORD of God above,
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this house with Thy sure love,
And bless our Festival.

Here from the Font is poured
Grace on each sinful child;
The blest anointing of the Lord
Brightens the once defiled.

p Here Christ to faithful hearts
His Body gives for food;
The Lamb of God Himself imparts
The Chalice of His Blood.

Here guilty souls that pine
May health and pardon win;
mf The Judge acquits, and grace divine
Restores the dead in sin.

Yea, God enthroned on high
Here also dwells to bless;
Here trains adoring souls that sigh
His mansions to possess.

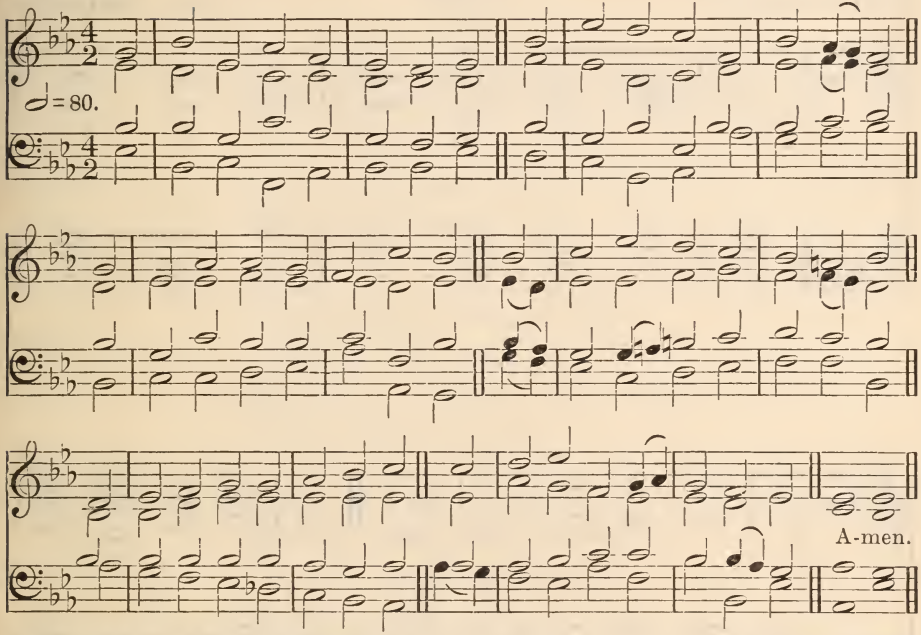
f All might, all praise be Thine,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of love Divine,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Also the following:

Before Jehovah's awful throne—368
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet—453

334 Consecration of a Churchyard.

COLCHESTER. Six 8's. S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



p O THOU in Whom Thy Saints repose,
When life's brief conflict finds its close;
Behold us met before Thy face
To hallow this their resting-place:
Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep;
And safely here their dust shall sleep.

Thou knowest, Lord, for Thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,
What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,
When here we sow the precious seed:
Thou still rememberest on Thy throne
Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

Bid then Thy Hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm Hope with Memory dwell,
And Faith of heavenly comfort tell:
No thought of ill, no footstep rude
Profane the sacred solitude.

Here when Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.
Amen.

Also the following:

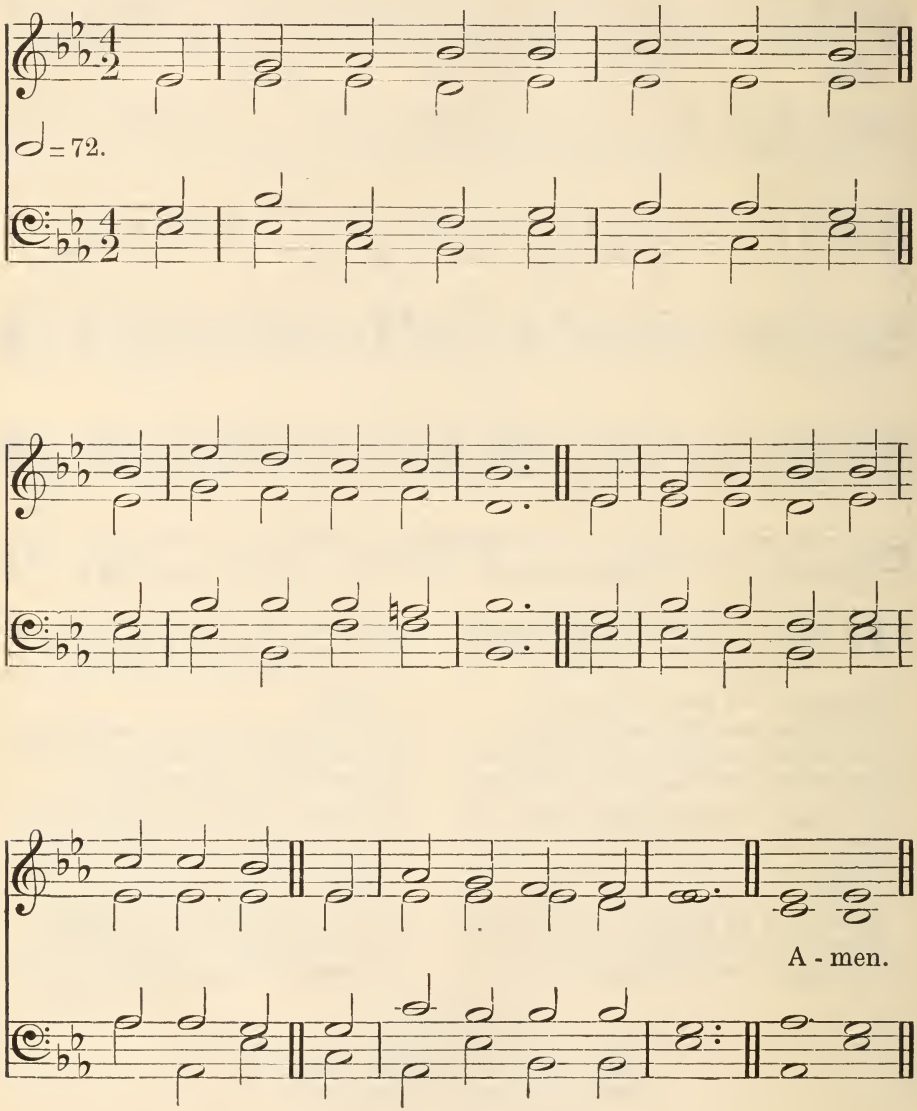
Brief life is here our portion—561 [Part II.]
Come, let us join our friends above—379
God of the living, in Whose eyes—283

See also Hymns for Burial.

335

Opening of a Mission Room.

Tallis's Ordinal. C.M. T. Tallis, 1520?–1585.



Opening of a Mission Room.

mf DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy Presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the Presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
cr And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow. Amen

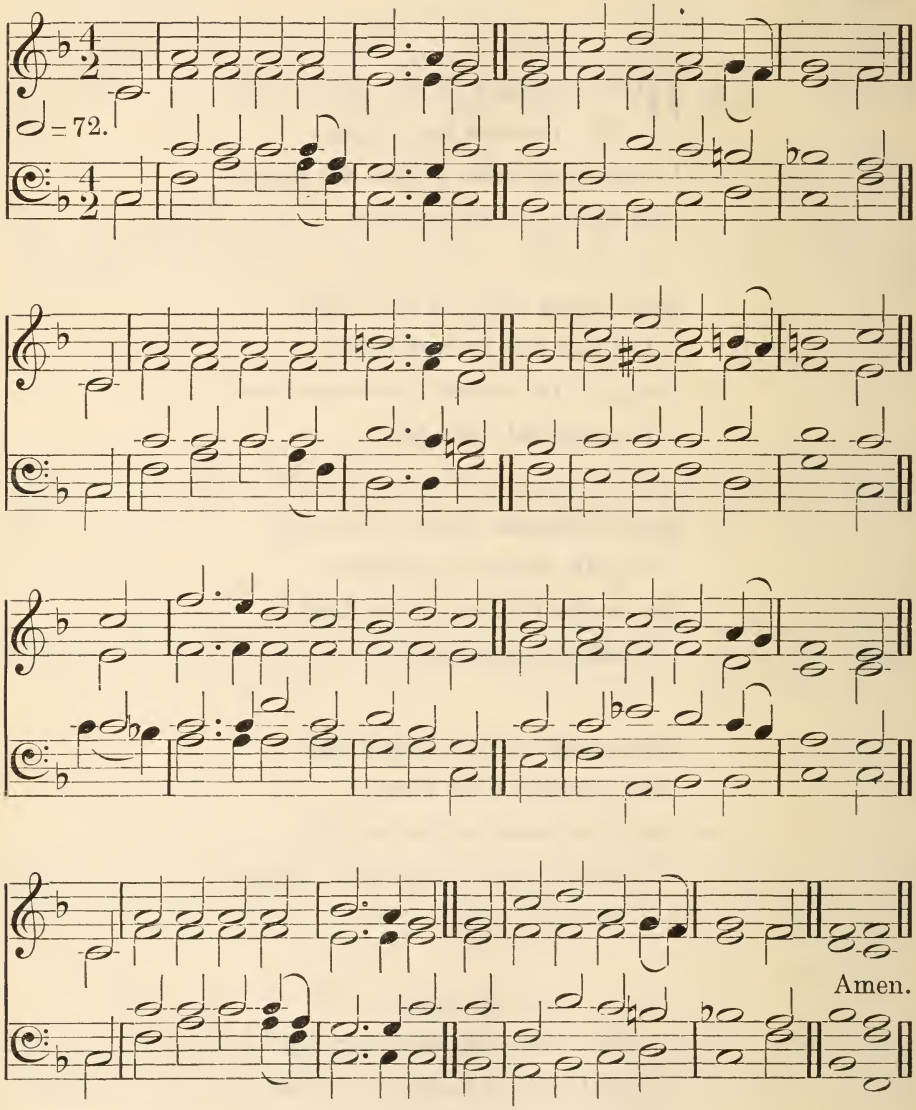
Also the following:

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet—453

See also Hymns for Dedication of a Church.

336 Dedication of Special Offerings.

BISHOPGARTH. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



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Dedication of Special Offerings.

mf GREAT God, to Thee our hearts we raise
In joyful adoration;
cr With Saints above we hymn Thy praise
In notes of exultation:
f They, round Thy throne, a shining throng,
Stand, Thy dread might confessing:
mf We at Thy feet pour forth our song,
And humbly seek Thy blessing.

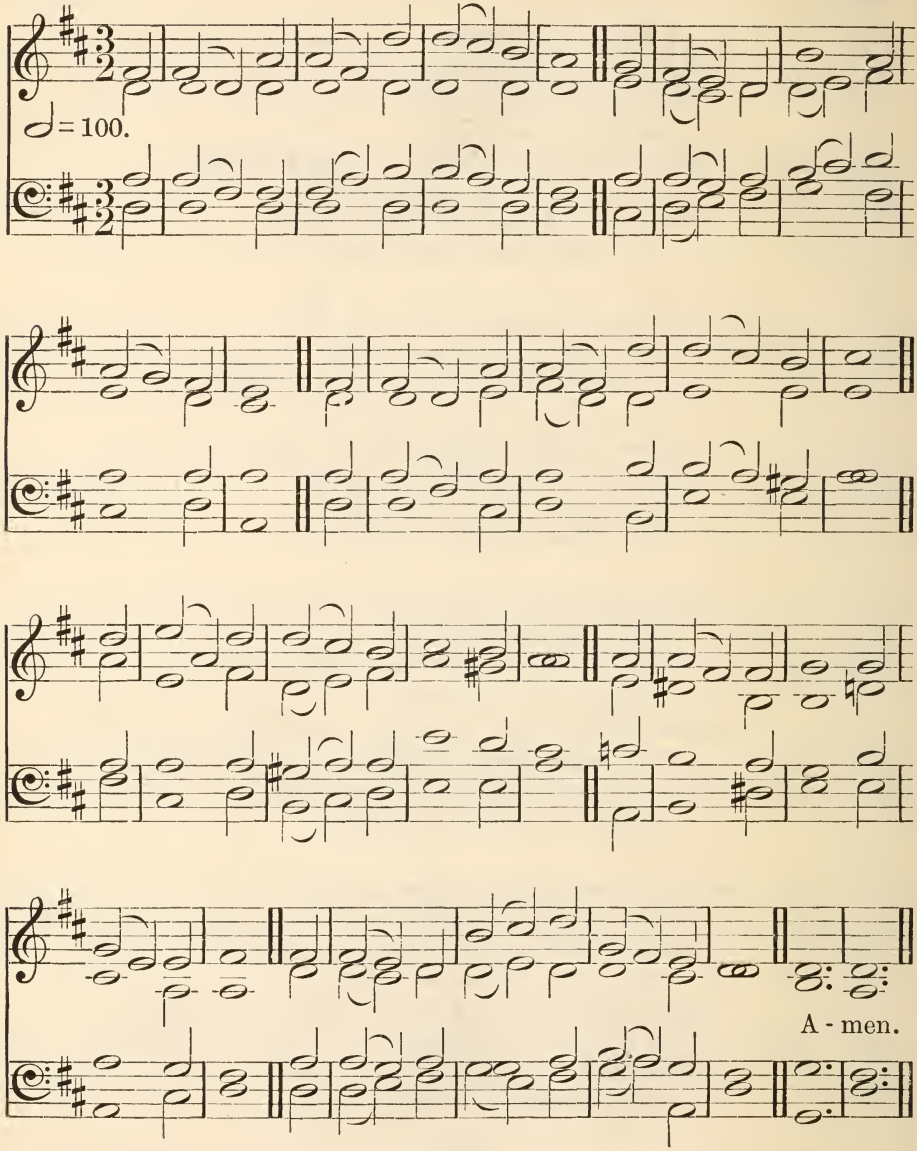
mf To Thy great glory, Lord, we place
Within Thy shrine most holy,
These hallowed gifts, Thy courts to grace,
With thankful hearts and lowly.
Accept, we pray, these works of love,
And seal them Thine for ever:
Thy gracious unction from above
Pour Thou on gifts and giver.

p Fountain of good, and God of love,
Giver of light supernal;
Of all Thy gifts from heaven above,
Grant us the life eternal.
And when within this shrine we kneel,
Our sacred Master meeting,
Oh may our hearts His Presence feel,
And joy in heavenly greeting.

mf God of our Fathers, Thee we hail,
One God, from everlasting,
While Saints their crowns, within the veil,
Before Thy throne are casting.
On us and ours, O Lord, we pray,
In joy and in affliction,
Shed forth Thy Spirit, day by day,
In hallowing benediction. Amen.

Dedication of Special Offerings.

GIESSEN. Six 8's. Adapted.



Dedication of Special Offerings.

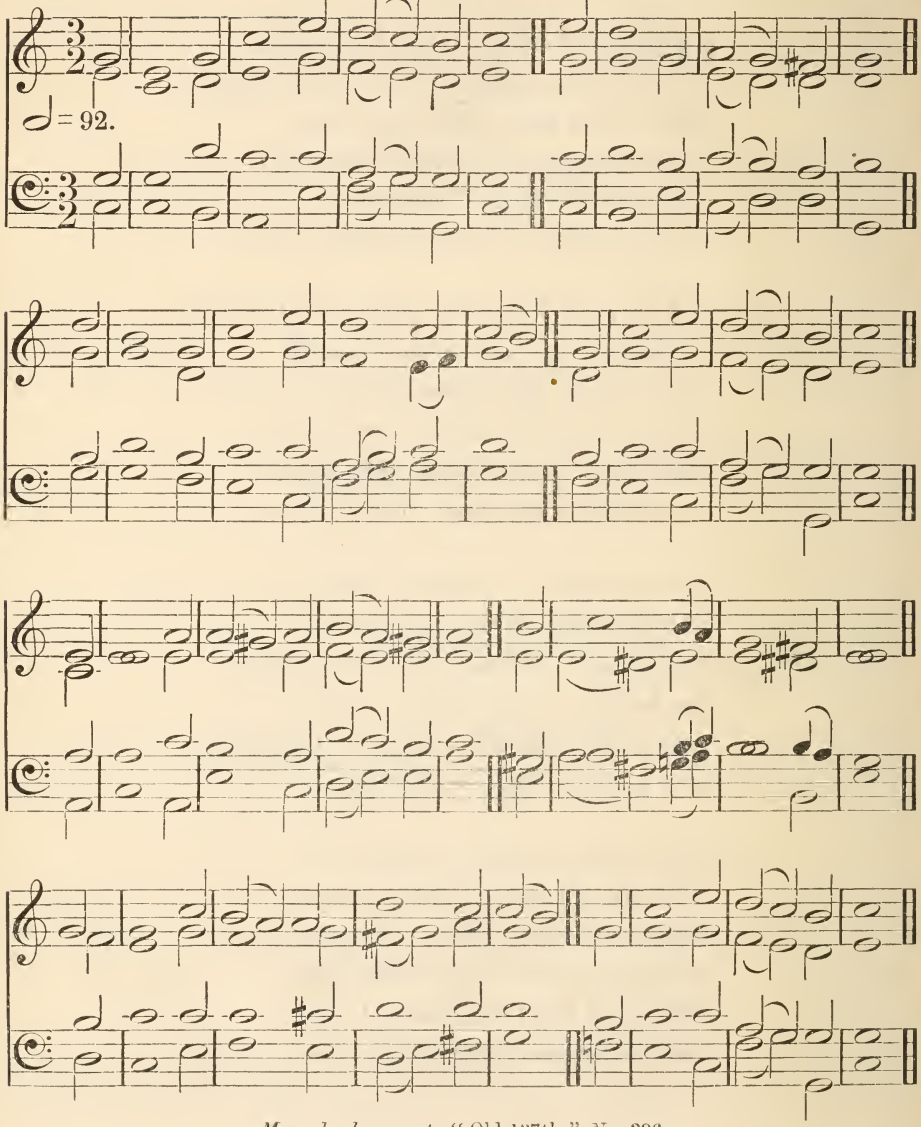
f O KING of Saints, O Lord of might,
Of souls redeemed the Life and Light,
Thine is the power when souls excel
In grace because they love Thee well.
O Jesu blest, in all Thine own
We praise Thee for Thyself made known.

mf And so we come; Lord, guide each thought,
By grateful love and memory taught,
That rises to Thy throne to-day,
The prayer that hearts in secret pray—
That these Thy children's gifts may be
In blessings made more worthy Thee.

p Let each abide, as made to stand
And hallowed by Thy loving hand;
Hear Thou in heaven each tender prayer,
The burden of each heart of care;
Keep Thou their feet, and make them blest
Who in the Holiest would rest,

mf Lord, bless the gifts we offer here
With grateful love of hearts sincere;
cr Henceforth Thine own; Oh let them be
So used by those who worship Thee
f That every heart shall learn to raise
Some better note of love and praise. Amen.

St. Matthew. D.C.M. W. Croft, 1678–1727.



May also be sung to "Old 137th," *No.* 396.

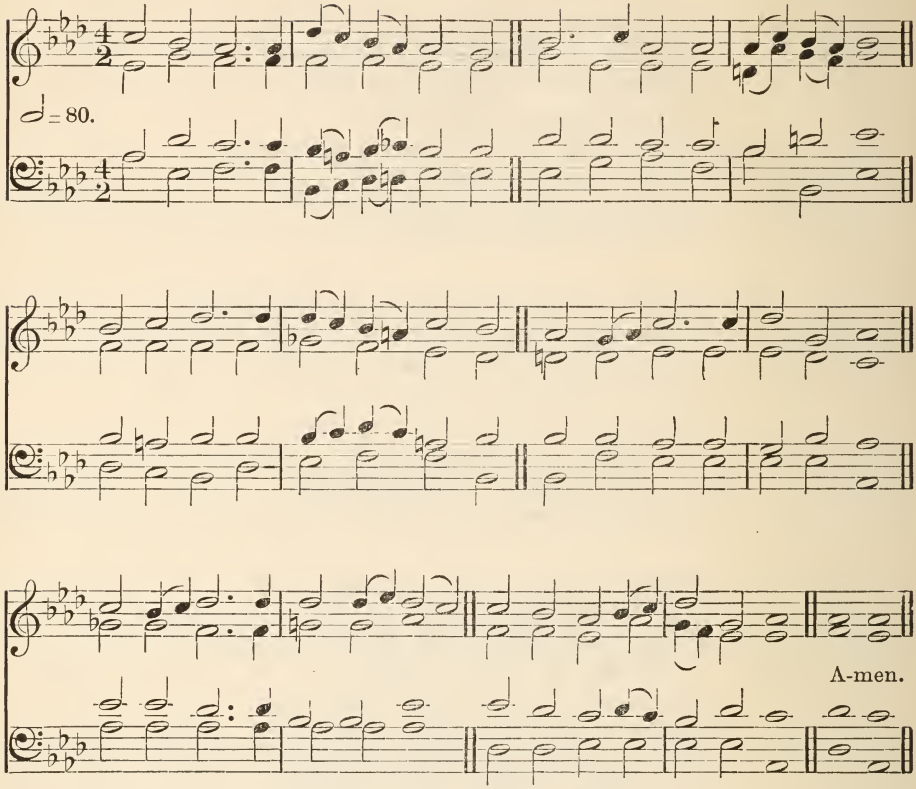
f THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
p To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

mf And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
f And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.
p And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

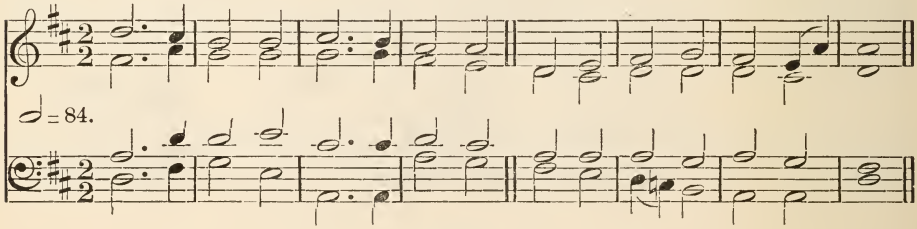
mf Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look,
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in Nature's book;
p Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the sinful taint;
mf Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

mf Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

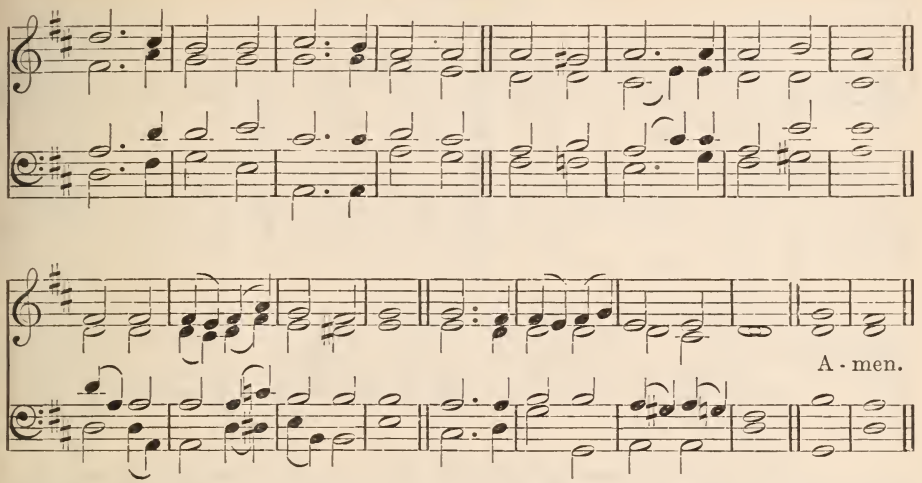
Requiem (*First Tune*). 8.7. 8.7. 7.7. W. Schulthes, 1816–1879.



Lincoln (*Second Tune*). 8.7. 8.7. 7.7. H. H. Pierson, 1815–1873.



Hospitals.



mf THOU to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain;
p Hear us, Jesu, as we meet
Suppliants at Thy Mercy-seat.

mf Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday,—to-day,—to-morrow,—
When,—where'er it may befall,
p Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy Mercy-seat.

mf Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care,
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
p Suppliants at Thy Mercy-seat.

mf May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
p Suppliant to Thy Mercy-seat.

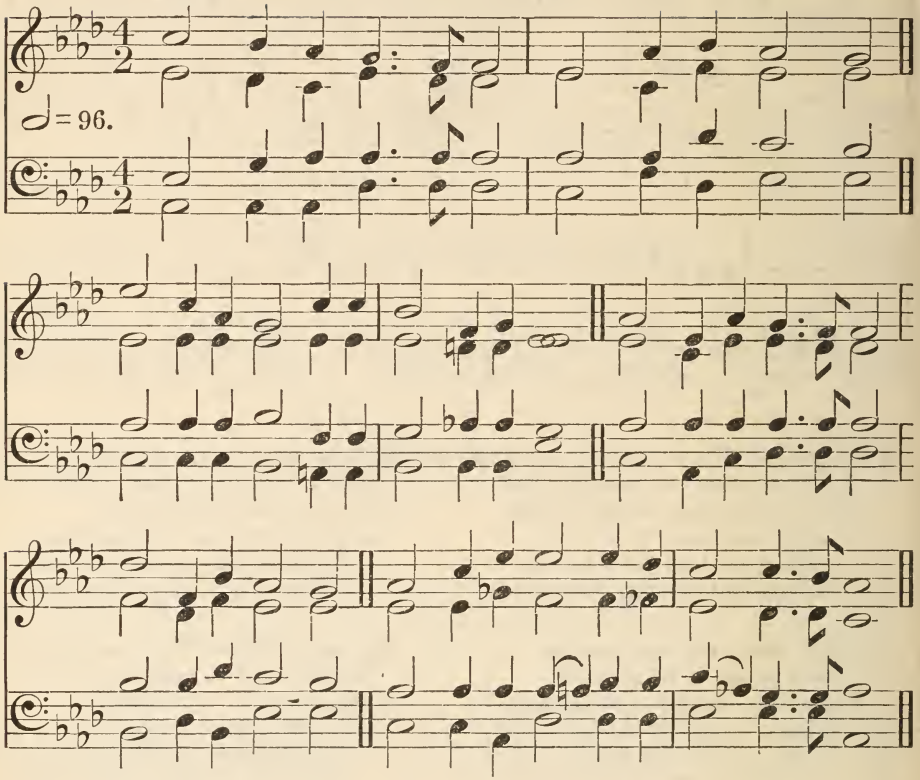
mf Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
cr Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
f One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy Judgment-seat. Amen.

Also the following:

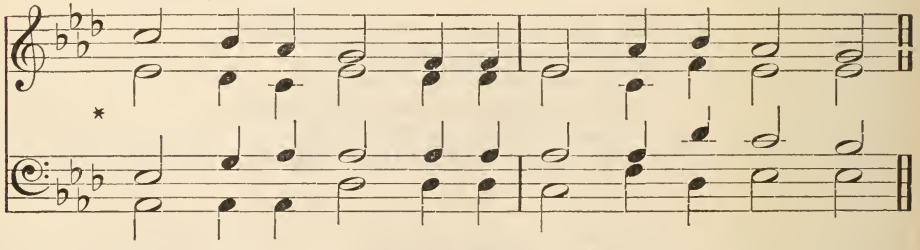
At even, when the sun did set—12
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee—462

CLARE MARKET. 11.10.11.10. MARY PALMER.

Verse 1.

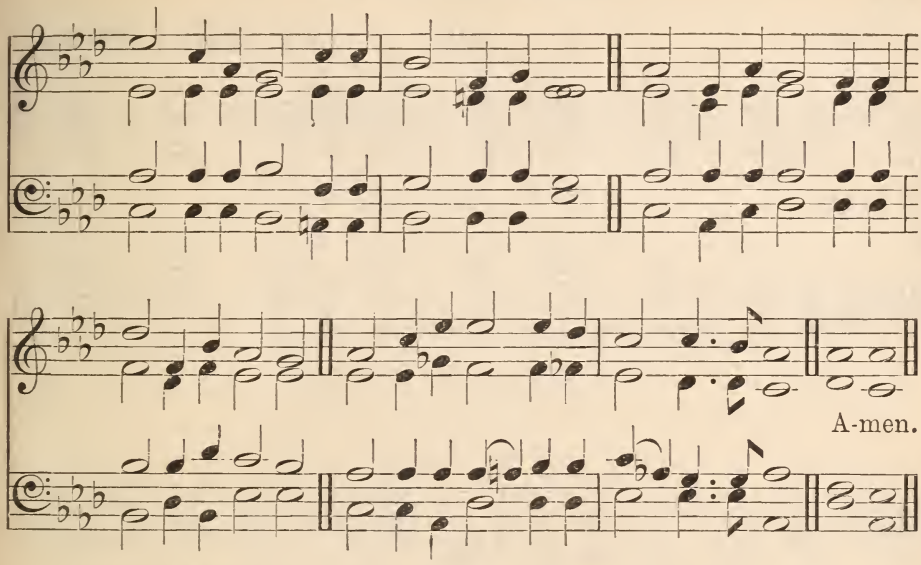


Verses 2, 3 and 4.



* Verse 3, bar 1.

Raise, Lord, to health a - gain



mf HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

p Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying;
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying;
Grant the departing a gentle release.

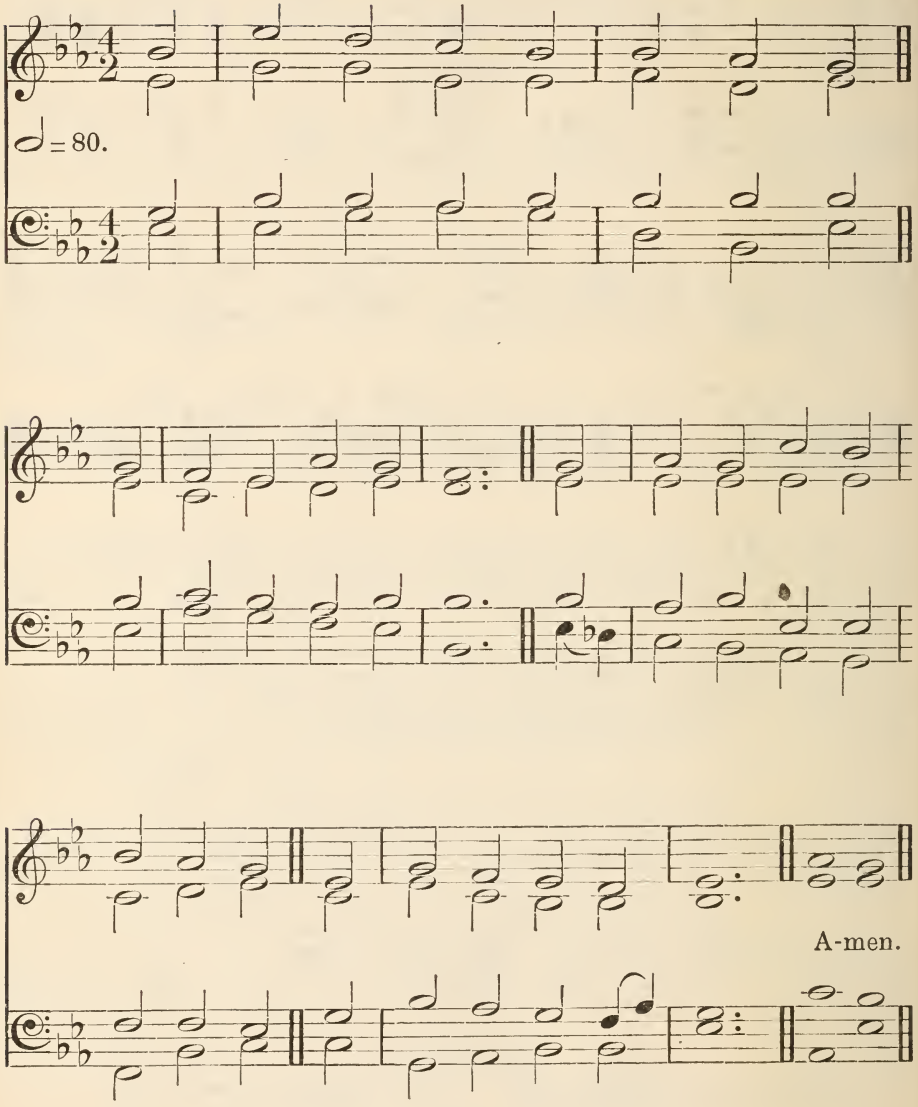
cr Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow and brightness for gloom.

p We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
cr Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky. Amen.

Also the following:

All things bright and beautiful—609
For the beauty of the earth—403
I praised the earth—433
We thank Thee, Lord—589

St. Peter. C.M. A. R. Reinagle, 1799–1877.



mf FATHER of all, in Whom alone
We live and move and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down
And cheer Thy sons beneath.

While in Thy word we search for Thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of Thy law.

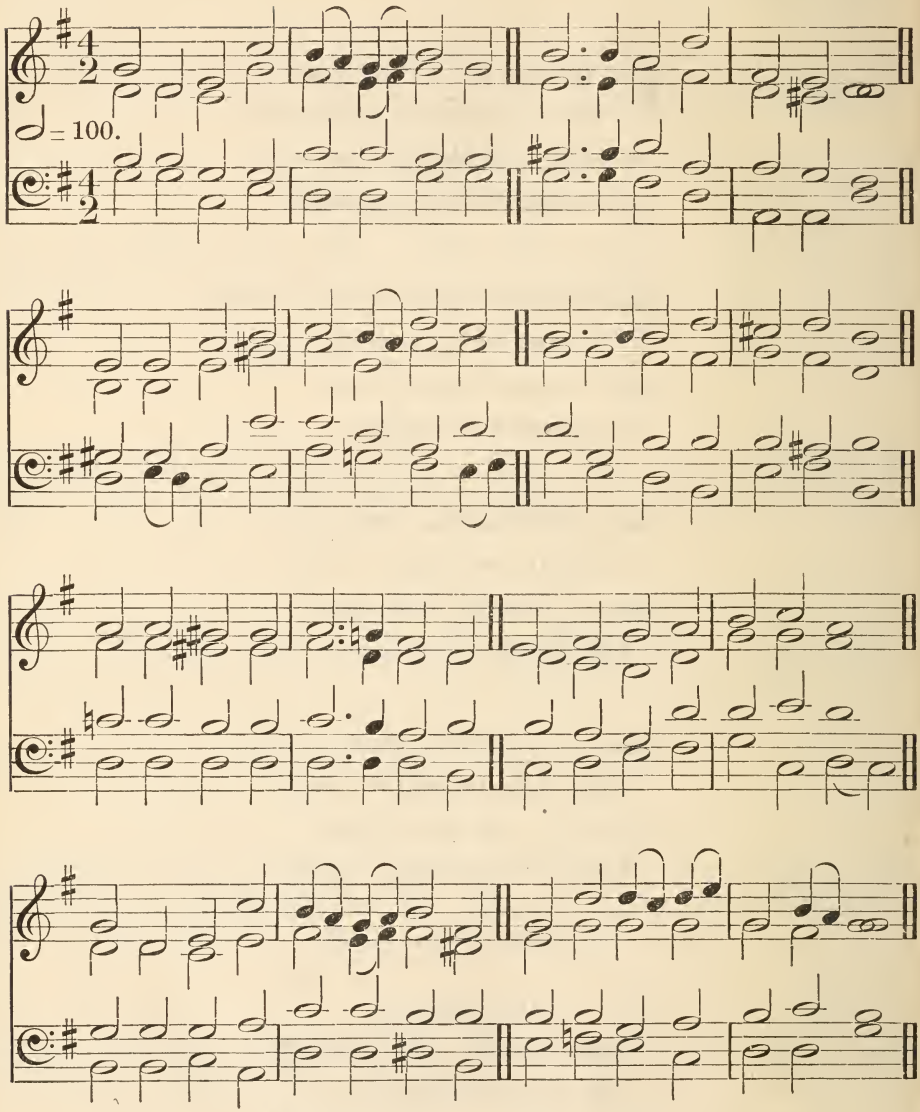
Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

Before us make Thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see Thy face,
And die to all below. Amen.

Also the following:

Father of mercies, in Thy word—397
Lord, Thy word abideth—472

EASTGATE. 8.7.8.7. D. G. J. BENNETT, *b.* 1863.



May also be sung to "Austria," *No.* 332.

The National Church.

f BULWARK of a mighty nation,
See the Church of England stand,
Founded on the Rock of ages,
Hope, and glory of our land.
See her stand, a holy temple,
Bonded with the bond of love,
Living bond that ever bindeth
Human souls to God above.

mf See her plead for all her children
Kneeling at their Saviour's throne,
Sign the Cross upon their foreheads,
Mark, and seal them for His own.
See her,—witness of the Spirit,—
Bid them search the Book that sheds
cr Rays of light upon the living,
dim Hope upon their dying beds.

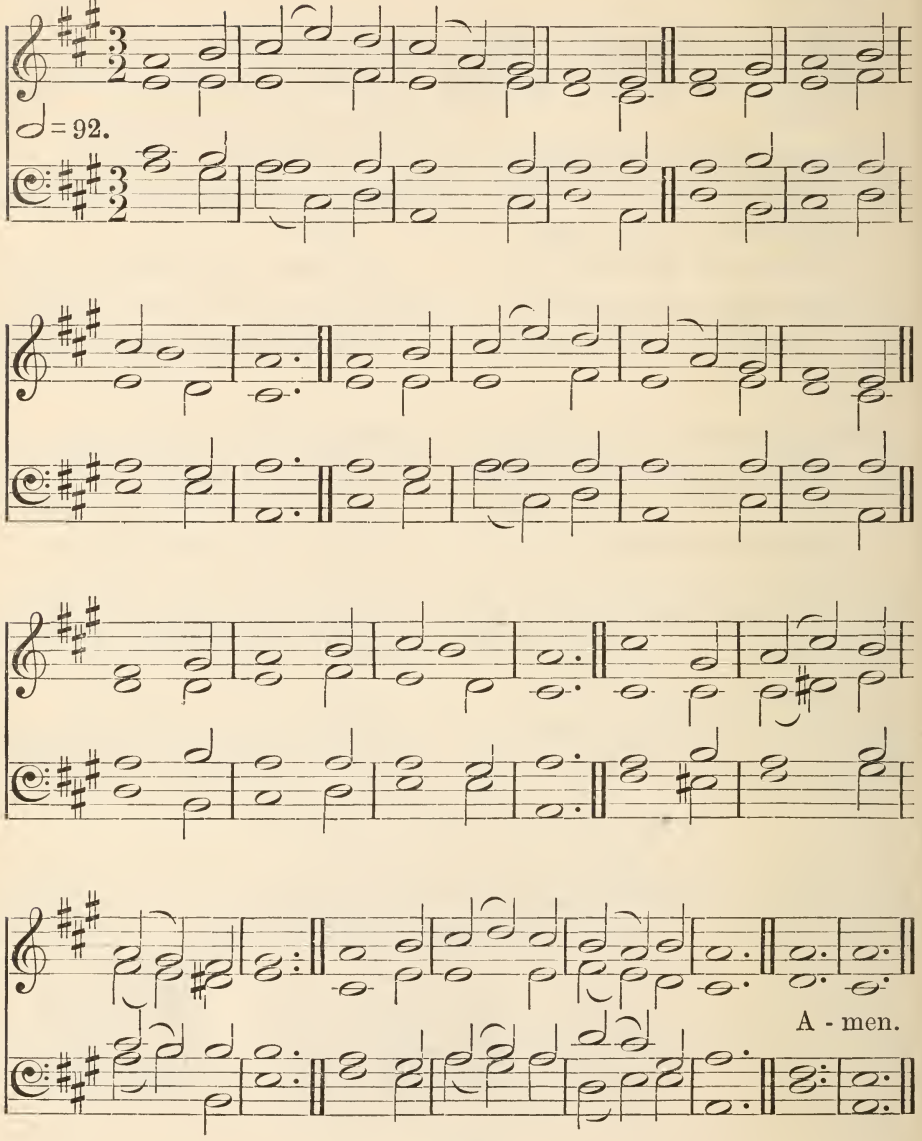
mf See her, as a loving mother,
Guard them with a mother's love,
cr Ever pointing with her finger
To their Father's home above.
mf Hers the voice that cheers them forward,
Fainting o'er the world-worn track,
Hers when from the path they wander,
First to call the wanderers back.

f Nursing-mother of our freedom,
Sowing truth from door to door,
Watching o'er the young and aged,
Church alike of rich and poor,
mf Shield her, Lord, from every evil,
Strife within, and foes without,
Give her strength to wage the warfare
Faith must ever wage with doubt.

p May Thy heavenly grace be with her,
Guide, support her by the way,
cr As she leads her children homeward
Through the mists that cloud the day;—
cr Till the living sea of crystal
Bursts upon their wondering sight,
f And the songs of thronging Angels
Greet them in the realms of light.

The National Church.

GODESBERG. 8.7.8.7.7.7. H. ALBERT, 1604–1651.



f HIS the glory, His the honour,
High and low, recount His praise,
Tell it out among the nations
How the Christ in ancient days
dim Left His home, His Father's side,
cr Sought, and found, and won His Bride.

mf In the far-off land He found her,
And she gave to Him her heart,
For His love is everlasting,
That nor life nor death can part;
dim There, to win her troth, He died,
p There, for her, was crucified.

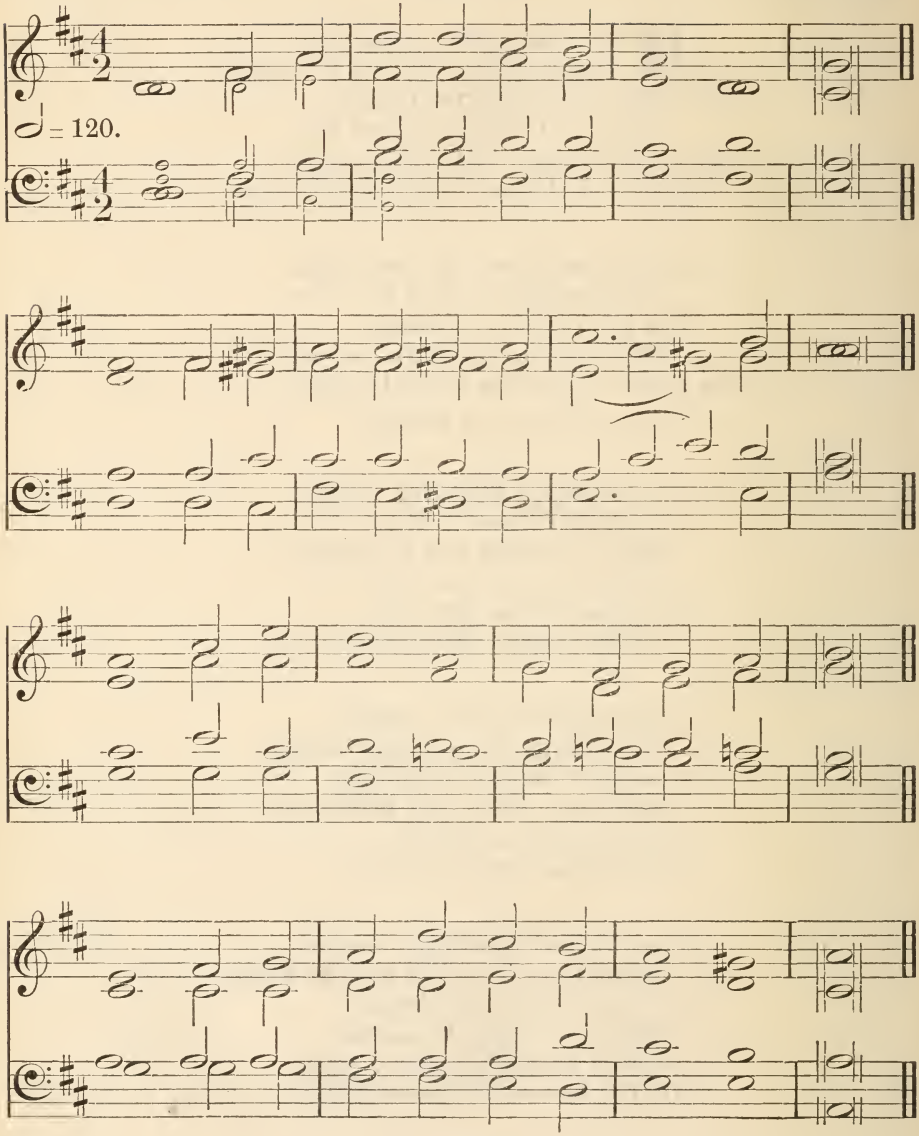
mf Oh, our King! fulfil Thy promise,
Bring her where no taint of sin,
Where no sadness and no blemish,
Where no stain can enter in;
Keep her ever at Thy side,
Bring her home, Thy faithful Bride.

Perfect then Thy new creation
With the grace that shall endure,
E'en amid temptation growing
Still more stately and more pure,
Till by sorrow sanctified
She becomes Thy holy Bride.

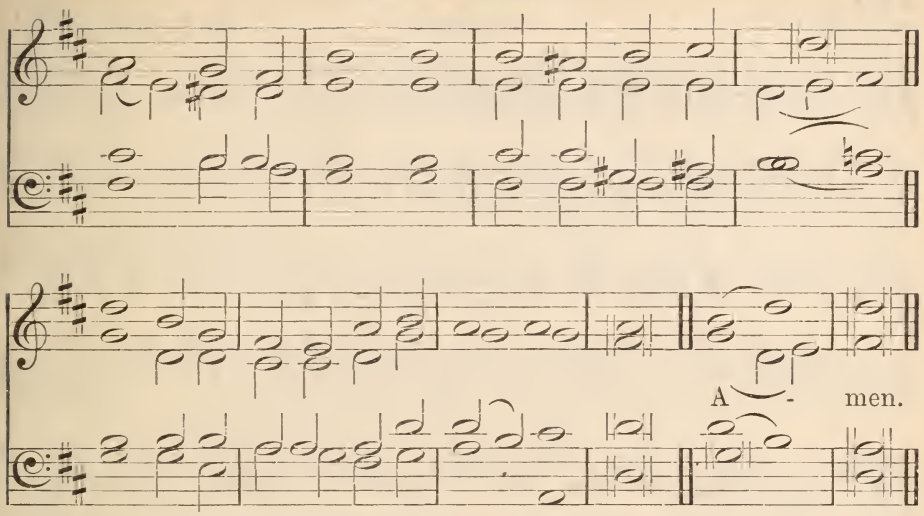
p Peace be hers within her temples;
cr Strength be hers, her walls to guard;
p May her holiness and beauty
By no evil thing be marred;
cr Through all peril, Saviour, guide
To Thy heaven Thy crownèd Bride. Amen.

344 For Unity.

God of our fathers. Six 10's. F. Peel, *b.* 1839.



For Unity.



mf ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.

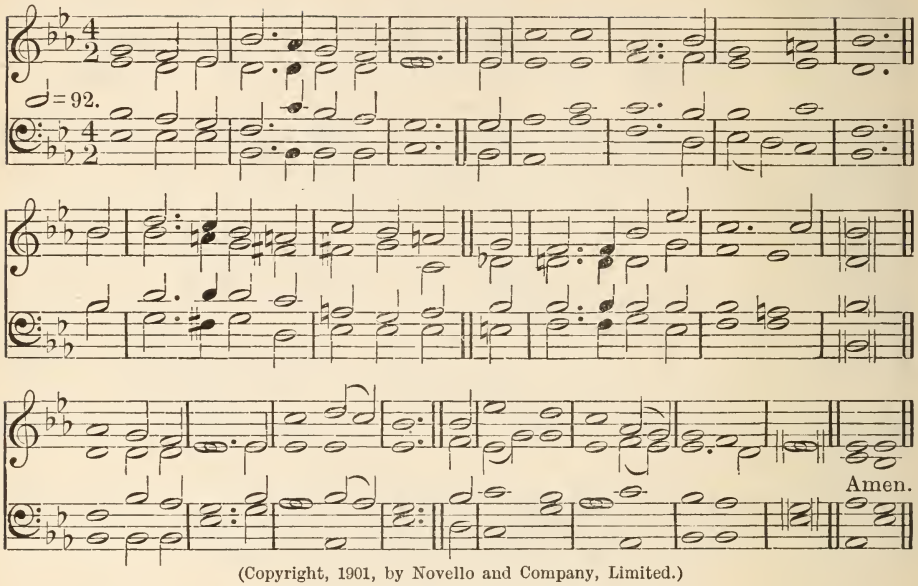
We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove
Into our hearts, that we may be as one;
As one with Thee to Whom we ever tend,
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

Oh make us one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free,
To follow Truth, and thus to follow Thee.

Oh clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be
Enough to know that we are serving Thee. Amen.

345 Temperance.

DONA DEI. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.



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mf GREAT God, Who madest all for man,
All life on earth, fruit, flower, and field,
Who o'er the wide world's widest span
Dost make them all their blessings yield;—
p Oh help us, Lord, as in Thy sight,
All these Thy gifts to use aright.

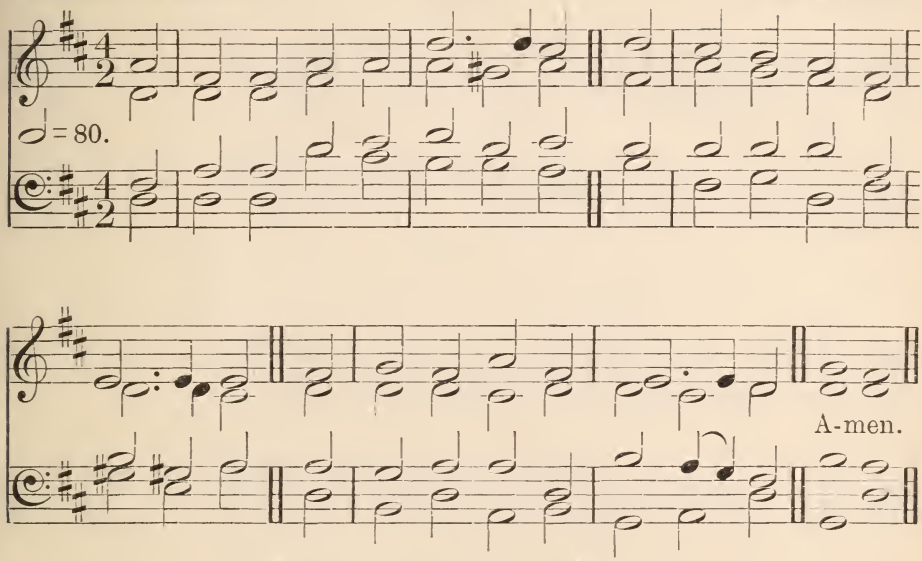
mf No living thing beneath the heaven,
From sea to sea, or shore to shore,
That is not by Thy bounty given
To fill our ever-needed store;—
p Then help us, Lord, as in Thy sight,
All these Thy gifts to use aright.

mf For all are gifts, O Lord, of Thine,
All Thine to give or take away,
cr So may we all as one combine
To praise Thee this and every day;—
p Then help us, Lord, as in Thy sight,
All these Thy gifts to use aright.

p The weak, the wavering, young or old,
'Mid great temptations sorely tried,
cr May Thine all-pitying eye behold,
And draw them to Thy wounded side;—
p Then help us, Lord, as in Thy sight,
All these Thy gifts to use aright.

p And may we all as brothers strive
Examples through our lives to be,
cr Restrain our wayward wills, and live
Lives dedicated, Lord, to Thee;—
p Then help us, Lord, as in Thy sight,
All these Thy gifts to use aright. Amen.

DAUGHTERS OF GALILEE. 8.8.8. H. M. GWYTHER.



May also be sung to "Delhi," *No.* 321.

mf FATHER of men, in Whom are one
All humankind beneath Thy sun,
Stablish our work in Thee begun.

Except the house be built of Thee,
In vain the builder's toil must be:—
Oh strengthen our infirmity!

Man lives not for himself alone,
In others' good he finds his own,
Life's worth in fellowship is known.

[We, friends and comrades on life's way,
Gather within these walls to pray,—
Bless Thou our fellowship to-day!]

p O Christ, our Elder Brother, Who
By serving man God's will didst do,
Help us to serve our brethren too.

Guide us to seek the things above,
The base to shun, the pure approve,
To live by Thy free law of love.

cr In all our work, in all our play,
Be with us, Lord, our friend, our stay;
Lead onward to the perfect day:

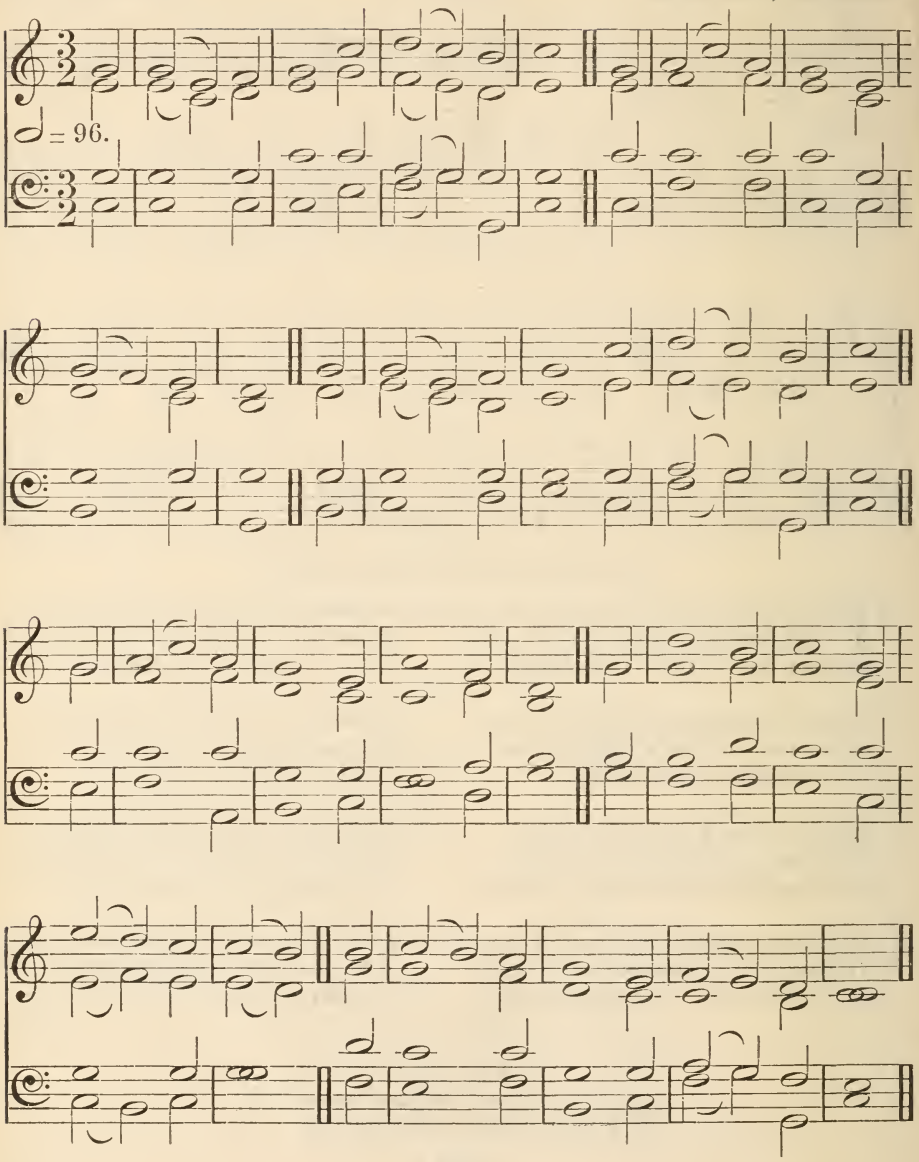
mf Then may we know, earth's lesson o'er,
With comrades missed or gone before,
Heaven's fellowship for evermore.
Amen.

Also the following:

How blessèd, from the bonds of sin—348
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see—499

347 At a Retreat.

St. Petersburg. 8.8.8.8.8.8. D. Bortnianski, 1752–1825.



At a Retreat.

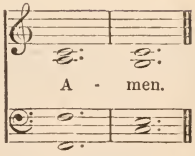
mf THOU hidden Love of God, Whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
p My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

mf 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

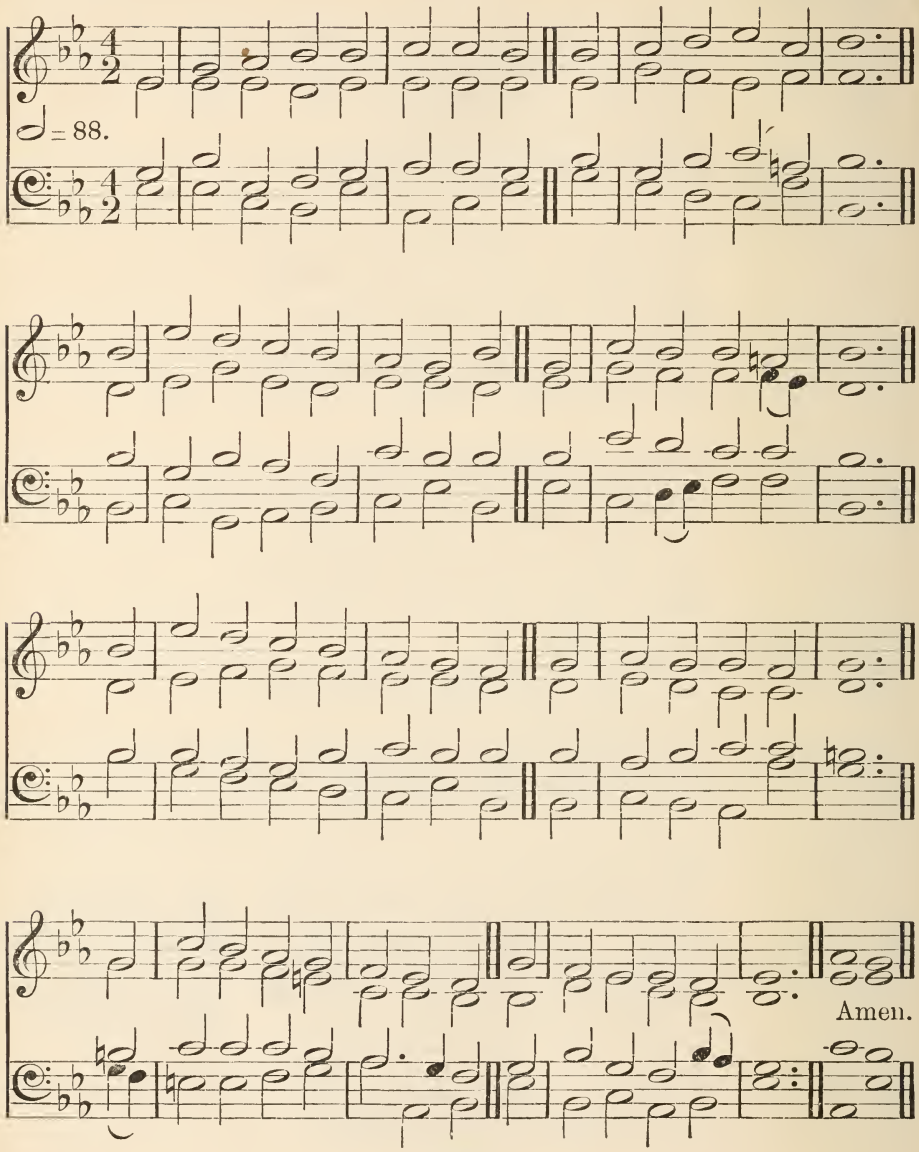
Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.



Also the following:
Father of all, to Thee—394

Lay Helpers and Teachers.

OLD 81ST. D.C.M. DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



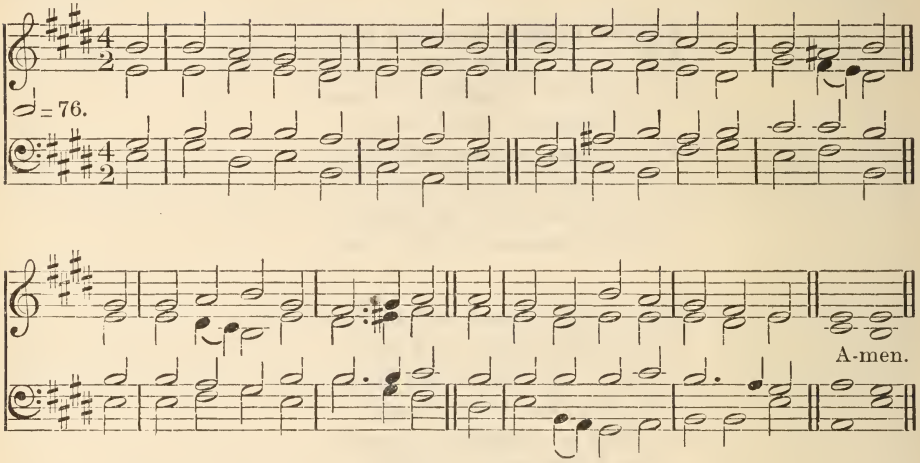
mf HOW blessèd, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servants, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand:

With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight:
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's will.

Thus may we serve Thee, gracious Lord!
Thus ever Thine alone,
Our souls and bodies given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.
cr Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side,
f By life or death, in this poor flesh
Let Christ be magnified!

mf How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
p How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh;
When all the faithful gather home,
cr A joyful company!
f And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be! Amen.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.



mf LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh strengthen me, that while I stand *cr*
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

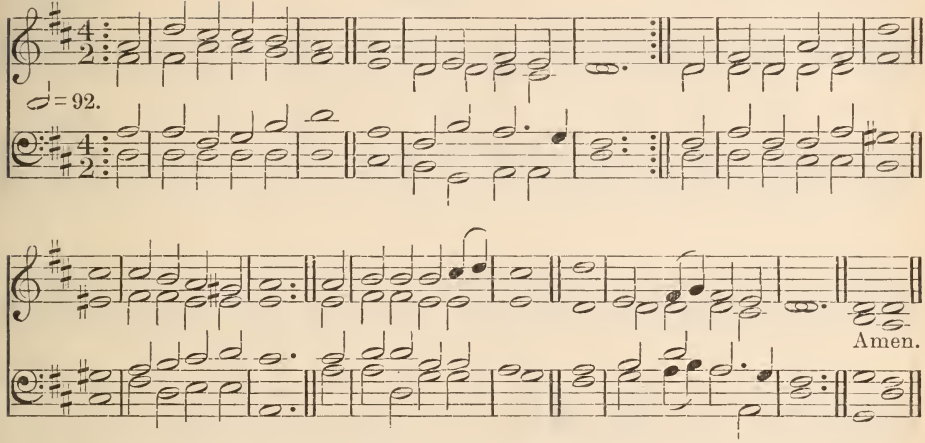
p Oh give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

mf Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
cr Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

350 Lay Helpers and Teachers.

HAWARDEN. Eight 6's. S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



mf SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day;
And through the written word
Thy very self display;
That so from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face,
Thy little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy Name;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served, with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart. Amen.

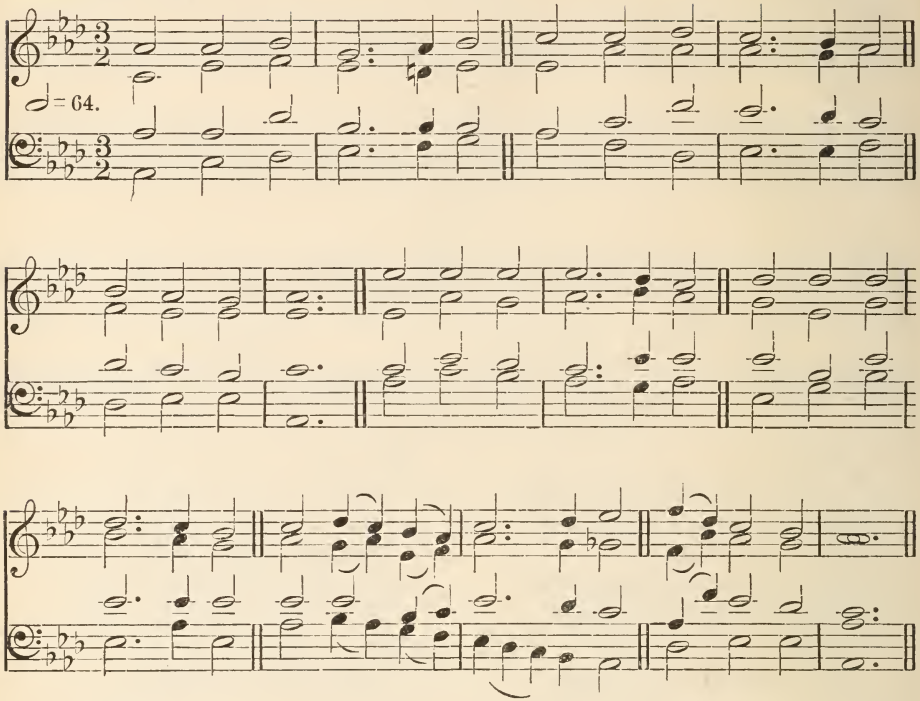
Also the following:

Soldiers of Christ! arise—546
Soldiers of the Cross, arise—322

Schools. *See* Children's Hymns.

351 King's Accession.

National Anthem. 6.6.4.6.6.4. Uncertain.



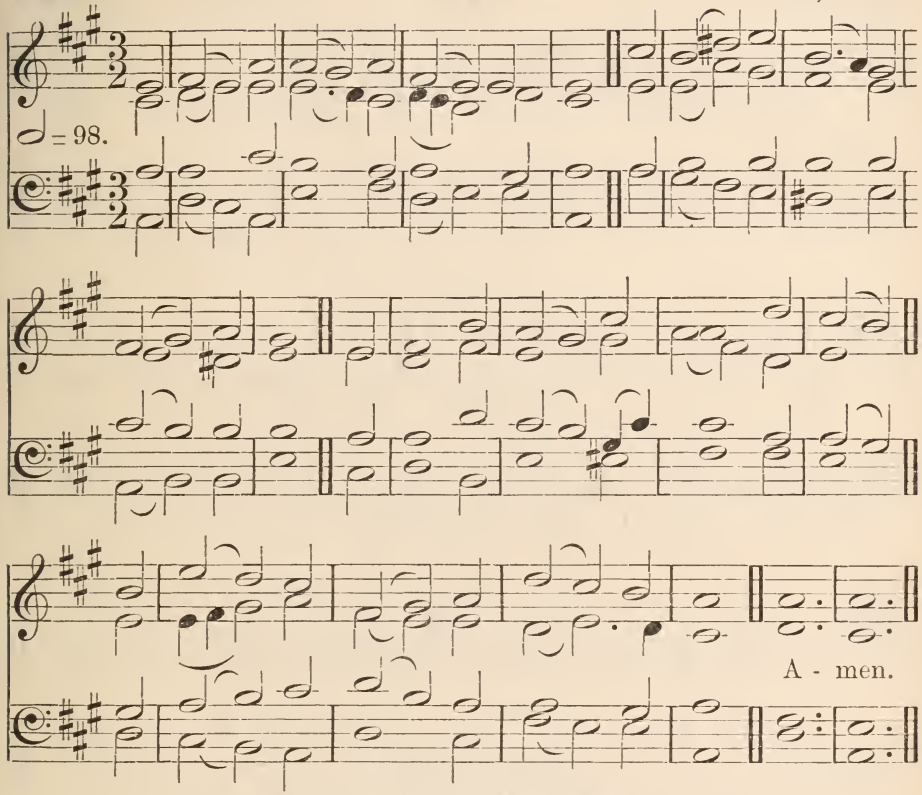
f GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King.

mf O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
cr Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
f On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save us all.

mf Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
cr May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
f To sing with heart and voice,
ff God save the King.

352 King's Accession.

WIMBISH. L.M. A. H. BROWN, *b.* 1830.



May also be sung to "Erfurt," *No.* 476.

mf O KING of kings! Thy blessing shed
On our anointed Sovereign's head;
And, looking from Thy holy heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

Him with Thy choicest mercies bless;
To all his counsels give success;
In war, in peace, Thy succour bring;
Thy strength command—God save the King.

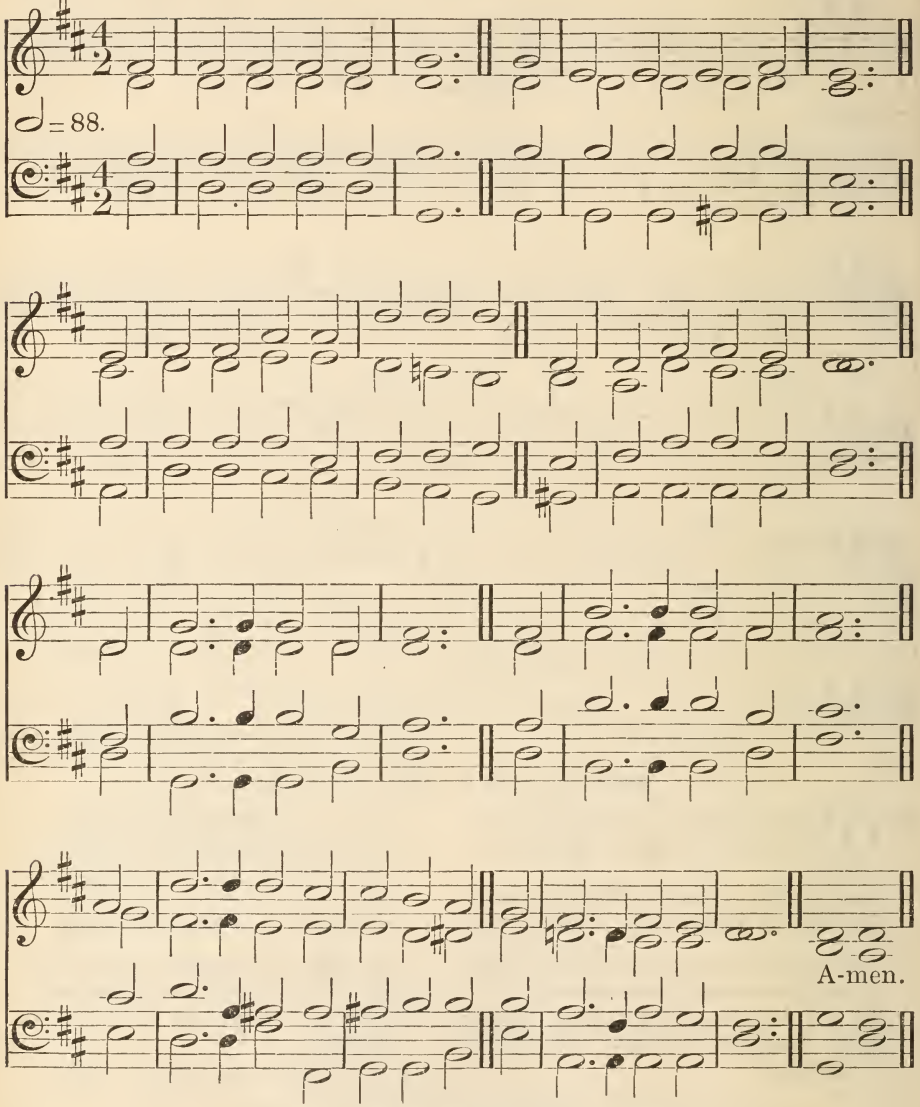
Him may we honour and obey;
Uphold his right and lawful sway;
Remembering that the powers that be
Are ministers ordained by Thee.

And when all earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant him a throne in worlds on high,
A crown of immortality. Amen.

Also the following: From foes that would the land devour—408

353

LEOMINSTER. D.S.M. G. W. MARTIN, 1828–1881.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

mf A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
dim And we shall be with those that rest
p Asleep within the tomb:
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
dim And take my sins away.

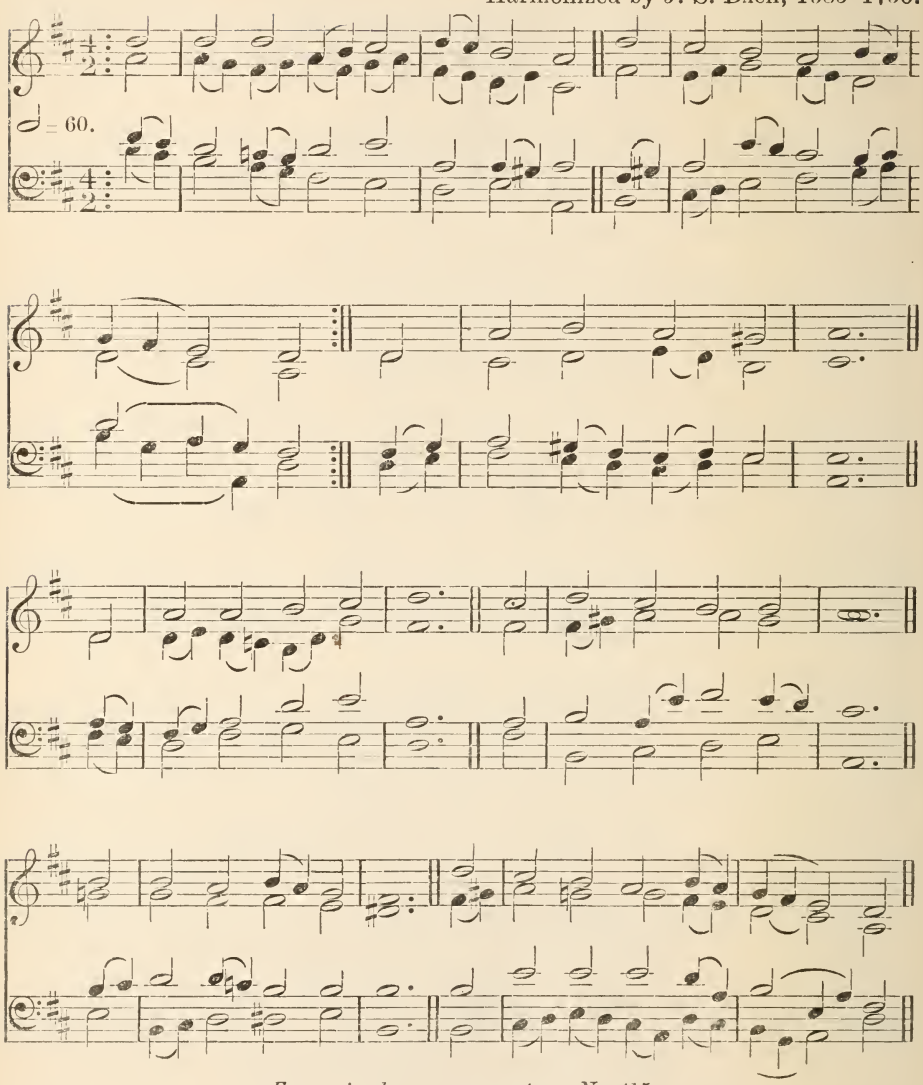
mf A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
dim And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
dim And take my sins away.

mf A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
dim And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
dim And take my sins away.

p A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
mf And we shall weep no more:
p Then, O my Lord, prepare
cr My soul for that bright day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
dim And take my sins away.

mf 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
cr Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
p Then, O my Lord, prepare
cr My soul for that glad day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
dim And take my sins away. Amen.

EIN' FESTE BURG. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7. M. LUTHER, 1483–1546.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.



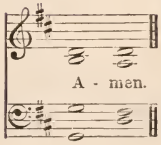
For a simpler arrangement see No. 415.

f A FORTRESS sure is God our King,
A Shield that ne'er shall fail us,
His sword alone shall succour bring,
When evil doth assail us;
mf With craft and cruel hate
Doth Satan lie in wait,
And armed with deadly power,
Seeks whom he may devour,
Our crafty foe unyielding.

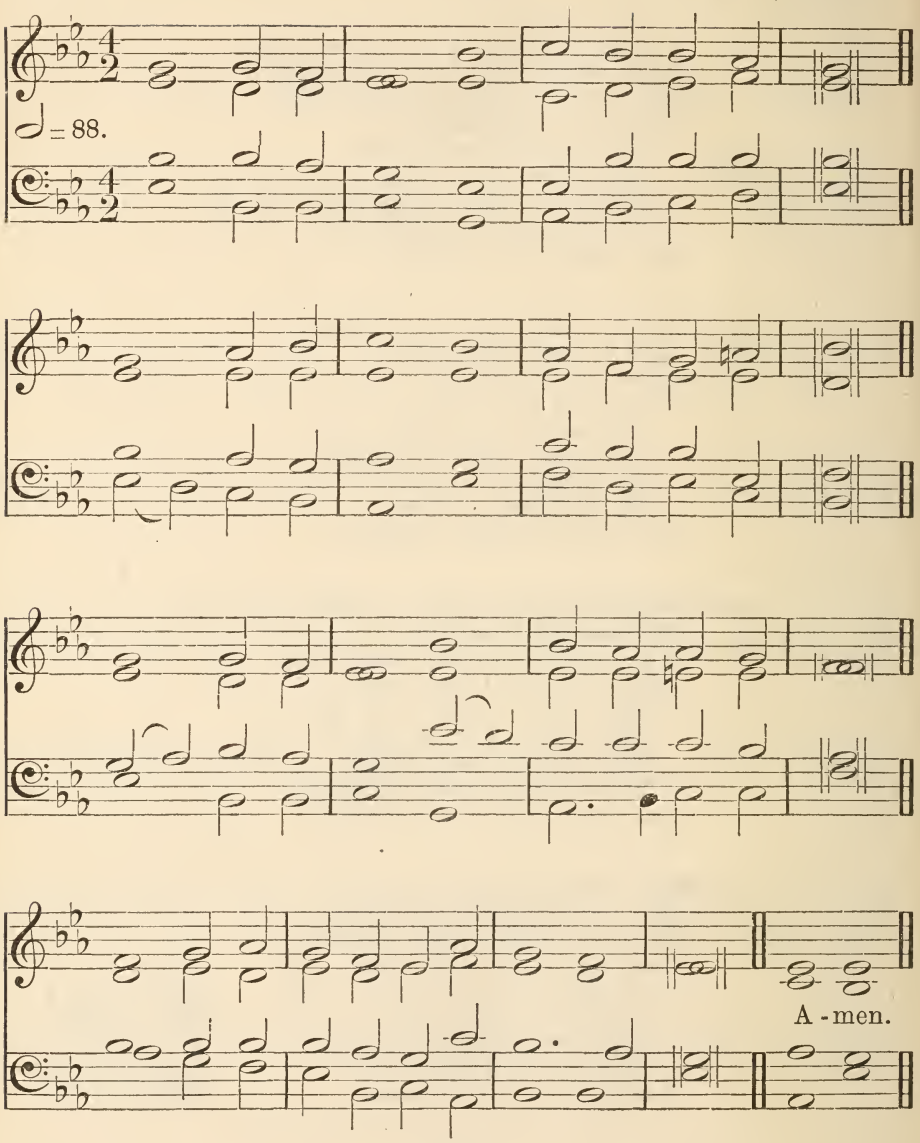
mf Oh! who shall then our champion be,
Lest we be lost for ever?
f One sent by God,—from sin 'tis He
The sinner shall deliver;
mf And dost thou ask His name?
ff 'Tis Jesus Christ,—the Same
Of Sabaoth the Lord,
The Everlasting Word,—
O'er sin and death victorious.

mf Though filled this earth with fiends may be,
All eager to devour us,
Yet are our minds from terror free,
They ne'er shall overpower us:
The prince of this world still
May rage as e'er he will,
His wrath we do not heed,
For why? his doom's decreed:
One word shall overwhelm him.

f God's word remaineth ever sure,
To us His goodness showing;
The Spirit's gifts—of sin the cure—
Each day He is bestowing;
mf Though nought we love be left,
Of all, e'en life, bereft;
cr Yet what shall Satan gain?
God's kingdom doth remain,
f And shall be ours for ever.



EVENTIDE. 10.10.10.10. W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.



mf ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
cr When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, (*p*) Oh, abide with me!

p Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
mf O Thou, who changest not, (*p*) abide with me!

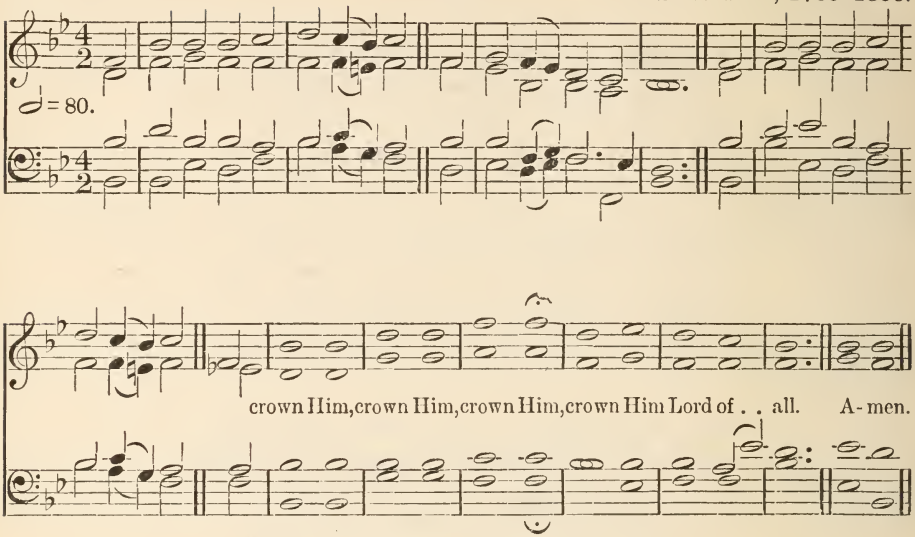
mf Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

mf I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
cr What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, (*p*) Oh, abide with me!

f I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

p Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
cr Speak through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
p In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

Miles' Lane. C.M. W. Shrubsole, 1760–1806.



May also be sung to "St. Leonard," *No.* 85.

f ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name! Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all!

mf Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
cr And crown Him Lord of all!

mf Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His Altar call;
Praise Him Whose blood-stained path ye trod,
cr And crown Him Lord of all!

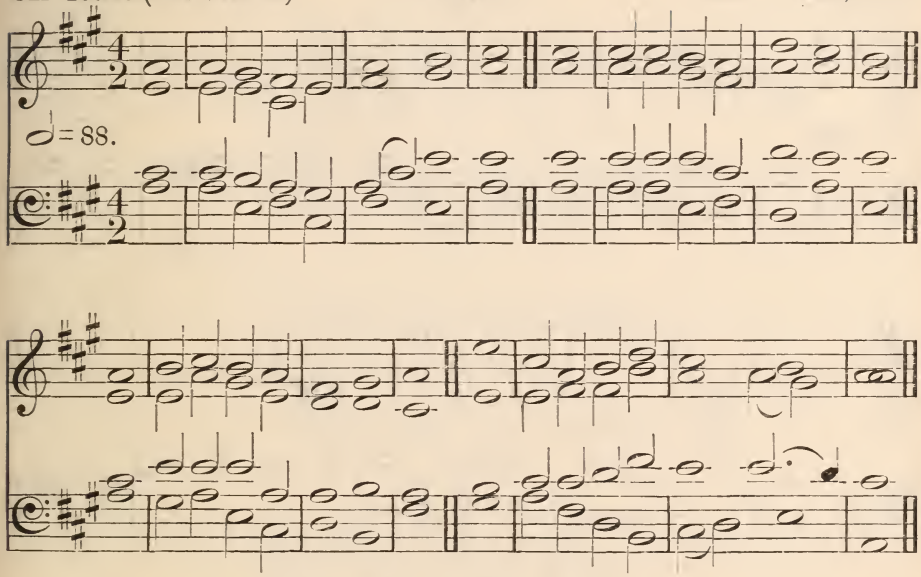
mf Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
cr Go! spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

mf Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
cr And crown Him Lord of all!

f Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
Join in the universal song
And crown Him Lord of all!

Amen.

OLD 100TH (Old Version). L.M. *Geneva Psalter*, 1551.



For another Version see No. 368.

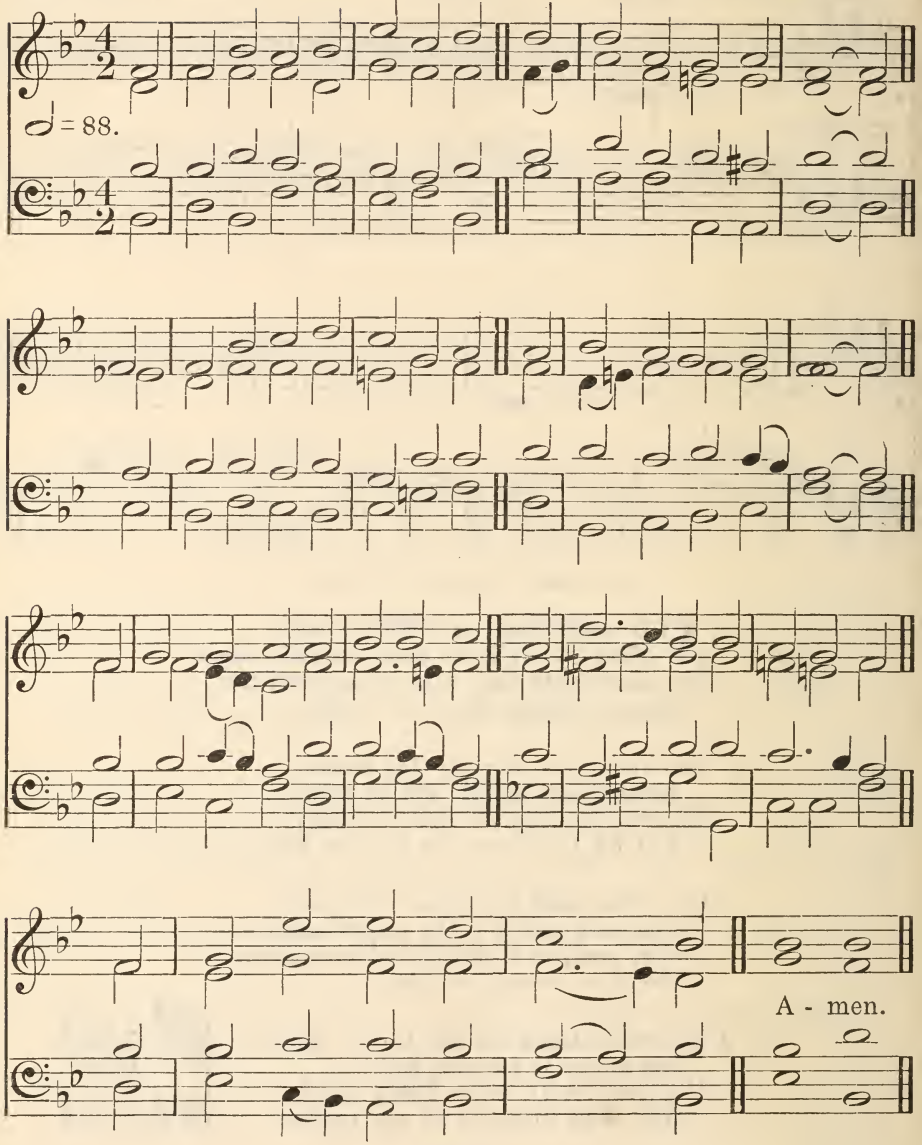
f ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice,

mf The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His folk, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

f Oh! enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

f For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

ADORATION. 8.6.8.6.8.8.7. G. W. TORRANCE, *b.* 1835.



f ALL praise and thanks to God Most High,
The Father of all love!
The God Who doeth wondrously,
The God Who from above
mf My soul with richest solace fills,
The God Who every sorrow stills;
ff Give to our God the glory!

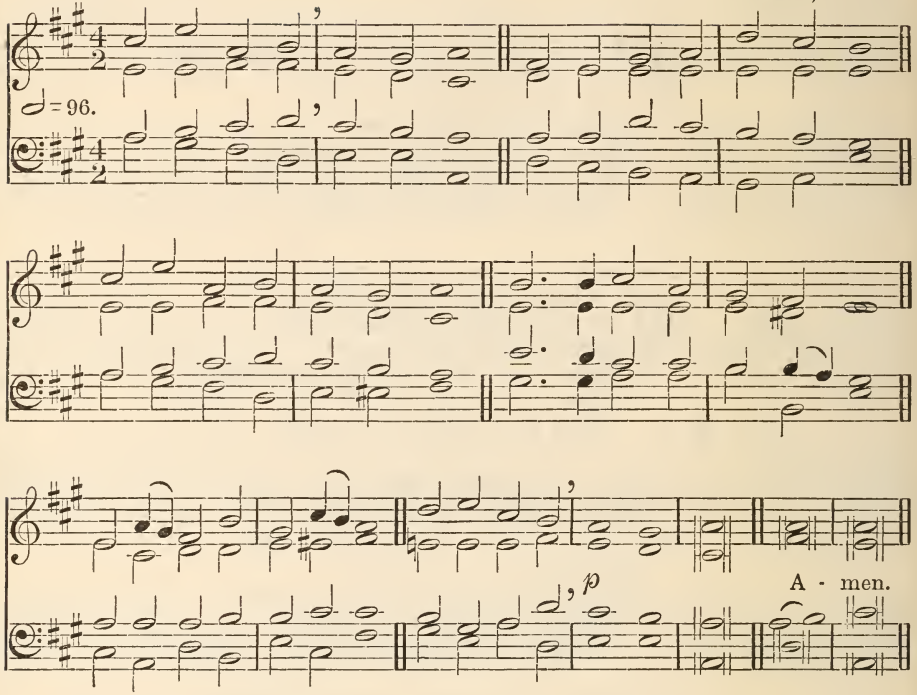
f The Hosts of heaven Thy praises tell,
All thrones bow down to Thee,
And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
In earth and air and sea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things right;
ff Give to our God the glory!

mf And for the creatures He hath made
Our God shall well provide,
His grace shall be their constant aid,
Their guard on every side.
f His kingdom ye may surely trust,
There all is equal, all is just;
ff Give to our God the glory!

f Ah! then, till life hath reached its bound,
My God, I'll worship Thee;
The chorus of Thy praise shall sound
Far over land and sea.
O soul and body, now rejoice,
My heart, send forth a gladsome voice,
ff Give to our God the glory!

f All ye who name Christ's Holy Name,
Give to our God the glory!
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
Give to our God the glory!
All idols under foot be trod,
The Lord is God! the Lord is God!
ff Give to our God the glory! Amen.

TE LAUDANT OMNIA. Six 7's. J. F. SWIFT, *b.* 1847.



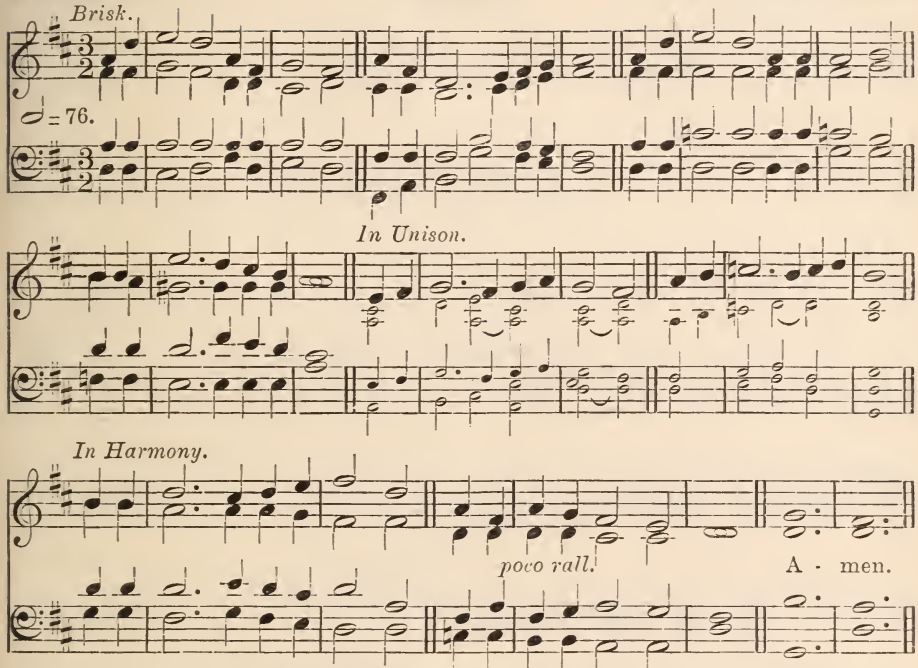
f ALL things praise Thee,—(*mf*) Lord Most High,
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness thus displayed
Should all worship bring to Thee;
f All things praise Thee:—(*p*) Lord, may we!

f All things praise Thee;—(*mf*) night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;
All things praise Thee;—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee,
f All things praise Thee:—(*p*) Lord, may we!

f All things praise Thee;—heaven's high shrine
Rings with melody divine;
p Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and Archangel meet;
f This their highest bliss, to be
Ever praising:—(*p*) Lord, may we!

f All things praise Thee,—(*mf*) Gracious Lord,
Great Creator, Mighty Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
cr Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
f All things praise Thee:—(*p*) Lord, may we! Amen.

EUCHARISTICA. 8.7.8.7. D. J. W. ELLIOTT, *b.* 1833.



May also be sung to "Lux Eoi," *No.* 167.

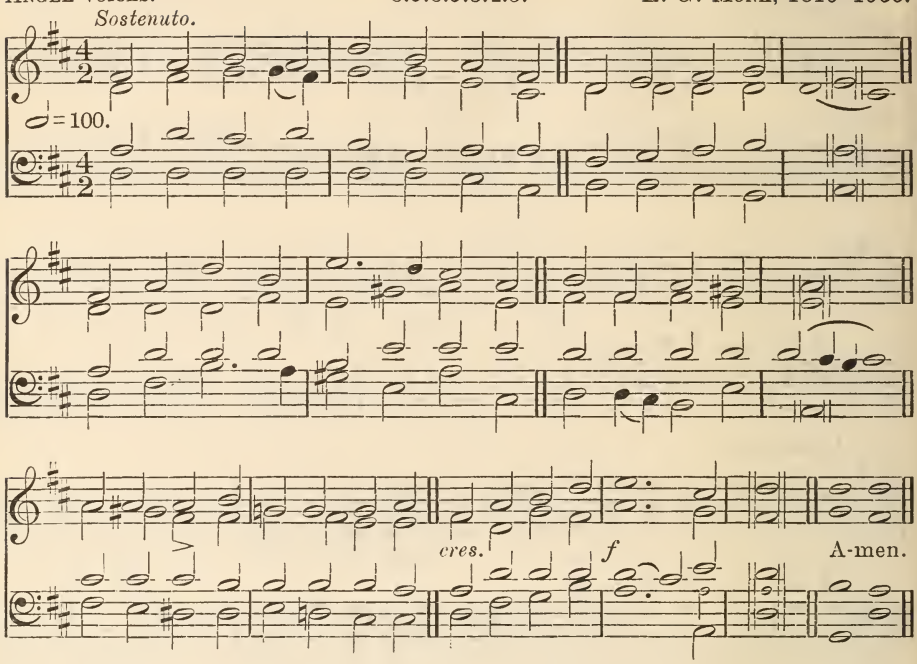
f ALLELUIA! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark, the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His Blood!"

mf Alleluia! Not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
p Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
cr Shall our hearts forget His promise—
f "I am with you evermore"?

mf Alleluia! Bread of Angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! Here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

f Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark, the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His Blood!" Amen.

ANGEL-VOICES. 8.5.8.5.8.4.3. E. G. MONK, 1819–1900.



mf ANGEL-voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel-harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
cr And confess Thee,
f Lord of might!

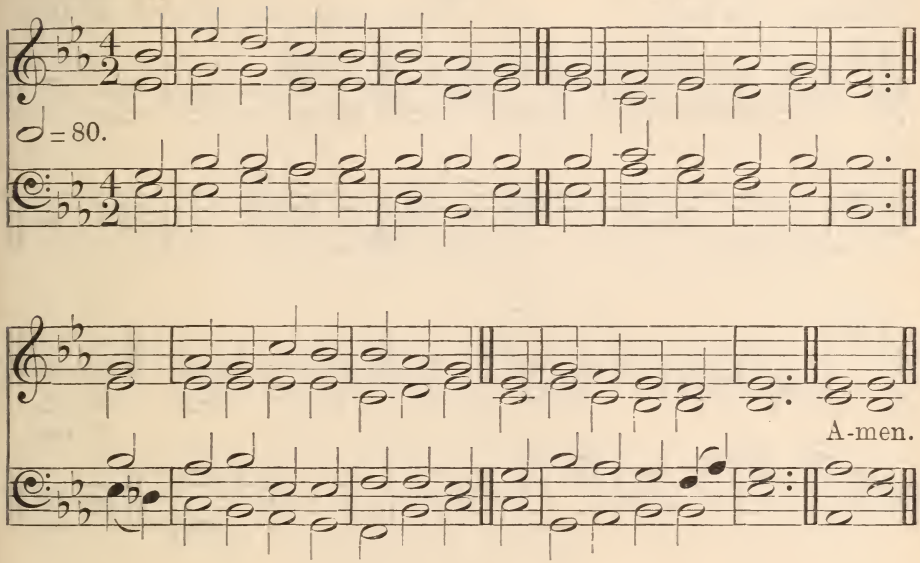
mf Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
cr And wilt hear us?
f Yea, we can.

mf Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

f Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee! Amen.

St. Peter. C.M. A. R. Reinagle, 1799–1877.



mf APPROACH, my soul, the Mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

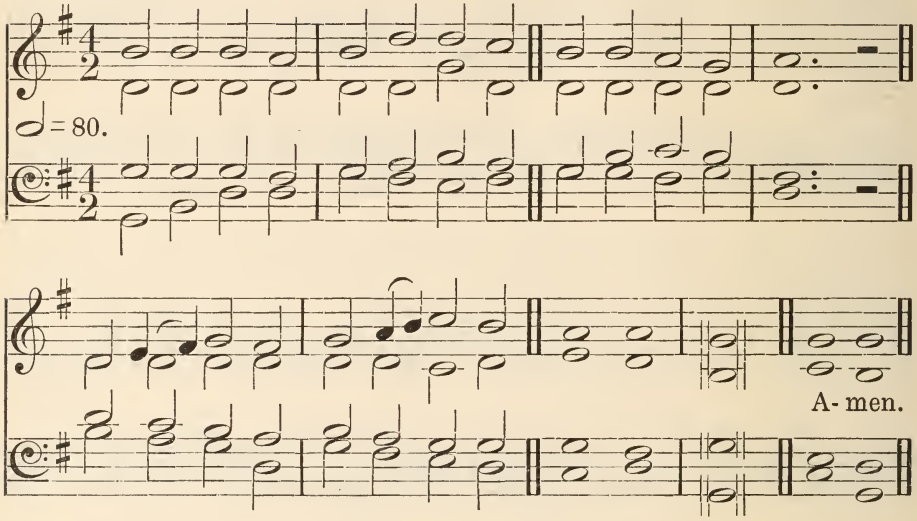
p Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

mf Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

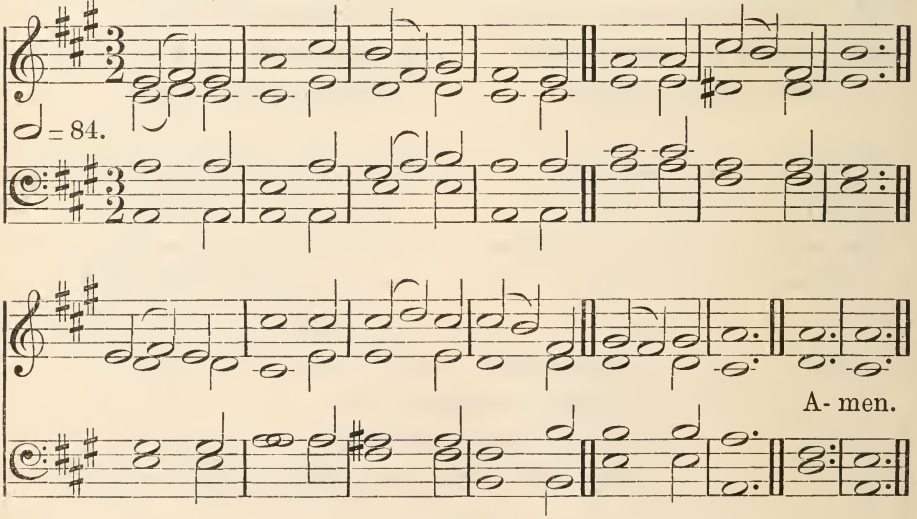
O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name. Amen.

8.5.8.3.

STEPHANOS (*First Tune*). H. W. BAKER, 1821–1877, arr. by W. H. MONK.



ART THOU WEARY (*Second Tune*). 8.5.8.3. E. W. BULLINGER, *b.* 1837.



p ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
mf "Come to Me"—saith One—"and coming,
p Be at rest!"

mf Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
p "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

mf Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns!"

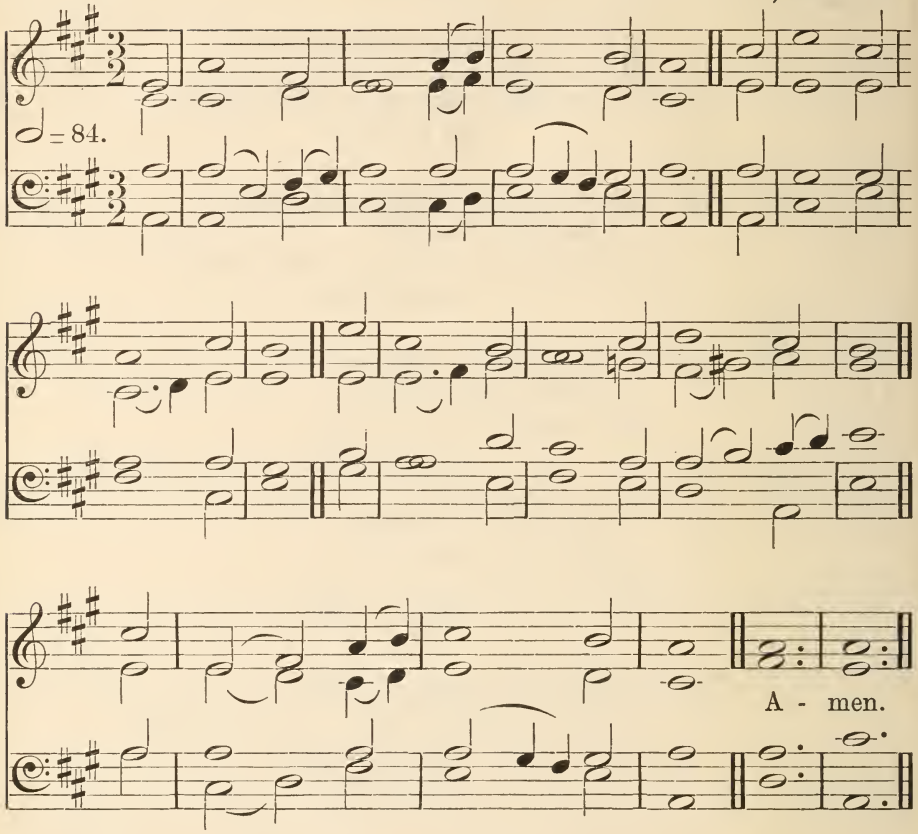
mf If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

mf If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

mf If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f "Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

mf Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
cr "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
f Answer, Yes!" Amen.

MARTYRDOM. C.M. HUGH WILSON, 1764–1824.

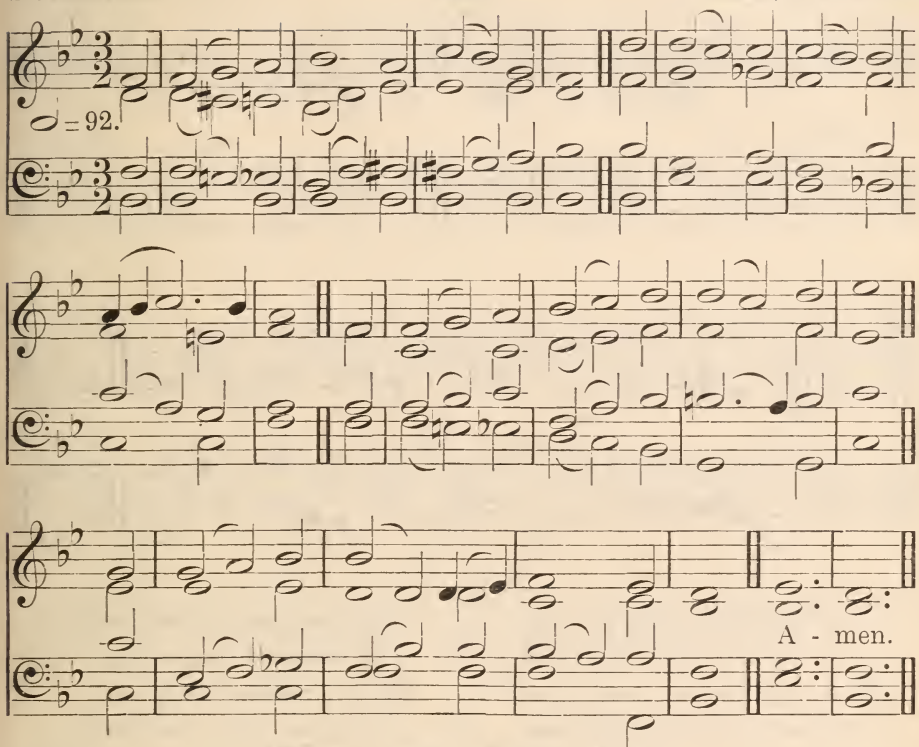


mf AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

p Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cr Hope still, and thou shalt sing
f The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring. Amen.

St. Salvador. L.M. E. Pieraccini, 1848–1902.



May also be sung to "Eisenach," *No.* 73.

p ASHAMED of Thee! O dearest Lord,
I marvel how such wrong can be:
And yet how oft in deed and word
Have I been found ashamed of Thee!

mf Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,
Who soughtest me with wondrous love,
dim Whose feet the way of sorrows trod
To bring me to Thy home above:—

mf Ashamed of Thee!—of that blest Name
Which speaks of mercy full and free!
p Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

mf Ashamed of Thee! Whose love Divine
Was not ashamed of our lost race,
But even this cold heart of mine
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-place:—

mf Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be:
cr And in Thy last great Advent-day
dim Oh be not Thou ashamed of me! Amen.

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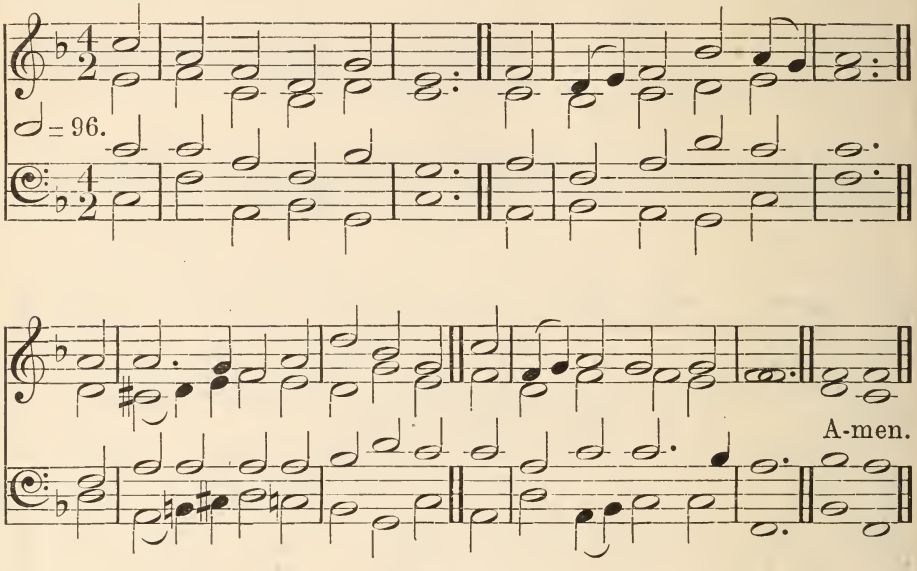
THE DAY OF PRAISE. S.M. C. STEGGALL, *b.* 1826.



f AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's Name.

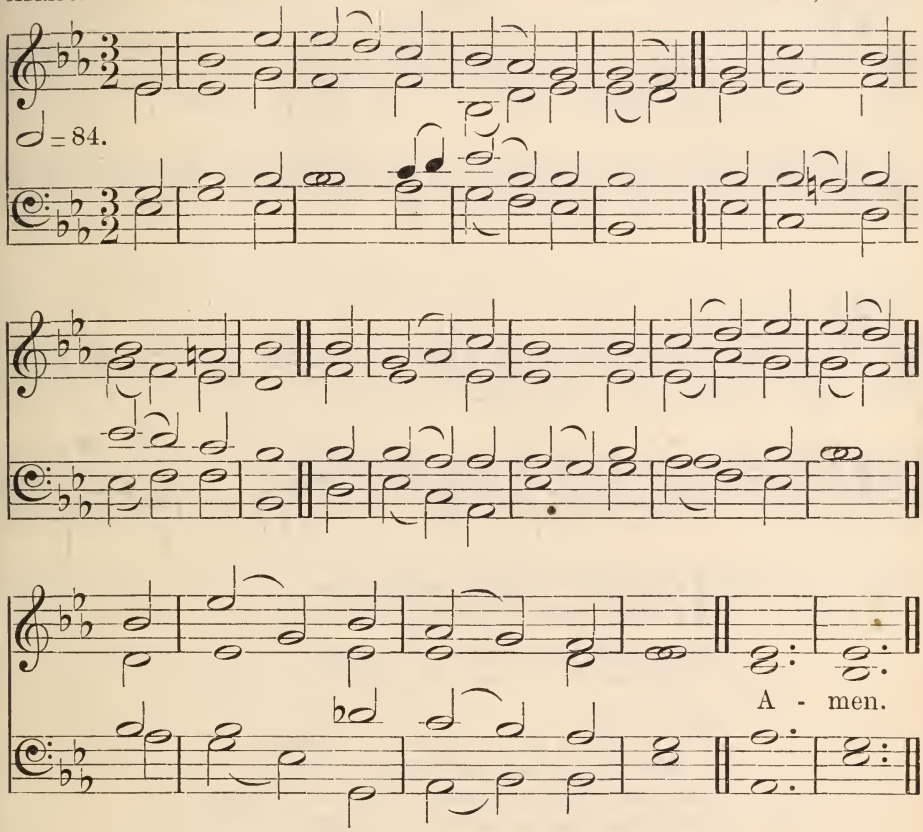
Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For all whose sins He bore.

Sing on your heavenly way;
Ye ransomed singers, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

mf Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come:"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

f There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sing in sweetest notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.

ABRIDGE. C.M. ISAAC SMITH, *d.* 1800.



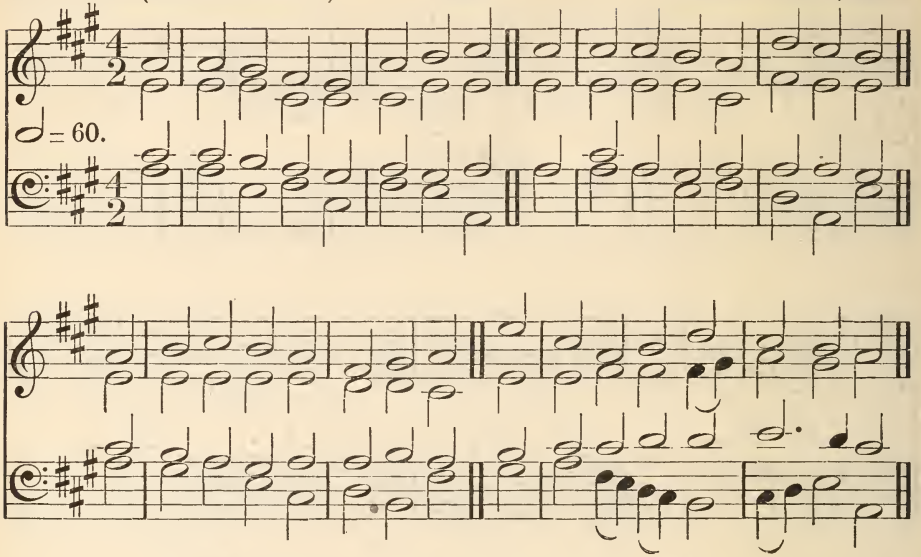
mf BE Thou our Guardian and our Guide,
And hear us when we call;
Let not our slippery footsteps slide,
And hold us lest we fall.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path we tread;
p Oh save us from the snares of hell,
cr Thou Quickener of the dead.

p And if we tempted are to sin,
And outward things are strong,
cr Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save our souls from wrong.

mf Still let us ever watch and pray,
And feel that we are frail;
That if the tempter cross our way,
Yet he may not prevail. Amen.

Old 100th (Modern Version). L.M. *Geneva Psalter*, 1551.

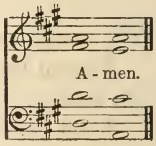


mf BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

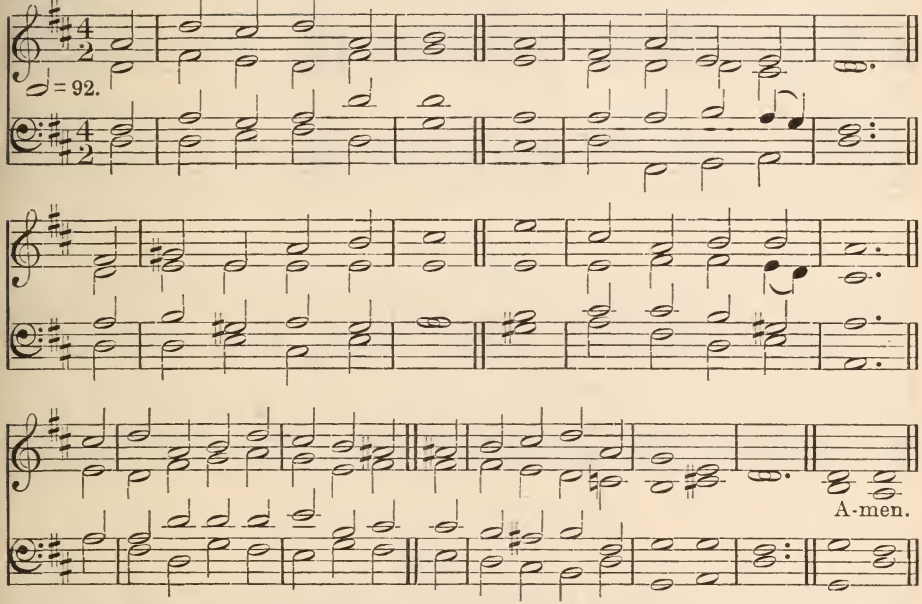
His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

f We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.



CROFT'S 148TH. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. W. CROFT, 1678–1727.



mf BEFORE the Lord we bow,
The God Who reigns above,
cr And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love;
f Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King.

mf The nation Thou hast blest
May well Thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by Thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day
Our thanks we pay—
Gifts of Thy hand.

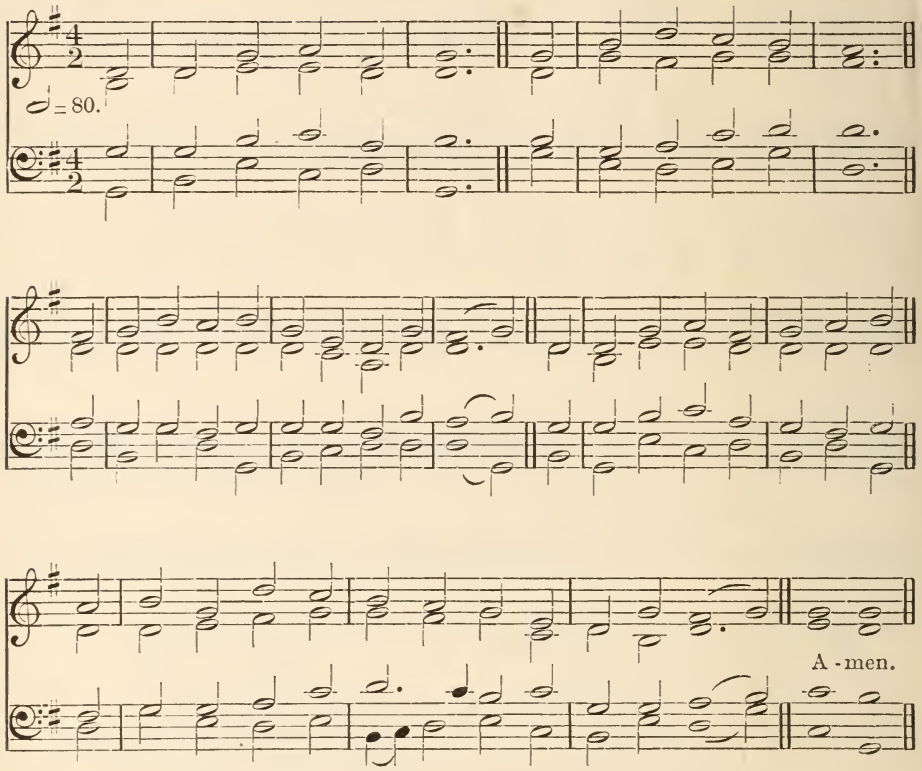
May every mountain height,
Each vale and pasture green
Shine in Thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen!

f May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

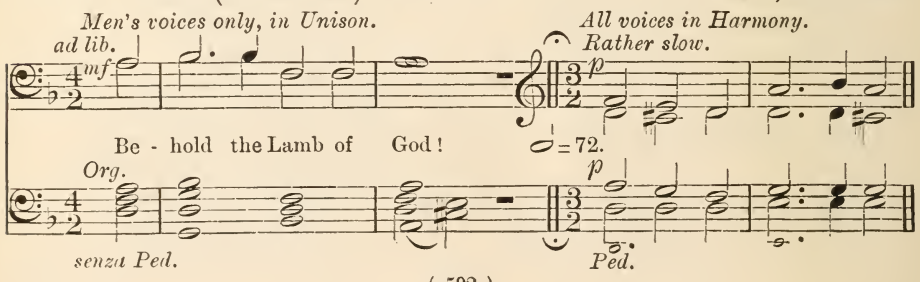
mf Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own,
cr Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship Him alone;
dim Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
p And bow before
The Crucified.

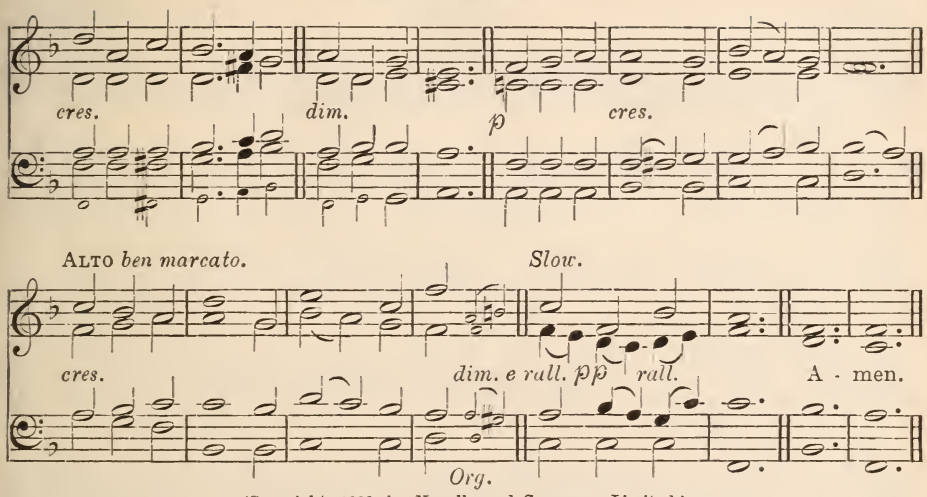
mf Before the Lord we bow,
The God Who reigns above,
cr And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love;
f Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King. Amen.

ST. JOHN (*First Tune*). 6.6.6.4.8.8.4. Old Melody.



DIGNUS EST AGNUS (*Second Tune*). 6.6.6.4.8.8.4. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.





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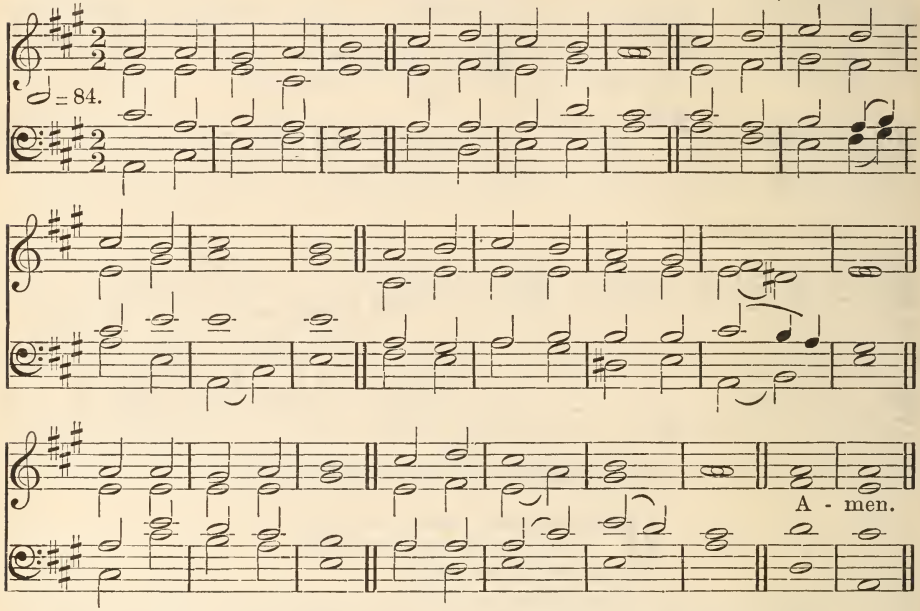
f BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
p O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died.
cr Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
p Thy piercèd side.

f Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word!
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most Blest;
mf Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessèd Saints
p Eternal rest.

f Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone
To sit upon the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love! Amen.

THURINGIA. 5.5.8.8.5.5. A. DRESE, 1620–1701.



f BLESSÈD be Thy Name,
Jesus Christ, the same
Yesterday, to-day, for ever!
What from Thee my soul shall sever,
While I hear Thy voice,
And in Thee rejoice?

mf Hold me with Thine hand,
For by faith I stand!
On Thy strength my sole reliance,
In Thy truth my whole affiance:
Then, where'er I roam,
I am travelling home.

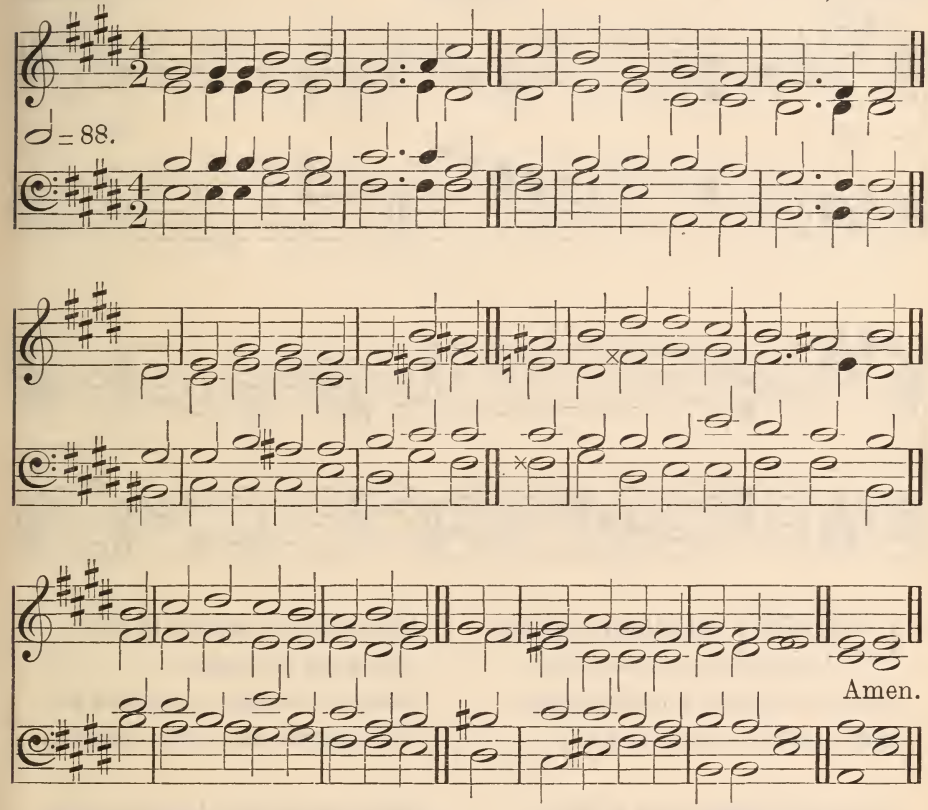
Lord! Thy word is light;
Led by it aright,
dim When, a pilgrim like my fathers,
p Life's last shadow round me gathers,
cr May its brightening ray
Shine to perfect day!

mf With my latest breath,
Overcoming death,
From the body disencumbered,
With Thy Saints in glory numbered,
p Jesu, may I be
Found in peace with Thee.

f Praise the Lord Most High,
All below the sky;
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;
Earth and heaven raise
Songs of loudest praise! Amen.

Brief life is here our portion—*see* 561 [Part II.]

CRAIGMILLAR. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. C. W. PEARCE, *b.* 1856.



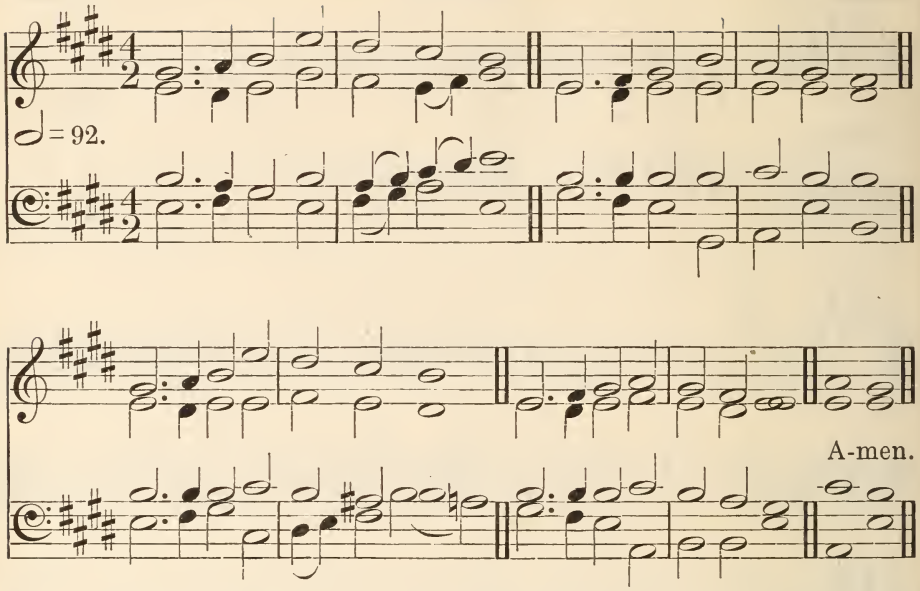
mf CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek that land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
f Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

mf By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
By Thy paternal bounty fed,
We shall not lack in all our way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

Take not the sacred sign away,
The token of Thy guardian power;
Preserved by night, refreshed by day,
Baptized in many a gracious shower;
Protect us with Thy cloudy shrine,
And in Thy fiery column shine.

To all believers Visible,
Who in Thy pardoning love confide,
cr With us Thou promisest to dwell,
And to that pleasant country guide,
Where Israel finds, of Thee possest,
dim The land of everlasting rest. Amen.

INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7. Anon.



f CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

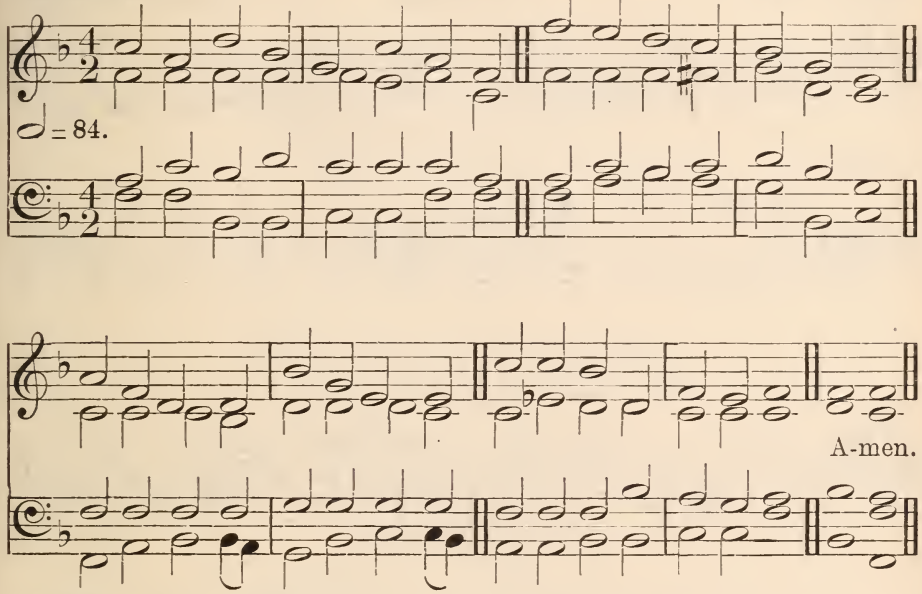
We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Sion's city is in sight!
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren! Joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

mf Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
cr Only Thou our Leader be,
f And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

NEWTON FERNS. 8.7.8.7. S. SMITH, *b.* 1821.



f CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King triumphant, strong to save!
Dying, Thou hast Death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.

Thou art gone, where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

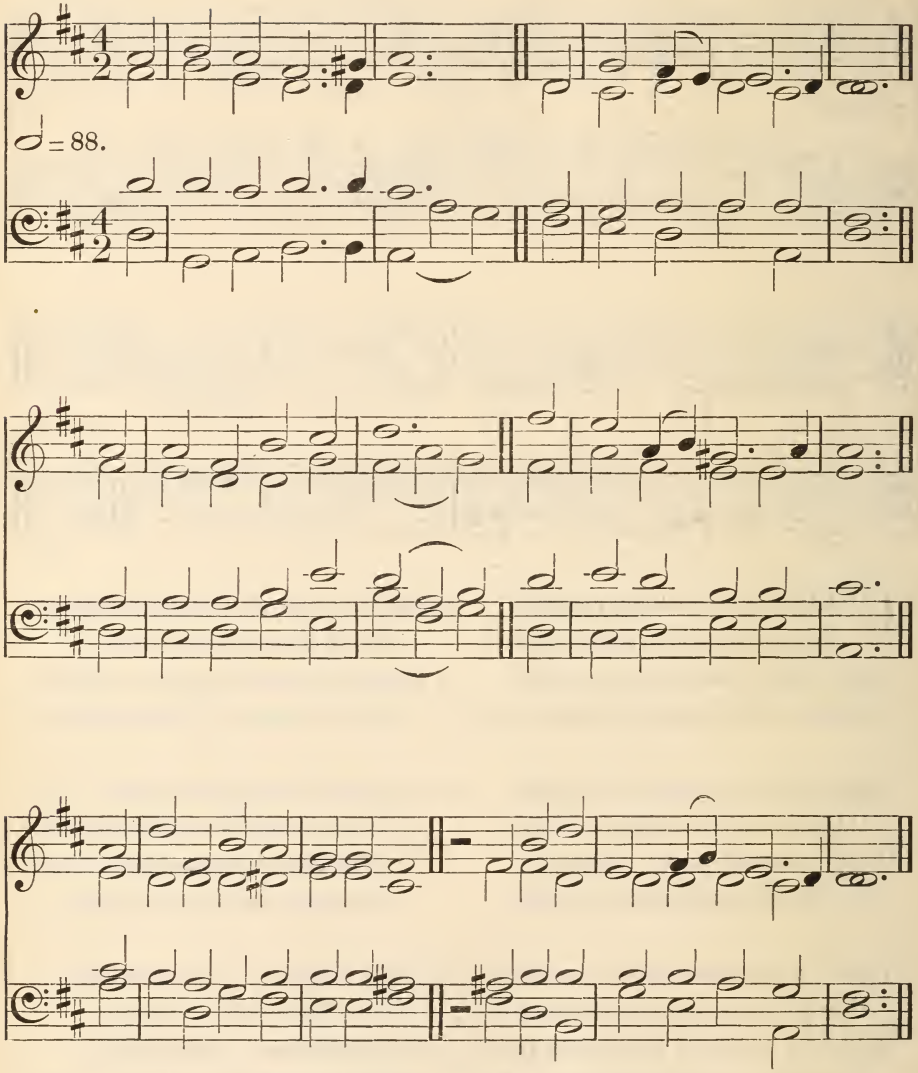
There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

mf We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee beyond the sky:
p Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
cr Lift our souls to Thee on high!

mf So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

f Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore! Amen.

GOPSAL. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. G. F. HANDEL, 1685–1759.



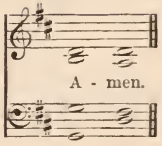
May also be sung to "Harewood," *No.* 537.

f CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true Saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

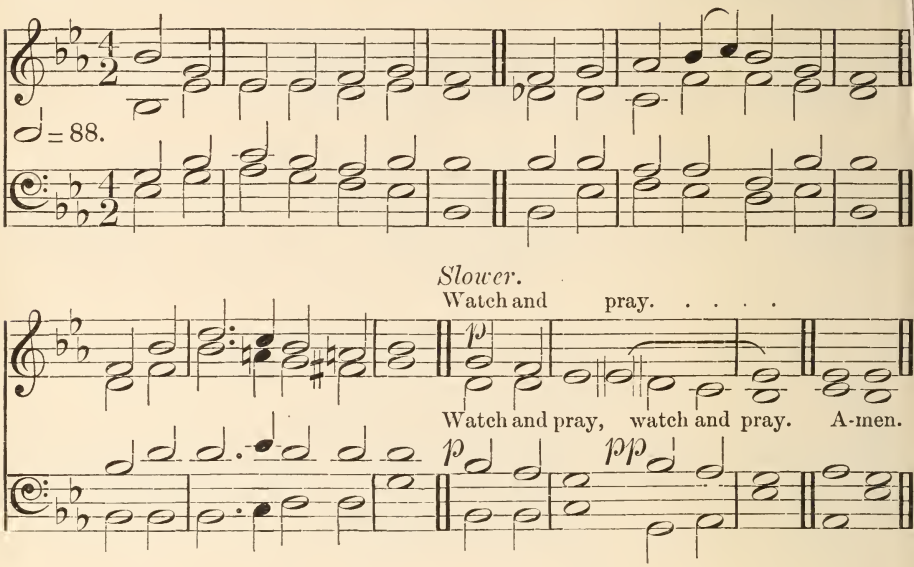
f Oh! then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
cr Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
ff And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

p Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

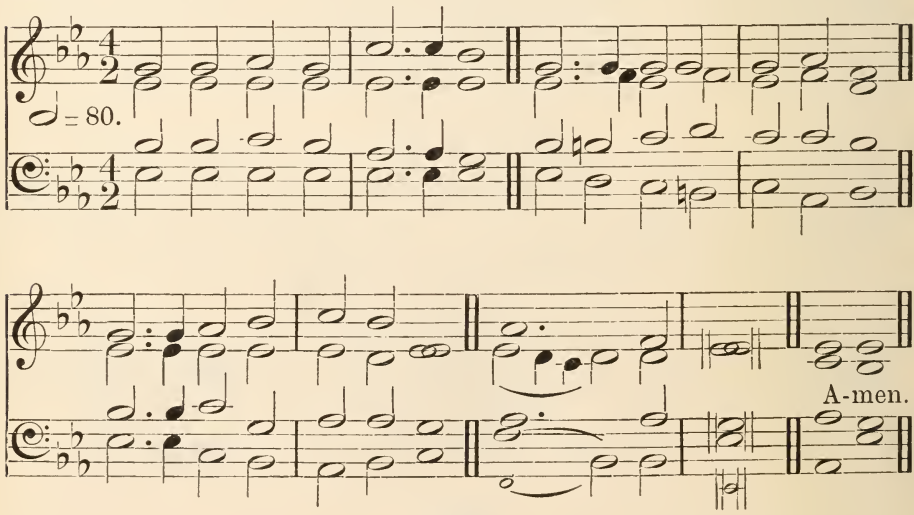
mf Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
cr And may that grace, once given,
f Be with us evermore;
dim Until that day
When all the blest
p To endless rest
Are called away.



AGATHOS (*First Tune*). 7.7.7.3. J. W. ELLIOTT, *b.* 1833.



VIGILATE (*Second Tune*). 7.7.7.3. W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.



mf CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian Angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
p Watch and pray.

mf Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
p Watch and pray.

mf Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lurks the evil one;
p Watch and pray.

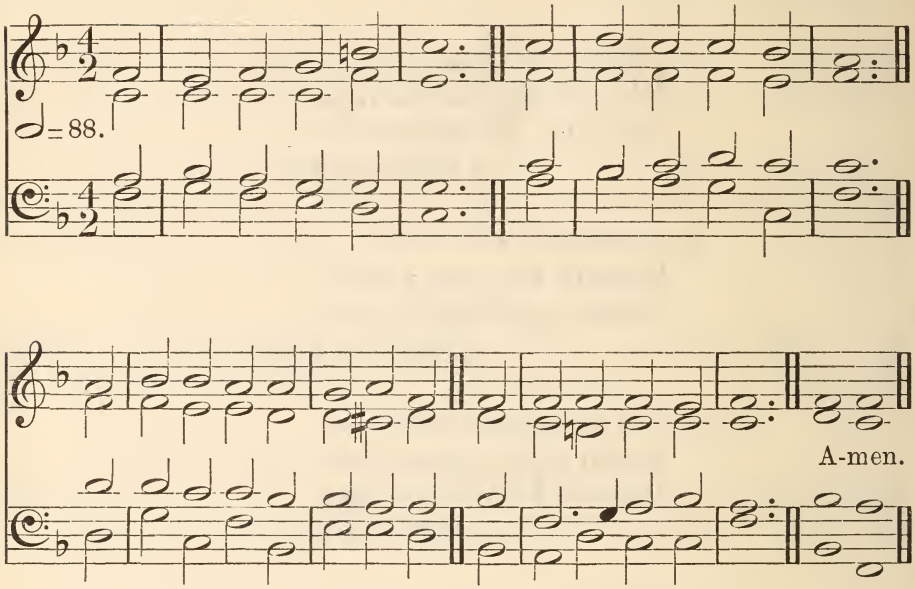
mf Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way,
All with one clear voice exclaim—
p Watch and pray.

p Hear above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
cr Hide within thy heart His word—
p Watch and pray.

mf Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
p Watch and pray. Amen.

377

Moccas. S.M. A. R. Reinagle, 1799–1877.



mf COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

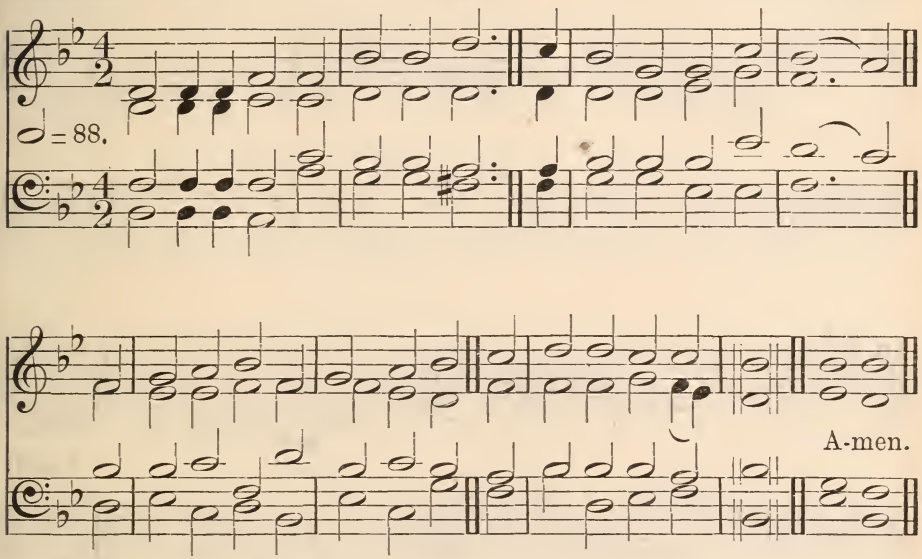
Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us all of sin,
Then guide to Jesus' Blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

cr Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free; [love
f Then shall we know, and praise, and
The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.

NATIVITY. C.M. H. LAHEE, *b.* 1826.



May also be sung to "St. Fulbert," *No.* 178.

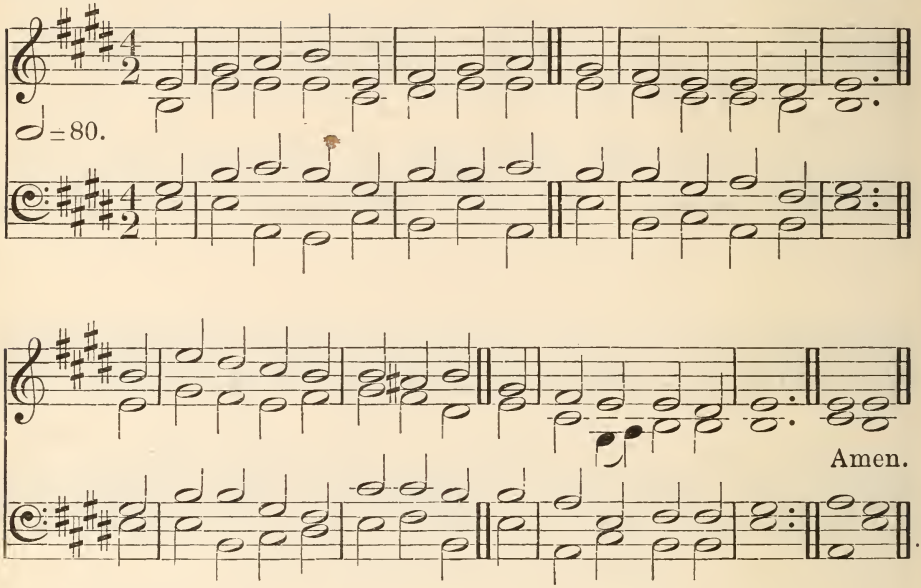
f COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply;
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

DUNDEE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1615.



mf COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
dim Though now divided by the stream,
p The narrow stream of death.

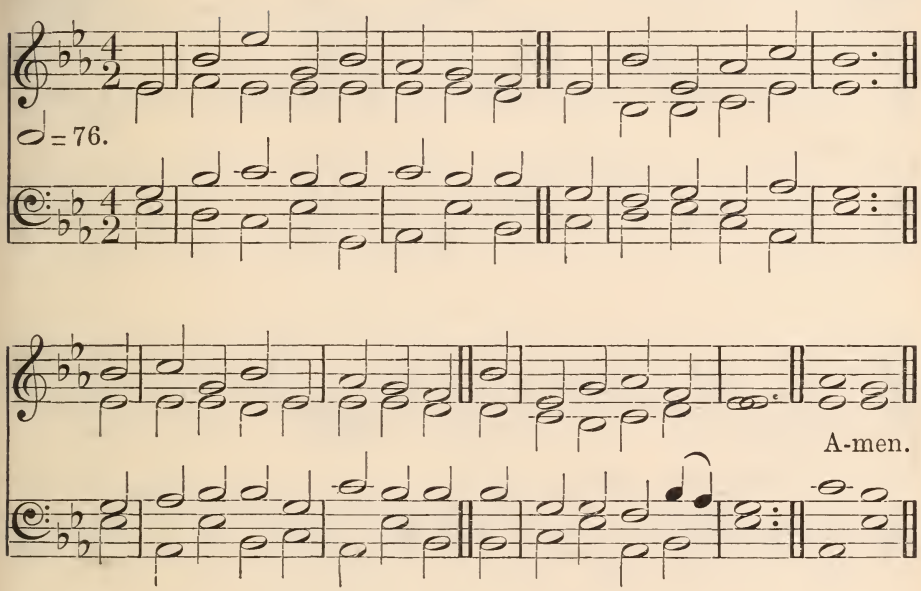
mf One army of the living God
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
p And part are crossing now.

Lo, thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

mf Lord Jesu, be our constant Guide:
cr Then, when the word is given,
f Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.

380

St. David. C.M. Ravenscroft's *Psalter*, 1621.



mf COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

f His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

p Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,—
cr The dawn shall bring us light;
f God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

f Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice:
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

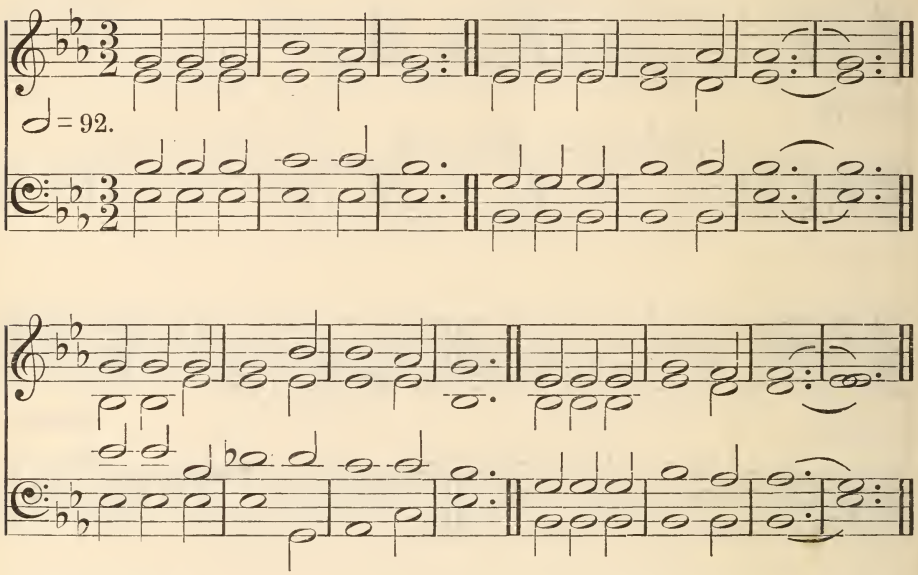
p As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
cr As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground,—

cr So shall His Presence bless our souls
And shed a joyful light;
f That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night. Amen.

381

S.M.

LANGTON. Adapted by MRS. C. STREATFIELD, *b.* 1829.



mf COME, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day!
Oh! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

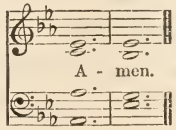
Come, for Thy Saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

Come, for the corn is ripe;
Put in Thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth,
Sower and Reaper Thou.

f Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God!

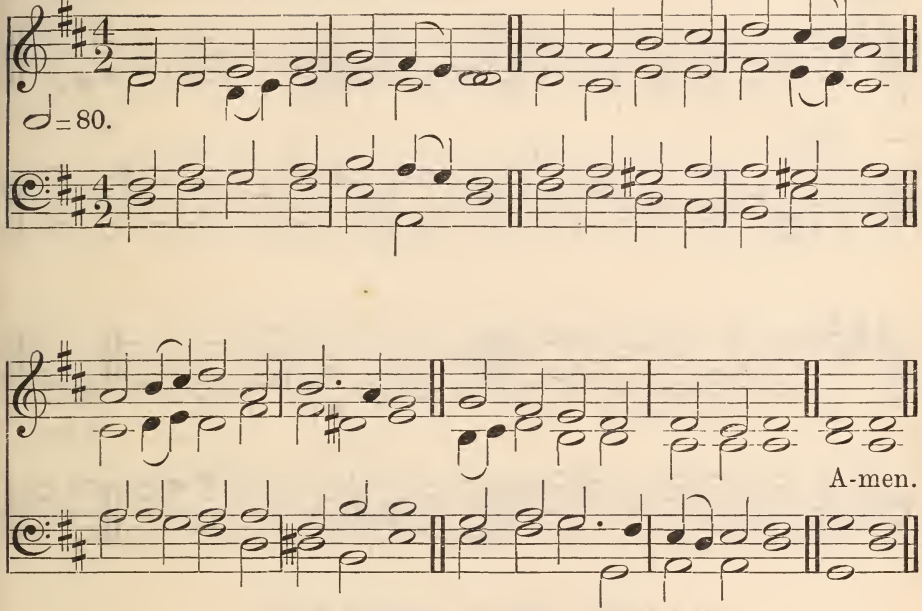
mf Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
f Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness!



382

St. Lucy. 7.7.7.7. H. J. Poole, 1844–1897.



mf COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
cr He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

mf Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with Thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

p With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy Blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

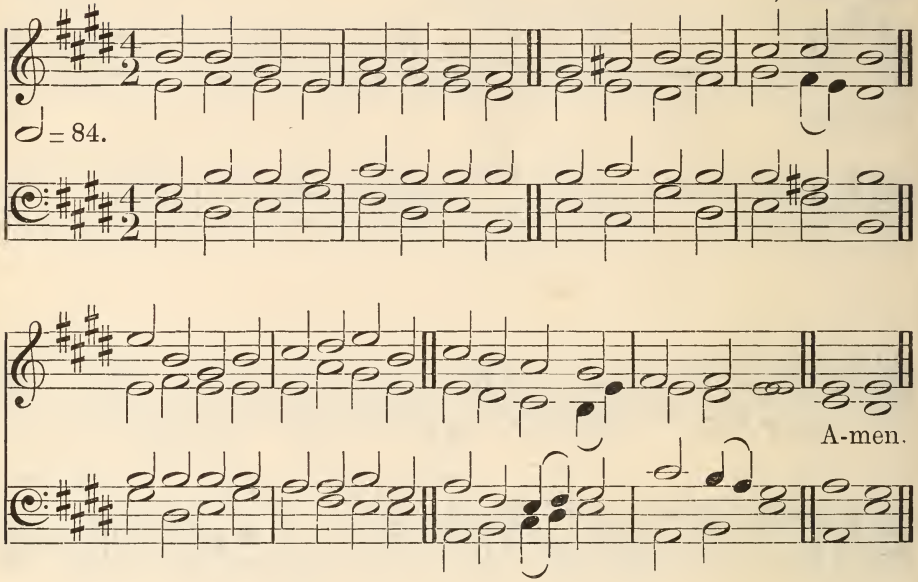
Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
cr Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,

p While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
cr As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end. Amen.

383

8.7.8.7.

GOTHA. H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, 1819–1861.



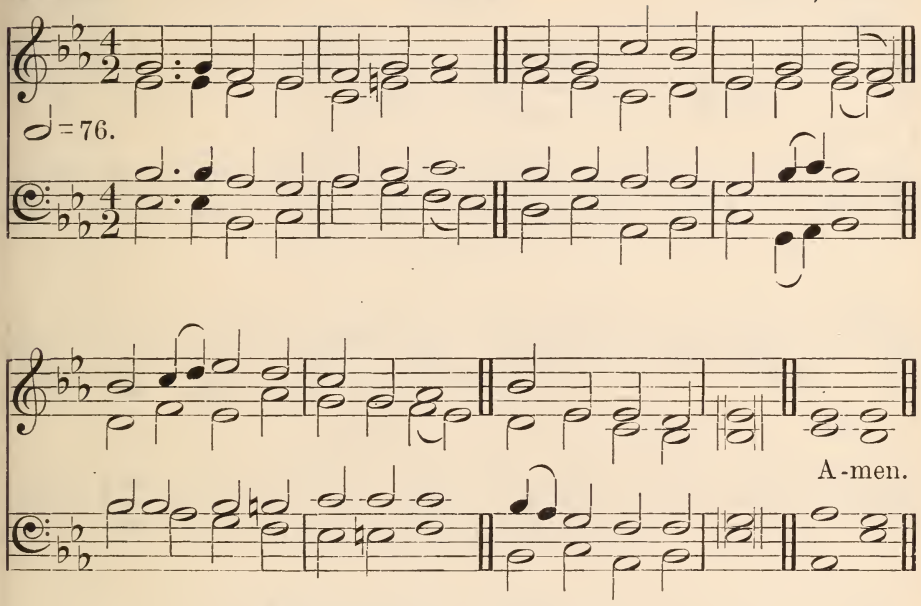
mf COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
cr Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
dim Let us find our rest in Thee.

mf Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver;
cr Born a Child, and yet a King;
f Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

p By Thy own Eternal Spirit,
cr Rule in all our hearts alone:
f By Thy all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

MISSOURI. 7.7.7.5. P. T. LUCAS, *b.* 1869.



May also be sung to "Capetown," *No.* 575.

mf COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
p Comforter Divine!

mf We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord:
Sick and faint; Thy strength afford:
Lost, until by Thee restored,
p Comforter Divine!

mf Orphan are our souls and poor;
Give us, from Thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
p Comforter Divine!

mf Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
p Comforter Divine!

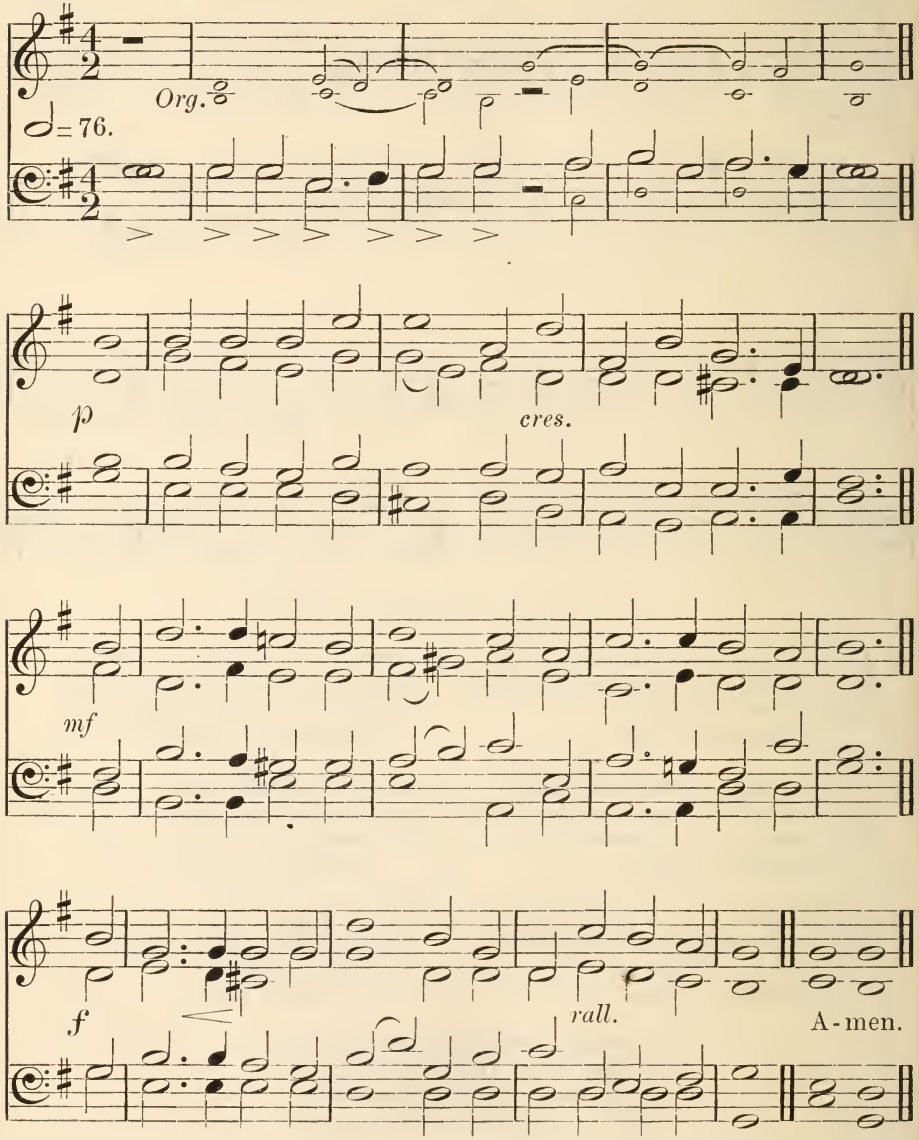
mf In us, for us intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
p Comforter Divine!

mf In us "Abba, Father" cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
p Comforter Divine!

mf Search for us the depths of God,
cr Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
p Comforter Divine! Amen.

385

"Come unto Me." 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



mf "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
p O blessèd voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to hearts opprest!
mf It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
f Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

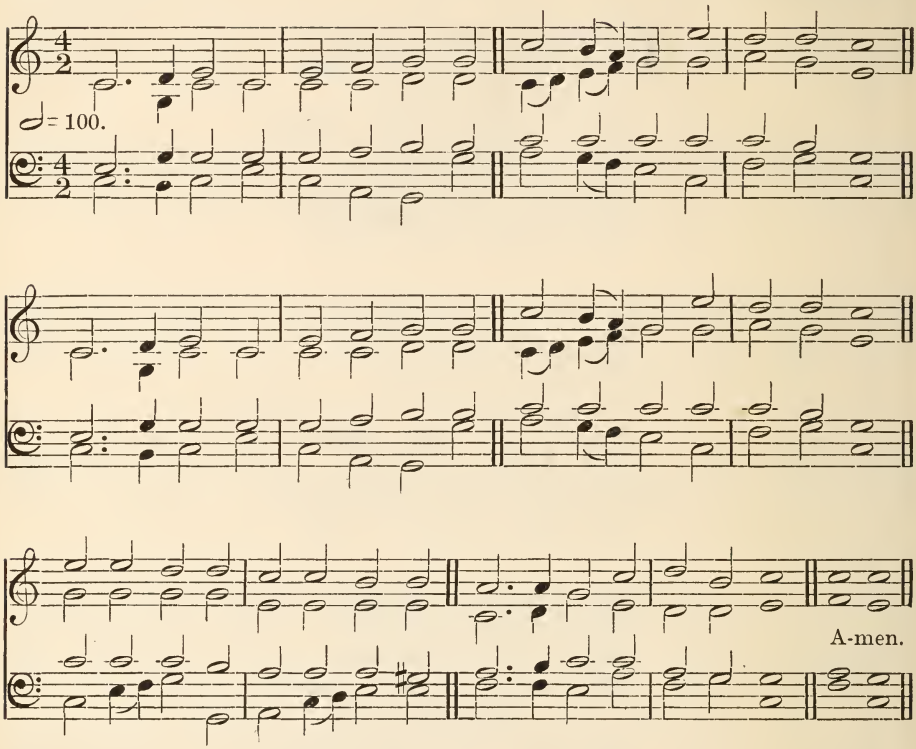
mf "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
p O loving voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to cheer the night!
mf Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
f But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

mf "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
p O cheering voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to aid our strife!
mf The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

mf "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
p O welcome voice of Jesus,
cr Which drives away our doubt!
mf Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
f Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee! Amen.

386

UNSER HERRSCHER. 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. NEANDER, 1610–1680.



f COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days;
God Eternal, Word Incarnate,
Whom the Heaven of Heaven obeys.

mf Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
dim Moved the Lord of life to die;
mf Lifted up the Prince of princes
dim On the Throne of Calvary.

f Now on those eternal mountains
Stands the sapphire throne all bright:
With the ceaseless Alleluias
Which they raise, the sons of light,
Sion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

f Bring your harp, and bring your incense;
Sweep the string, and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day.
He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy,
Who was dead, and lives for aye.

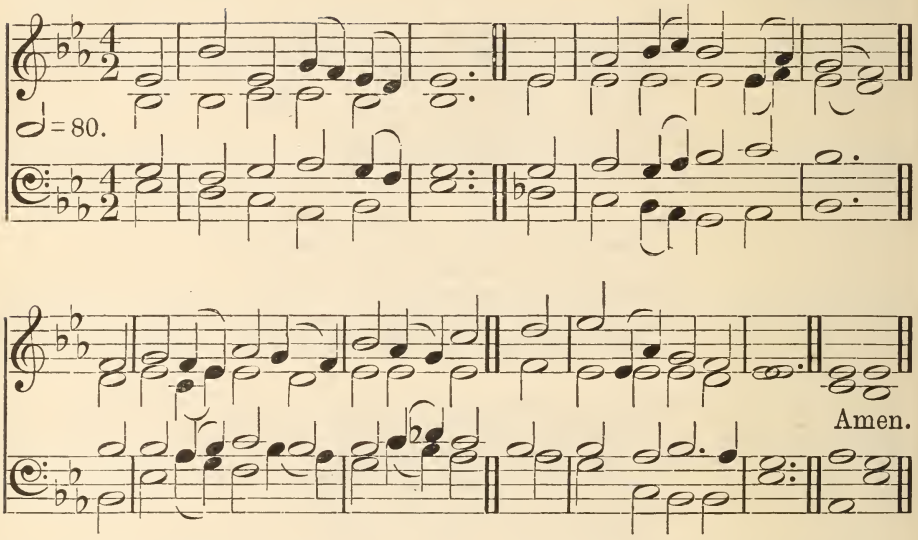
p If His people walk in darkness,
Through the thickest clouds of night,
mf He, according to His promise,
Sends the pillar-beam of light;
Then they pass along His highway,
Turning not to left or right.

p When the thirsty pant for water,
And no cooling streams are found,
mf He descends like showers in spring-time,
Softening all the parchèd ground;
While the smitten rock its torrents
Pours in ample streams around.

mf Hungry souls that faint and languish,
By His bounteous hand are fed;
Yea, He gives them Food immortal!
dim Gives Himself the living Bread:
p Gives the Chalice of His Passion,
Rich with Blood on Calvary shed.

f Trust Him, then, ye fearful pilgrims;
Who shall pluck you from His hand?
Pledged He stands for their salvation,
Who are fighting for His land.
Oh, that we, amidst His true ones,
Round His throne may one day stand! Amen.

CARLISLE. S.M. C. LOCKHART, 1745–1816.



mf COMMIT thou all thy ways
And griefs into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

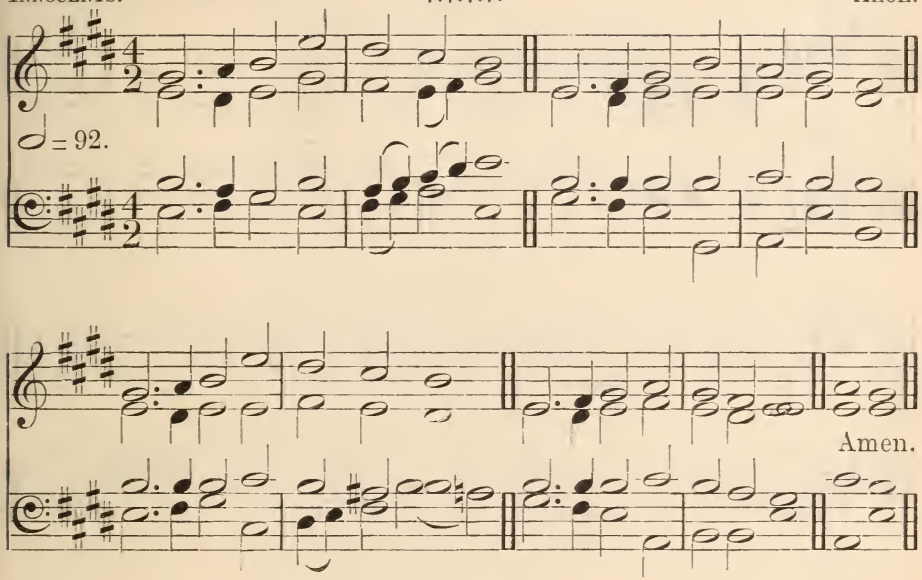
Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed; [tears;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head.

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

p Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
Oh, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

cr Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
f And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care. Amen.

INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7. Anon.



mf CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make:
f Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

Yes: none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

mf That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren, say,
Shall we madly cast away?

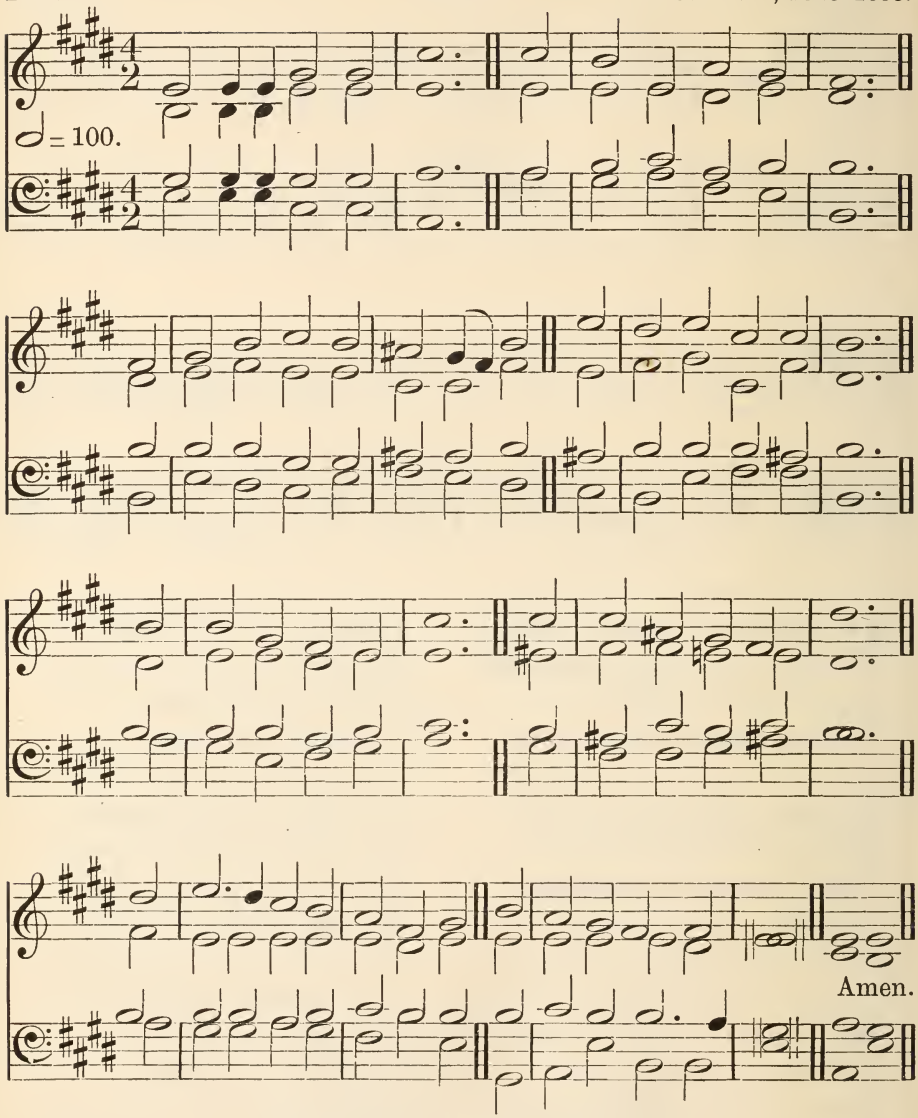
f Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory.

p Jesu, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

f Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
From the Saints and Angel-host.
Amen.

389

DIADEMATA. D.S.M. G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893.



May also be sung to "Coronæ," *No.* 390.

f CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy chosen King
Through all eternity.

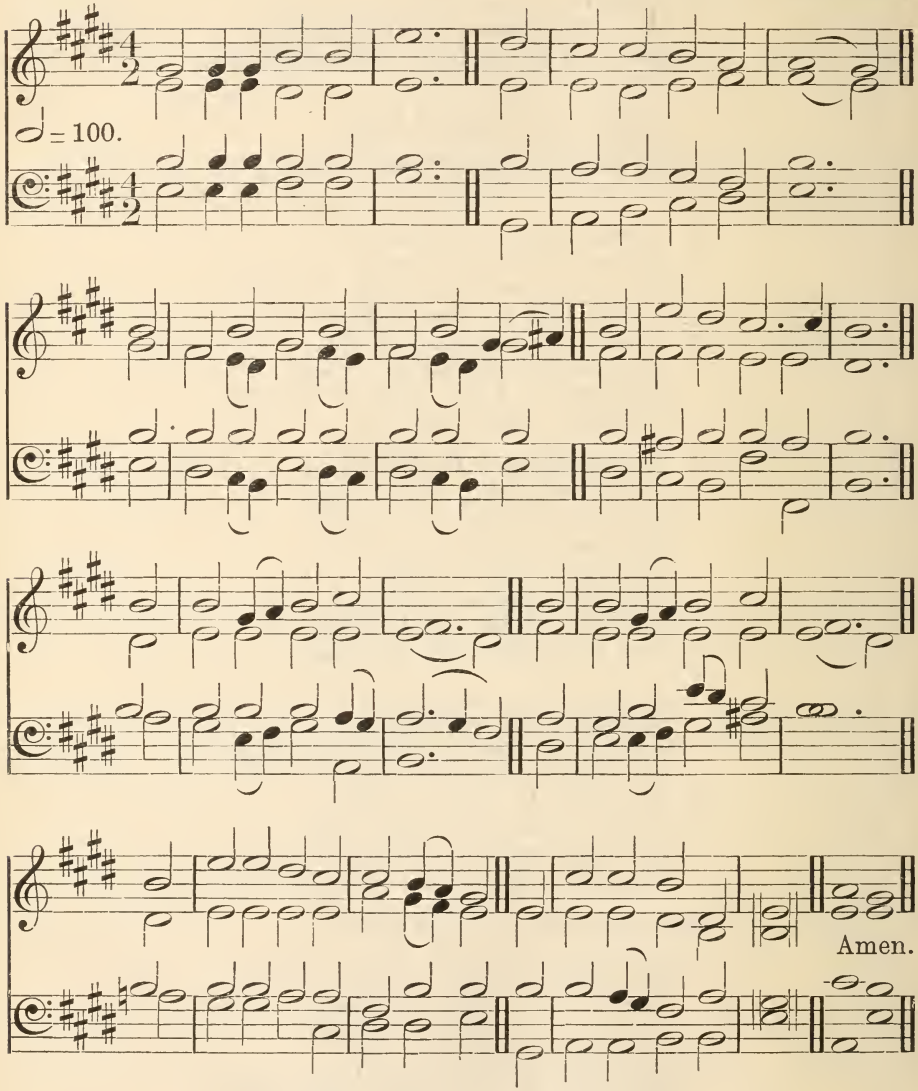
f Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
mf Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

ff Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died,—eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

f Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth the Incarnate Word
For ransomed sinners slain,
ff Now lives in realms of light,
Where Saints with Angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

ff Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the King to Whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all. Amen.

CORONÆ. D.S.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



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May also be sung to "Diademata," *No.* 389.

f CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

f Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
p The God Incarnate born, [won
cr Whose arm those crimson trophies
Which now His brow adorn.
p Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
cr As of that Rose the Stem,
mf The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
p The Babe of Bethlehem!

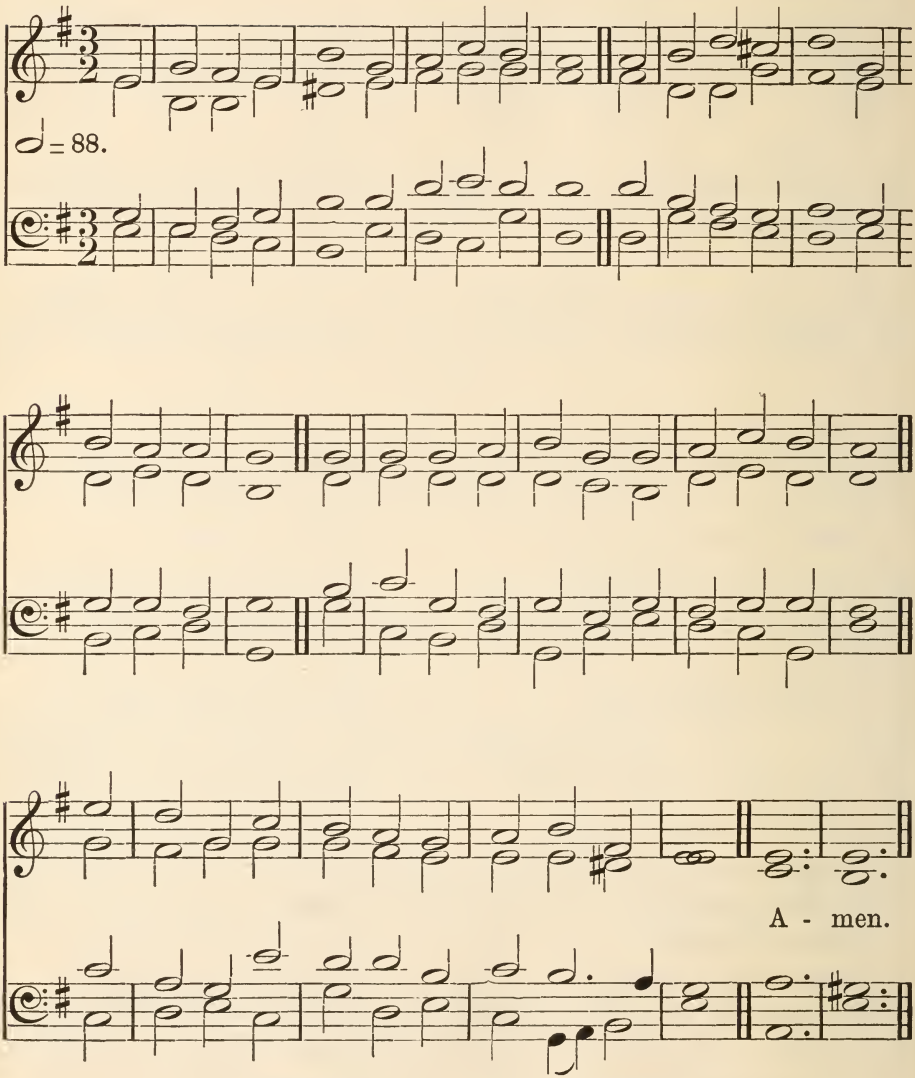
mf Crown Him the Lord of love!
p Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

mf Crown Him the Lord of peace!
cr Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
f His reign shall know no end;
p And round His piercèd feet
cr Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

f Crown Him the Lord of years!
Sole Potentate of Time!
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
Glassed in a sea of light
Where everlasting waves
Reflect His throne—the Infinite!
Who lives and loves and saves.

f Crown Him the Lord of heaven.
One with the Father known,
And the Blest Spirit through Him given
From yonder Triune throne.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
p For Thou hast died for me:
ff Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity! Amen.

OLD 104TH. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.



May also be sung to "Hanover," *No.* 607.

mf DISPOSER supreme,
And Judge of the earth,
Thou choosest for Thine
The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches
Which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light,
And at Thy decree
Are broken and gone;
cr Thence brightly appeareth
Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven
The lightnings have shone.

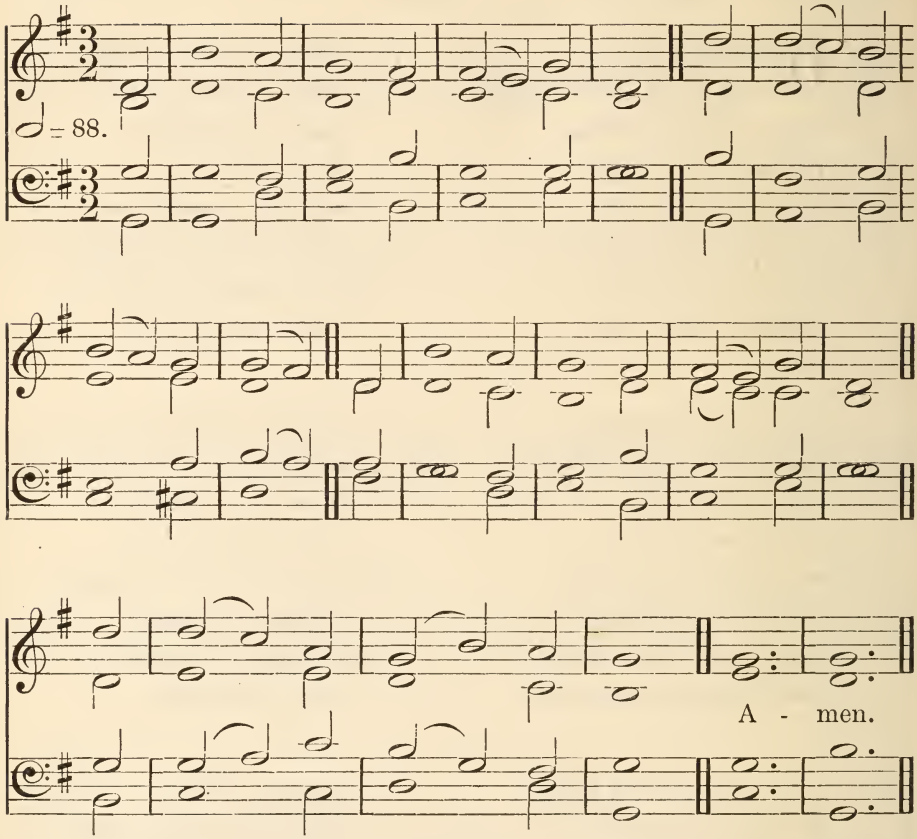
mf Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
cr And swift as the winds
About the world go;
The fire of Thy Presence
Their spirits doth fill,
f They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

f Their sound goeth forth,
"Christ Jesus is Lord!"
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shattered
The Canaanite's wall.

f Oh, loud be their trump,
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From slumber of sin!
mf The lights Thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
Oh, may they illumine
Our spirits within.

f All glory to Thee,
Who, hid from our sight,
Yet fillest with love
The vast infinite!
And for us revealèd
As One and yet Three,
Dost call us from darkness
Thy glory to see! Amen.

BELMONT. C.M. S. WEBBE, Jun.? 1770–1843.



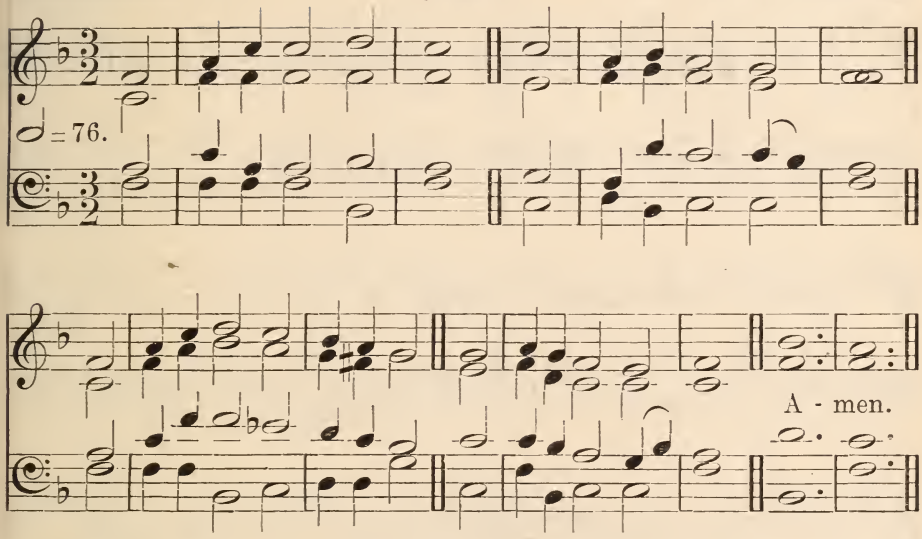
mf ETERNAL God! we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel:
That fear all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let Thy grace supply:
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

f All praise to God the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit be,
The everlasting Three in One,
The ever One in Three. Amen.

St. Augustine. S.M. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.



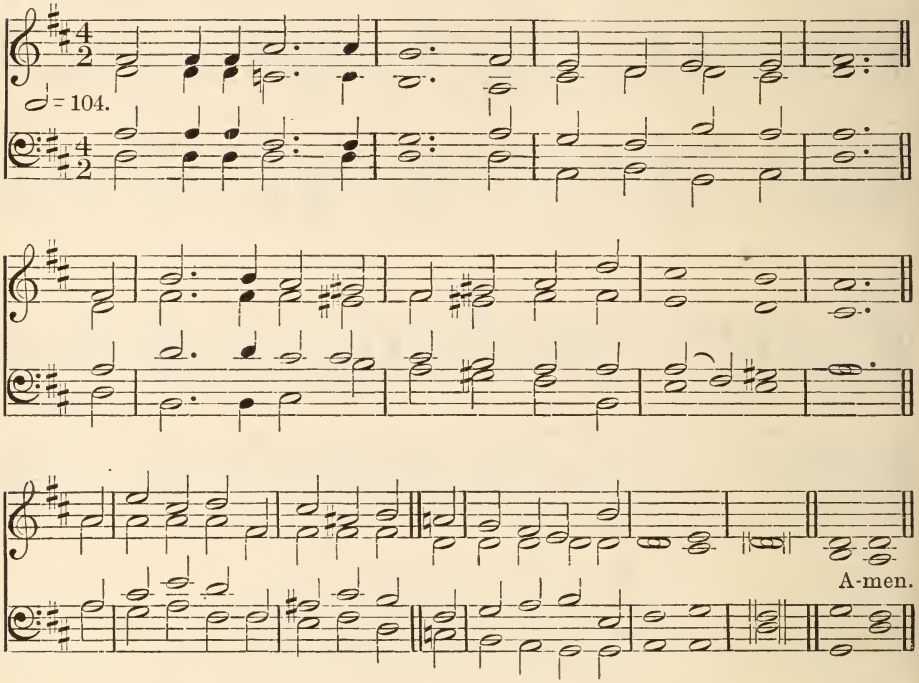
p FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come
And speed me to my rest."

mf My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
dim My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

mf To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the Saints' abode?

mf God of my life, be near,
On Thee my hopes I cast,
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
cr And bring me home at last. Amen.

Via Pacis. 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. Barnby, 1838–1896.



mf FATHER of all, to Thee
With loving hearts we pray,
Through Him, in mercy given,
The Life, the Truth, the Way:
From heaven, Thy throne, in mercy shed
Thy blessings on each bended head.

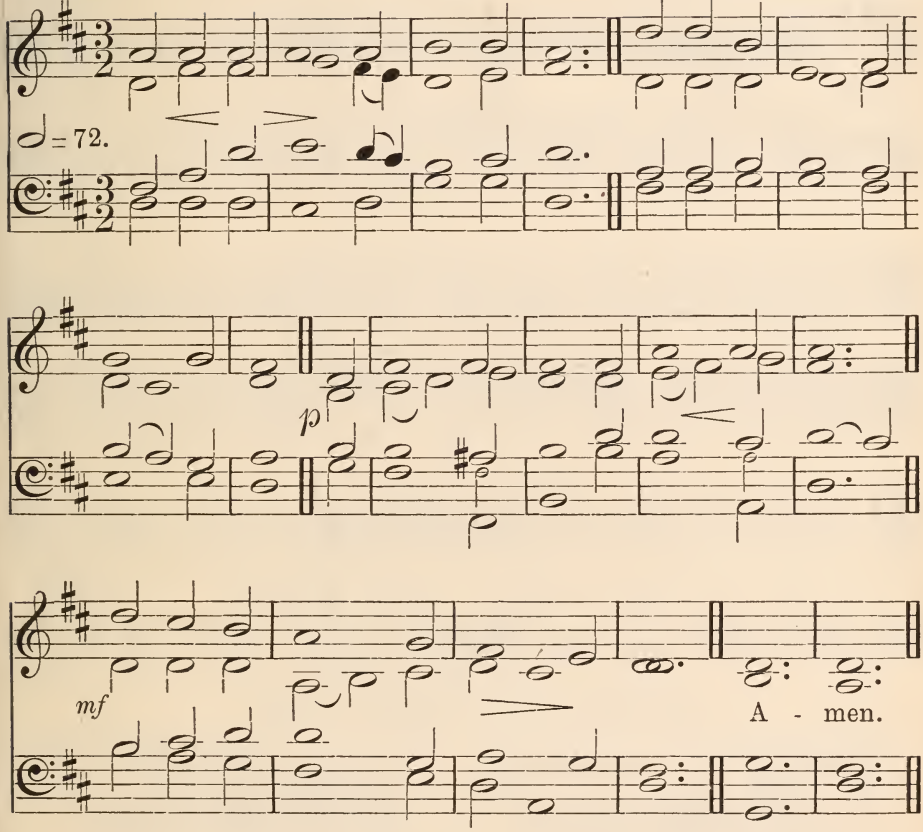
Father of all, to Thee
Our contrite hearts we raise,
p Unstrung by sin and pain,
Long voiceless in Thy praise;
cr Breathe Thou the silent chords along,
Until they tremble into song.

p Father of all, to Thee
We breathe unuttered fears,
Deep-hidden in our souls,
That have no voice but tears:
Take Thou our hand, and through the wild
Lead gently on each trustful child.

f Father of all, may we
In praise our tongues employ,
When gladness fills the soul
With deep and hallowed joy;
mf In storm and calm give us to see
The path of peace which leads to Thee.
Amen.

395

RIVAULX. L.M. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



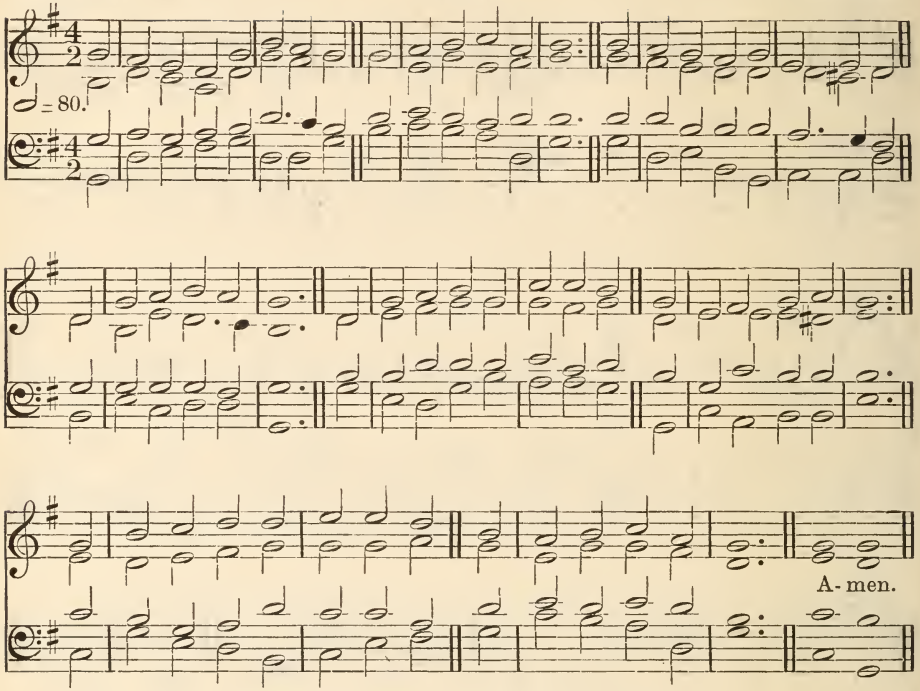
mf FATHER of heaven, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf To us Thy pardoning love extend.

mf Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf To us Thy saving grace extend.

mf Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf To us Thy quickening power extend.

mf Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf Grace, pardon, life to us extend.
Amen.

OLD 137TH. D.C.M. DAY'S *Psalter*, 1563.



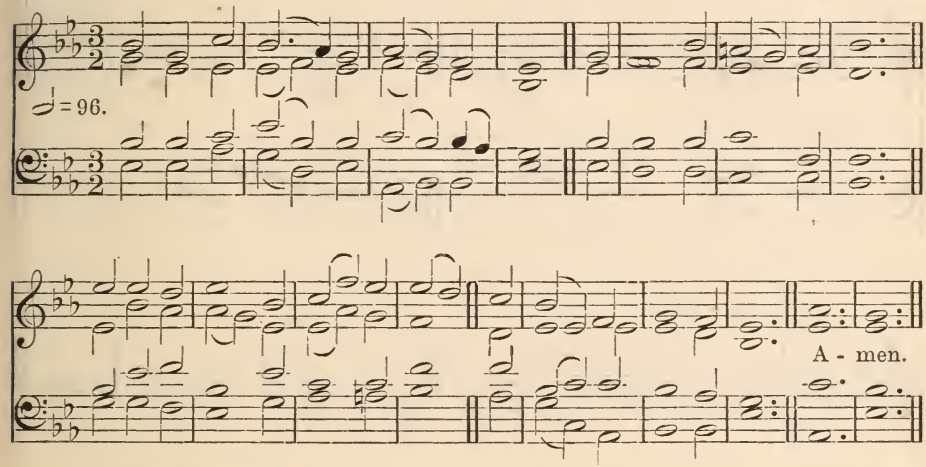
May also be sung to "St. Matthew," *No.* 338.

mf FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
Oh, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won!
We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
cr But we can trust our all to Thee,
f Our Father and our God!

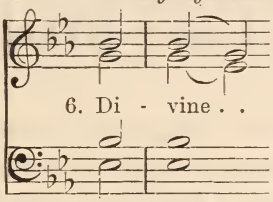
mf If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
cr Some Angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:
p Or, if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure!

mf Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.
cr And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise! Amen.

CHILDHOOD. C.M. C. J. DICKINSON, 1822–1883.



The last verse may begin thus:



mf FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light and food receive;
Here shall the meanest guest have room,
And taste and see and live.

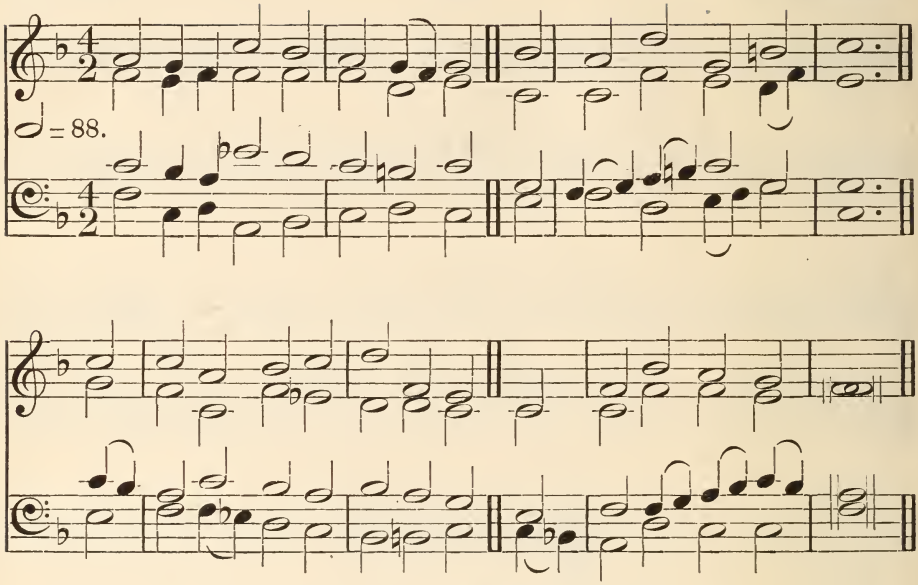
Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsting souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here. Amen.

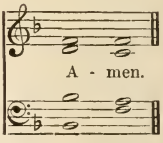
St. Columba. C.M. J. M. Macmeikan.



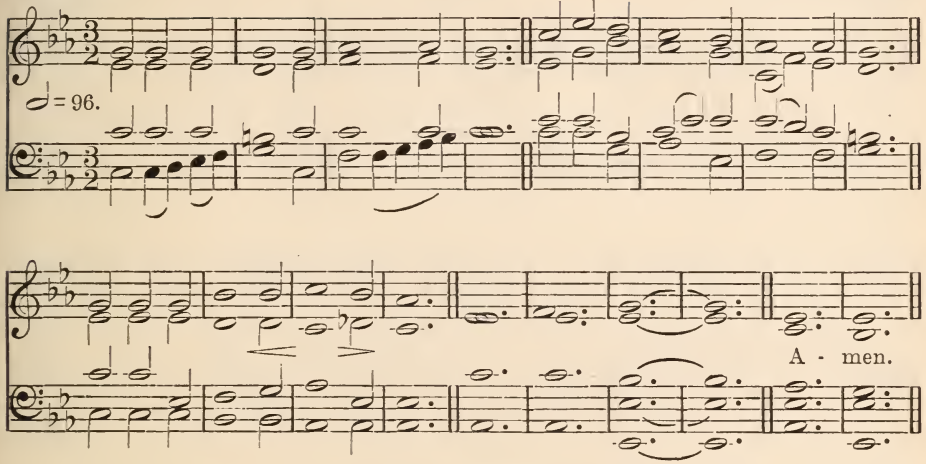
p FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

cr Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
mf And crown my journey's end.



St. Aëlred. 8.8.8.8. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



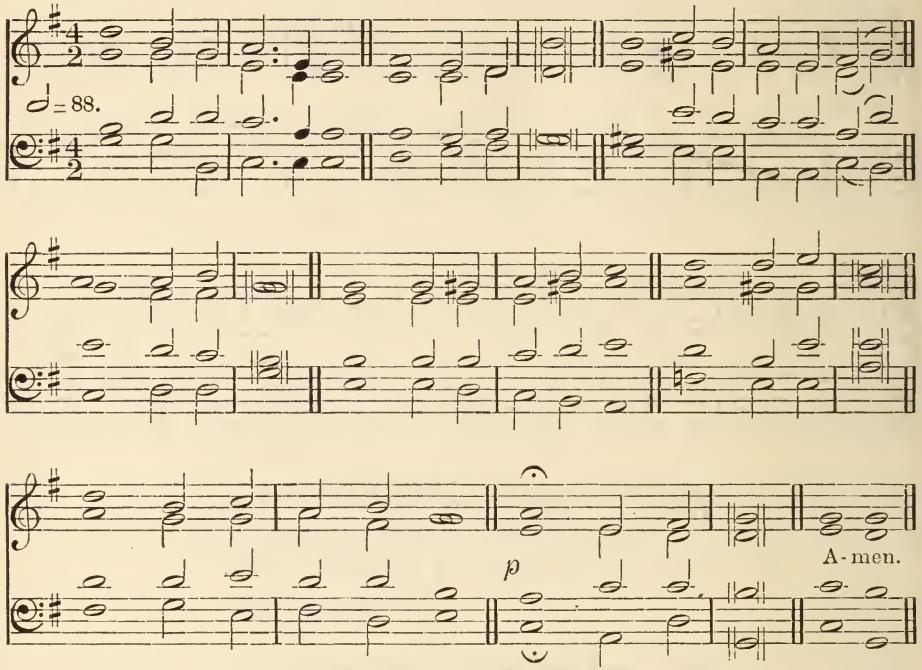
f FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
dim But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
p Calm and still.

mf "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh save us in our agony!"
cr Thy word above the storm rose high,
p "Peace, be still."

p The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap
At Thy Will.

mf So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
p "Peace, be still." Amen.

GLEBEHAMPTON. 6.4.6.4. D. J. NAPLETON, *b.* 1851.

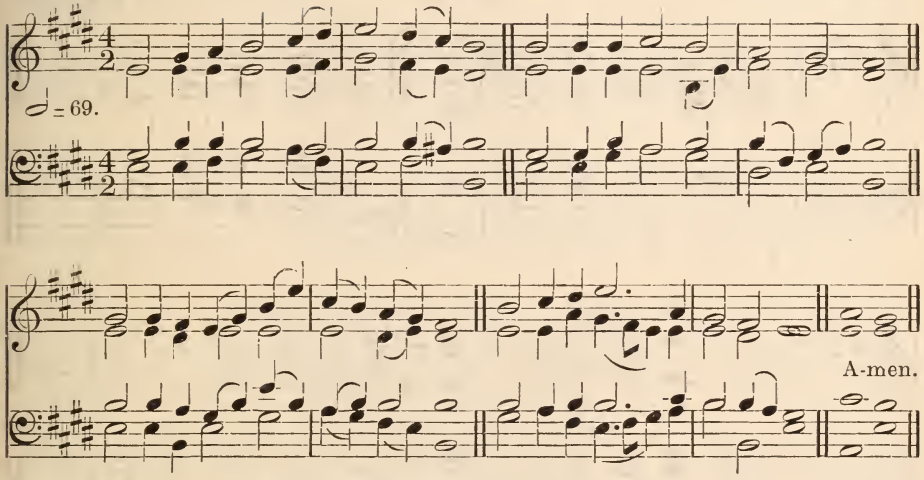


f FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily;
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners;
Peril was high;
mf Then said the God of God,
p "Peace: it is I."

mf Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest:
Wail of Euroclydon,
dim Be Thou at rest.
cr Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
mf Where saith the Light of Light,
p "Peace: it is I."

p Jesu, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
cr Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
dim Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
p "Peace: it is I." Amen.

DUKE STREET. L.M. J. HATTON, *d.* 1793.



May also be sung to "Pentecost," *No.* 196.

f FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

mf Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
f Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

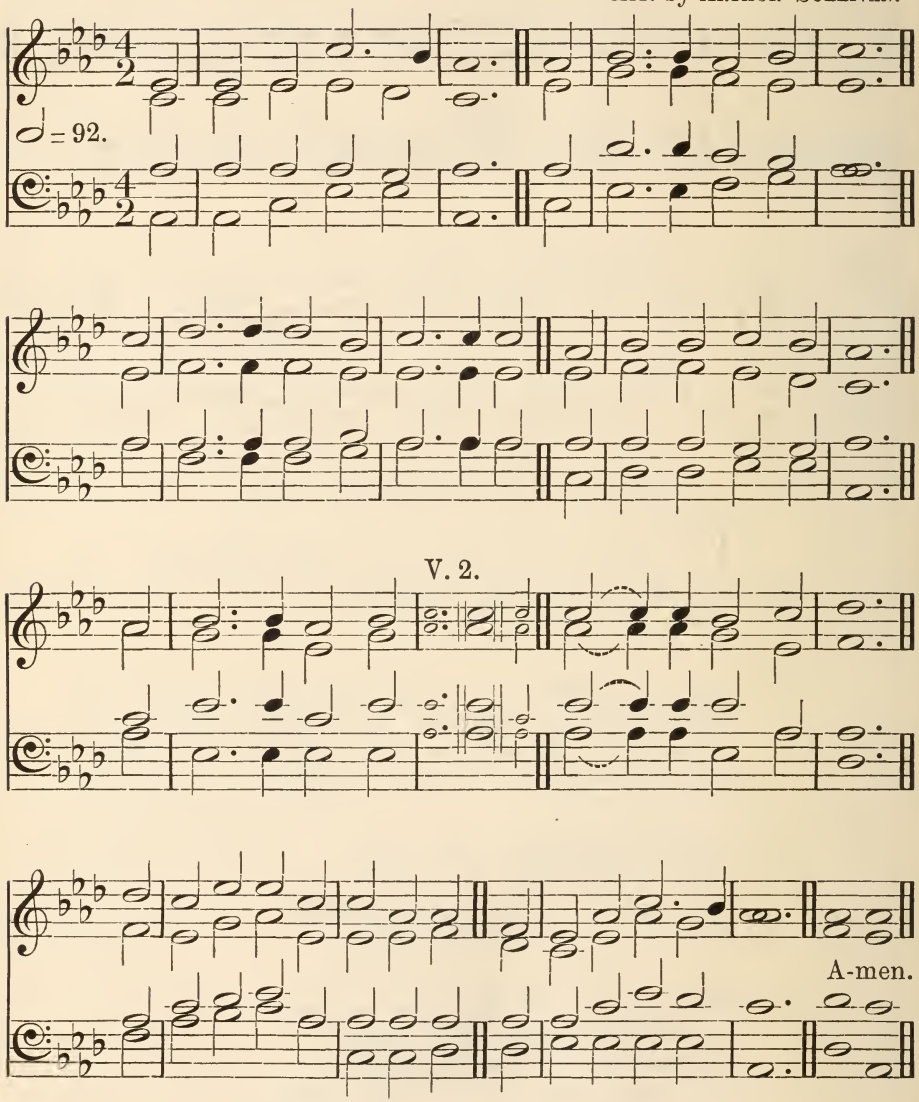
mf Cast care aside upon thy Guide;
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
f Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

mf Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
f Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

402

NEARER HOME. D.S.M.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1819–1858.
Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

f "FOR ever with the Lord!"
p Amen, so let it be;
cr Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
p Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

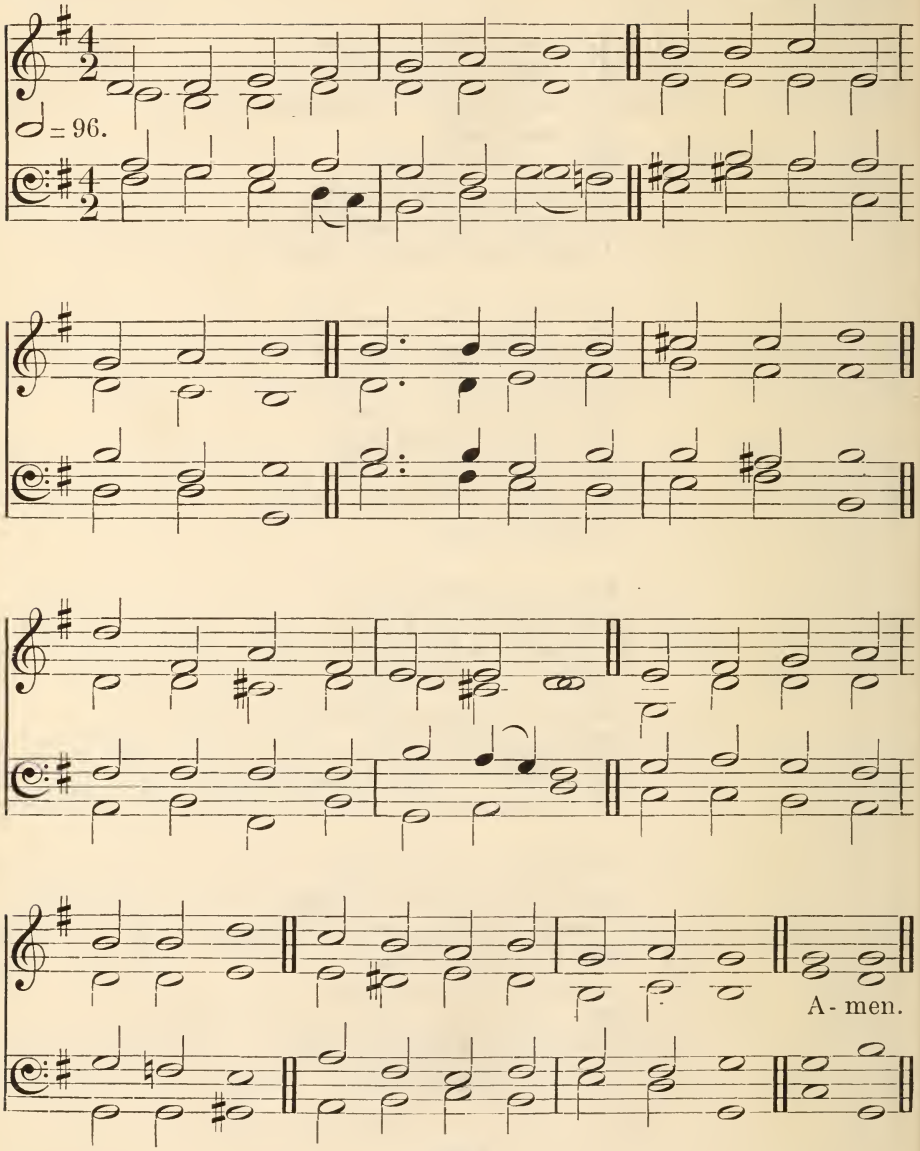
mf My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!
p Ah! then my spirit faints
cr To reach the land I love,
f The bright inheritance of Saints,
Jerusalem above.

f "For ever with the Lord!"
mf Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil;
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
cr Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail!

p So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr By death I shall escape from death,
f And life eternal gain.
mf Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
cr And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!" Amen.

403

PROBUS. 7.7.7.7. 7.7. G. R. SINCLAIR, *b.* 1863.



mf FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
f Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

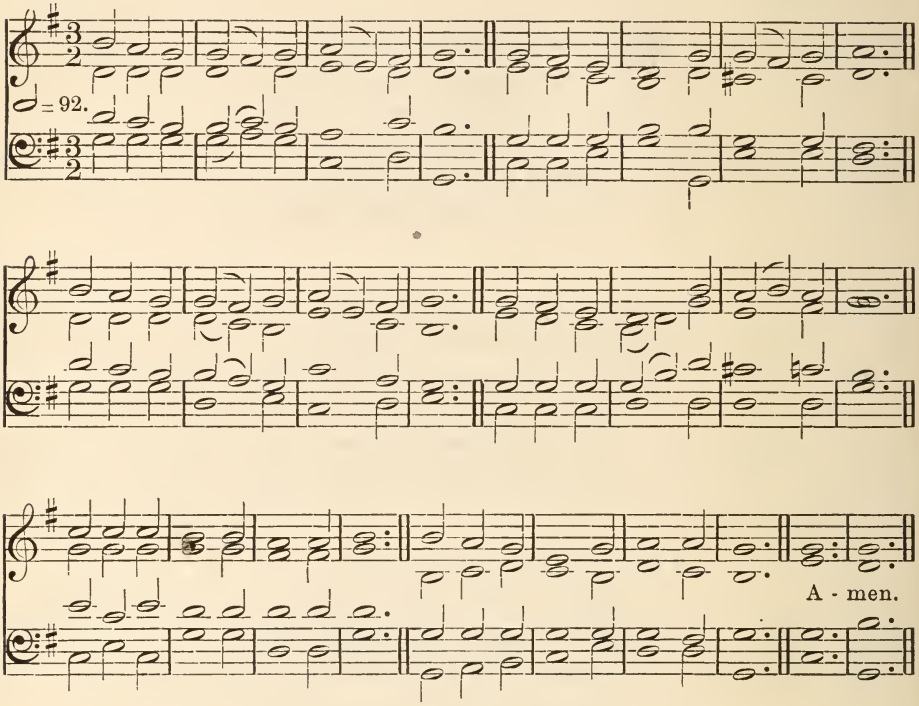
mf For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
f Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

mf For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
f Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

f For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise! Amen.

For thee, O dear, dear country—561 [Part III.]

St. Finbar. Six 8's. Melody by J. G. Walton, *b.* 1821.

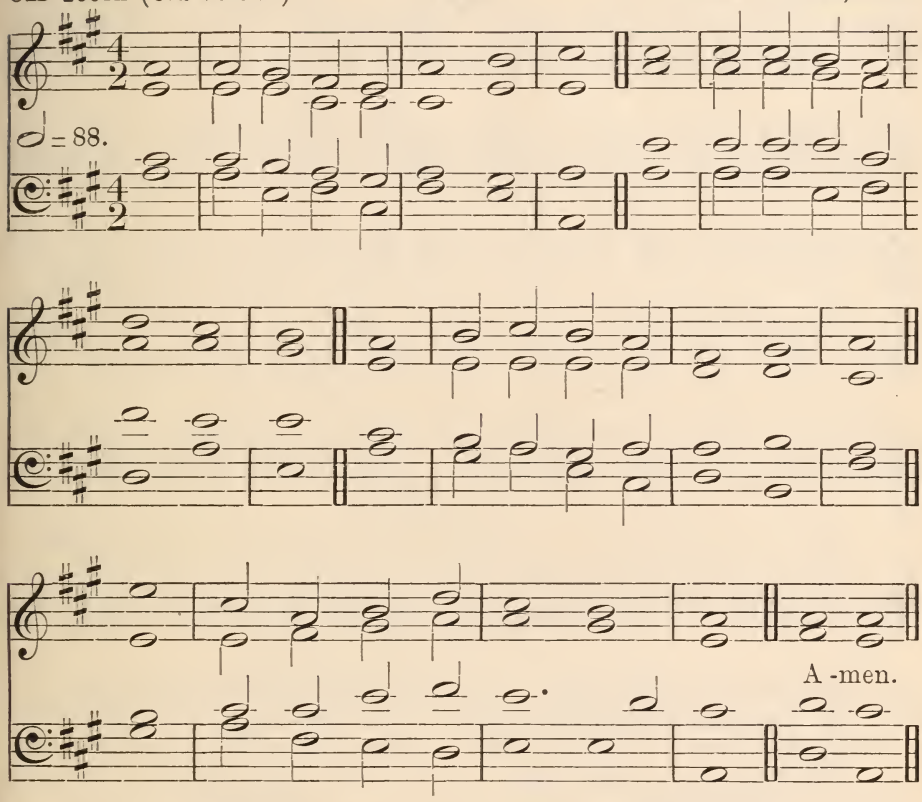


mf FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord! to Thine Altar's shade we fly:
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour! we seek Thy shelter here:
p Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray:
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

mf Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
p Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away! Amen.

405

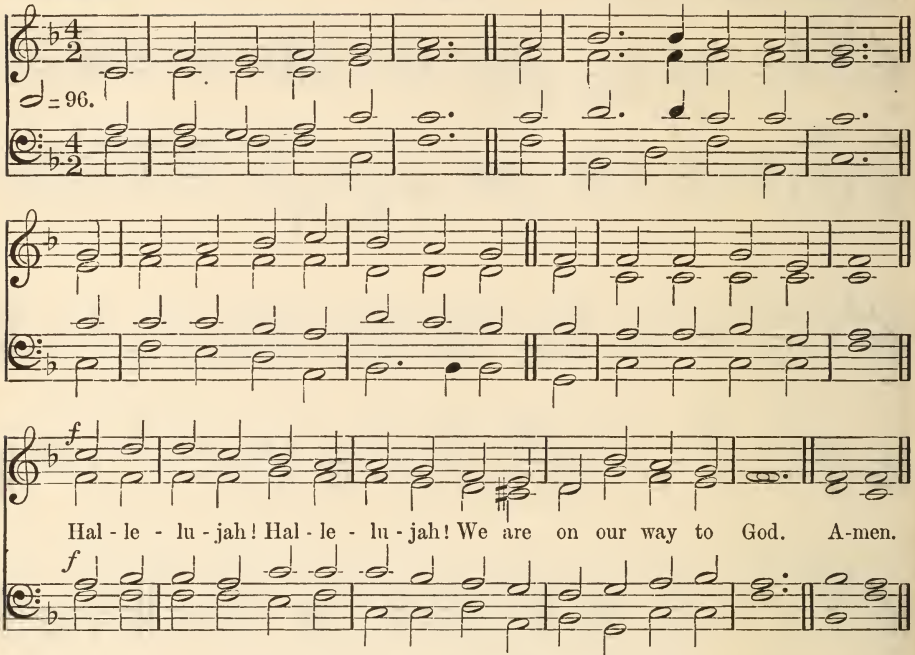
Old 100th (Old Version). L.M. *Geneva Psalter*, 1551.



f FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord:
Eternal truth attends Thy word.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

PILGRIMAGE. 6.6.8.6.4.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

mf FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

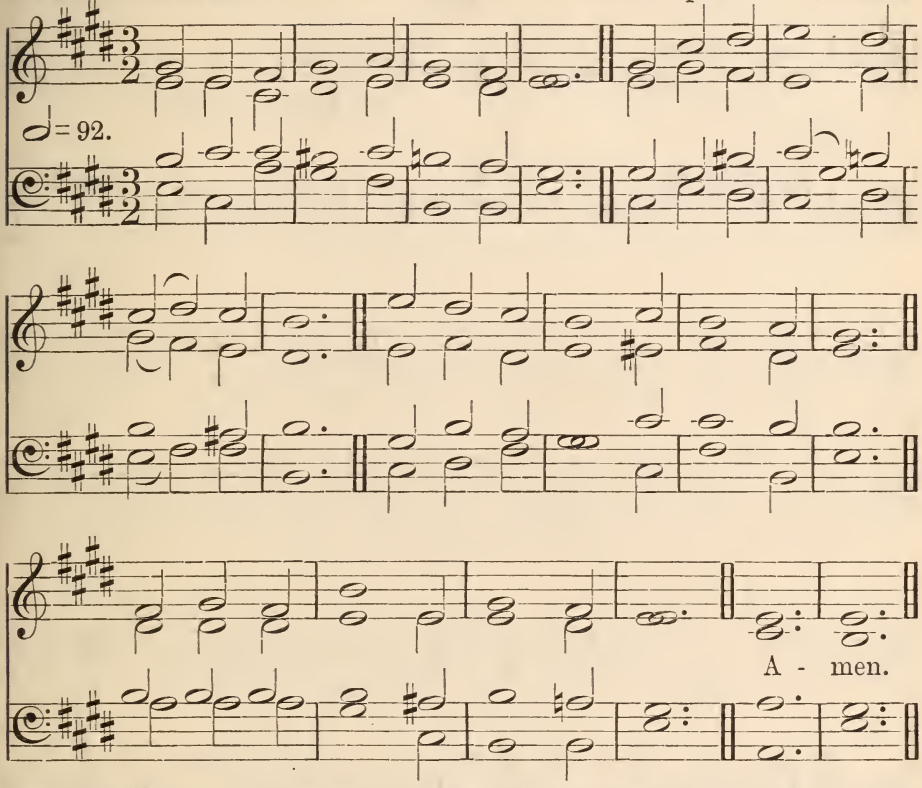
mf To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

p There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

mf There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

mf We soon shall join the throng,
And all their pleasure share;
We'll sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God. Amen.

SHADOW OF THE CROSS. L.M. Archbishop MACLAGAN, *b.* 1826.



mf FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
dim There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

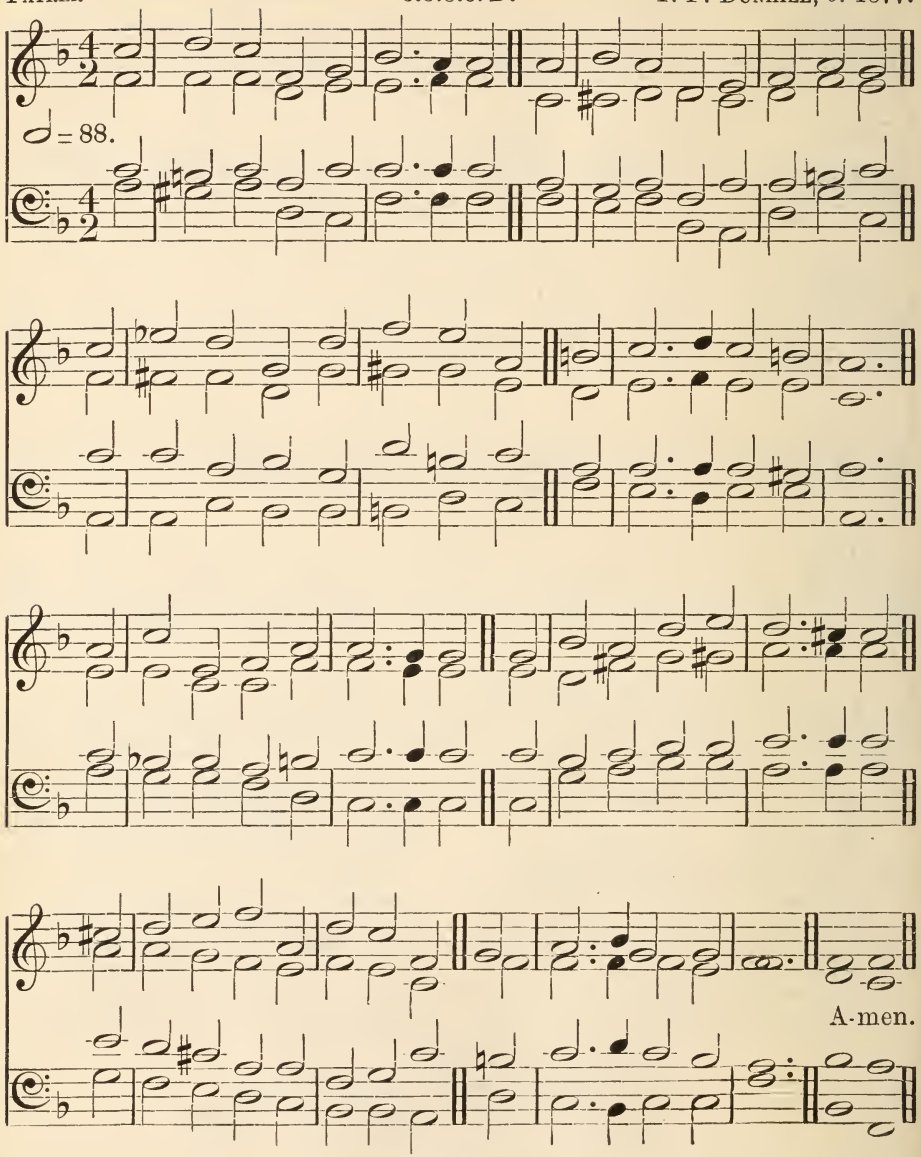
p There is a place where Jesus sheds
cr The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet;
p It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

mf There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

p Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?

f There, there on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat. Amen.

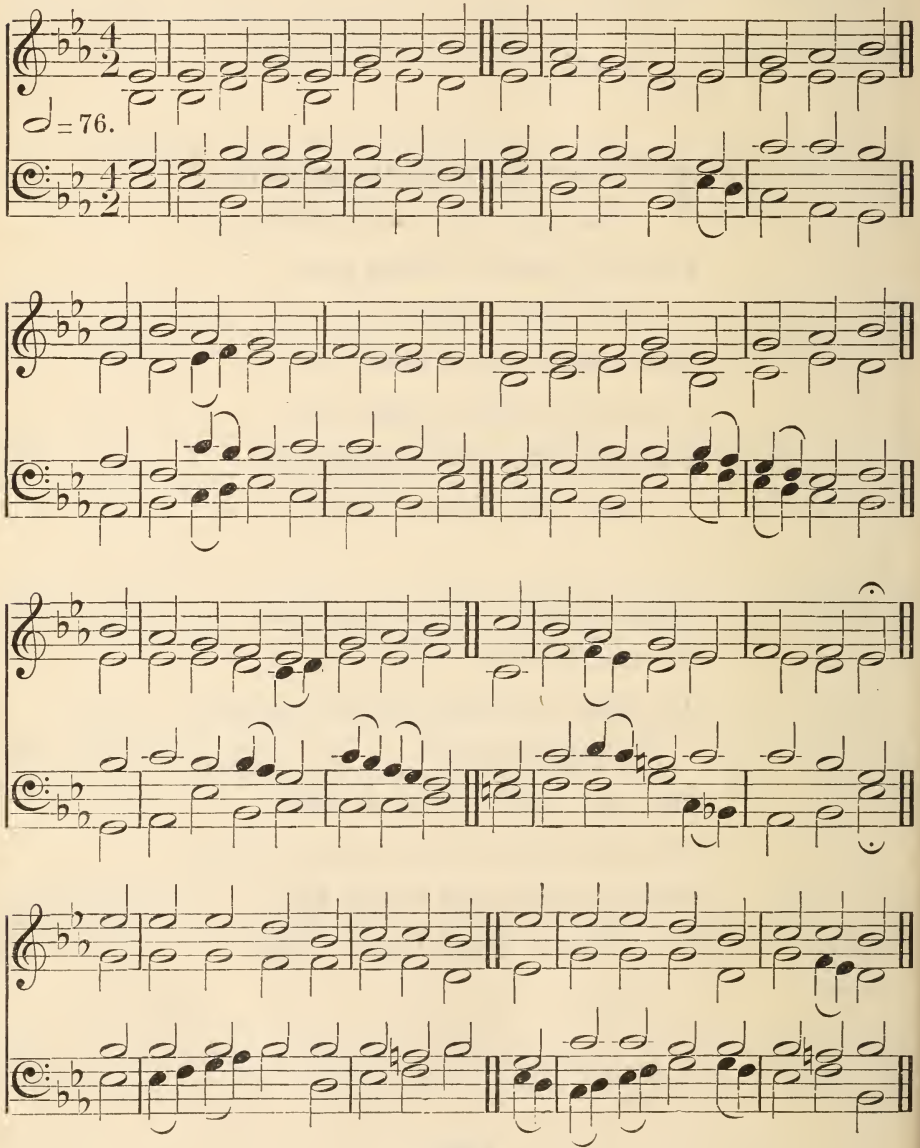
PATRIA. 8.8.8.6. D. T. F. DUNHILL, *b.* 1877.

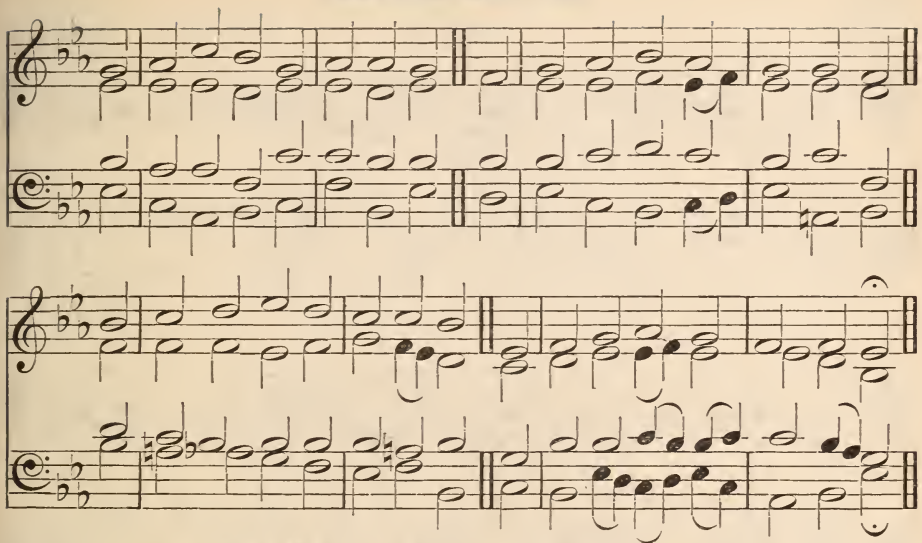


mf FROM foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride, and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery:
From blinded zeal by faction led;
From giddy change by fancy bred;
From poisonous error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free!

Defend, O God! with guardian hand,
The laws and ruler of our land,
And grant our Church Thy grace to stand
In faith and unity!
The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,
cr That Thou, Whose Blood was shed to save,
Mayest at Thy second coming, have
f A flock to welcome Thee! Amen.

Old 113th. Six 8's, D. Ravenscroft's *Psalter*, 1621.



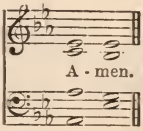


mf FROM highest heaven the Eternal Son,
With God the Father ever One,
Came down to suffer and to die;
For love of sinful man He bore
Our human griefs and troubles sore,
Our load of guilt and misery.

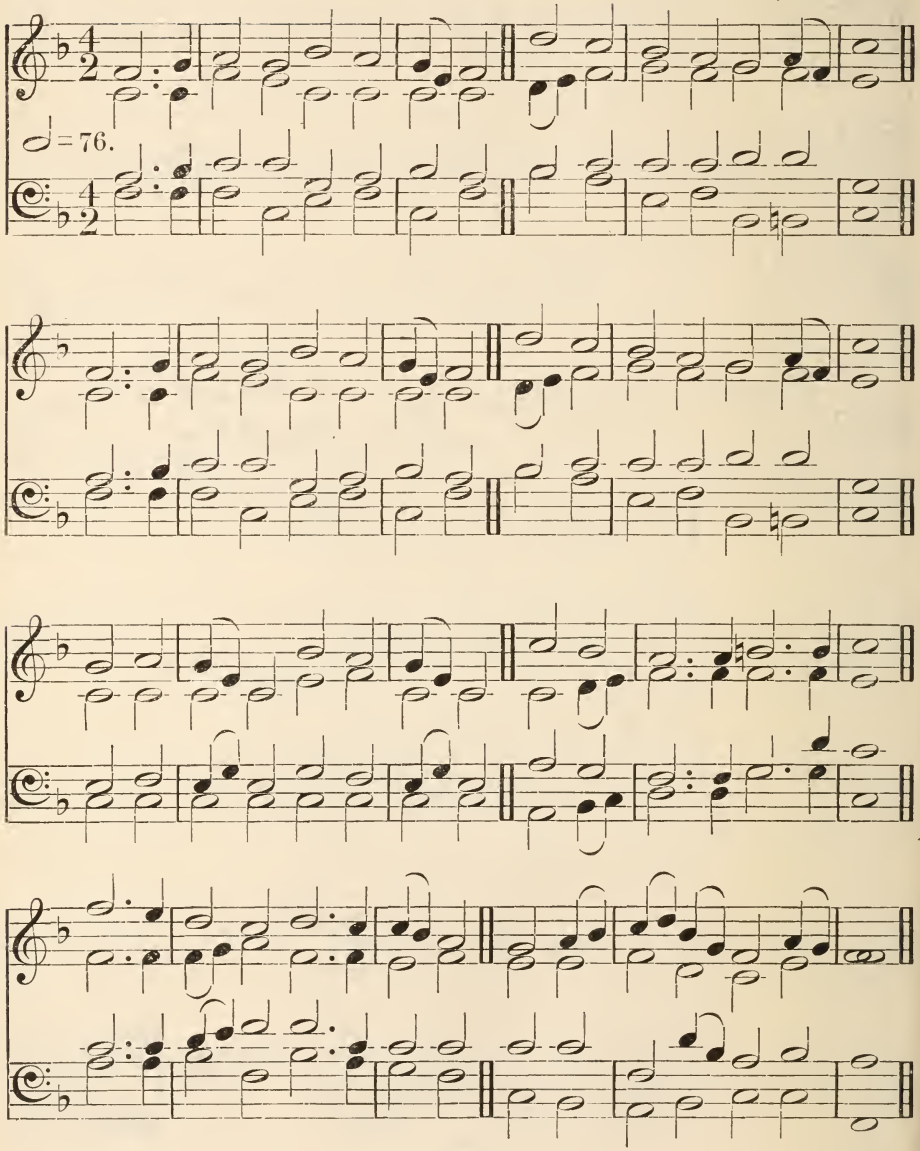
f Rejoice, ye Saints of God, and praise
The Lamb Who died, His flock to raise
From sin and everlasting woe;
With Angels round the throne above
Oh tell the wonders of His love,
The joys that from His mercy flow.

p In darkest shades of night we lay,
Without a beam to guide our way,
Or hope of aught beyond the grave;
mf But He has brought us life and light,
cr And opened heaven to our sight,
f And lives for ever strong to save.

ff Rejoice, ye Saints of God, rejoice;
Sing out, and praise with cheerful voice
The Lamb Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Him Who gave His Only Son,
To God the Spirit, with Them One,
Be praise and glory evermore.



AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7. D. F. J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.



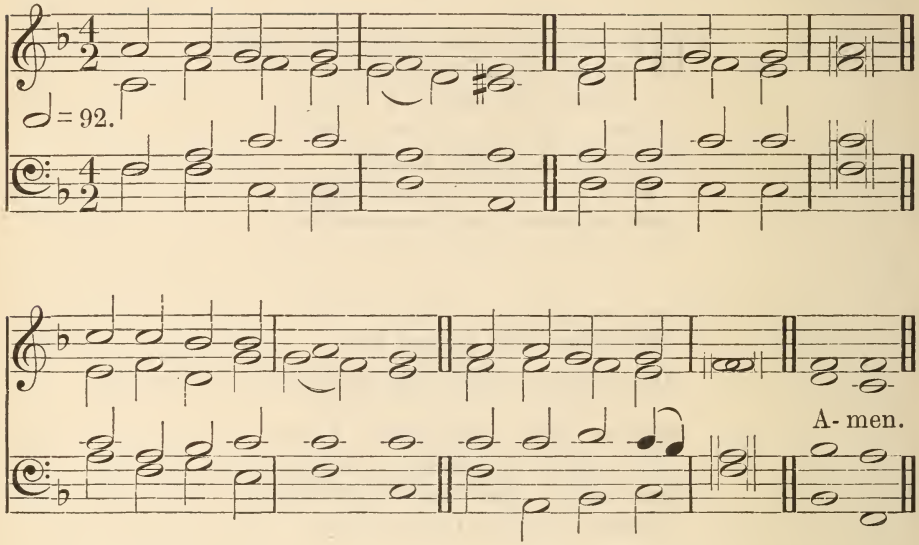
f GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

mf See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age!

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day,
Daily on the manna feeding,
Which He gives them when they pray.

mf Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
f I will glory in Thy Name:
p Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All its boasted pomp and show;
f Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

CASWALL. 6.5.6.5. F. FILITZ, 1804--1876.



mf GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains,
Poured for me the Life-blood
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
dim Which from endless torment
cr Did the world redeem.

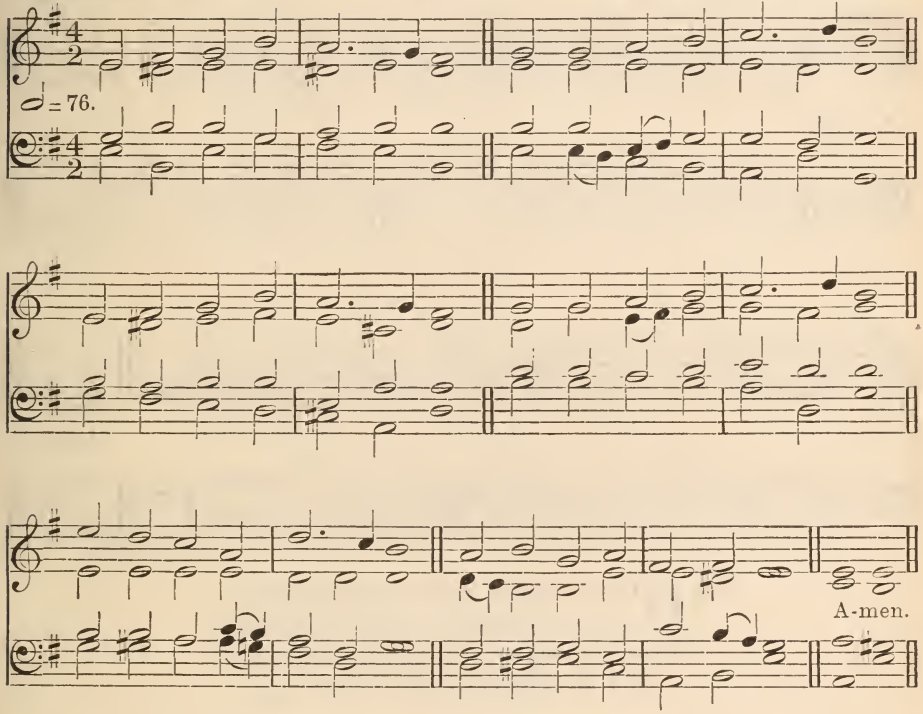
mf Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion,
Terror-struck, departs.

f Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

ff Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

MEININGEN. 7.7.7.7.7.7. *Meiningen Gesangbuch*, 1693.



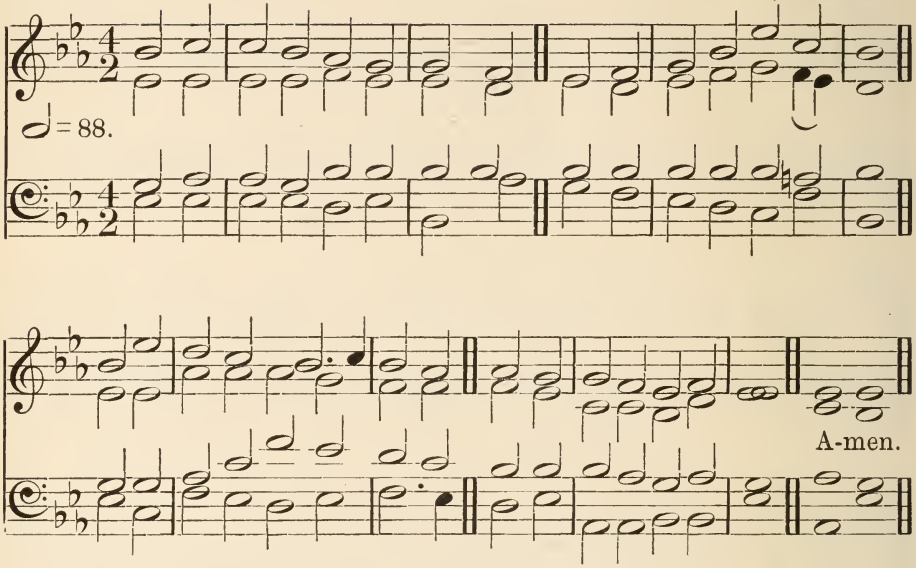
p GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour.
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of Life arraigned;
Oh the wormwood and the gall!
Oh the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished,"—hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
cr Who hath taken Him away?
f Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
p Saviour, teach us so to rise! Amen.

LANGDALE. 8.7.8.7. R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



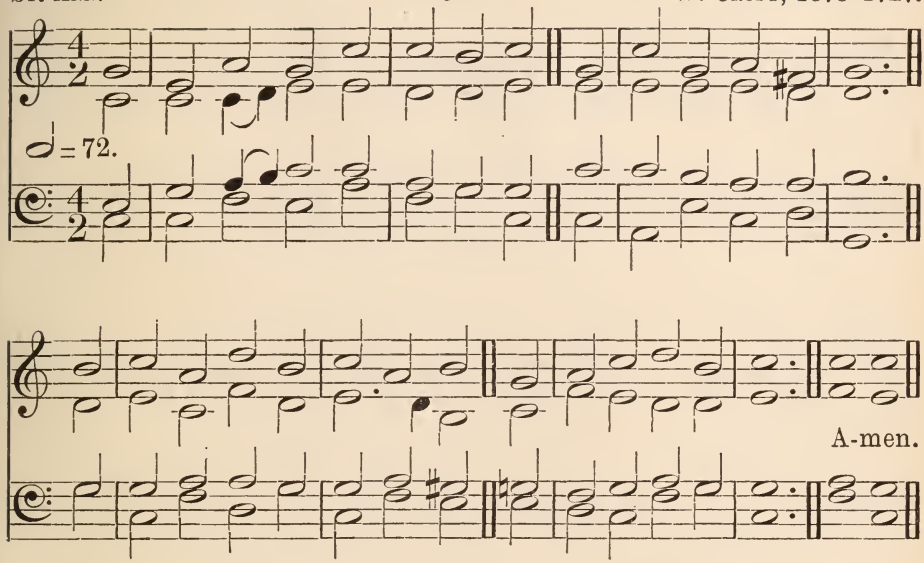
mf GOD is Love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

p Death and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
cr But His mercy waneth never;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

p Even the hour that darkest seemeth
cr Will His changeless goodness prove;
f From the mist His brightness streameth;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

mf He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
f Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is Wisdom, God is Love. Amen.

St. Ann. C.M. W. Croft, 1678–1727.



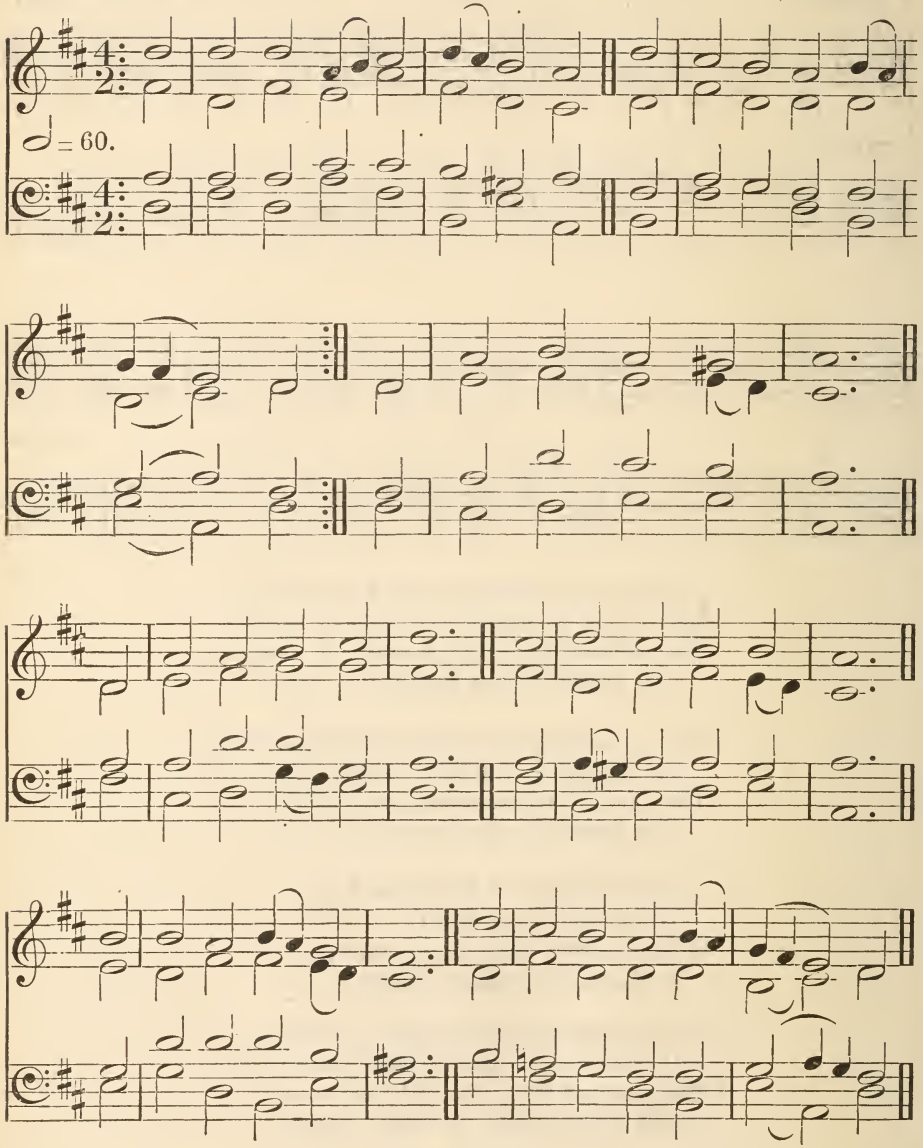
f GOD is our Refuge, tried and proved
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear, though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
The kingdoms fail and cease;
The Lord His Saints will not forsake,
The Lord will give us peace.

p A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His Church below.

mf When earth and hell against us came,
He spoke, and quelled their powers;
f The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
The God of grace is ours. Amen.

Ein' feste Burg. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7. M. Luther, 1483–1546.



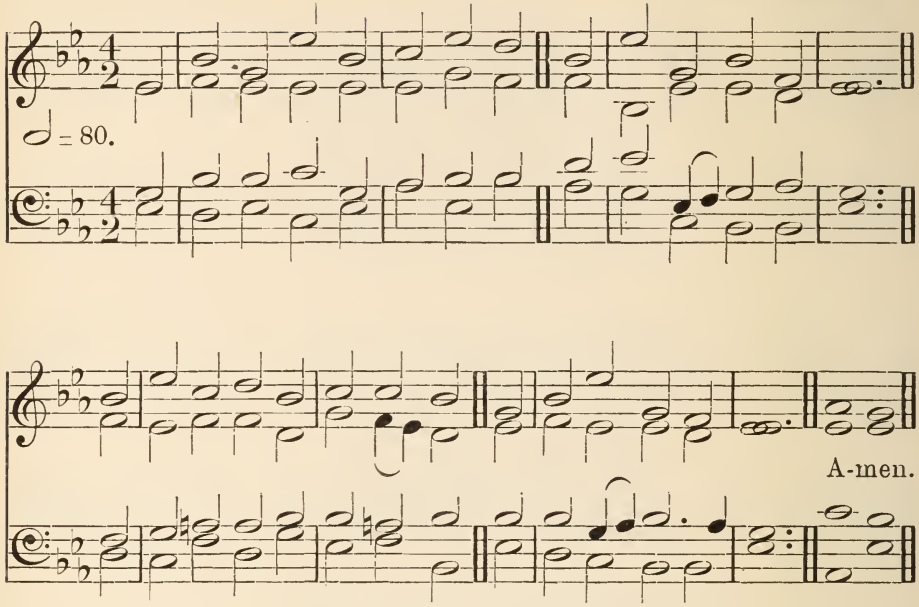
f GOD is our stronghold and our stay,
Our hope in tribulation;
What though the mountains rock and sway
To earth's long-hid foundation;
What though the ocean roar,
Fast gaining on the shore,
The hurtling storm rage loud
Beneath the thunder-cloud?
Our hearts are all untroubled.

p The might of water sinks to rest;—
How calm yon river glideth,—
God's city mirrored on its breast,—
The house where He abideth!
Hushed be all strife and din!
His Presence dwells within,
cr She standeth unremoved,
mf By God Himself beloved,
f Who helpeth her right early.

mf In vain the heathen shout for war,
In vain our foes assemble;
The voice of God is heard from far,
And earth itself shall tremble.
He breaks the spear and bow,
He lays the warrior low,
cr The chariot burns with flame;—
Our trust is in His Name,
f And Jacob's God our Refuge!

p Be still, the Lord is God alone,
Let all the world adore Him,
And bending low before His throne
For pitying grace implore Him.
His kingdom is within,
O'er hearts made pure from sin,
cr Where love that casts out fear
Exults to feel Him near,—
f The Lord of Hosts our Refuge.

London New. C.M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1635.



mf GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

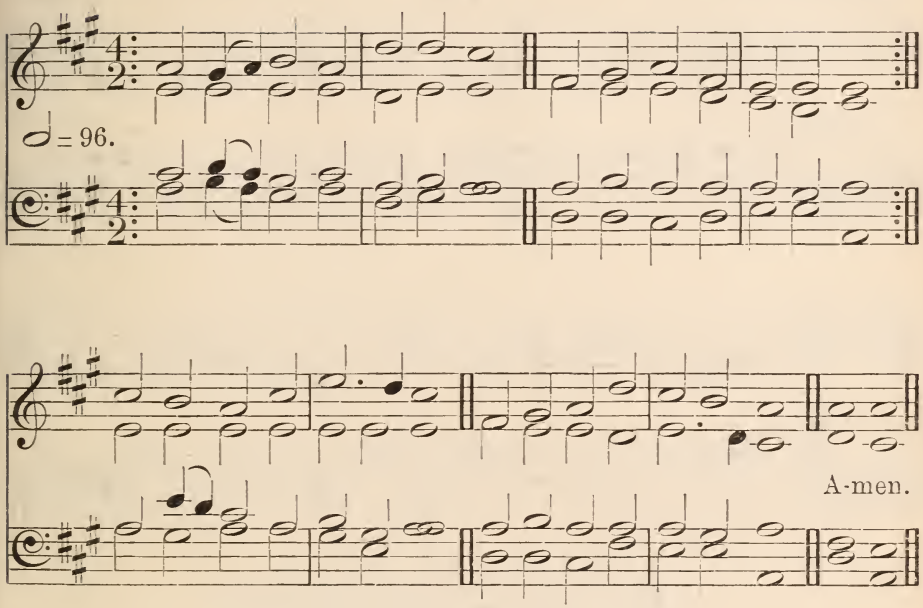
Ye fearful Saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
p Behind a frowning providence
cr He hides a smiling face.

mf His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
cr God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

Dix. Six 7's. C. Kocher, 1786–1872.

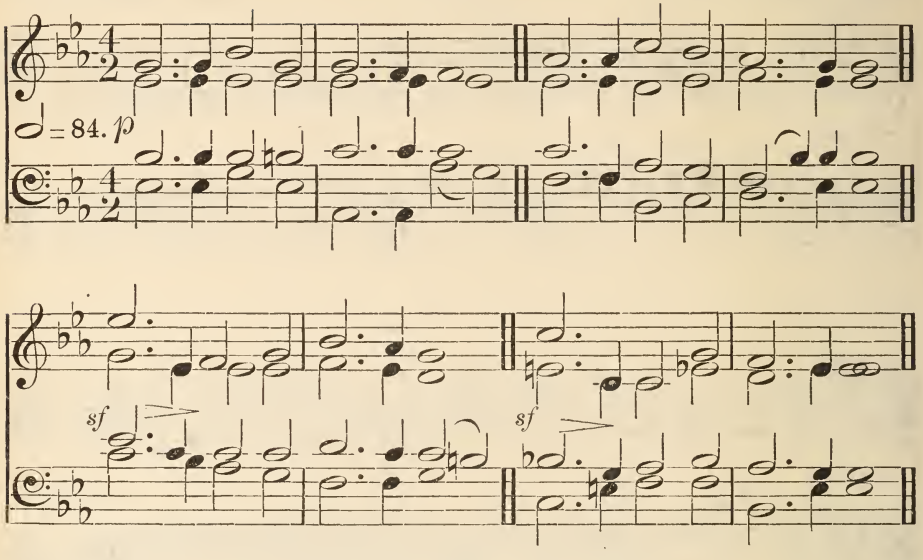


mf GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
cr And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

f Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
ff Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
p At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

f Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

St. Margaret. 7.7.7.7. E. H. Lemare, *b.* 1865.

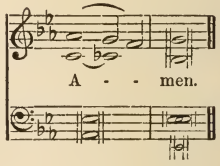


p GRACIOUS Spirit, Life Divine,
Breathe on us Thy Life benign:
Life, to join ourselves to Thee;
Life, our life in Thee to see.

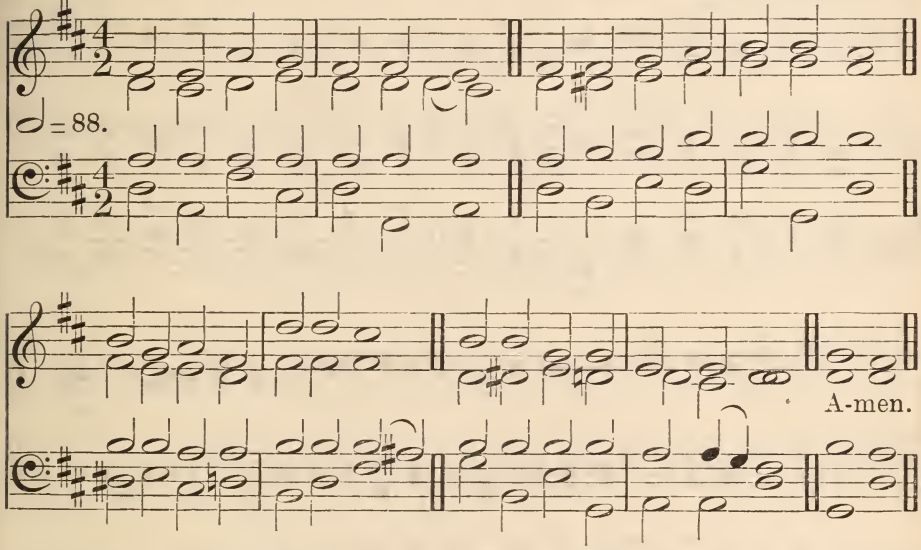
mf Holy Spirit, Fire Divine,
With Thy fire our souls refine:
Fire, to purge our sins away;
Fire, to cleanse us for Thy day.

mf Bounteous Spirit, Light Divine,
Cause on us Thy Light to shine:
Light, our path in life to see;
Light, to lead our feet to Thee.

p Gentle Spirit, Love Divine,
With Thy Love all love entwine:
Love, in trial peace to give;
Love, for all through life to live.



KIEL. 7.7.7.7. A. J. ROMBERG, 1767–1821.



mf GRACIOUS Spirit, Love Divine!
Let Thy light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove,
p Fill us with Thy peace and love.

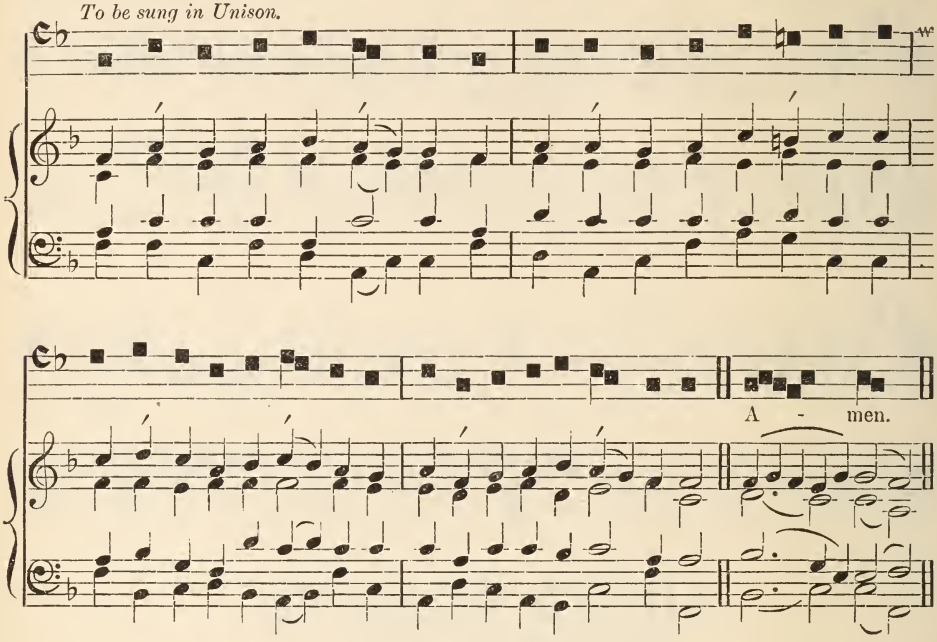
mf Pardon to the contrite give;
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
p Wash us through His precious Blood.

mf Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life and joy and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

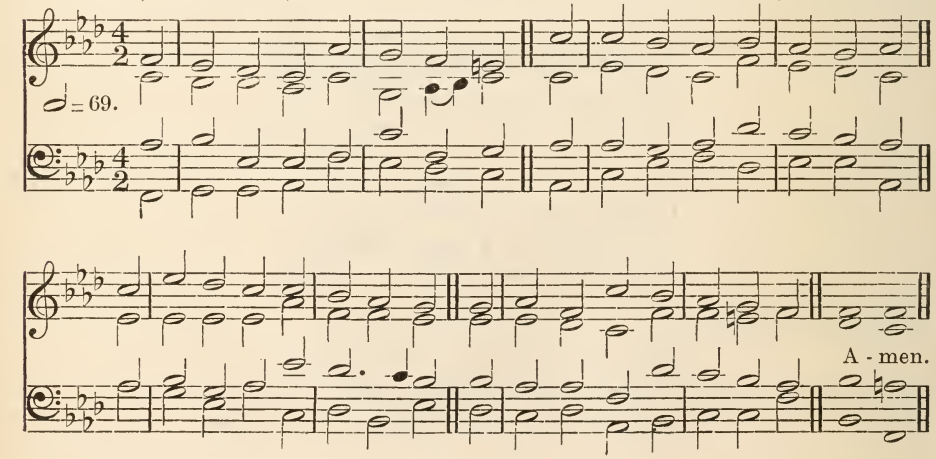
p Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in the heavenly way;
cr Bring us to the courts above,
f Realms of light and endless love. Amen.

O LUCE QUI MORTALIBUS (*First Tune*). MODE VI. Old French Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.



ST. LUKE (*Second Tune*). L.M. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1669?–1707.



p GREAT God, Who, hid from mortal sight,
Dost dwell in unapproachèd light,
Before Whose throne with veilèd brow
Thy sinless Angels trembling bow.

Awhile in darkness here below
We lie oppressed with sin and woe;
mf But soon the everlasting day
Shall chase the night of gloom away;—

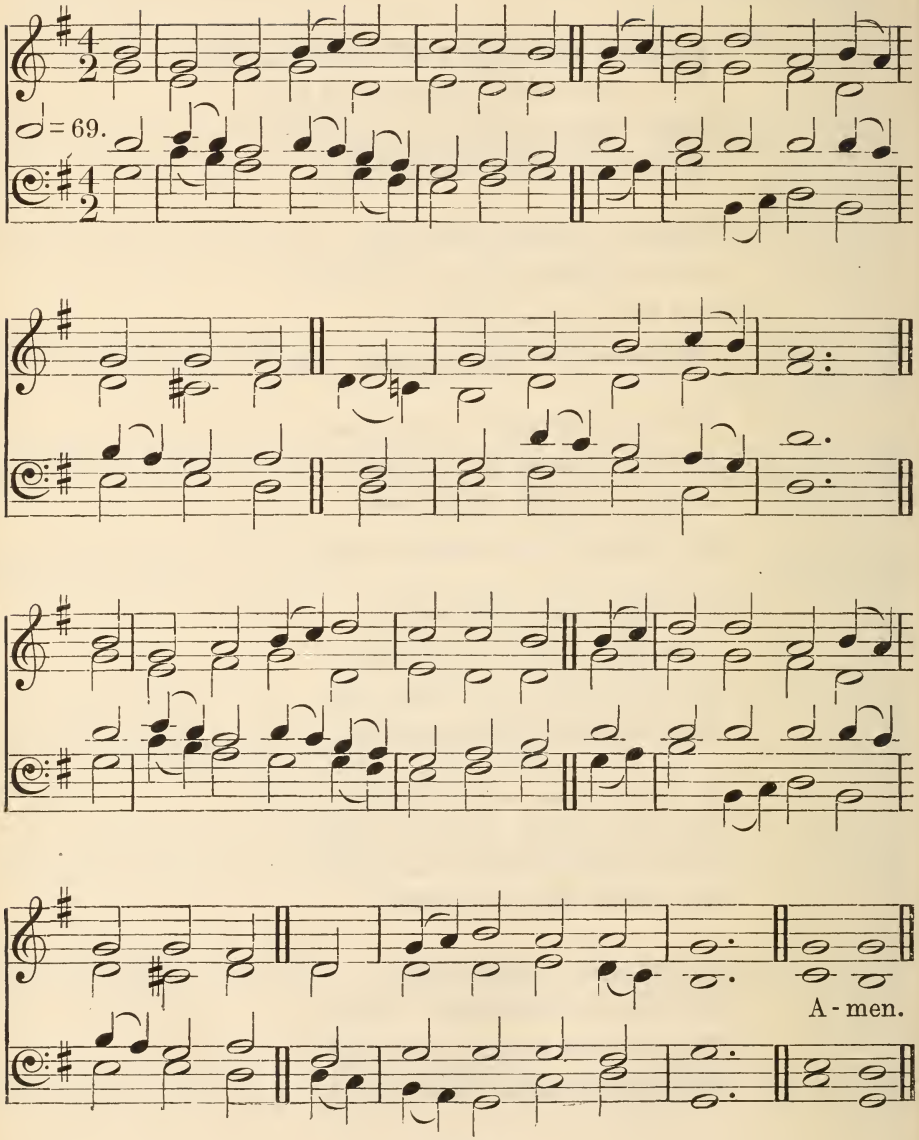
The day prepared for us by Thee;
The day reserved for us to see;
A day but faintly imaged here
By brightest sun at noontide clear.

p Too long, alas! it still delays,
It lingers yet, that day of days;
The flesh, with all its load of sin,
Must perish, ere its joy we win.

f Then from these earthly bonds set free
The soul shall fly, O God, to Thee;
To see Thee, love Thee, and adore,
Her blissful task for evermore.

p All-bounteous Trinity! prepare
Our souls Thy hidden joy to share,
cr That our brief daytime, used aright,
May issue in eternal light. Amen.

INNSBRUCK. 8.8.6. D. H. ISAAC, 1440–15 .

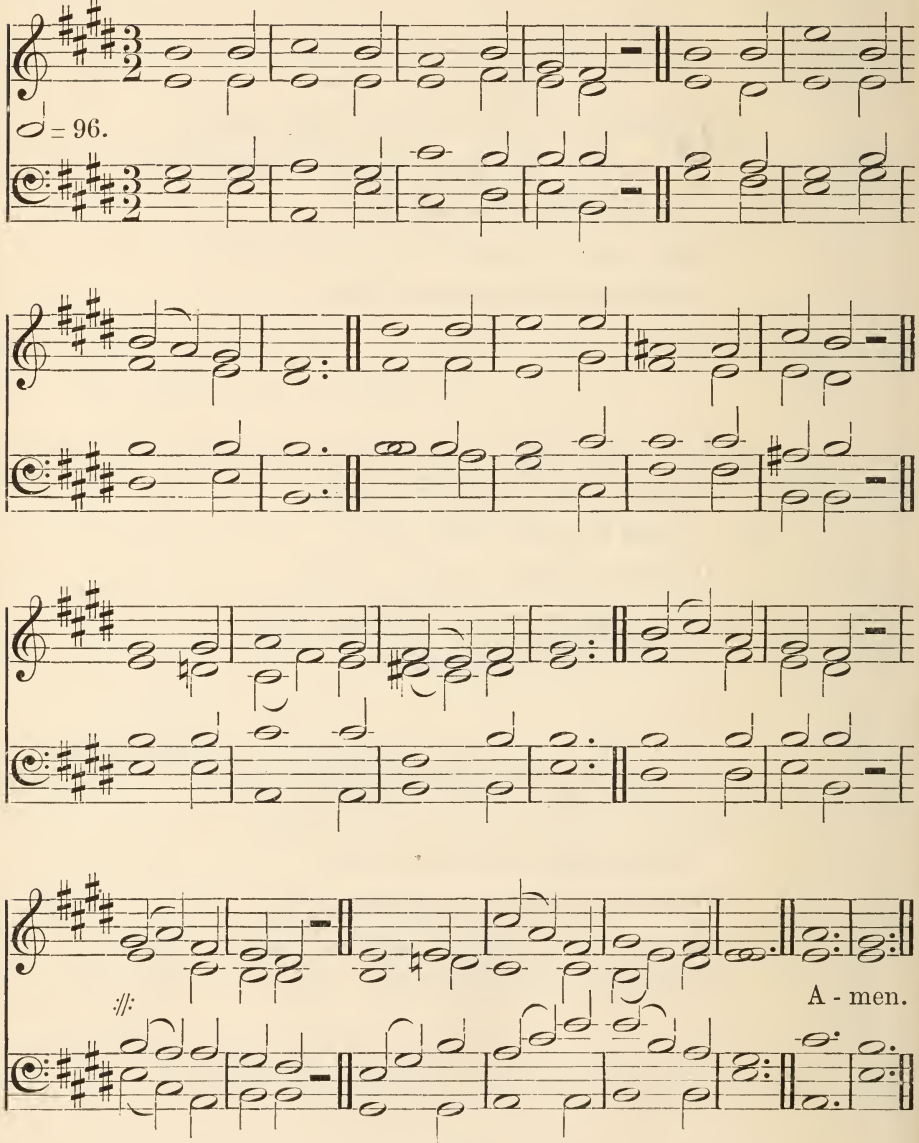


mf GREAT Mover of all hearts, Whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy Saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

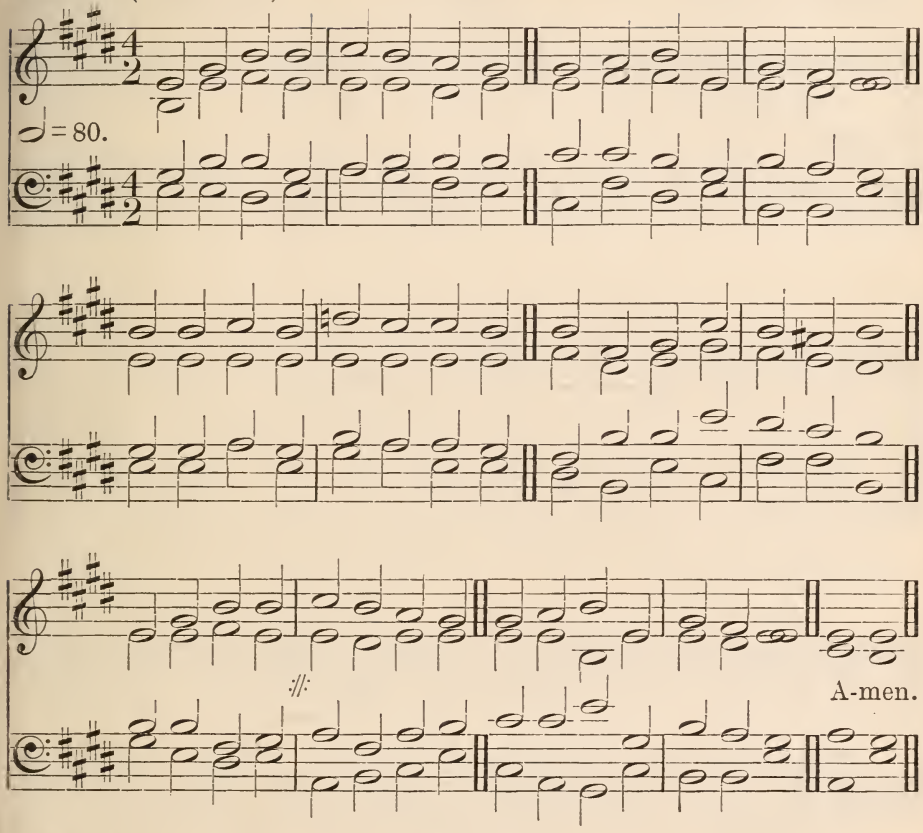
mf Faith, hope, and love here weave one chain;
f But love alone shall then remain
dim When this short day is gone:
cr O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
f When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright
With all our labours done?

p We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
mf There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown:
f Great God Triune, the increase give;
And these Thy gifts, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown. Amen.

PROTECTOR MEUS (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. Anon.



MANNHEIM (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. F. FILITZ, 1804–1876.

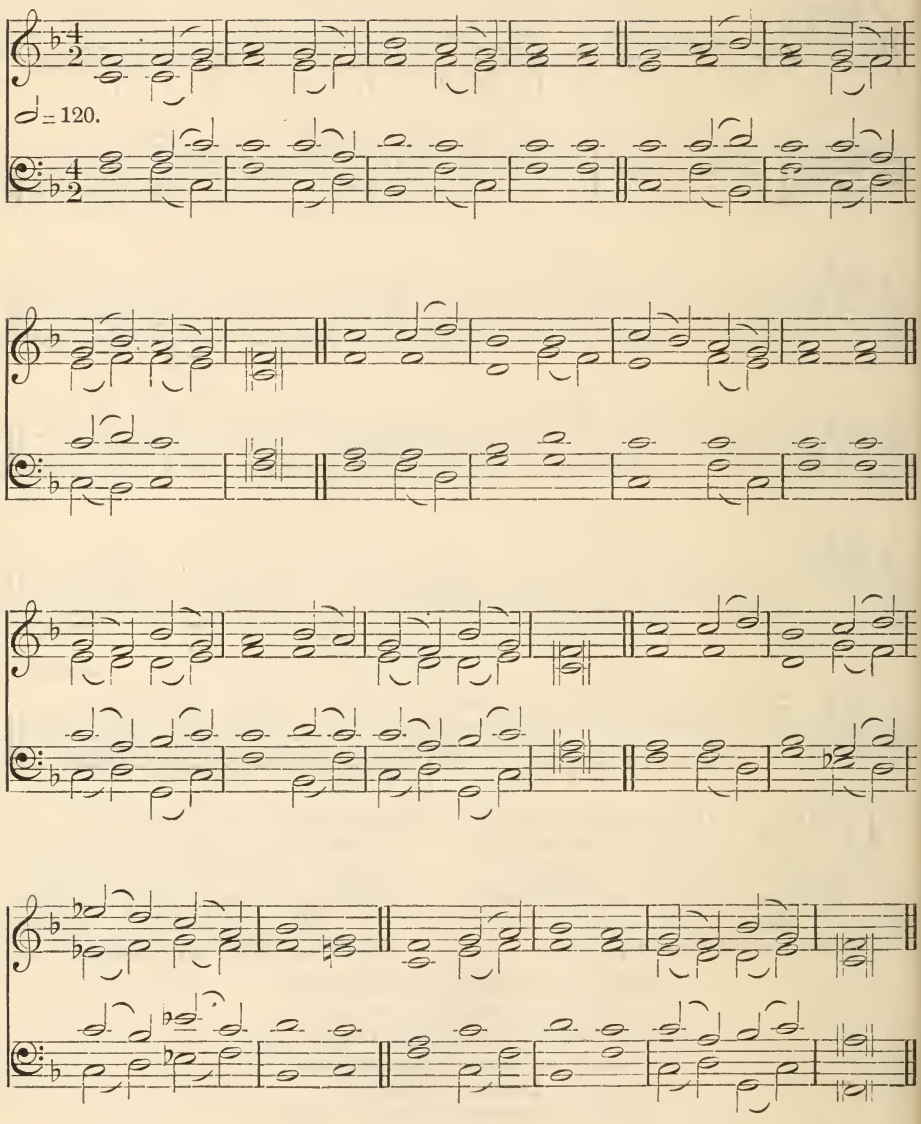


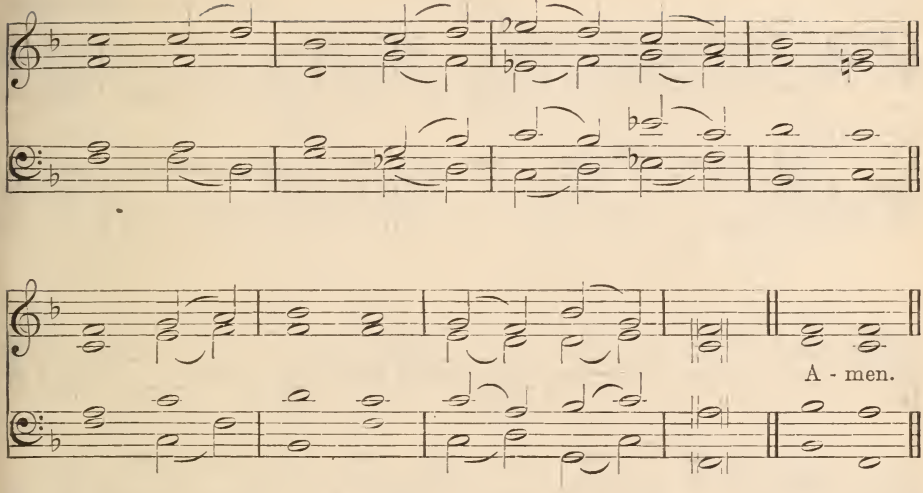
mf GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
p Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

mf Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth [flow;
Let the fire, and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
f Strong Deliverer, [shield.
Be Thou still my strength and

p When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
f Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

ALLA TRINITÀ BEATA. 8.7.8.7. D. *Laudi Spirituali*, 1585.



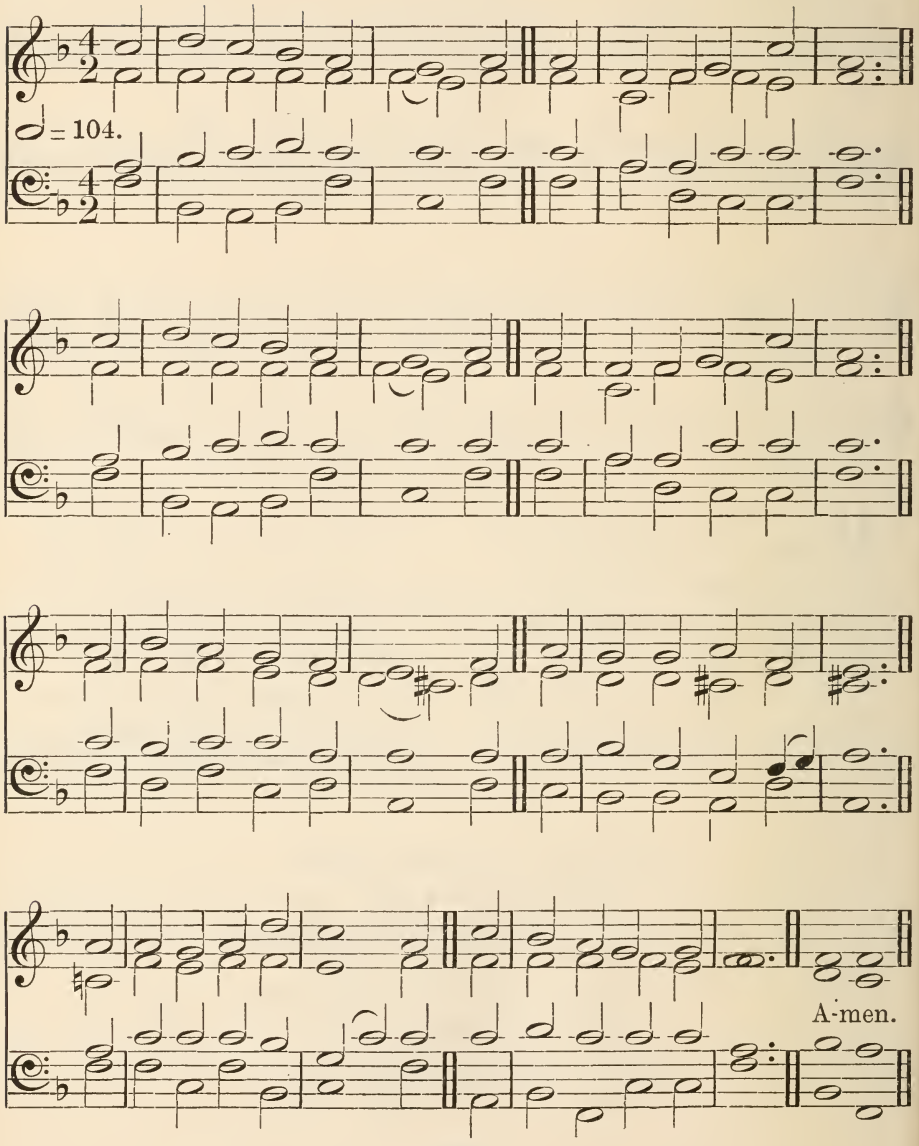


mf HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring!
Hail, Thou universal Saviour
Who hast borne our sin and shame;
By Whose merits we find favour,
Life is given through Thy Name.

p Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
mf By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood;
f Opened is the gate of heaven;
p Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

f Jesu, hail! Enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly Hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side!
Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give! Amen.

CRÜGER. 7.6.7.6. D. J. CRÜGER, 1598–1662.



f HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

f Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

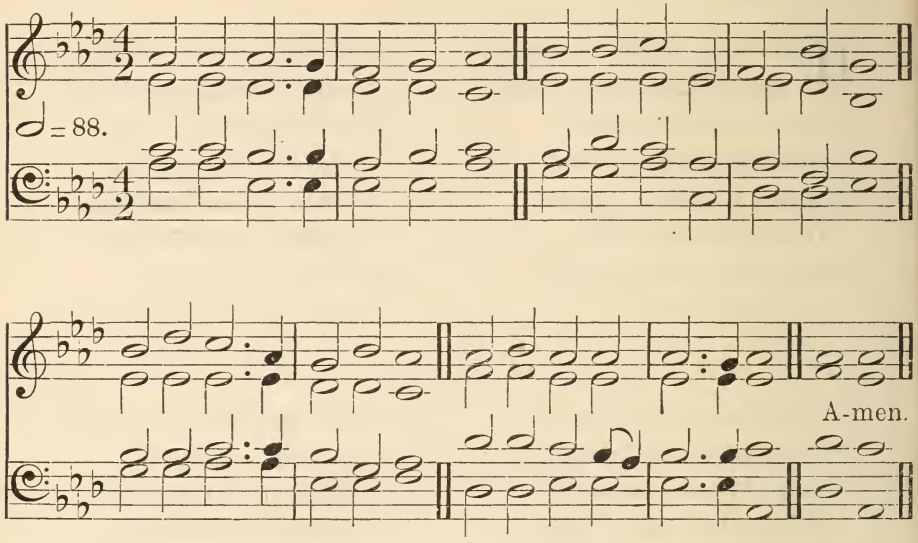
mf He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

mf For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
f His Kingdom still increasing,
A Kingdom without end:
mf The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
f Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

mf He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

f O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is—Love.
Amen.

St. Bees. 7.7.7.7. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



mf HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
p "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

mf "I delivered thee when bound, [wound;
And, when wounded, healed thy
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
p Yes, she may forgetful be,
f Yet will I remember thee.

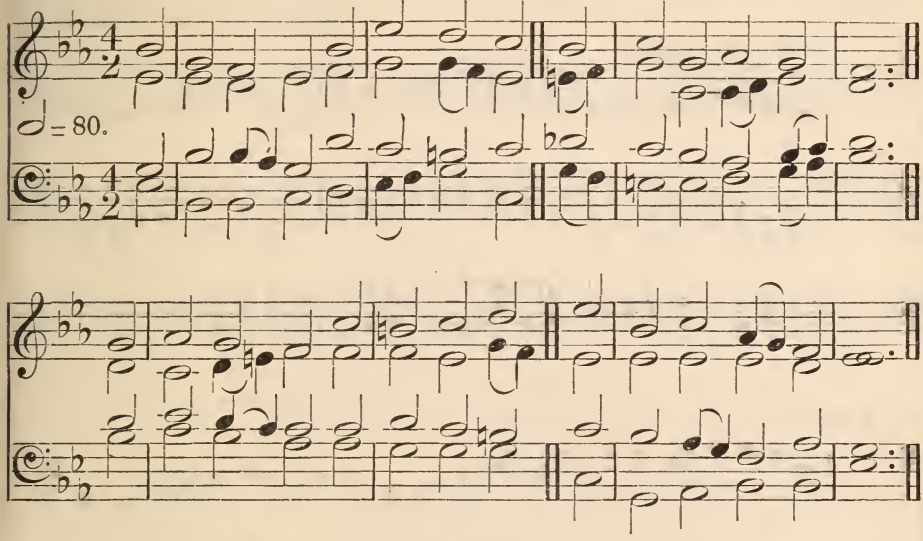
mf "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

f "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
f Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

p Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
mf Yet I love Thee, and adore;
cr Oh for grace to love Thee more.

Amen.

SUDELEY. C.M. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.



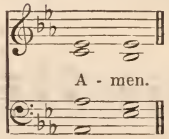
p HEAL us, Emmanuel; hear our prayer;
We wait to feel Thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust Thy word:
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord!

Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

She too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

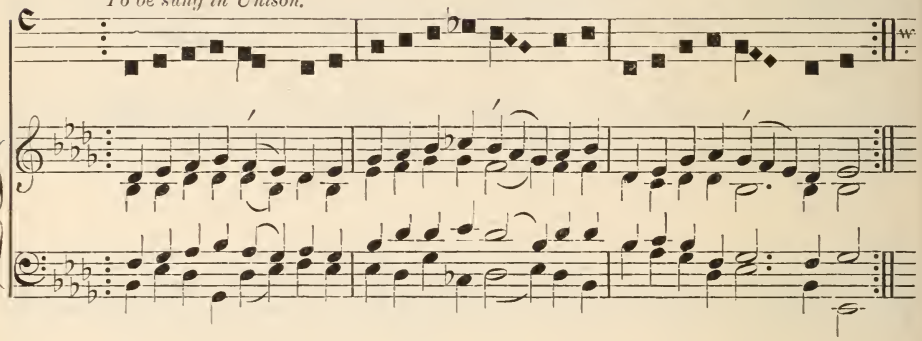
Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch Thee if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home;
Send none unhealed away!



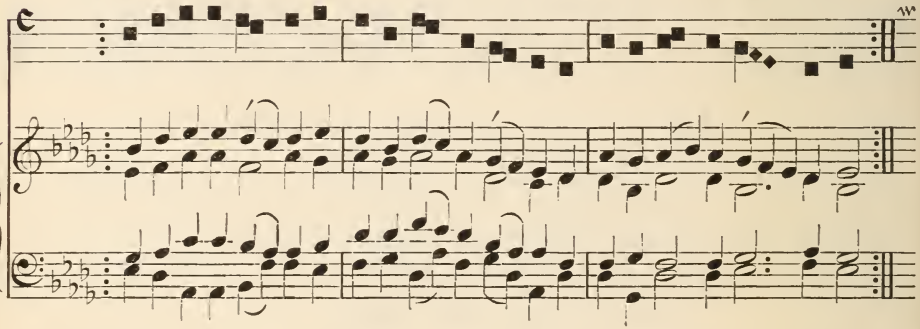
VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS (*First Tune*).

VERSE 1. MODE I. Ancient Plain Song.

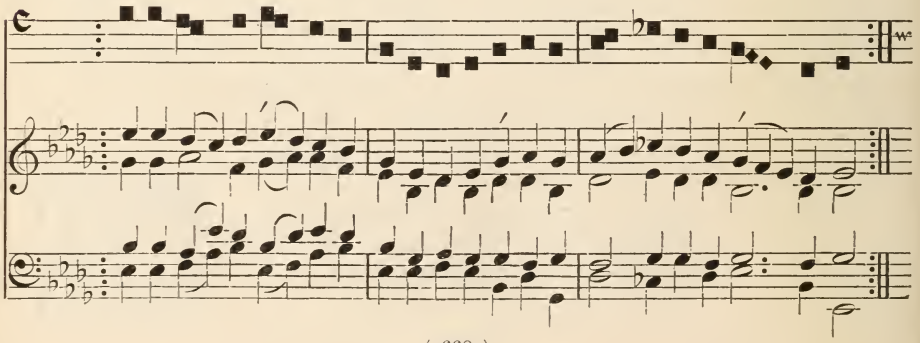
To be sung in Unison.



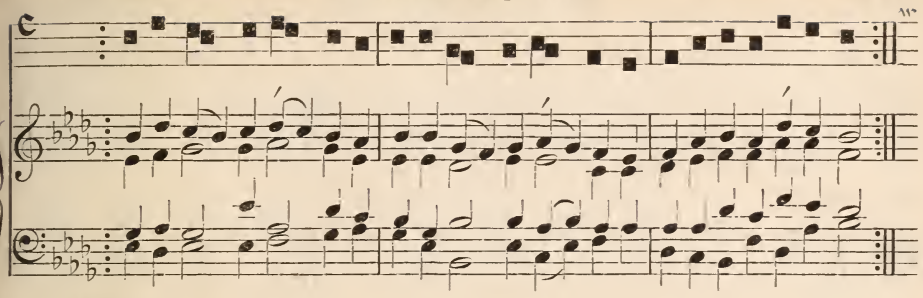
VERSE 2.



VERSE 3.



VERSE 4.



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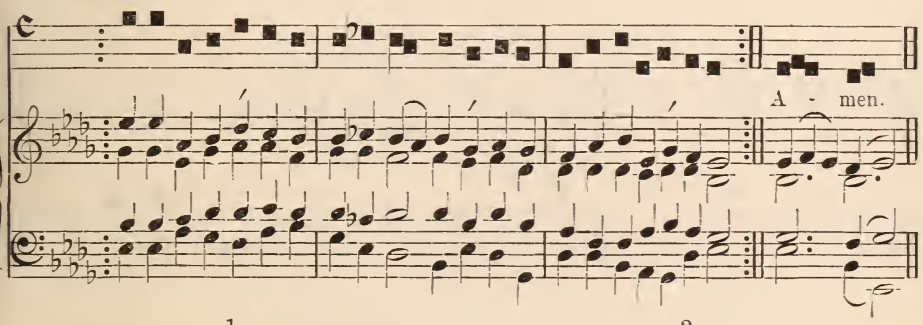


1.

HOLY Spirit! Lord of Light!
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give:
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

2.

Thou of all consolers best,
Thou the soul's delightsome Guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

3.

Light immortal, Light Divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

4.

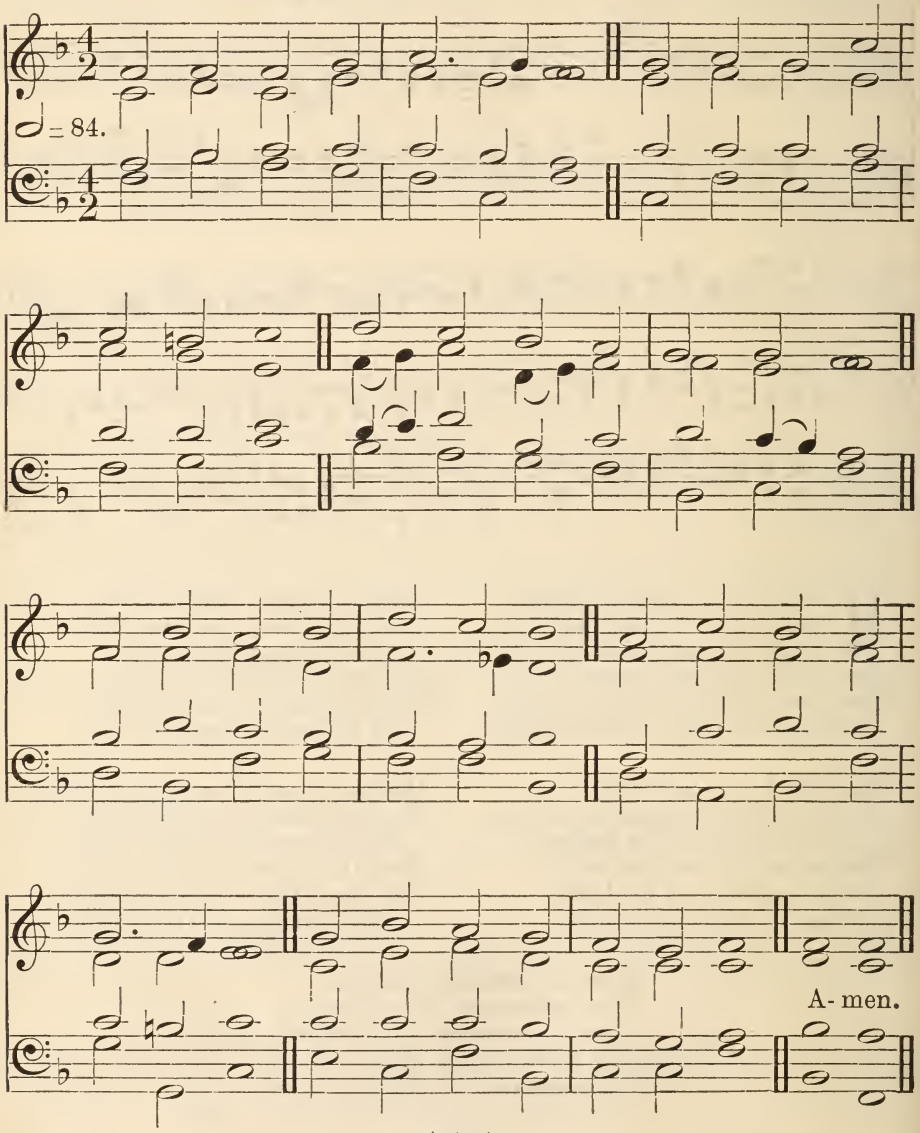
Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

5.

Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high,
Give them joys that never end. Amen.

7.7.7. 7.7.7.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS (*Second Tune*). S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.



mf HOLY Spirit! Lord of Light!
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give:
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

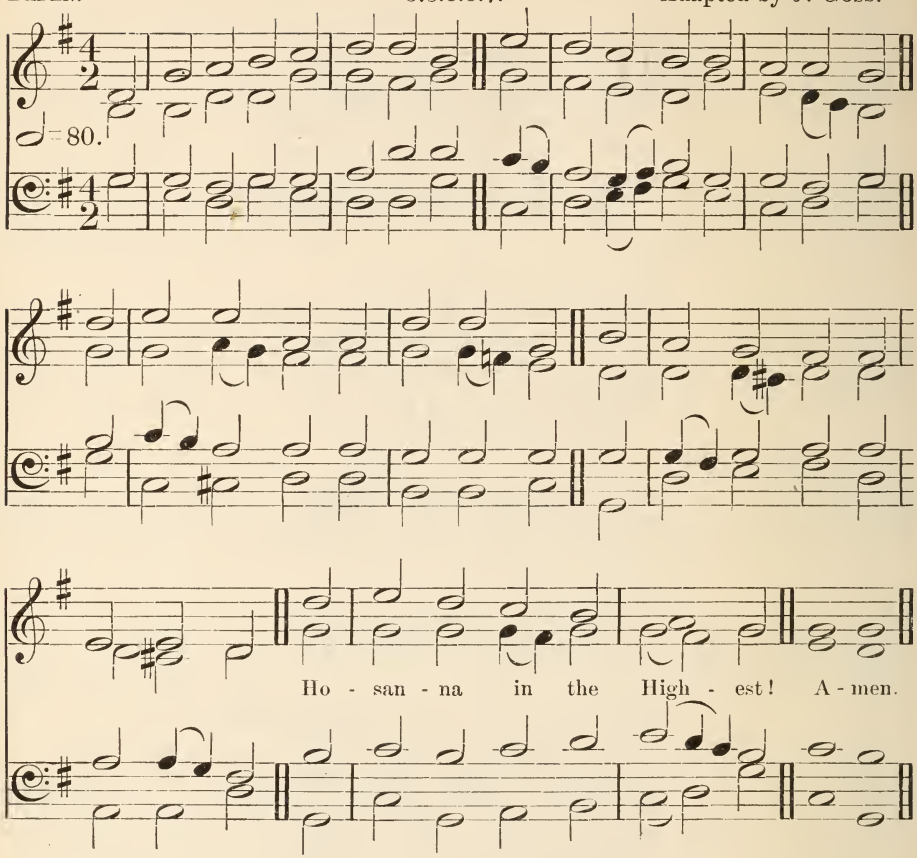
Thou of all consolers best,
Thou the soul's delightsome Guest
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal, Light Divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
p If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

mf Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die;
cr Give them life with Thee on high;
f Give them joys that never end. Amen.

BADEN. 8.8.8.8.7. J. PACHELBEL, 1653–1706. Adapted by J. Goss.



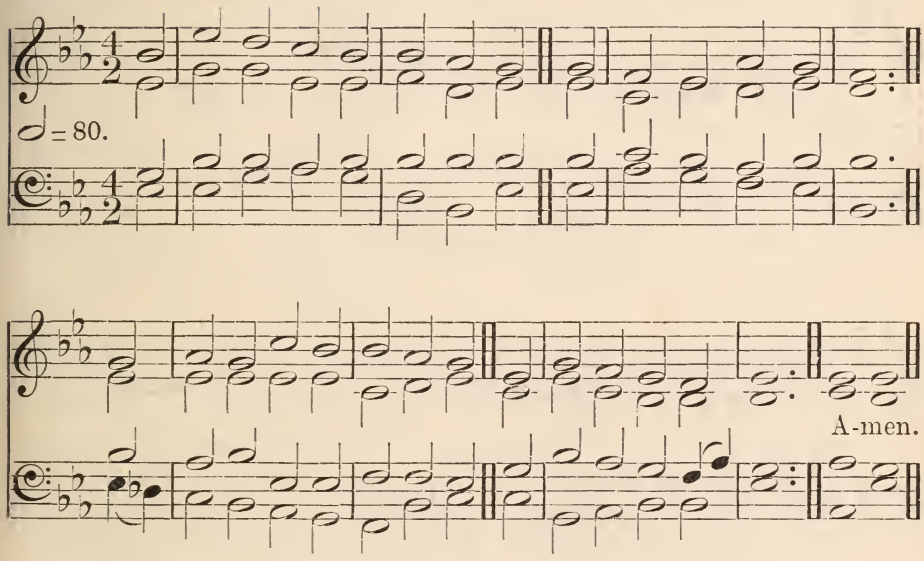
f HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna in the Highest!

mf O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
f Hosanna in the Highest!

p But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
cr And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
f Hosanna in the Highest!

p So, in the last and dreadful day, [way,
When earth and heaven shall melt a-
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
cr Shall swell the sound of praise again.
f Hosanna in the Highest! Amen.

St. Peter. C.M. A. R. Reinagle, 1799–1877.



mf HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear! [wounds,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
p And to the weary rest.

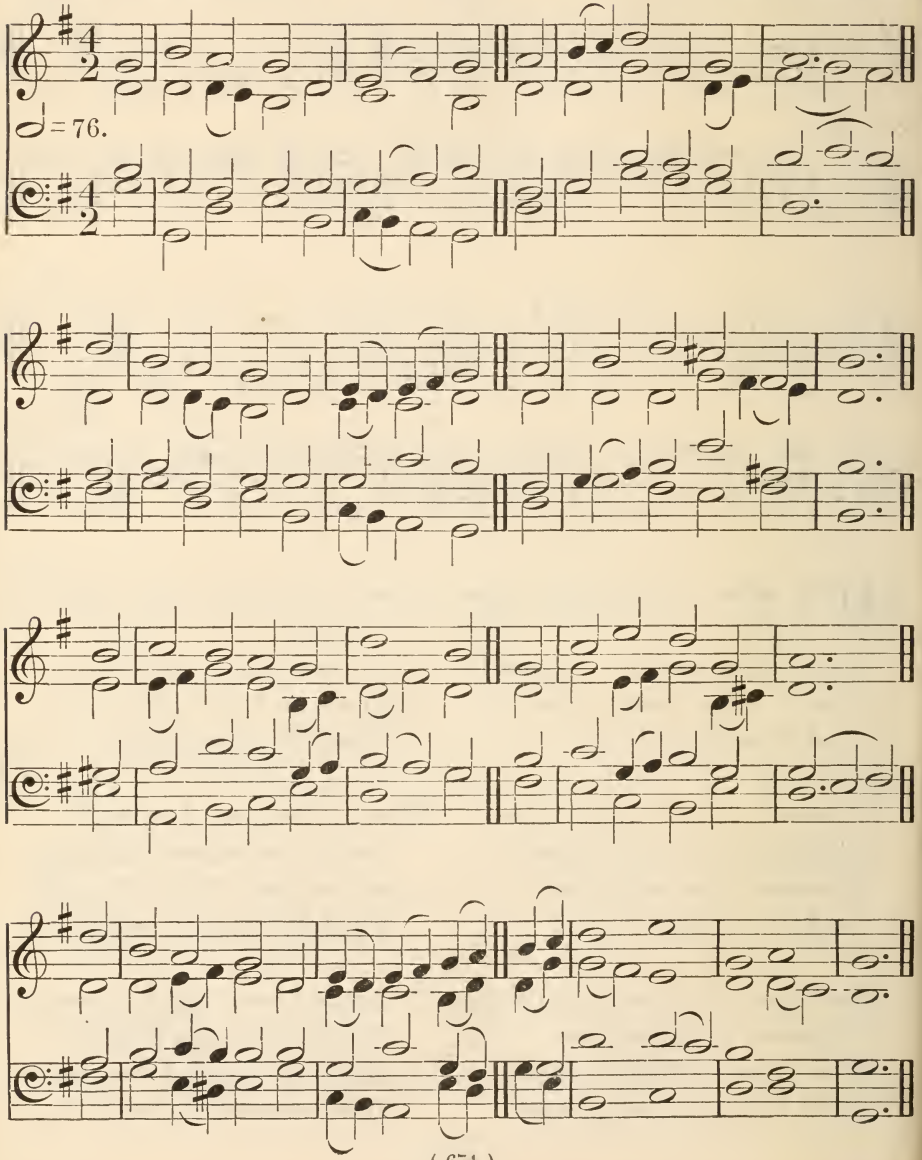
mf Dear Name! the rock on which I build!
My shield and hiding-place!
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

f Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

p Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
cr But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

f Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
p And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

LUCERNA EJUS EST AGNUS. 7.6.8.6. D. BASIL HARWOOD, *b.* 1859.



f I HEARD a sound of voices
Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harps
To Him Who sat thereon;
ff "Salvation, glory, honour,"
I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
In wondrous harmonies.

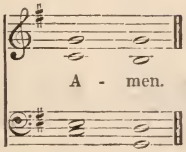
f From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,—
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war:
I heard the Saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died, and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

mf I saw the Holy City,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven a Bride adorned
With jewelled diadem:
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honours there,
And laid them at her feet.

mf And there nor sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
f God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself the Light:
mf And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
f Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.

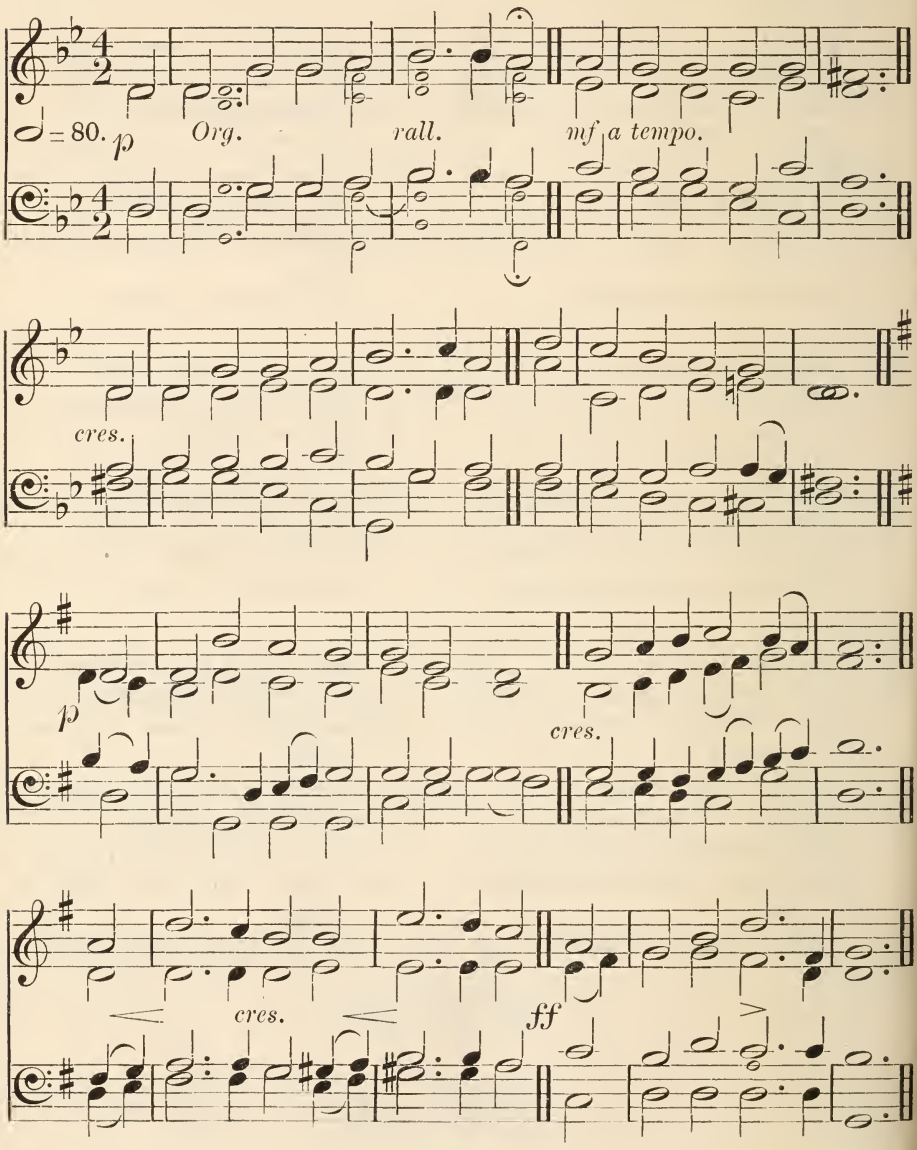
f O great and glorious vision!—
The Lamb upon His throne—
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters,
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

ff O Lamb of God Who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
dim Which now we see from far;
cr O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
f Then open wide the gates of pearl,
dim And call Thy servants home.



431

Vox Dilecti. D.C.M. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.

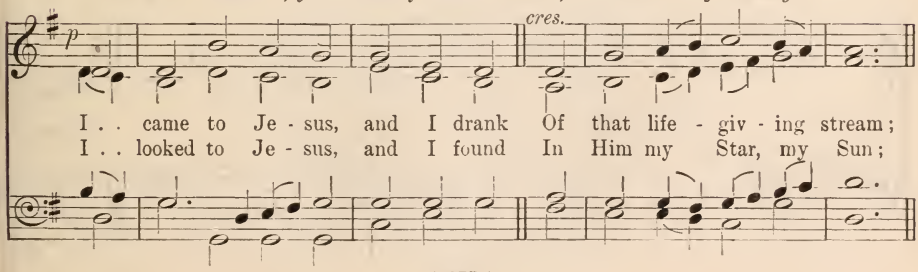


p I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
cr I found in Him a resting-place,
f And He has made me glad.

p I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
mf * I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
cr My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
f And now I live in Him.

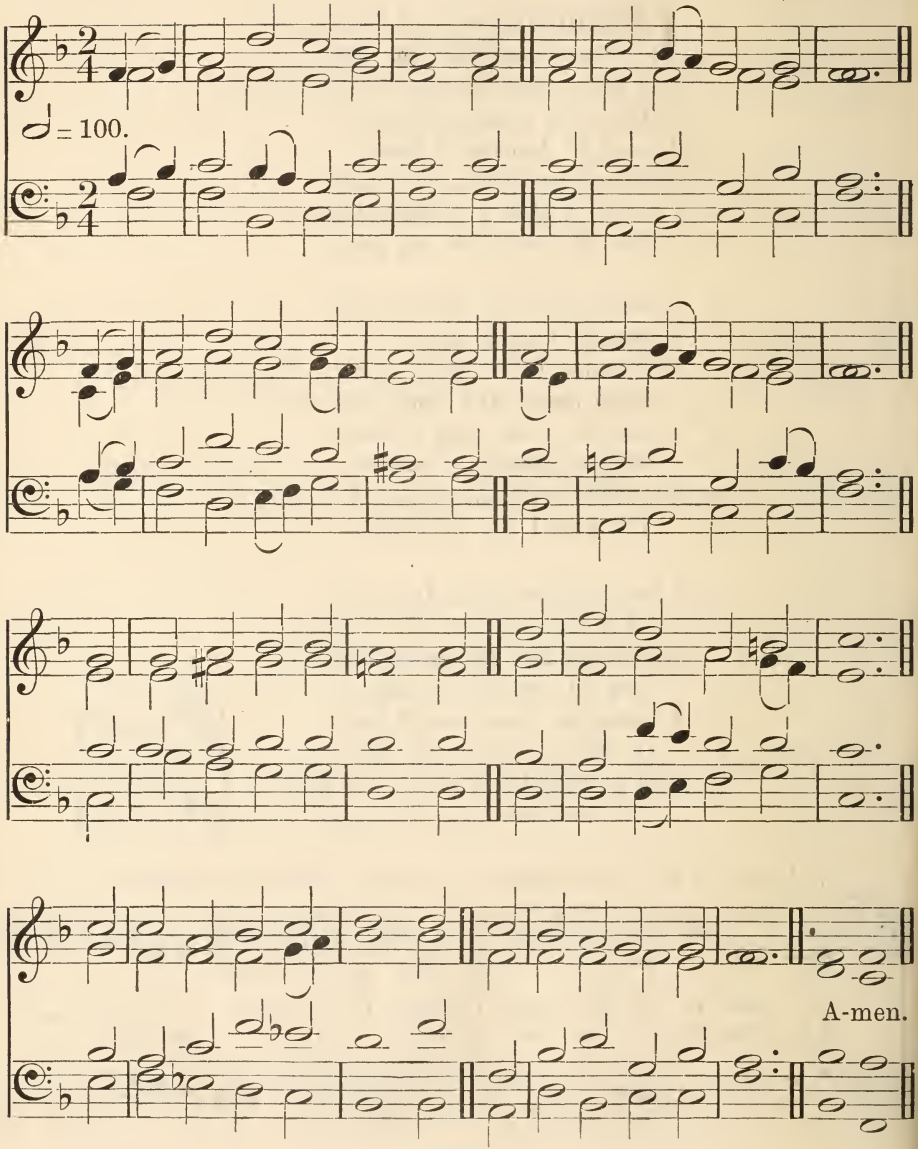
mf I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
cr * I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
f And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

* *In verses* 2 *and* 3, *for music of lines* 5 *and* 6, *substitute the following:—*



432

MUNICH. 7.6.7.6. D. *Würtemberg Gesangbuch*, 1711.



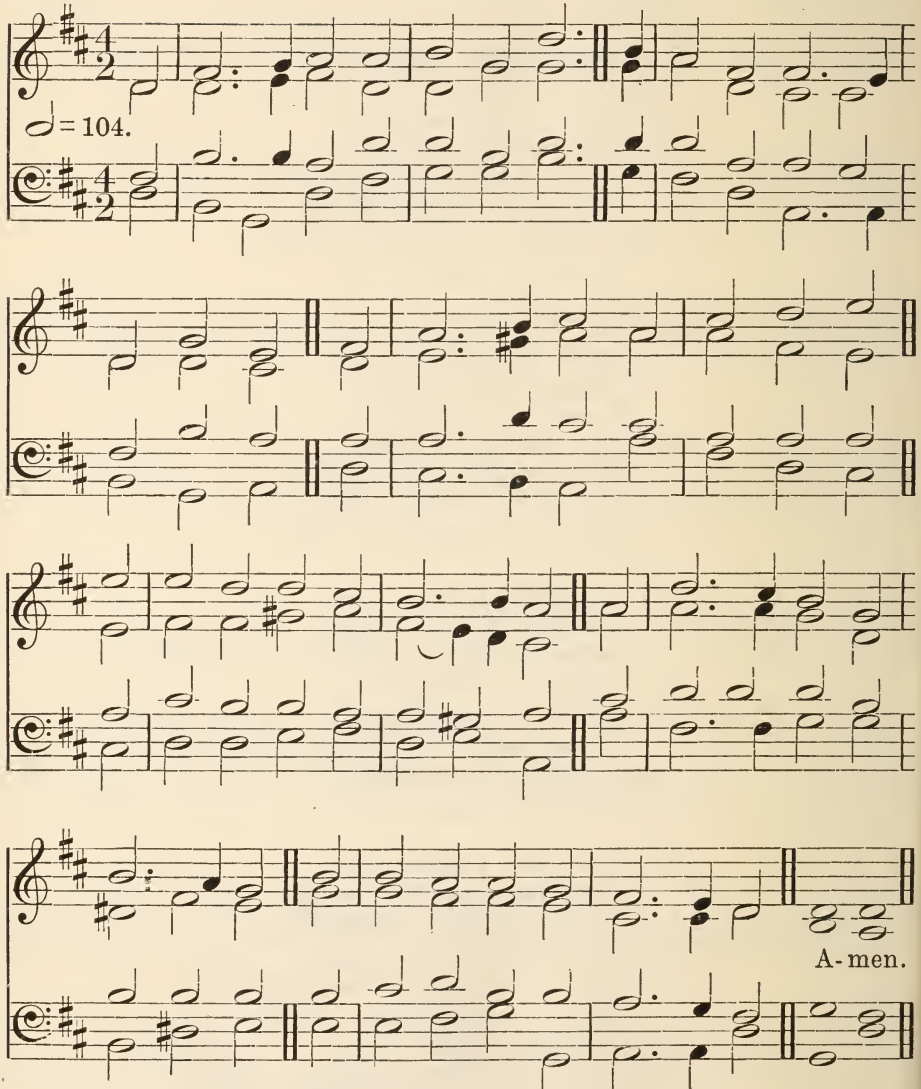
p I NEED Thee, precious Jesu,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
mf I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The Blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

p I need Thee, precious Jesu,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
mf I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

p I need Thee, precious Jesu,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.

mf I need Thee, precious Jesu,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
cr There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
f To sing Thy praises, Jesu,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.

NATURE. Six 8's. C. HUBERT H. PARRY, *b.* 1848.



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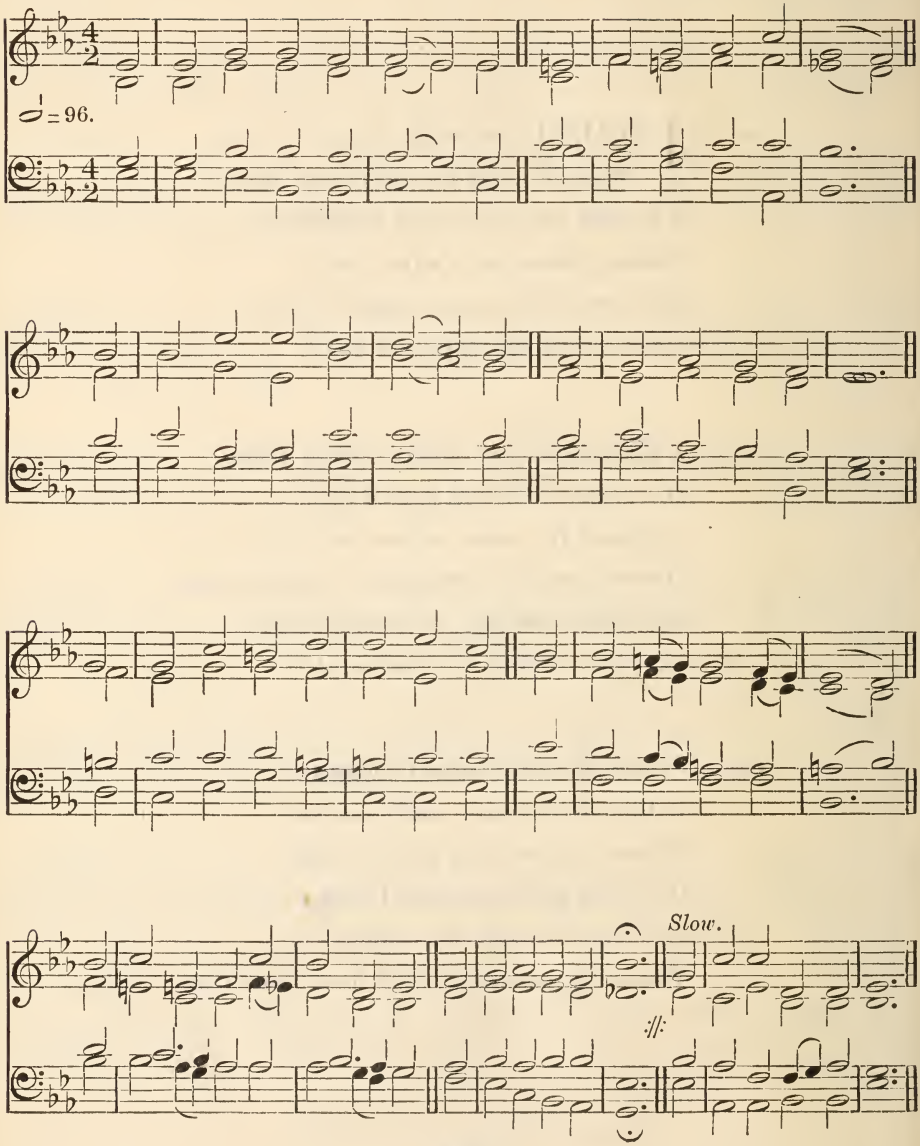
May also be sung to "Surrey," *No.* 563.

mf I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
p "Our beauties are but for a day."

mf I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
p "Our days of light are numbered."

mf O God, O Good beyond compare,
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee. Amen.

St. Avold. 7.6.7.6. 8.6.8.6. M. Haydn, 1737–1806.



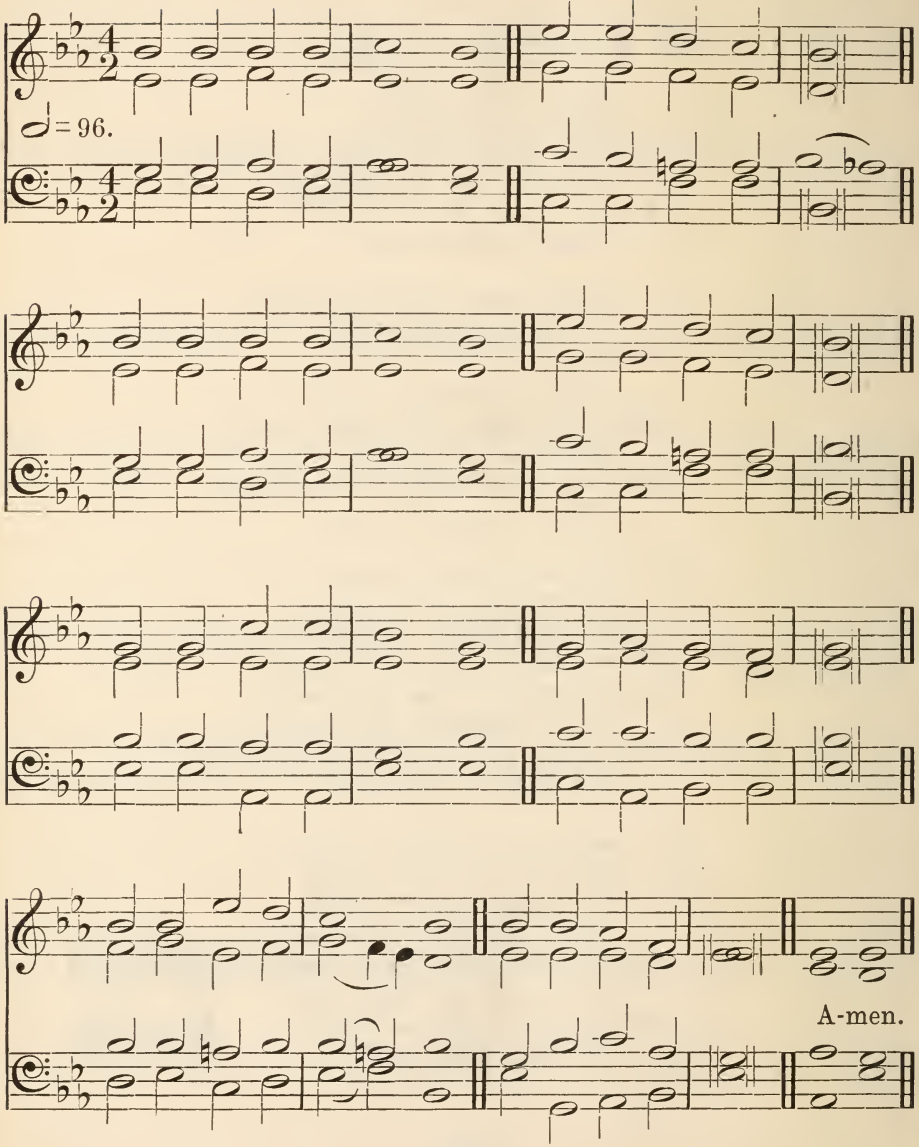
mf IN exile here we wander,
In heaven is our abode,—
The city of the Angels,
The city of our God.
p And here we toil, and strive, and fight,
With sin and woe opprest;
f There God will give the sons of light
Eternal joy and rest.

p Through many sore temptations,
By many sorrows torn,
We strive to win the glory;
Our many falls we mourn.
cr But faith holds out the vision bright
Of our eternal home;
f And hope assures that realm of light,
When we have overcome.

mf Jesu, our Joy and Gladness,
To Thee for aid we flee;
Give tears of true contrition;
Our souls from guilt set free:—
cr And we shall see that gladsome day,
f Where, bathed in joy divine,
Among Thy Saints, and bright as they,
We shall for ever shine.

f There we, as children dwelling,
mf Who here as exiles groan,
f God's praises shall be telling
Before His glorious throne;
There in our endless home shall rest
From strife and sorrow free,
And join the anthem of the blest
For ever, Lord, to Thee.

Bohemia. 6.5.6.5. D. Old German Melody.



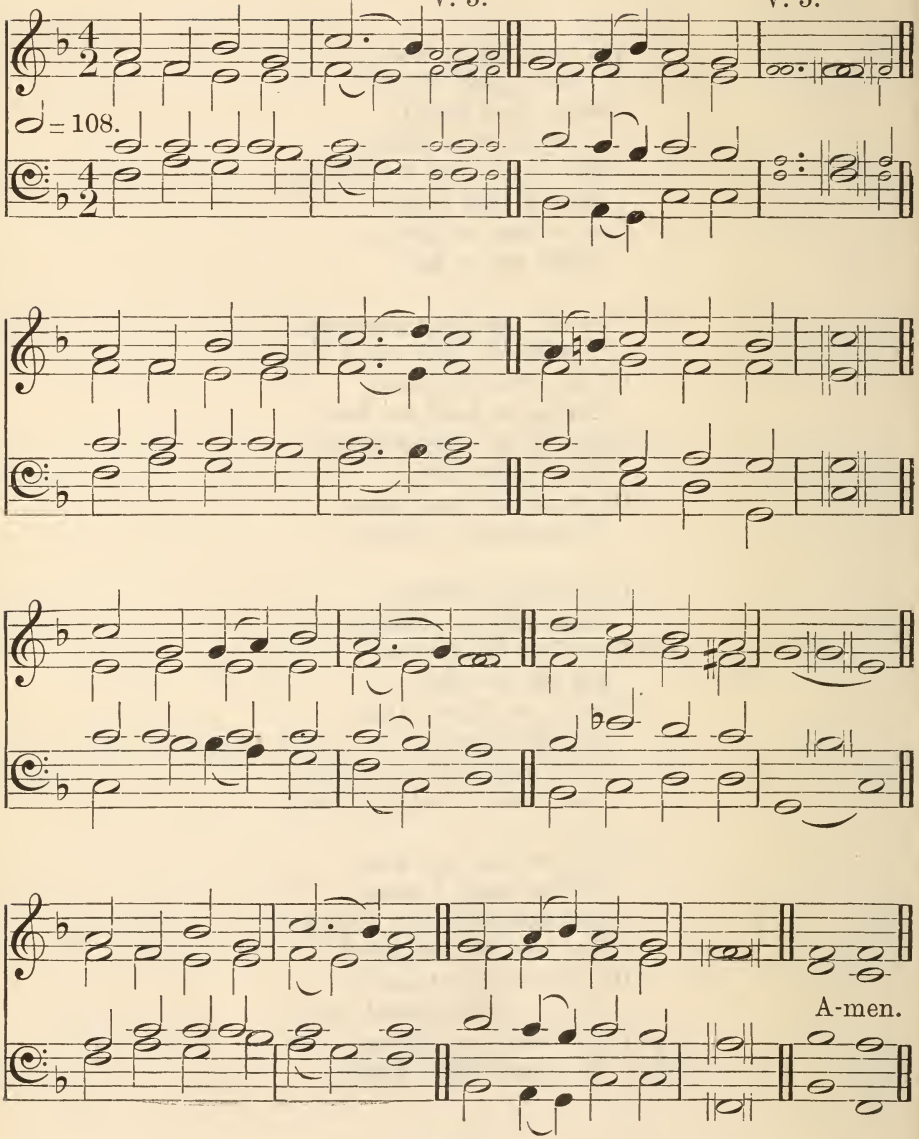
p IN the hour of trial,
Jesu, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

mf With its 'witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
p Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

p If with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
mf Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice.
Then upon Thine Altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the Cup.

p When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
cr Lord, receive me dying
mf To eternal life. Amen.

PRINCETHORPE. 6.5.6.5. D. V. 3. W. PITTS, *b.* 1829–1903. V. 3.



mf IN the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
cr Every tongue confess Him
f King of Glory now;
mf 'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
cr Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

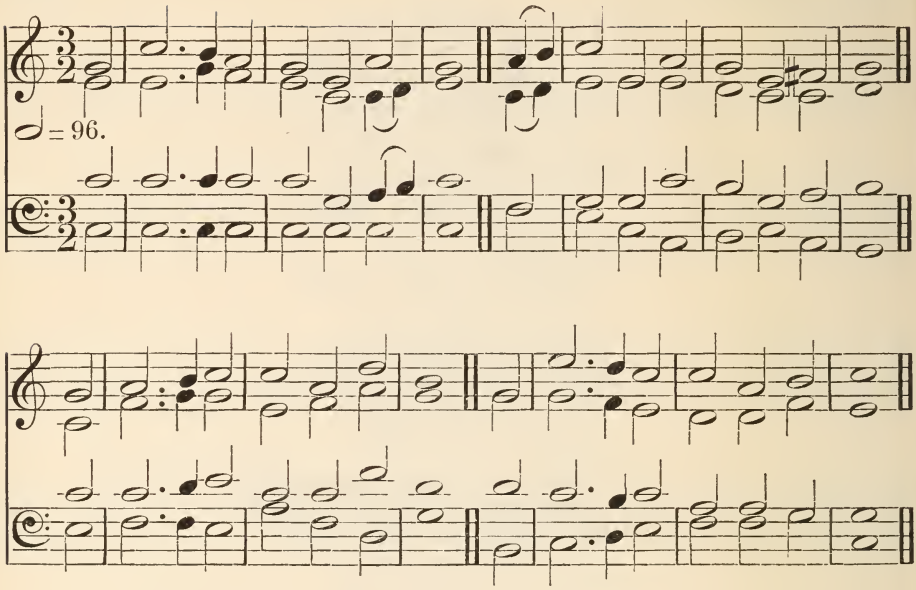
f At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the Angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and Dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly Orders,
In their great array.

f Name Him, brethers, name Him
With love as strong as death,
p But humbly and with wonder,
And with bated breath·
f He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted and adored.

mf In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
cr Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His Will enfold you
In its light and power.

f Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His Angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now. Amen.

TABOR. 8.8.8.8. C. STEGGALL, *b.* 1826.



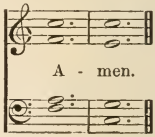
mf INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.

If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

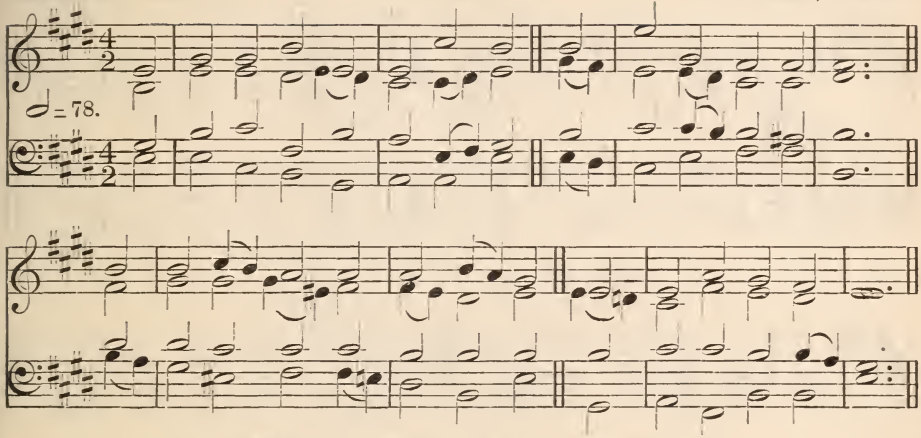
Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while Thy Saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep.

Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

f I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love, and adore, without end,
Their gracious Creator, and mine.



SOUTHWELL. C.M. H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.



May also be sung to "St. James," *No.* 216.

mf JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

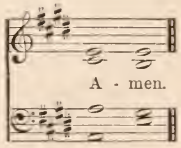
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

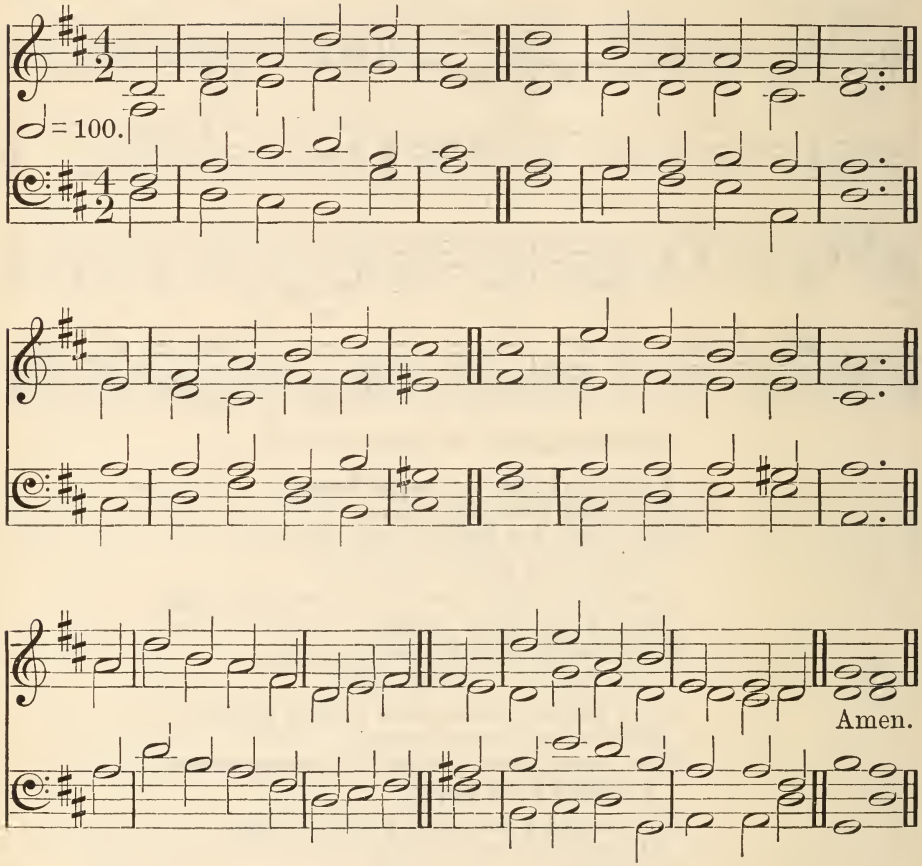
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
f Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.



CHRIST CHURCH. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. C. STEGGALL, *b.* 1826.



mf JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

mf There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There Angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

mf The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The Prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

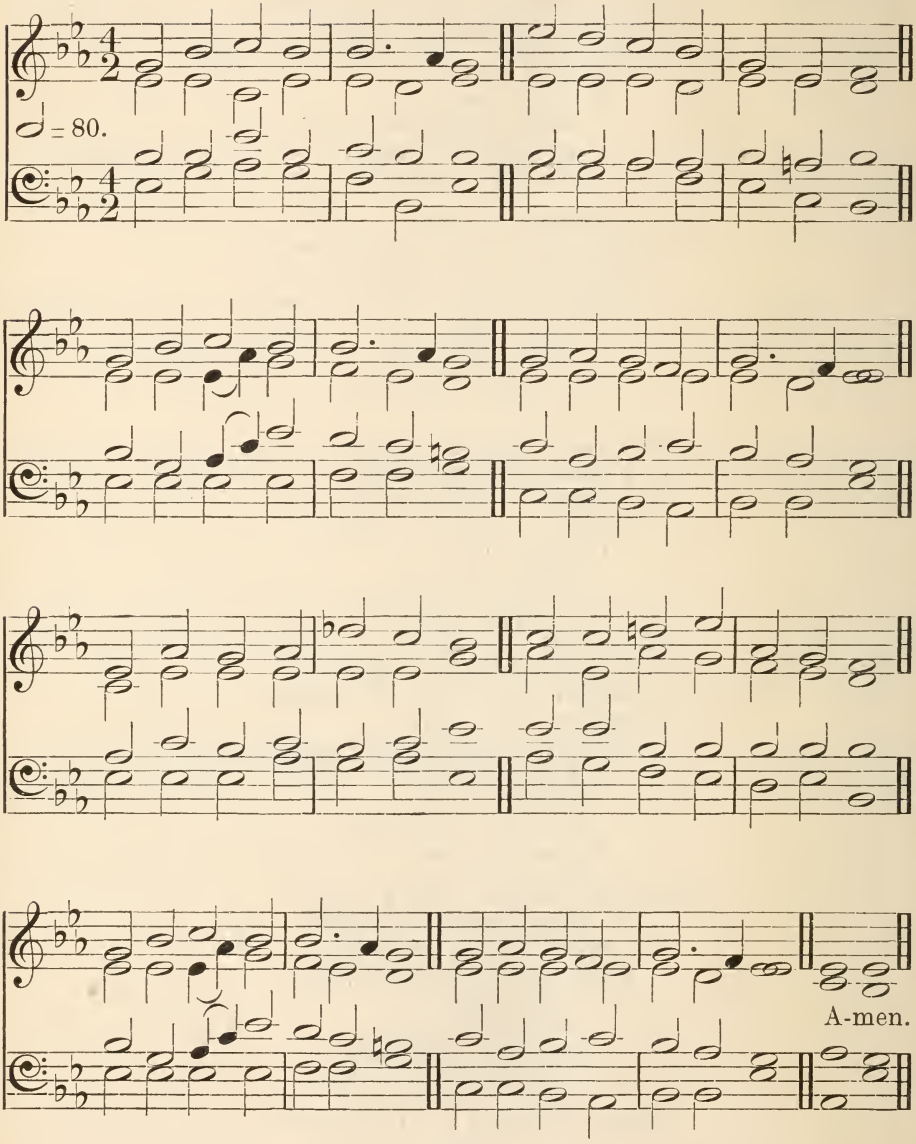
mf The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold;
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

p The bleeding Martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
cr Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

mf Ah me! Ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face? Amen.

Jerusalem the golden!—561 [Part IV.

HOLLINGSIDE. Eight 7's. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.

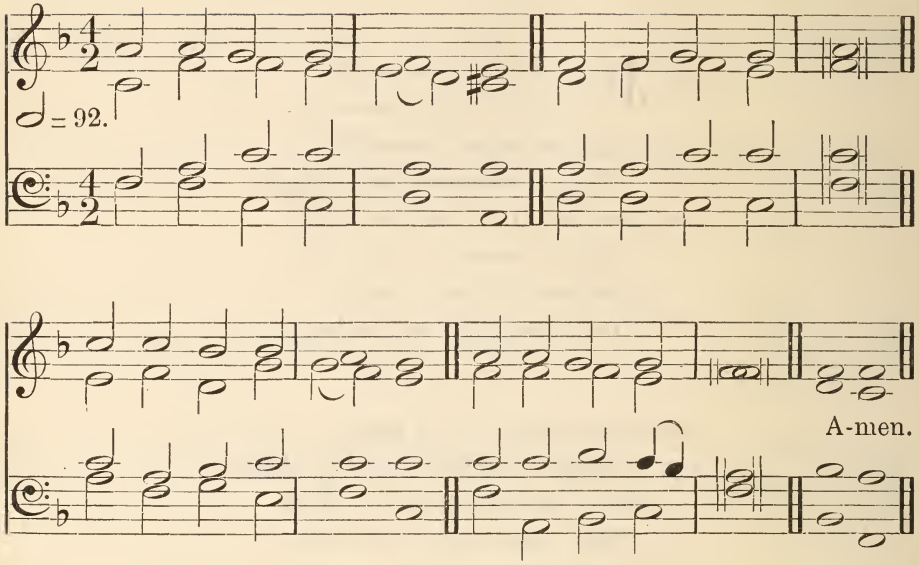


p JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
cr While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
mf Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

mf Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
p Leave—ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
cr All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
p With the shadow of Thy wing.

mf Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin!
cr Let the healing streams abound,
f Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

CASWALL. 6.5.6.5. F. FILITZ, 1804–1876.



p JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

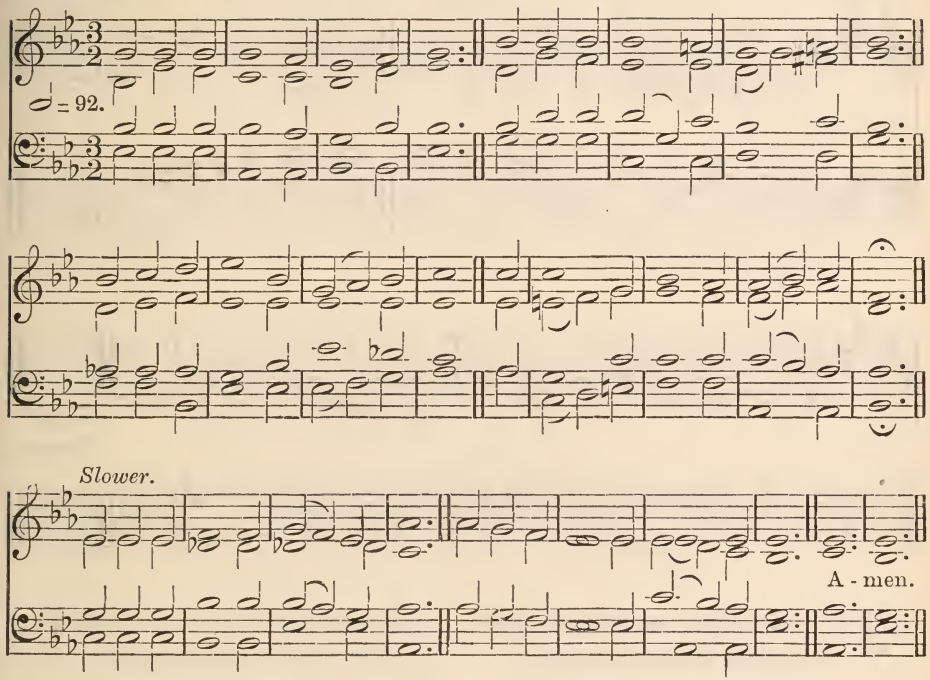
mf Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom.
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

p Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

St. Chrysostom. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. J. Barnby, 1838–1896.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

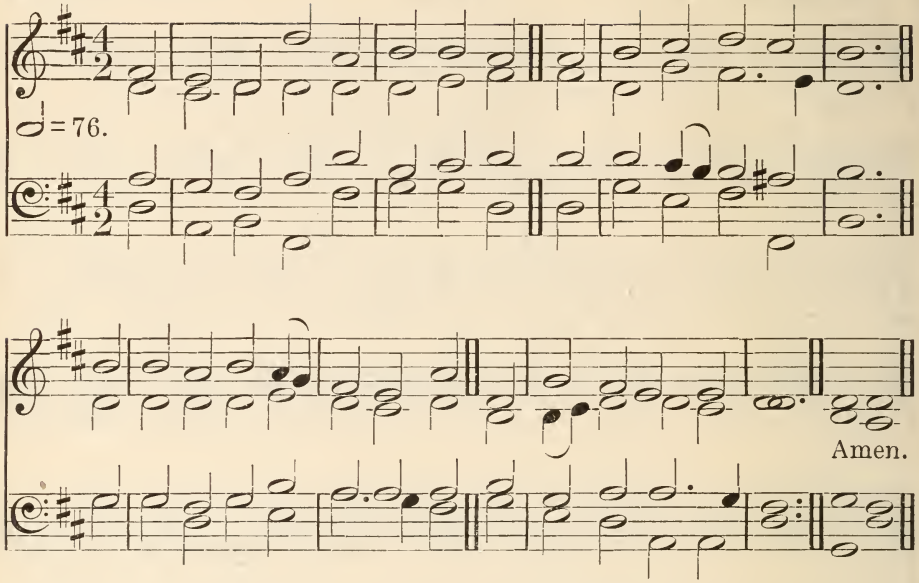
mf JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
cr Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
p Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

mf Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
p Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

mf Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
p Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

f Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine; [mine.
And Thou, sweet Saviour, Thou art
p Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more. Amen.

REDHEAD, No. 66. C.M. R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



mf JESU, our Hope, our heart's Desire,
Thy work of grace we sing;
Redeemer of the world art Thou,
Its Maker and its King.

p How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!

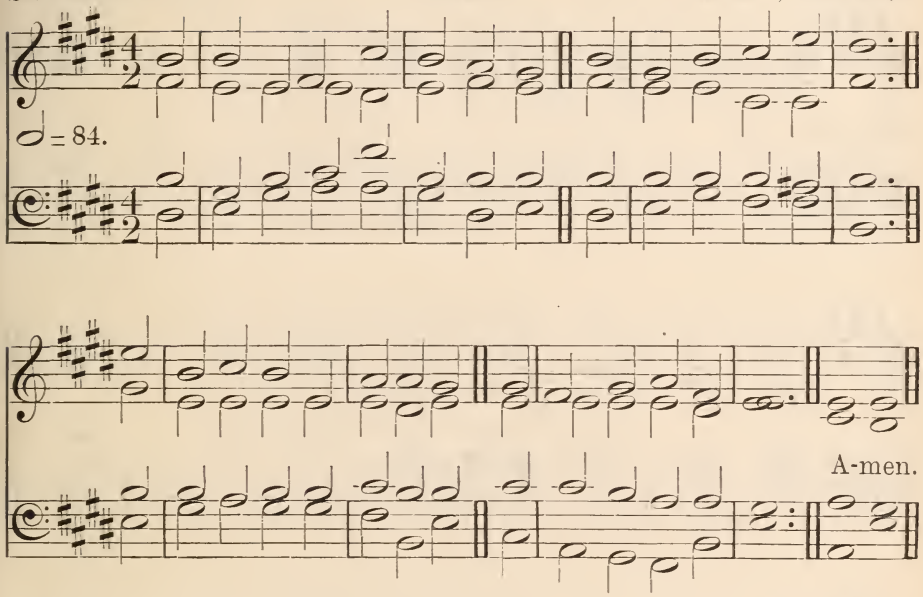
f But now the bonds of death are burst;
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

mf Oh may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
Oh may we stand around Thy throne,
And see Thy glory there!

Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now
And through eternity.

f All praise to Thee Who art gone up
Triumphantly to heaven;
All praise to God the Father's Name
And Holy Ghost be given. Amen.

St. Fulbert. C.M. H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876.



mf JESU, our Lord, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the world is Thine?

But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.

In them Thou mayest be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

p Teach us, O Lord, with reverent love,
Thee in Thy poor to see,
cr And while we minister to them,
f To do it as to Thee. Amen.

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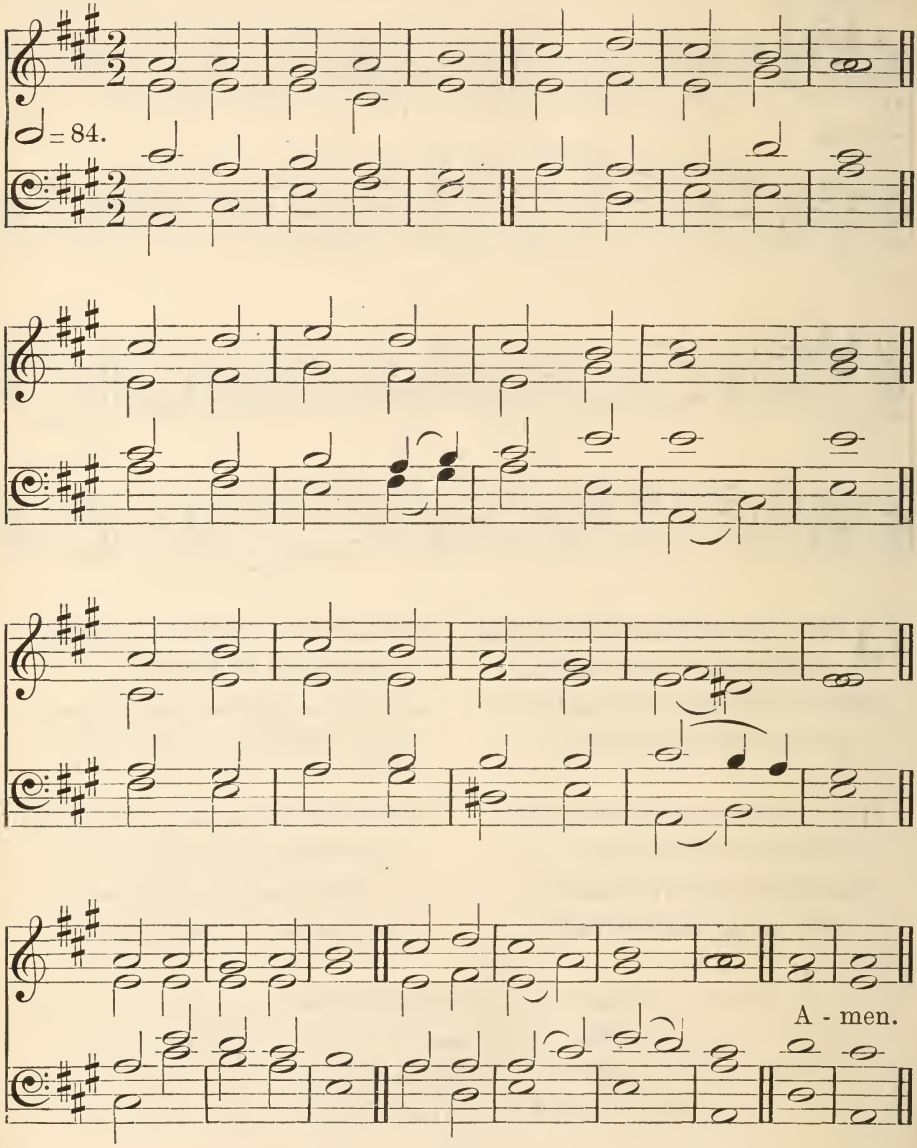
THURINGIA. 5.5.8.8.5.5. A. DRESE, 1620–1701.



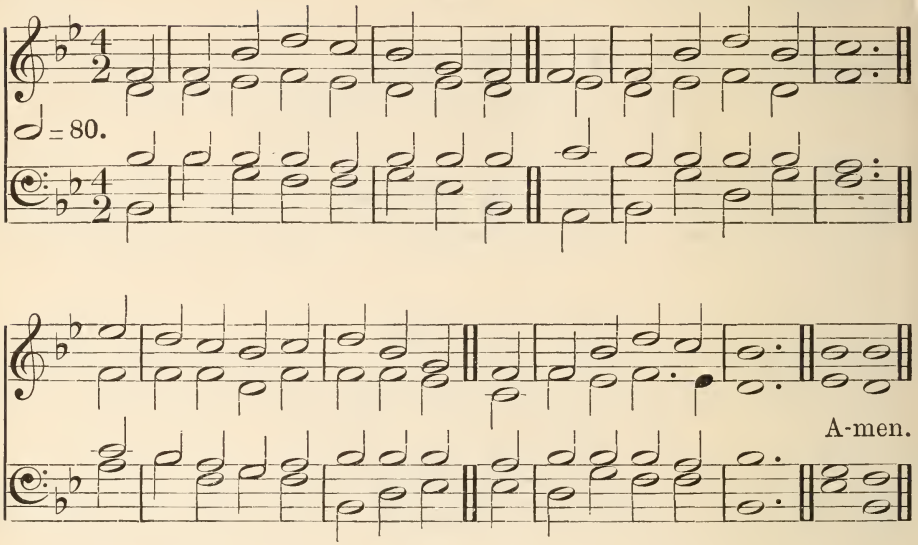
mf JESU, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
p And, although the way be cheerless,
cr We will follow, calm and fearless;
mf Guide us by Thy hand
dim To our fatherland.

p If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
cr Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
mf For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

p When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,—
When opprest by new temptations,
cr Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
f Where we weep no more.

p Jesu, still lead on,
cr Till our rest be won.
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
f Till we safely stand
In our fatherland. Amen.

EVAN. C.M. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1793–1870.



mf JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

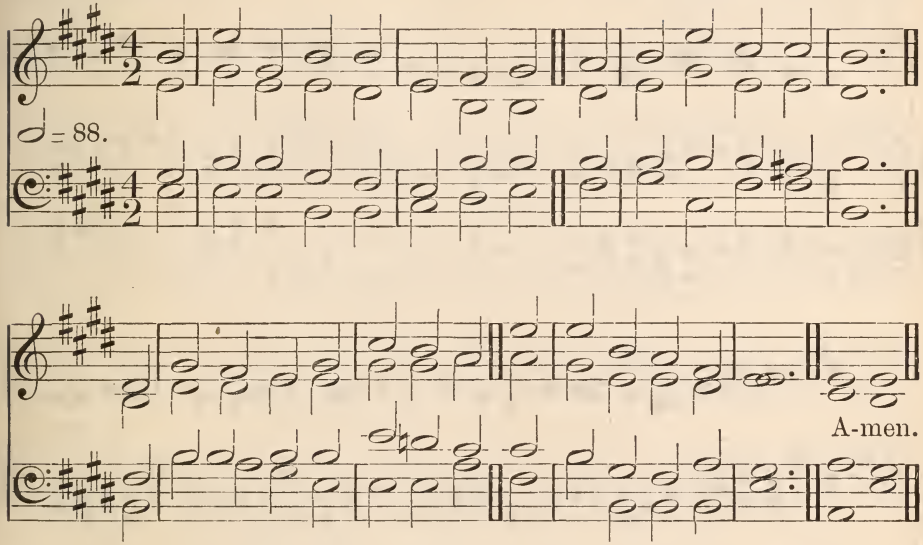
No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

f Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. C.M. J. B. CALKIN, *b.* 1827.



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f O JESU, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found!

mf When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then early vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

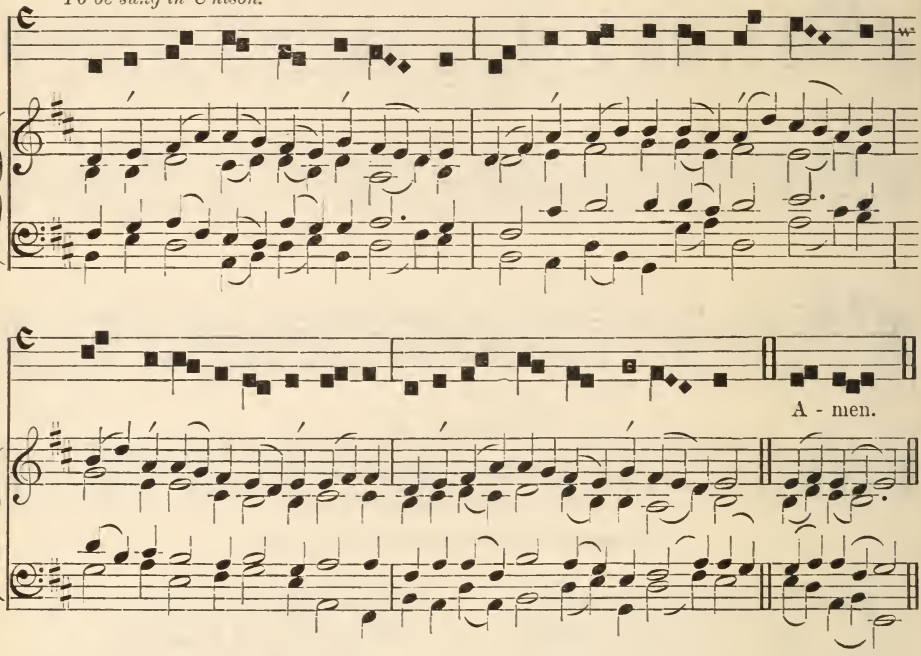
f O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;

mf Jesu, may all confess Thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

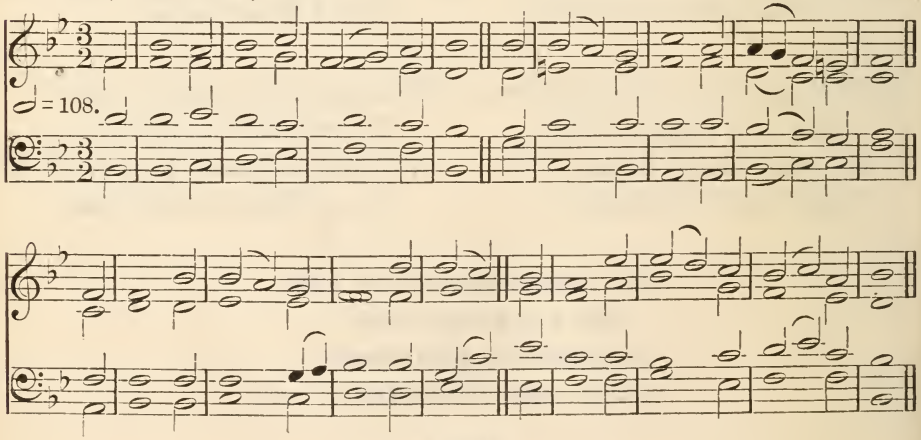
f Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own. Amen.

JESU DULCEDO CORDIUM (*First Tune*). MODE I. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.



WALTON (*Second Tune*). L.M. Anon.



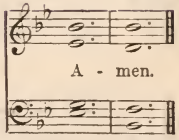
mf JESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

mf Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
cr To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
To them that find Thee, all in all!

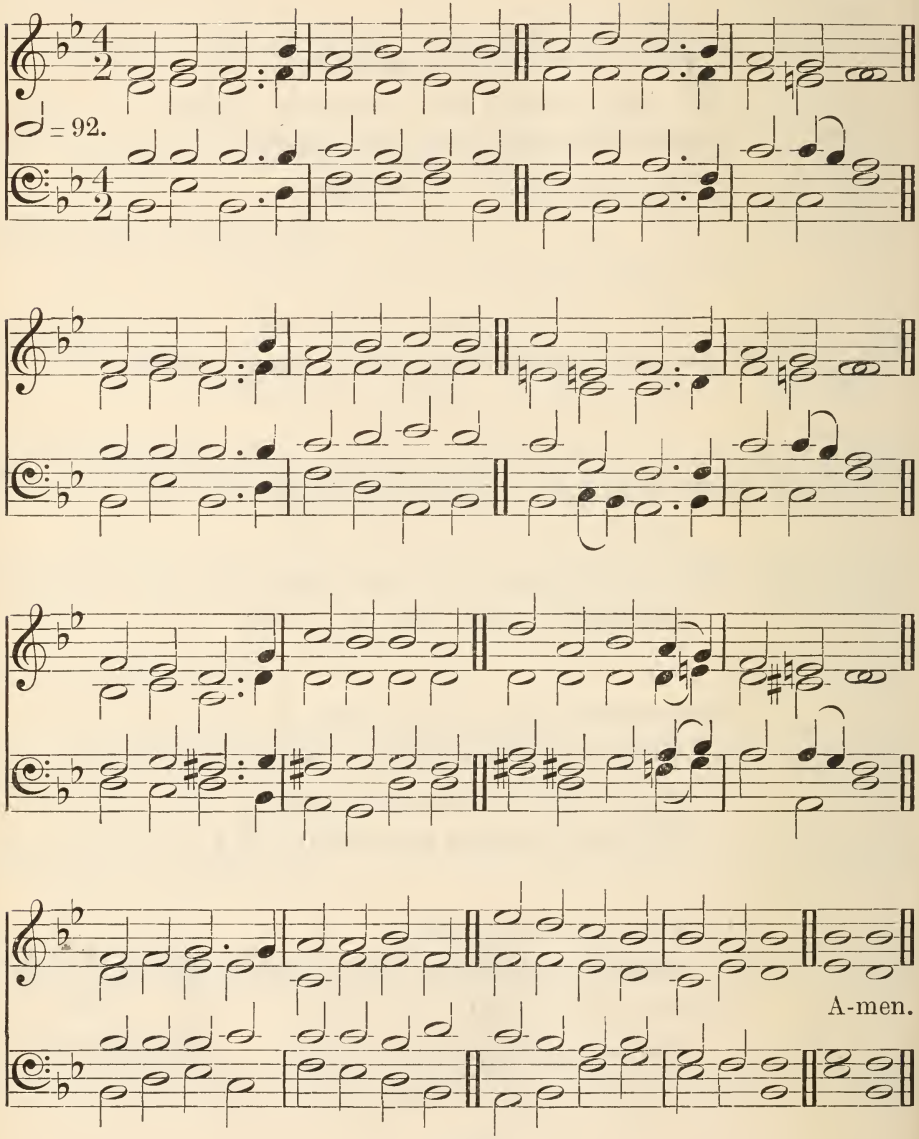
mf We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

p Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
cr Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

mf O Jesu, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
cr Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.



St. Ambrose. 8.7.8.7. D. R. Cecil, 1748–1810.



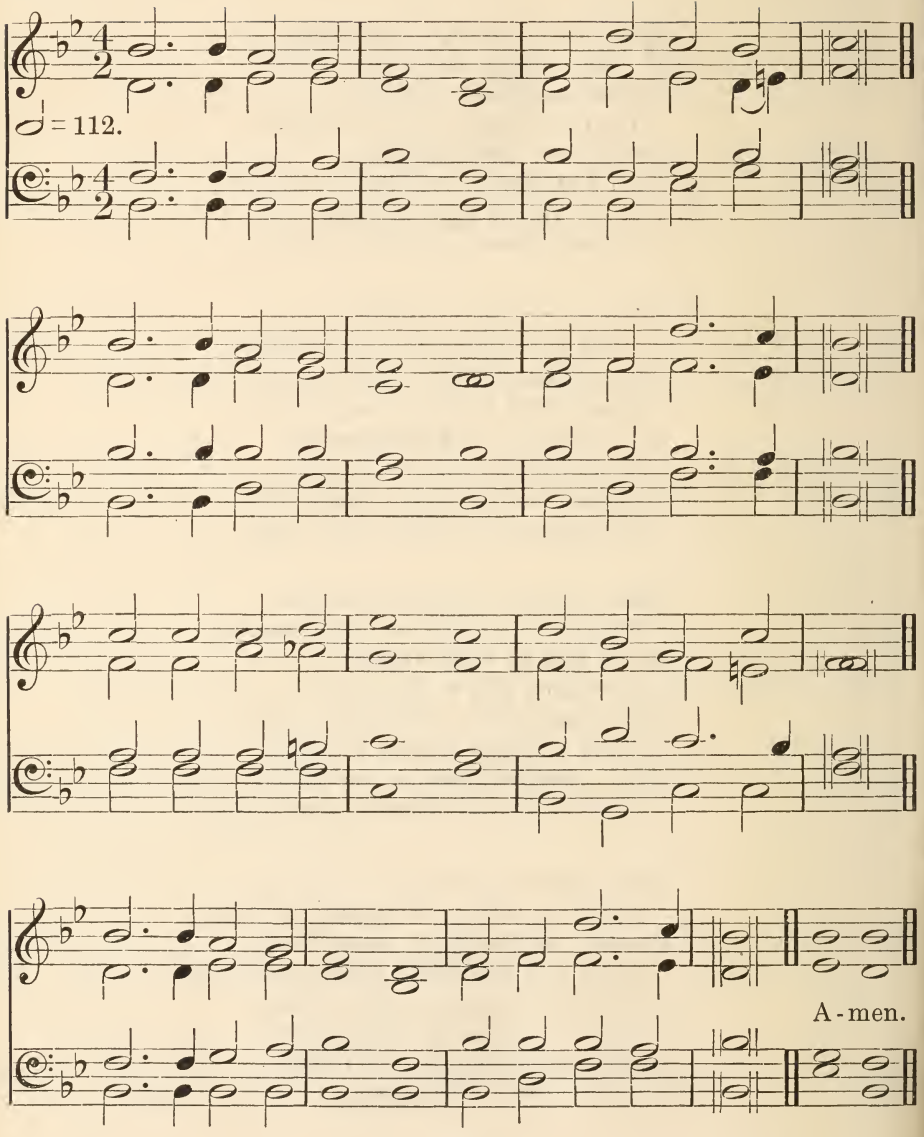
mf JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
f Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

mf Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
cr Hope soon change to glad fruition,
f Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. Amen.

Goshen. 11.11.11.11. Anon.



mf JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
p Guilty, lost, and helpless, (*cr*) Thou canst make me whole.
mf There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:
p Thou hadst died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.

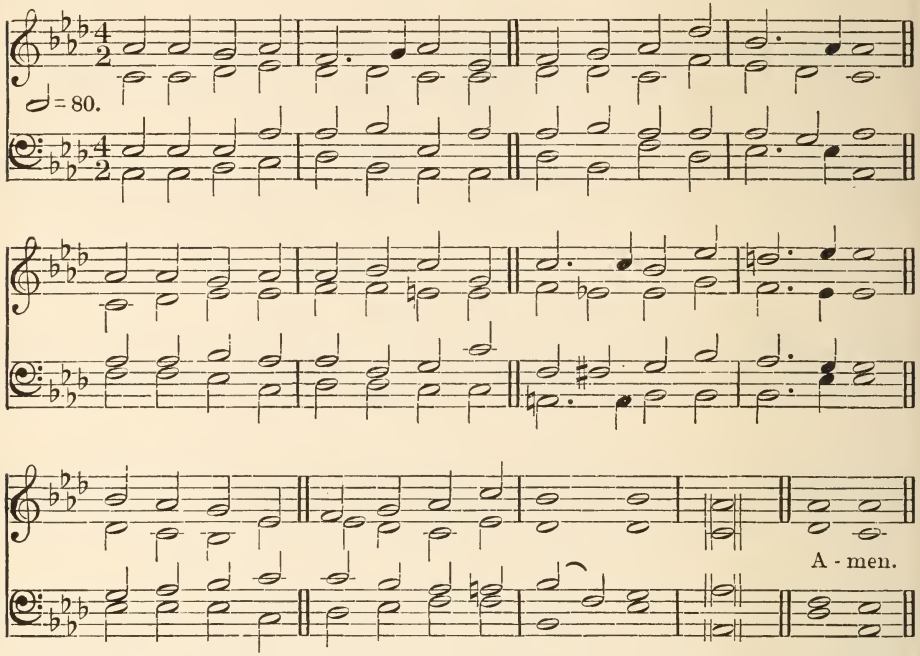
mf Jesus, I may trust Thee, Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the Angel at Thy wondrous Birth;
p Written, and for ever, on Thy Cross of shame,
cr Sinners read and worship, trusting in that Name.

mf Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days:
p Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face—
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

mf Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
dim Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

f Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt:
Whosoever cometh Thou wilt not cast out;
Faithful is Thy Promise, precious is Thy Blood;
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God. Amen.

St. Raphael. 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. Hopkins, 1818–1901.



mf JESUS, Lord of life and glory, [ear;
Bend from heaven Thy gracious
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
p By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

mf From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

mf When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
p By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

mf When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
p By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

p In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
p By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

p In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
cr May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
p By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

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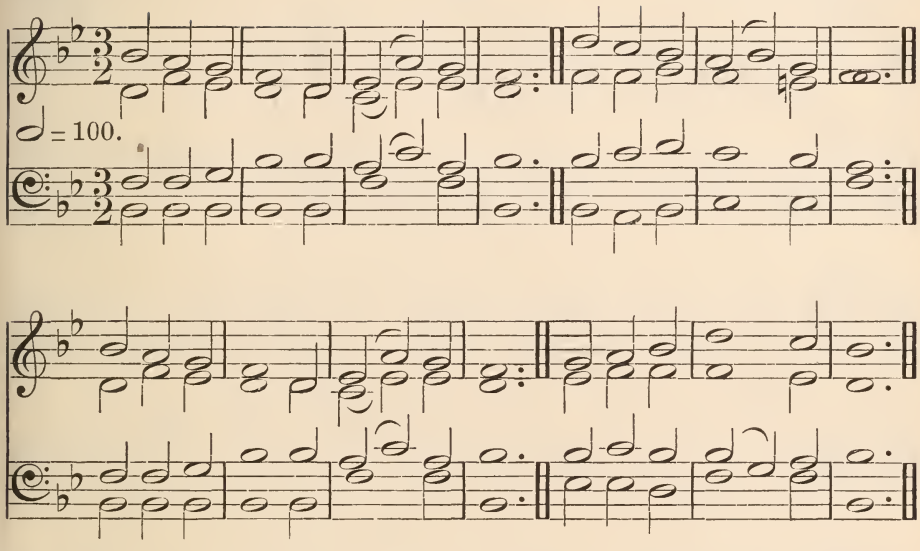
SAWLEY. C.M. J. WALCH, 1837–1901.



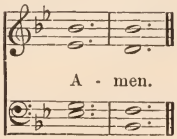
mf JESUS, my Shepherd, here I know,
He knoweth all my needs;
And where the living waters flow
His flock He gently leads.

In righteous ways, my righteous Lord
His steps will have me trace,
And turns again my erring soul
Unto her resting-place.

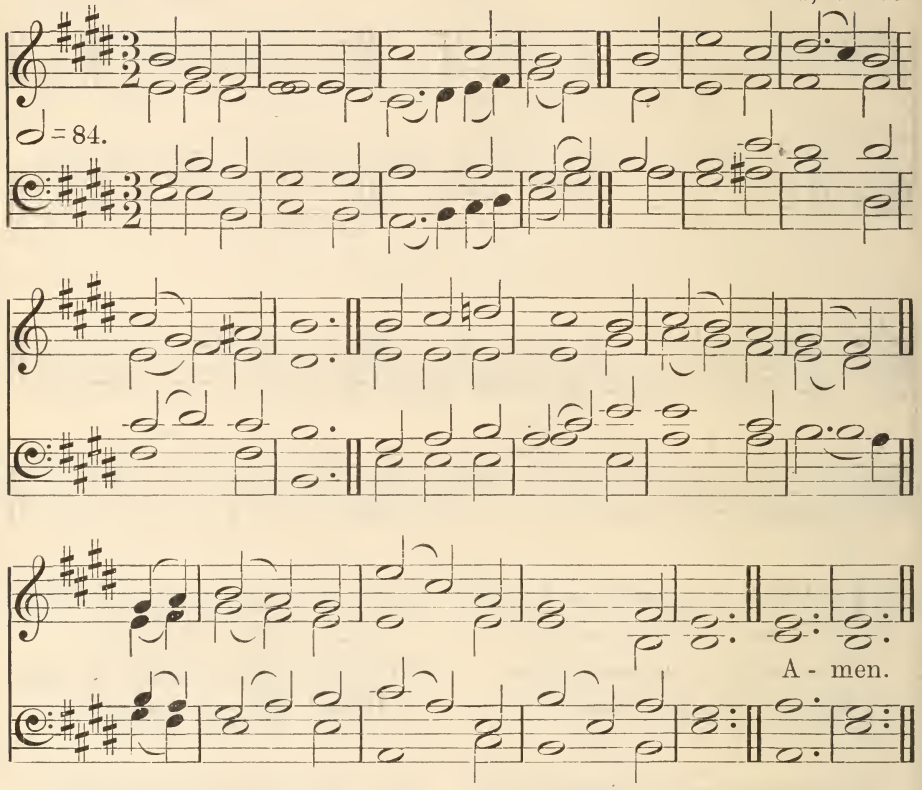
Yea, in the still and shadowed land
No fears my heart dismay,
While on before, with staff in hand,
Himself He leads the way.

What if my foes around me press,
Thy Table, Lord, is spread,
The Cup of blessing Thou dost bless,
And joy is o'er me shed.

O Thou Who keepest grace and love
For all my days in store,
Grant me within Thy fold above
To dwell for evermore.



GALILEE. L.M. P. ARMES, *b.* 1830.



f JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

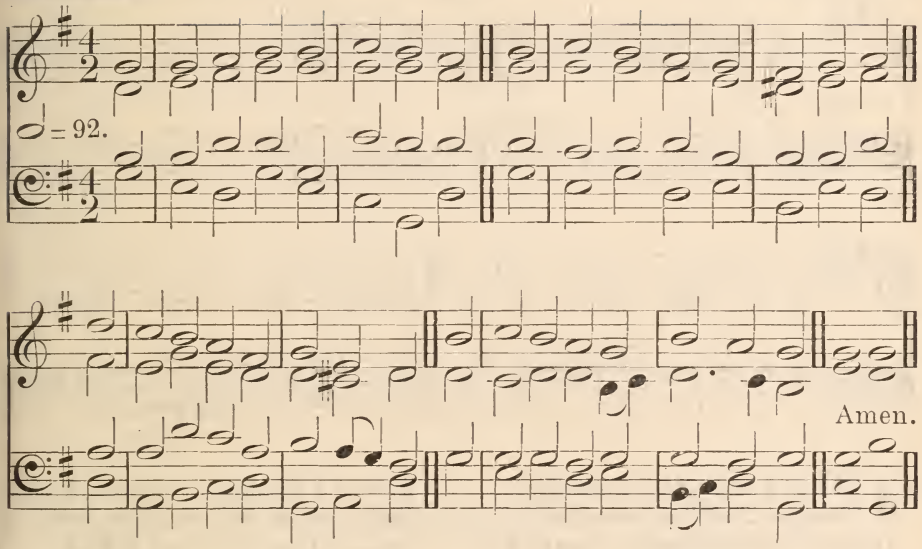
mf To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

mf People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
p And infant voices shall proclaim
cr Their early blessings on His Name.

f Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
p The weary find eternal rest,
mf And all the sons of want are blest.

f Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen. Amen.

COMMANDMENTS. L.M. *Genera Psalter*, 1549.



mf JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy Mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

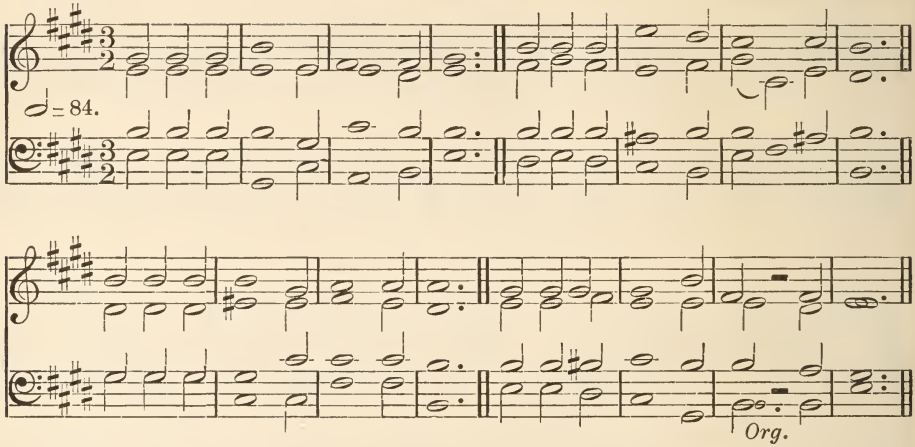
For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes!

p Lord, we are few, (*cr*) but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down
f And make a thousand hearts Thine own. Amen.

St. Crispin. 8.8.8.6. G. J. Elvey, 1816–1893.



p JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

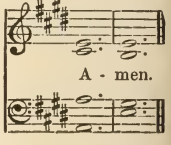
Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
cr Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
p O Lamb of God, I come!

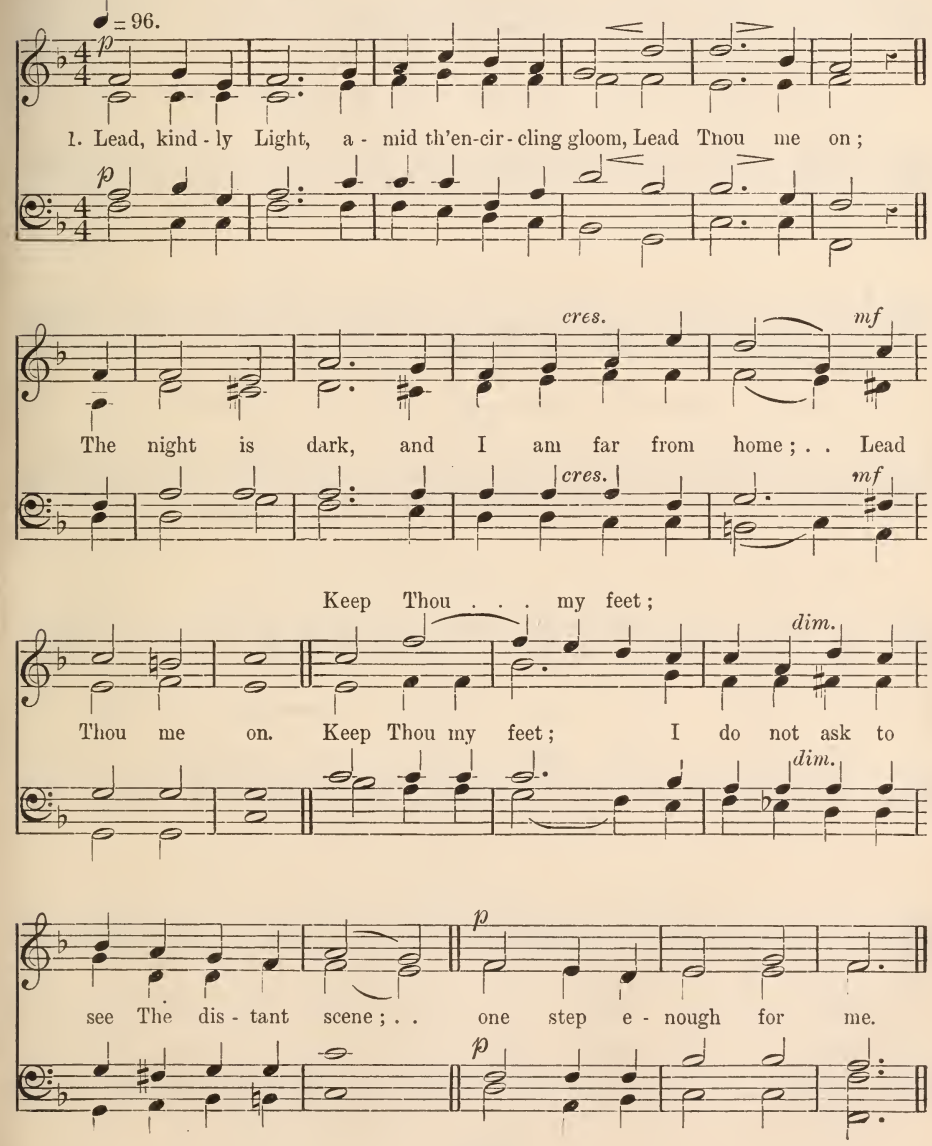
mf Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
cr Because Thy promise I believe,
p O Lamb of God, I come!

mf Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
cr Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

mf Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
cr Here for a season, then above,
p O Lamb of God, I come!



LUX IN TENEBRIS (*First Tune*). 10.4.10.4.10.10. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.


♩ = 96.
p
1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
cres.
mf
The night is dark, and I am far from home; . . Lead
Keep Thou . . . my feet;
dim.
Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
p
see The dis - tant scene; . . one step e - nough for me.

p
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
cres.
mf
I loved to choose and see my path; but now . . Lead Thou me on.
I loved the ga - rish day,
dim.
I loved the ga - rish day, and, spite of fears, . .
Pride ruled my will: . . re - mem - ber not past years.

f
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
f
p
cres.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is
p
cres.
And with the morn . . those An - gel fa - ces smile
f
f
gone, And with the morn those An - gel fa - ces smile Which
f
dim.
Slower.
pp
I have loved long since, . . and . . . lost a - while. A - men.
dim.
pp

LUX BENIGNA (*Second Tune*). 10.4.10.4.10.10. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.

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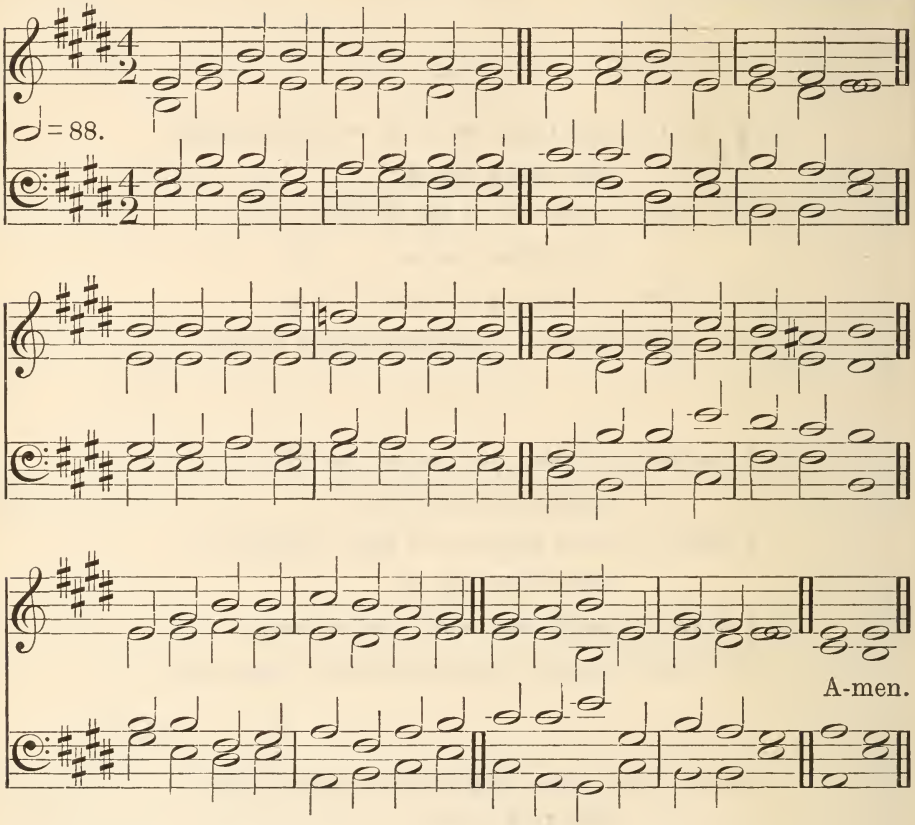
mf LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
p The night is dark, and I am far from home;
cr Lead Thou me on.
mf Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; (*p*) one step enough for me.

mf I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; (*p*) but now
Lead Thou me on.
mf I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: (*p*) remember not past years.

mf So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
cr O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
f And with the morn those Angel faces smile
dim Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile. Amen.

MANNHEIM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. F. FILITZ, 1804–1876.

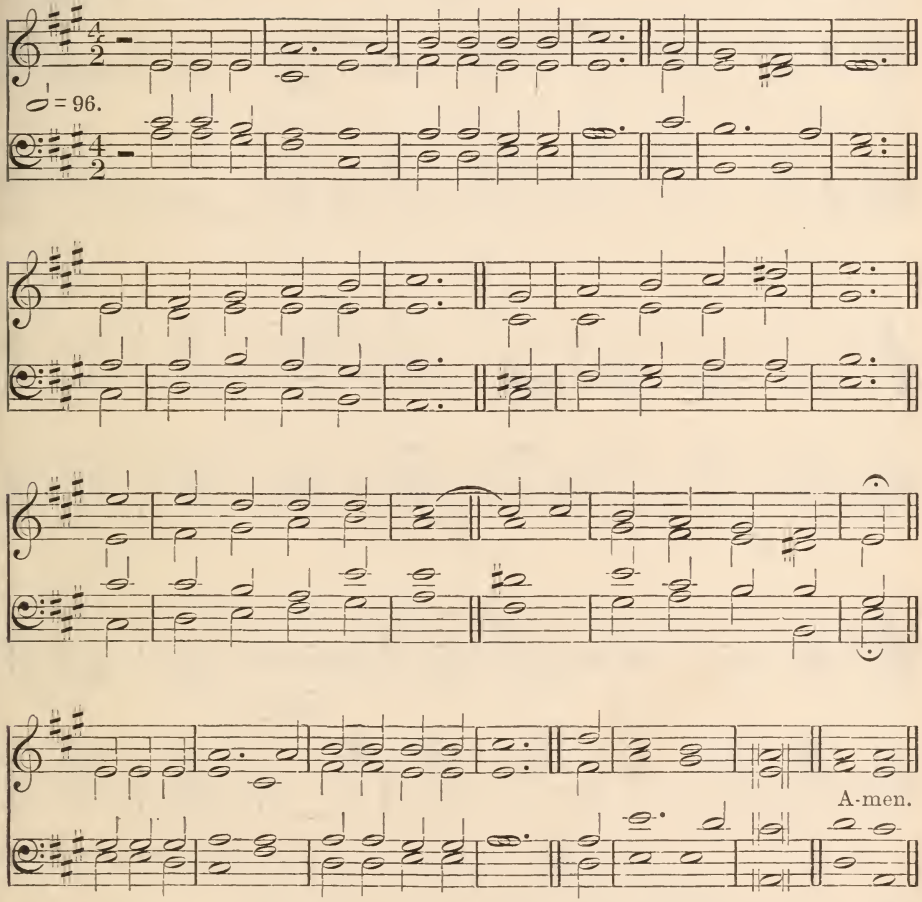


mf LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
cr Yet possessing every blessing,
f If our God our Father be.

p Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy.
cr Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
f Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

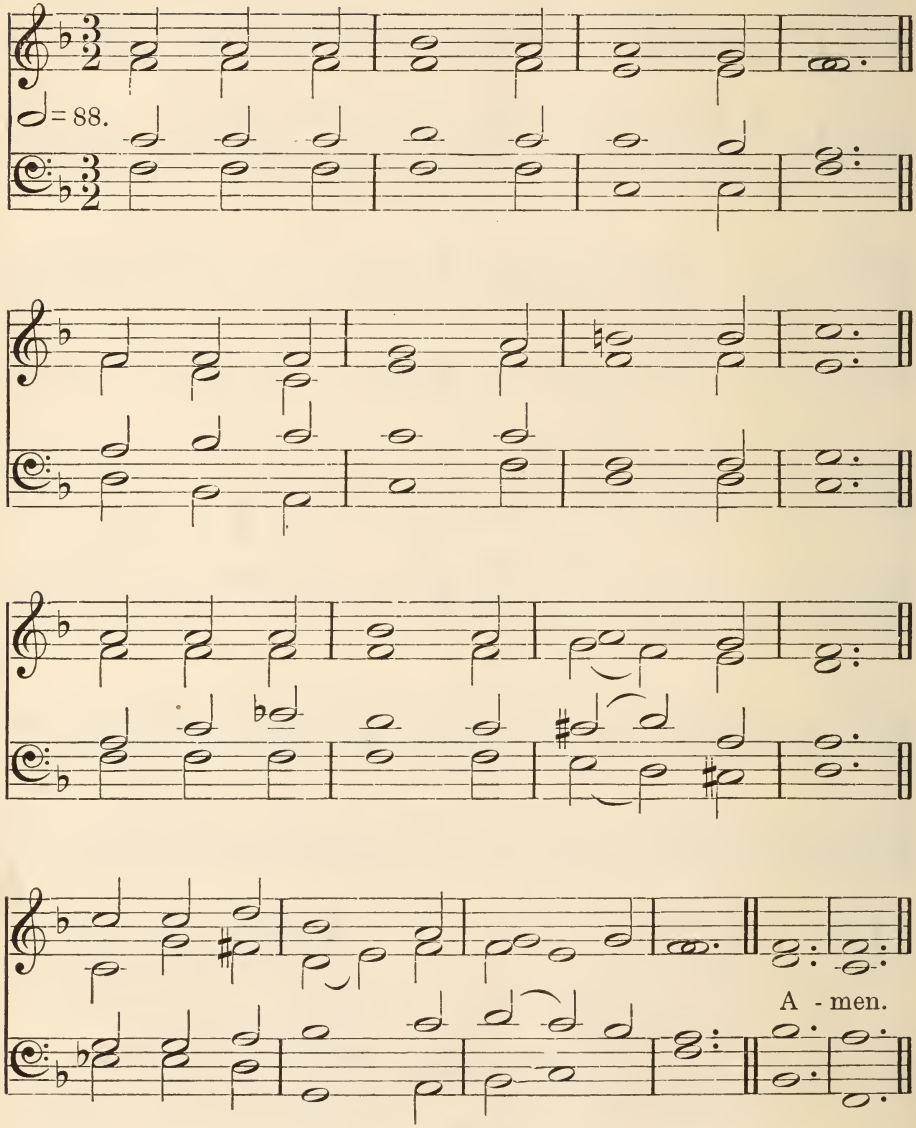
UNDIQUE GLORIA. 10.4.6.6.6.6.10.4. G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893.



f LET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
ff Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

f Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King! [shout;
The Church with psalms must
No door can keep them out;
But above all the heart
Must bear the longest part.
ff Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King! Amen.

ST. ALBAN. L.M. *St. Alban's Tune Book.*



mf LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest:
p Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

mf Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
p Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

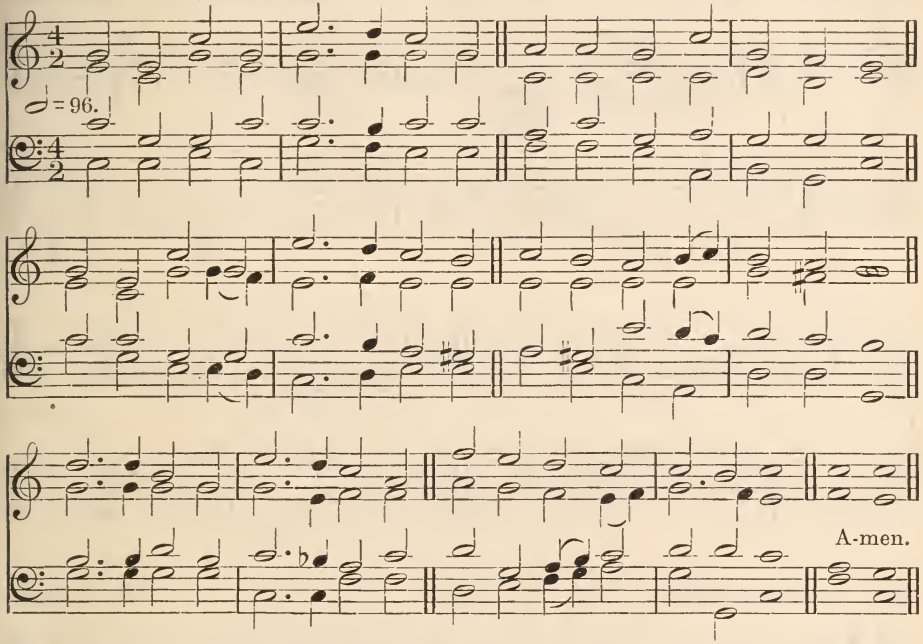
f Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless Saints Thy Name adore,
p Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

f Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither life nor death will part
Me from Thy Presence and Thy love! Amen.

URBS BEATA (*First Tune*). MODE II. Sarum.

To be sung in Unison.

REGENT SQUARE (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. SMART, 1813–1879.



mf LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King;
f Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

mf There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
p All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

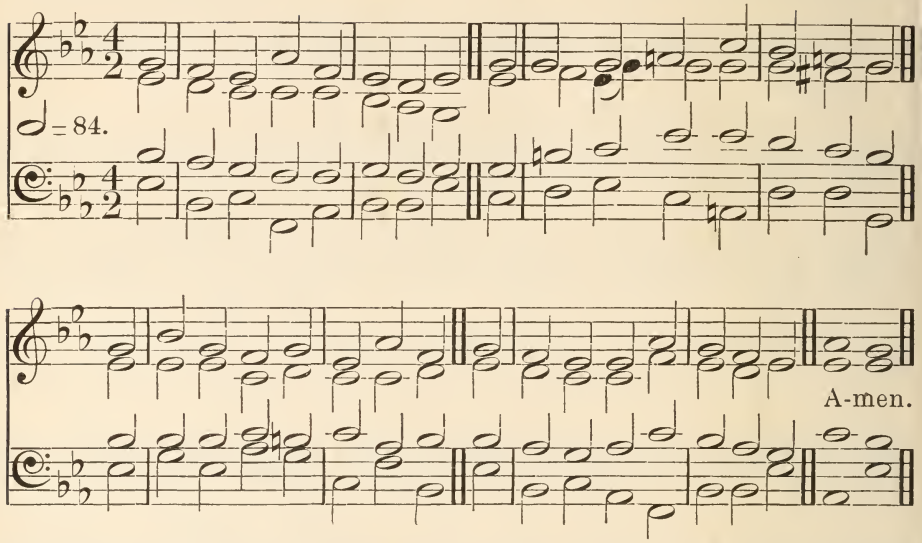
mf There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
cr Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
mf There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

f Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

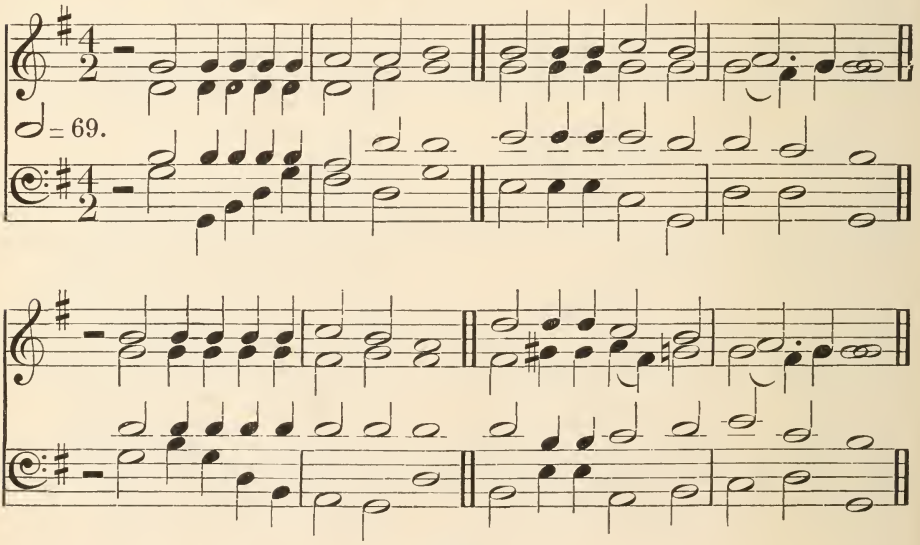
mf Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid;
cr And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

f Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

ELLESMERE (*First Tune*). L.M. A. R. REINAGLE, 1799–1877.



STIRLING (*Second Tune*). L.M. Anon.

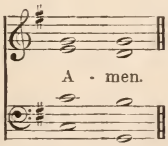


p LO, God is here! Let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And humbly bow before His face!

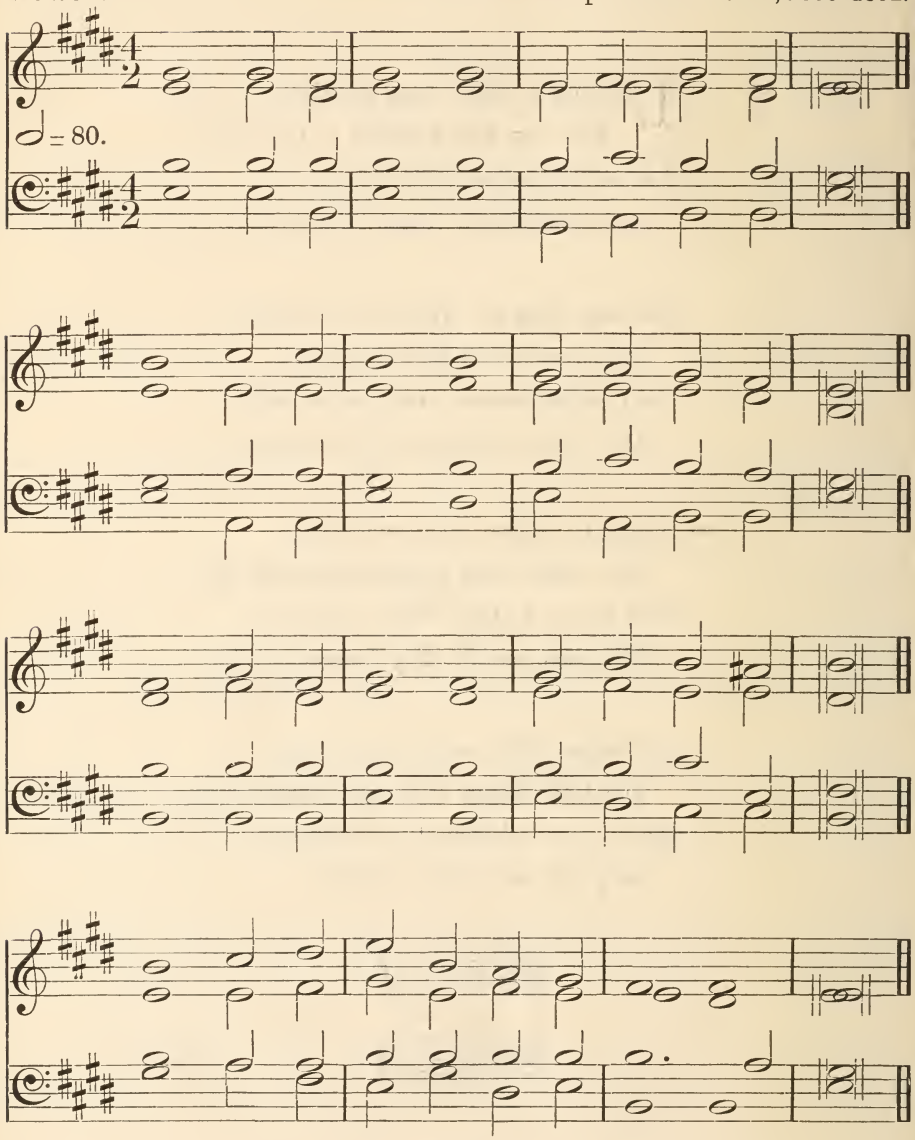
Lo, God is here! Him day and night
cr. United choirs of Angels praise:
f To Him, enthroned above all height,
The Host of heaven their anthems raise.

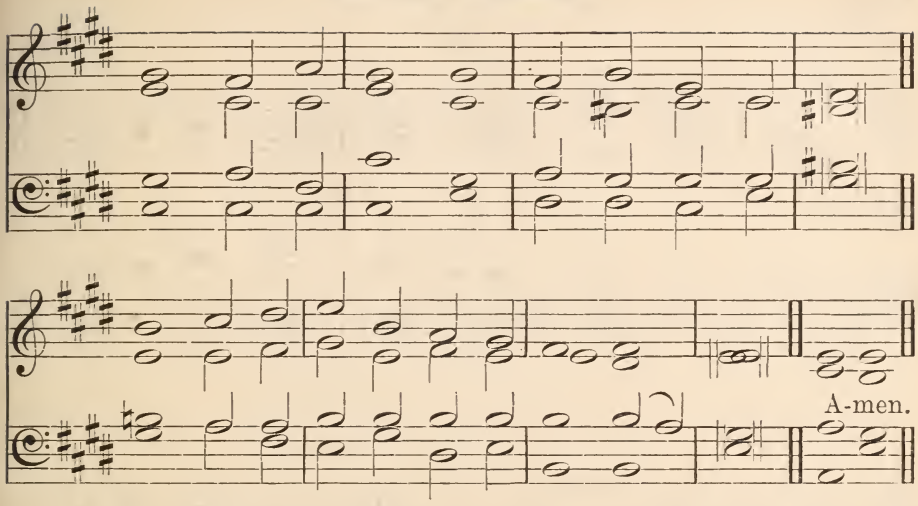
mf Almighty Father, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore.
From men and from the Angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.



WORDSWORTH. Six 10's. Bishop C. WORDSWORTH, 1806–1892.





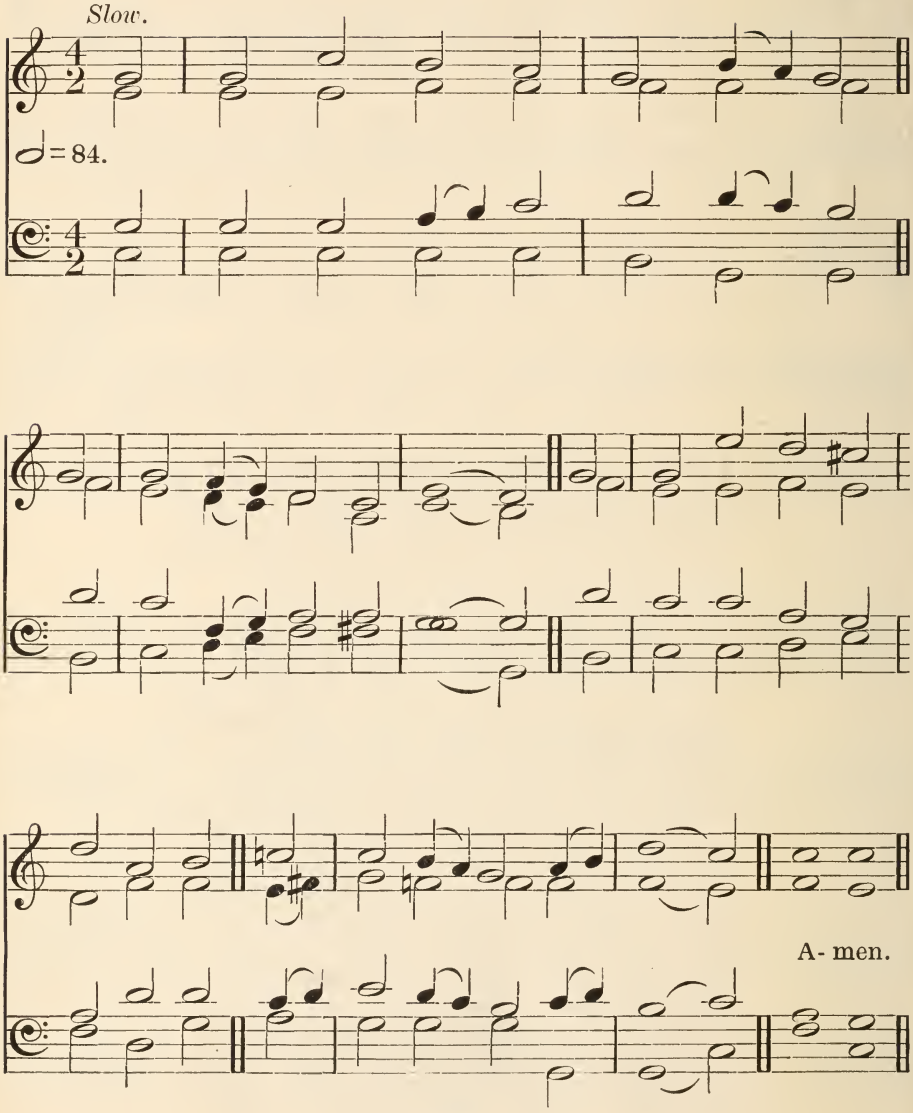
p LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home,
cr At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
f And I since then am His, and He is mine.

mf The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without Him, though of all possessed:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign,
cr Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

mf Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen:
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines:
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
cr While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

p While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore:
mf But when I meet Him in the realms above
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
cr And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
f How fully I am His, and He is mine. Amen.

St. Hildred. C.M. Anon.



mf LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy Life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

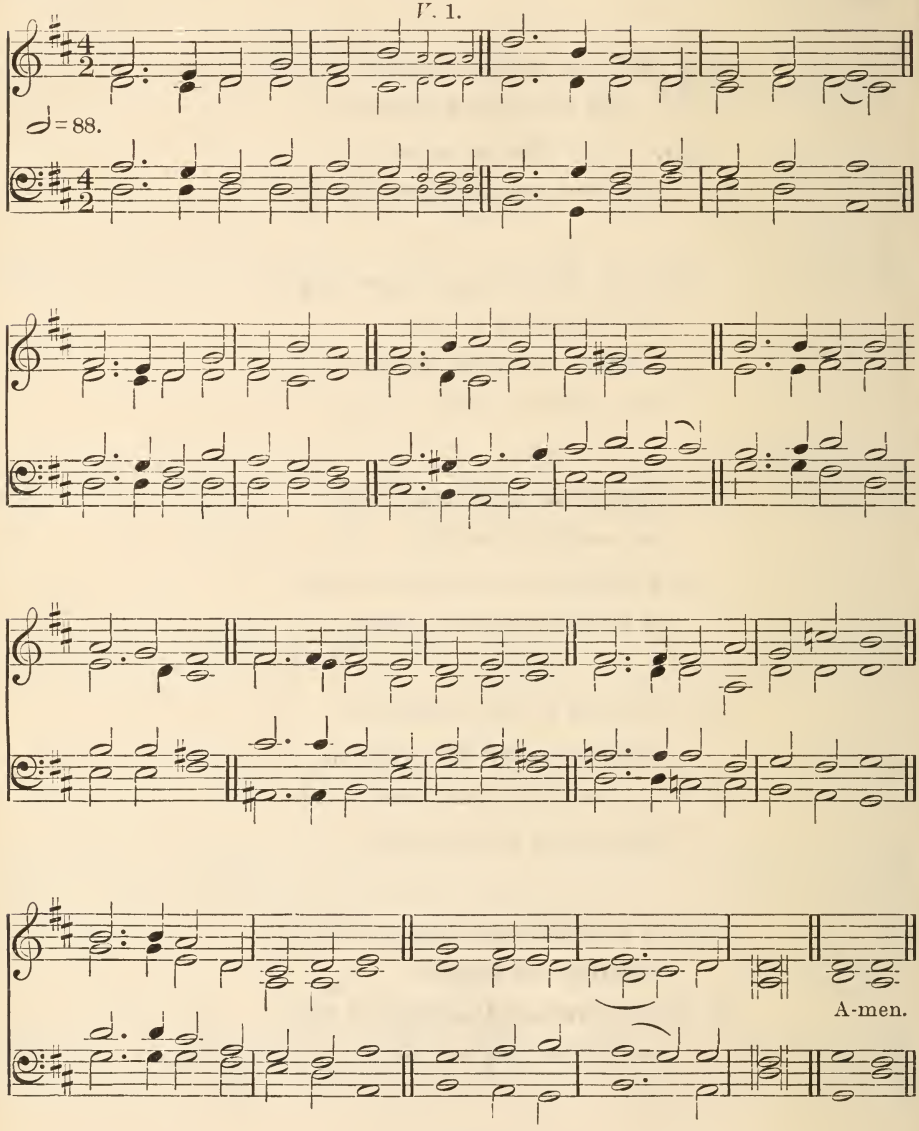
Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

p If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
mf We in our turn would meekly cry,
p "Father, Thy will be done."

mf Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cr Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.

ST. FERDINAND. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.6. A. H. BROWN, *b.* 1830.

V. 1.

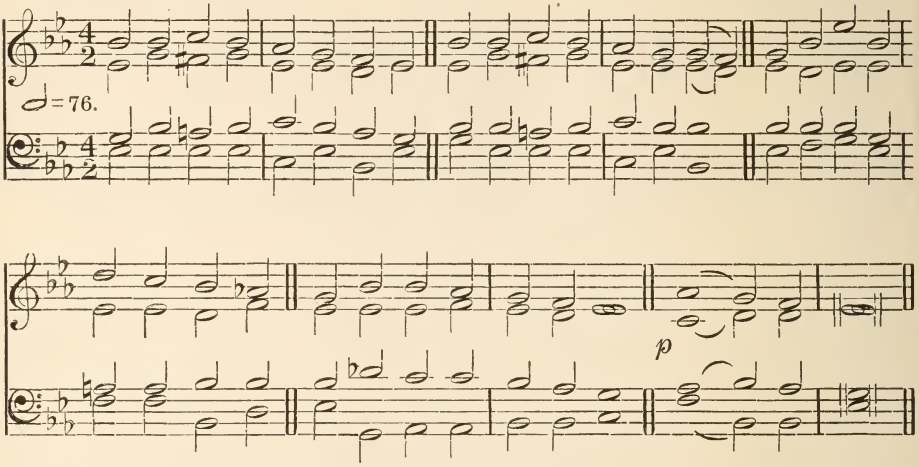


mf LORD! have mercy when we strive
To save through Thee our souls alive!
When the pampered flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin.
p And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
pp Oh then have mercy, Lord!

p Lord! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill,
When all other hope is gone;
When our course is almost done;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come,
pp Oh then have mercy, Lord!

p Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
cr When the earliest gleam is given
f Of Thy bright but distant heaven!
mf When our darker thoughts oppress,
dim Doubts perplex and fears distress,
And our saddened spirits dwell
On the open gates of hell,
pp Oh then have mercy, Lord! Amen.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING. 8.7.8.7.3. Archbishop MACLAGAN, *b.* 1826.



mf LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me—
(*p*) Even me.

mf Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—(*p*) Even me.

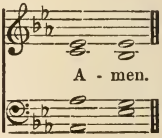
mf Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, Oh call me—
(*p*) Even me.

mf Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
(*p*) Even me.

p Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
cr Oh forgive and rescue me—(*p*) Even me.

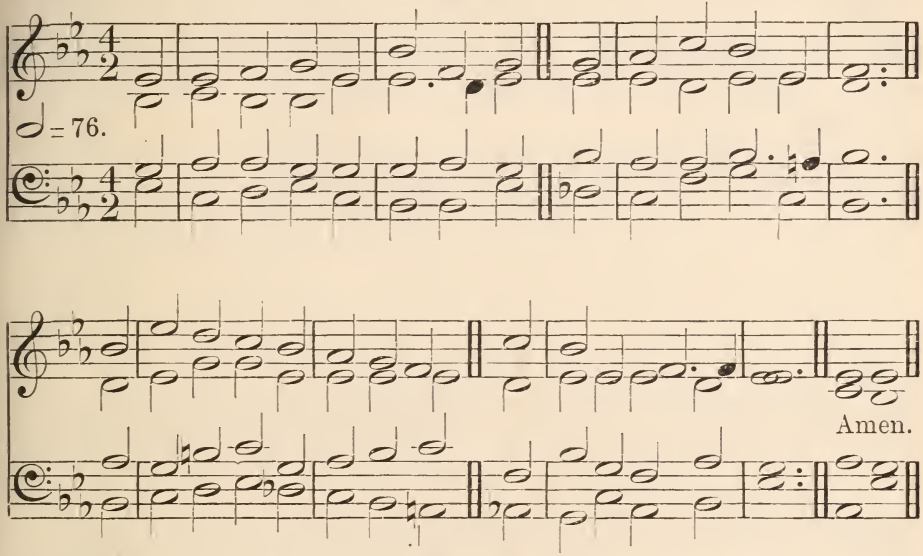
mf Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
cr Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—(*p*) Even me.

mf Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
cr Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, Oh bless me—(*p*) Even me.



465

St. Hugh. C.M. E. J. Hopkins, 1818–1901.



mf LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day?

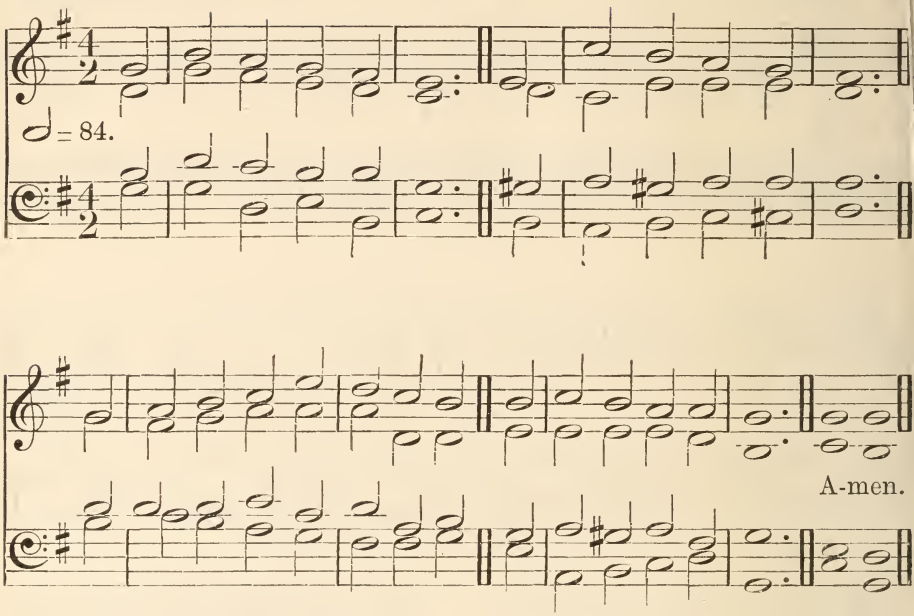
Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

f There shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant Saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

p My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
mf But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him. Amen.

GRANHAM HILL. S.M. W. S. BAMBRIDGE, *b.* 1842



mf LORD Jesu, think on me,
And purge away my sin:
From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

p Lord Jesu, think on me,
With care and woe oppressed;
cr Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

p Lord Jesu, think on me,
Nor let me go astray:
cr Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

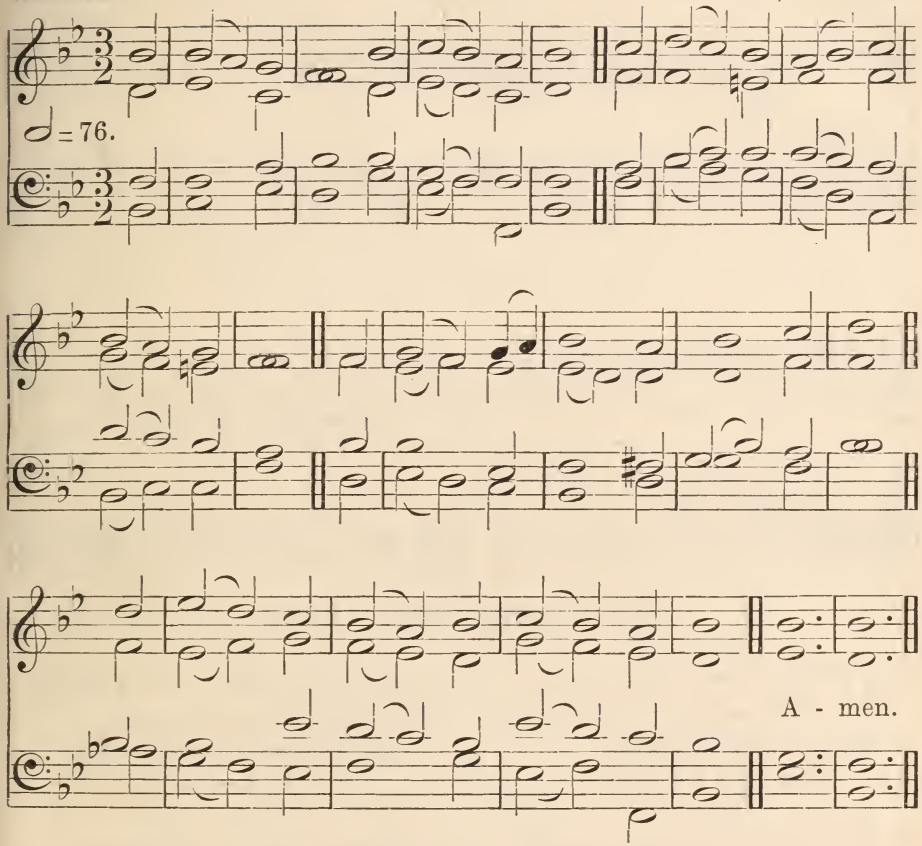
p Lord Jesu, think on me
cr When beats the tempest high:
When on doth rush the enemy,
p O Saviour, be Thou nigh.

p Lord Jesu, think on me,
cr That when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
mf And share Thy joy at last.

p Lord Jesu, think on me,
cr That I may sing above
f To Father, Spirit, and to Thee,
The strains of praise and love.
Amen.

467

WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP, 1698–1768.

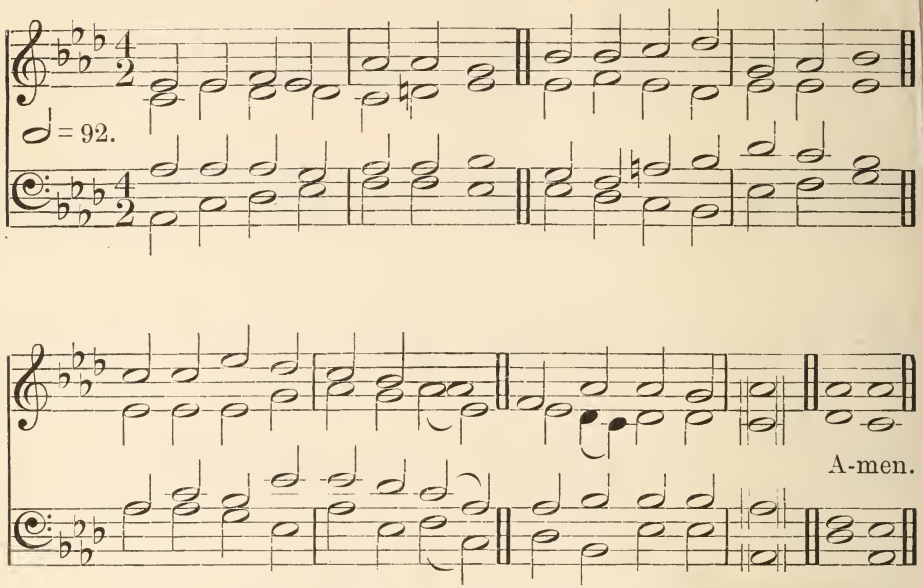


mf LORD, now we part in Thy blest Name,
In which we here together came,
Grant us our few remaining days
To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise!

Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing Thy love! Amen.

468

IRENE. 7.7.7.5. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, *b.* 1839.



May also be sung to "Capetown," *No.* 575.

mf LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
p Jesu, hear and save!

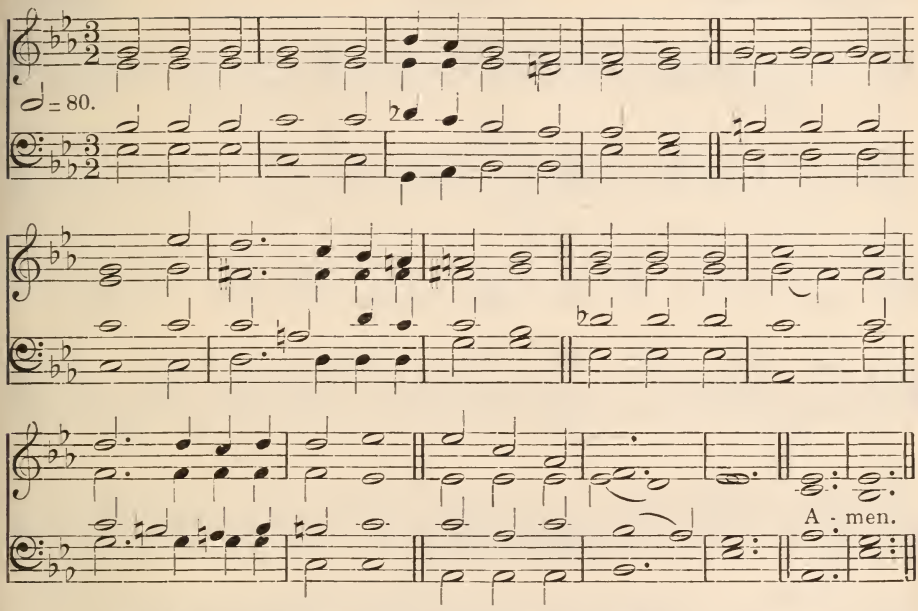
mf Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
p Jesu, hear and save!

mf Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild!
p Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesu, hear and save!

f Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
p Jesu, hear and save!

mf Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of Angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then
p Jesu, hear and save! Amen.

CLOISTERS. 11.11.11.5. J. BARNBY, 1838–1896.



mf LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
cr Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
f Lord God Almighty.

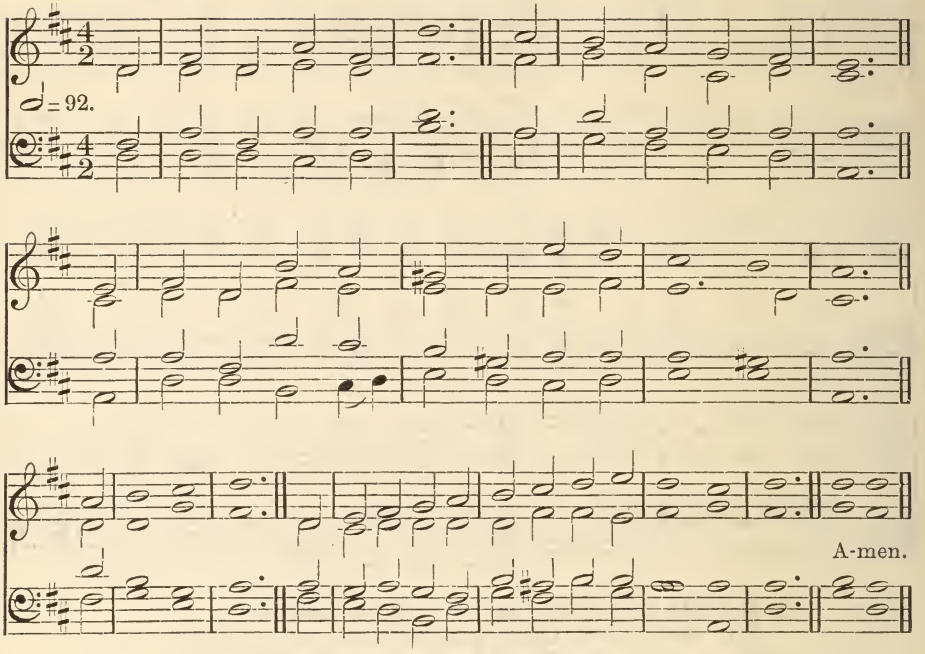
mf See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
cr Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
f Thou canst preserve us.

mf Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
cr Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth,
p Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

p Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace when the world its busy war is waging,
Calm Thy foes raging.

mf Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
p Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
pp Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

Darwall's 148th. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. J. Darwall, 1731–1789.



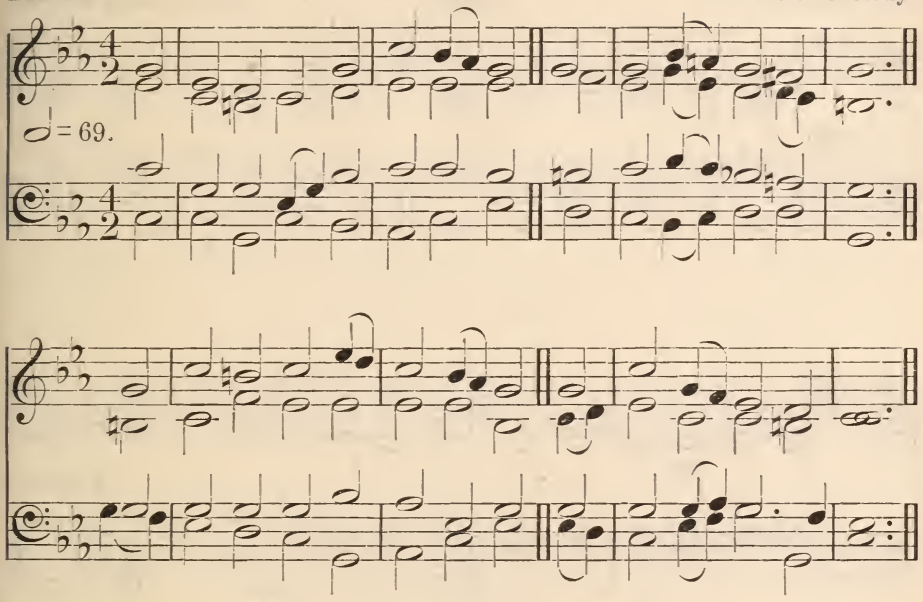
f LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

mf O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
f They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

mf They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
cr Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
f O glorious seat!
mf When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

f God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee. Amen.

BANGOR. C.M. Old Welsh Melody.



May also be sung to "St. Flavian," *No.* 473.

p LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near.

We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh, grant us power to pray!
cr And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

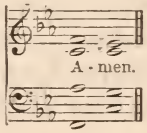
p Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite heart;
cr Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part;

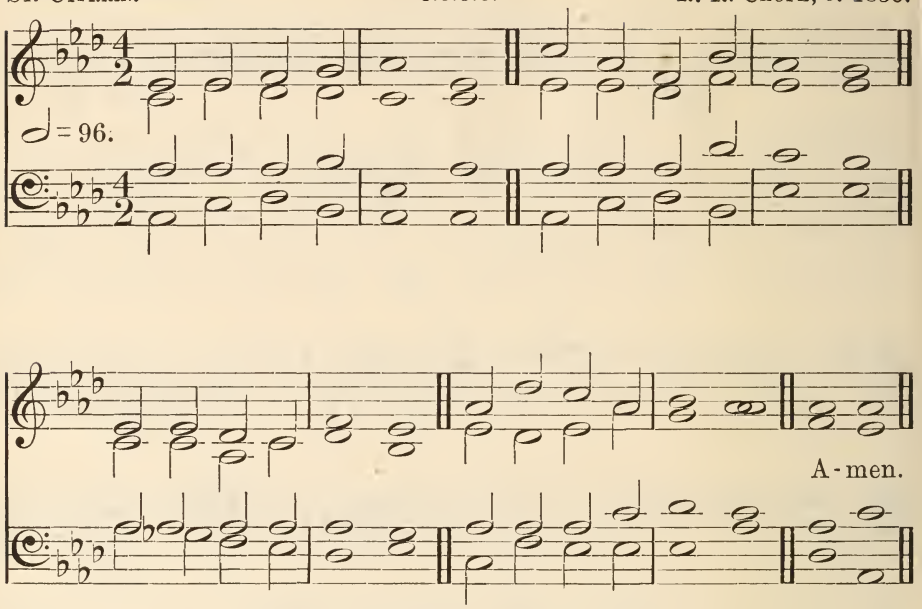
mf Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;

p Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
cr Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

mf Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.



St. Cyprian. 6.6.6.6. R. R. Chope, *b.* 1830.



mf LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

p When our foes are near us,
cr Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

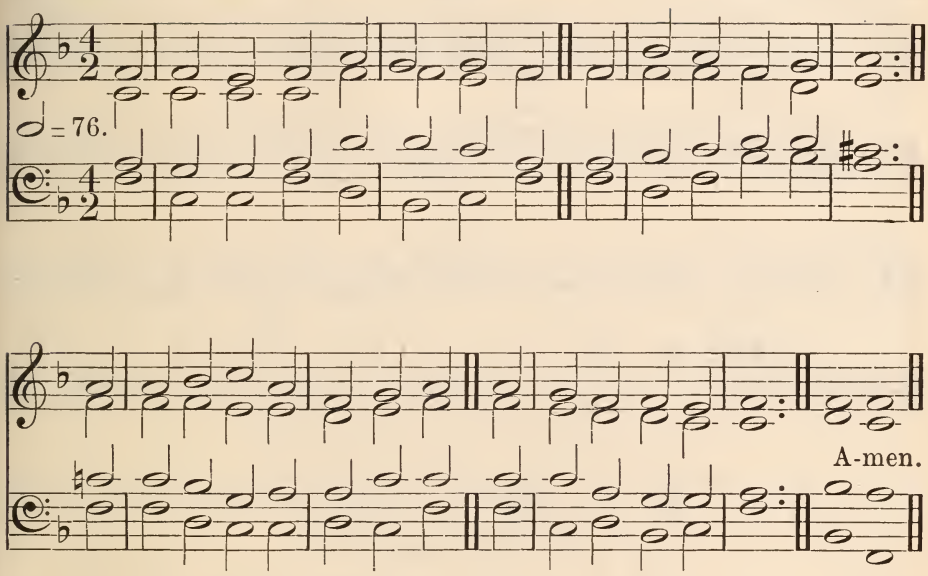
p When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
cr Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

mf Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

p Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

mf Oh, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



mf LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

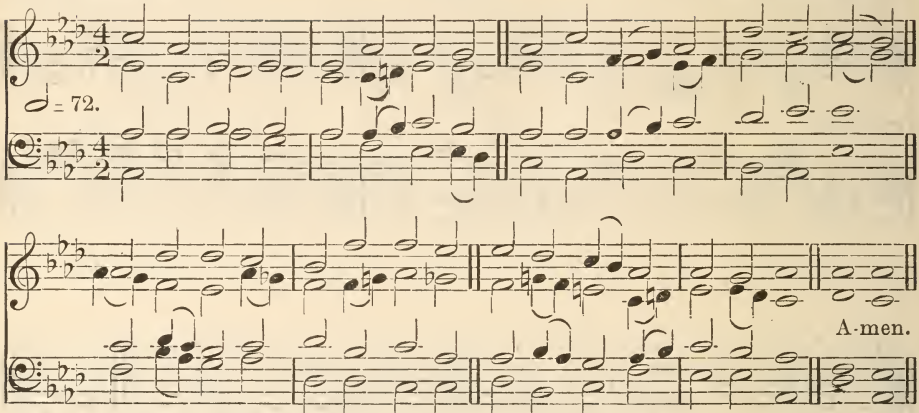
p Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

mf When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay
And mount to Thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. Amen.

CROSS OF JESUS. 8.7.8.7. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.



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mf LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

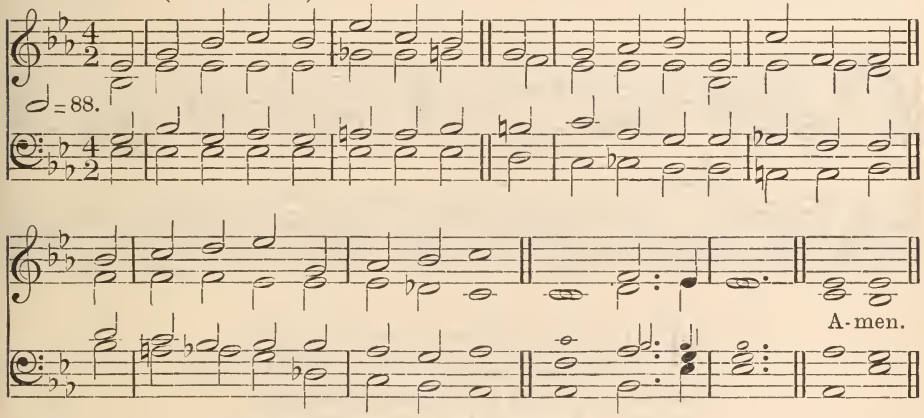
f Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;

f Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

TROYTE, No. 1 (*First Tune*). 8.8.8.4. A. H. D. TROYTE, 1811–1857.

ST. REMIGIUS (*Second Tune*). 8.8.8.4. J. M. W. YOUNG, 1822–1897.



p MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
cr Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
p Thy will be done!

p Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
cr Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
p Thy will be done!

p What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!

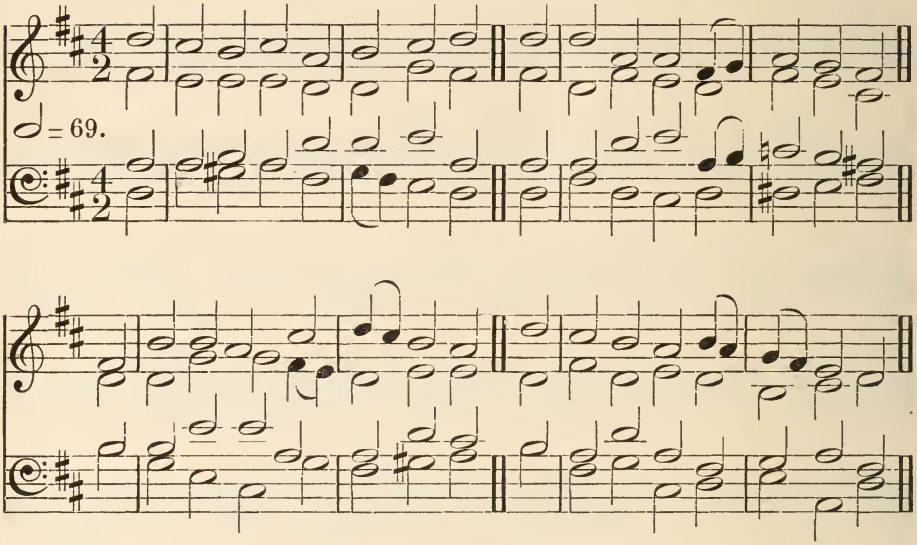
If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
pp Thy will be done!

mf If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
p Thy will be done!

mf Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
p Thy will be done!

mf Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
cr I'll sing upon a happier shore,
f Thy will be done! Amen.

ERFURT. L.M. *Geistliche Lieder, Magdeburg*, 1540.

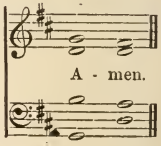


mf MY God, my Father, dost Thou call
Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee,
And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?
I come, I come: Lord, save Thou me.

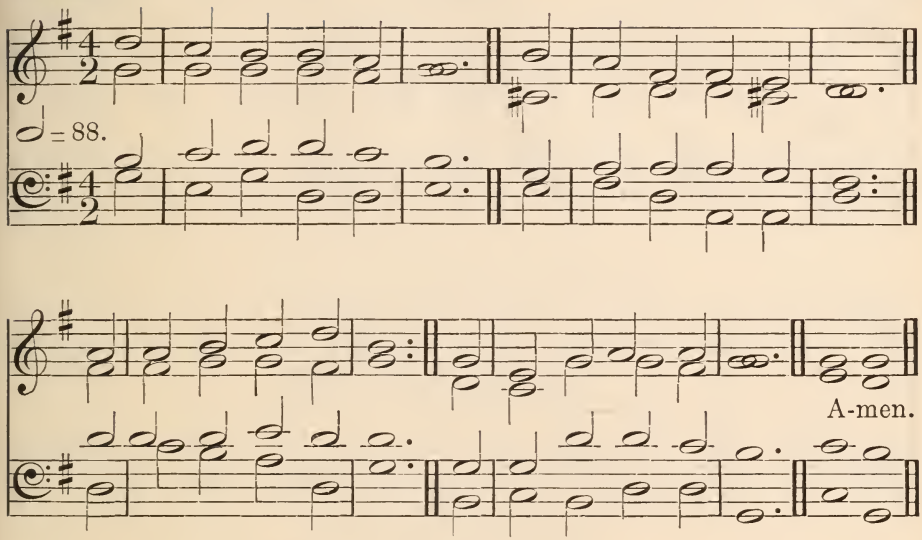
O Jesu, art Thou passing by
With all Thy goodness, grace, and power,
p And dost Thou hear my broken cry?
mf I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

p O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,
My tenderest Friend refused too long,
And art Thou pleading, striving now?
mf I come, I come: make weakness strong.

Yes, Lord, I come: Thy heart of love
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine;
I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The bliss, the heaven of being Thine.



St. Cecilia. 6.6.6.6. L. G. Hayne, 1836–1883.



mf MY spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a Guest:

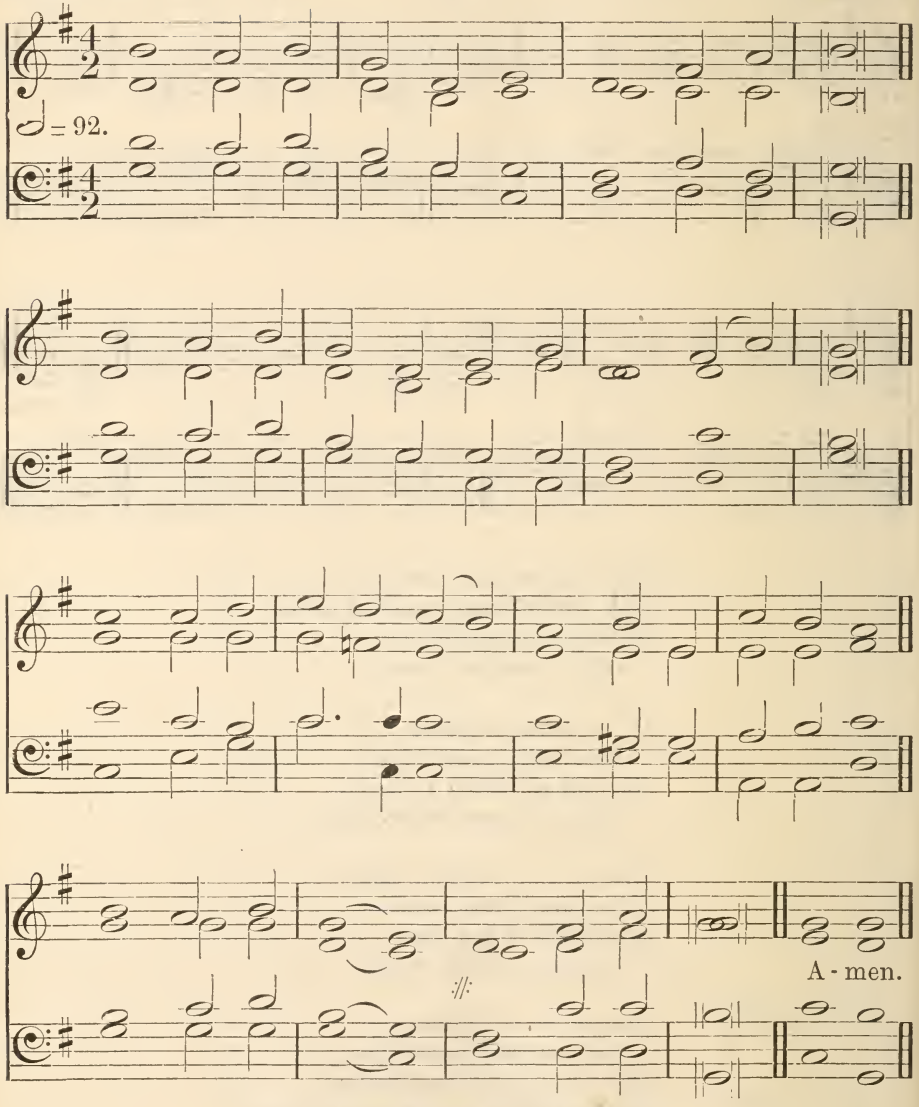
Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee:

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:

No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessèd love:
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above! Amen.

478

PROPIOR DEO. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



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mf NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
cr Still all my song would be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee.

p Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me—
My rest a stone;
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee.

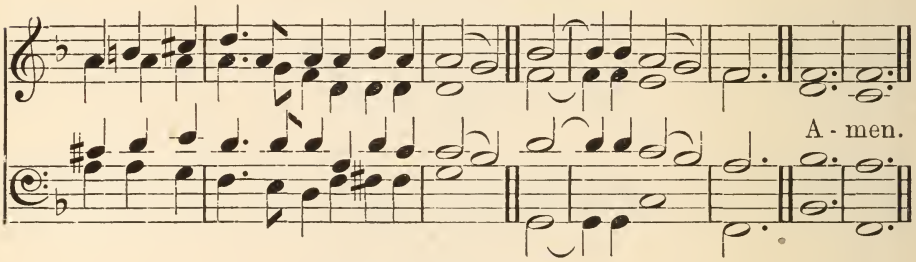
mf Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
cr Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee.

mf Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-el I'll raise;
cr So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee.

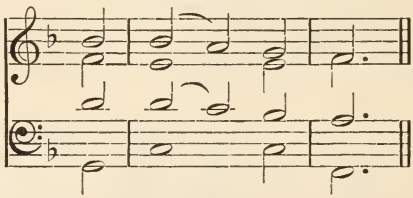
f Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee. Amen.

In Te, Domine, speravi. 8.10.10.4. C. H. Lloyd, *b.* 1849.

Verse 1.



Line 4, *Verses* 2 *and* 3.



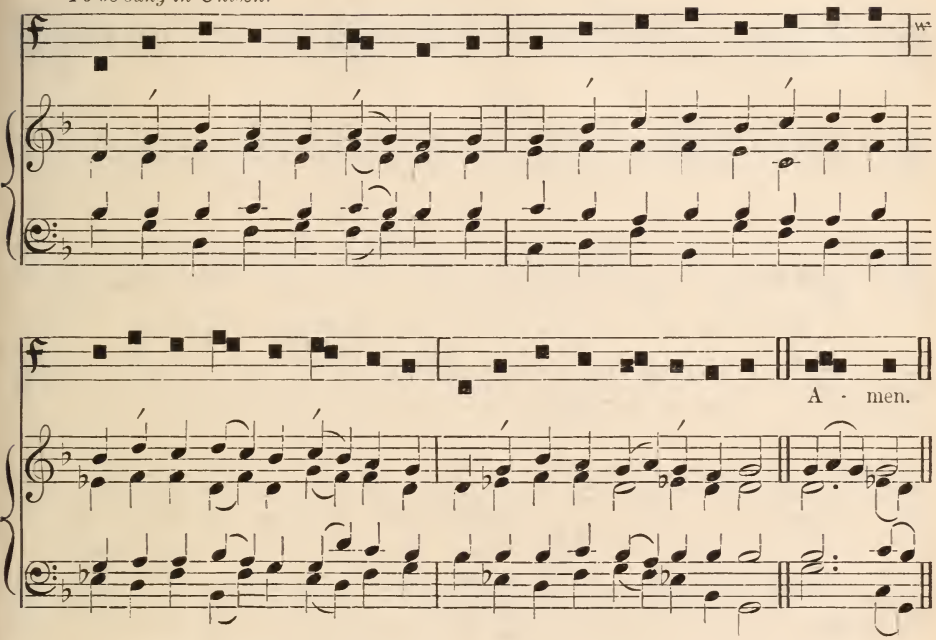
mf NONE other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.

p My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
cr Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

f Lord, Thou art Life though I be dead,
Love's fire Thou art however cold I be:
mf Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
p Nor home, but Thee. Amen.

CHRISTE, QUI LUX ES ET DIES (*First Tune*). MODE II. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.



O CHRIST, Who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

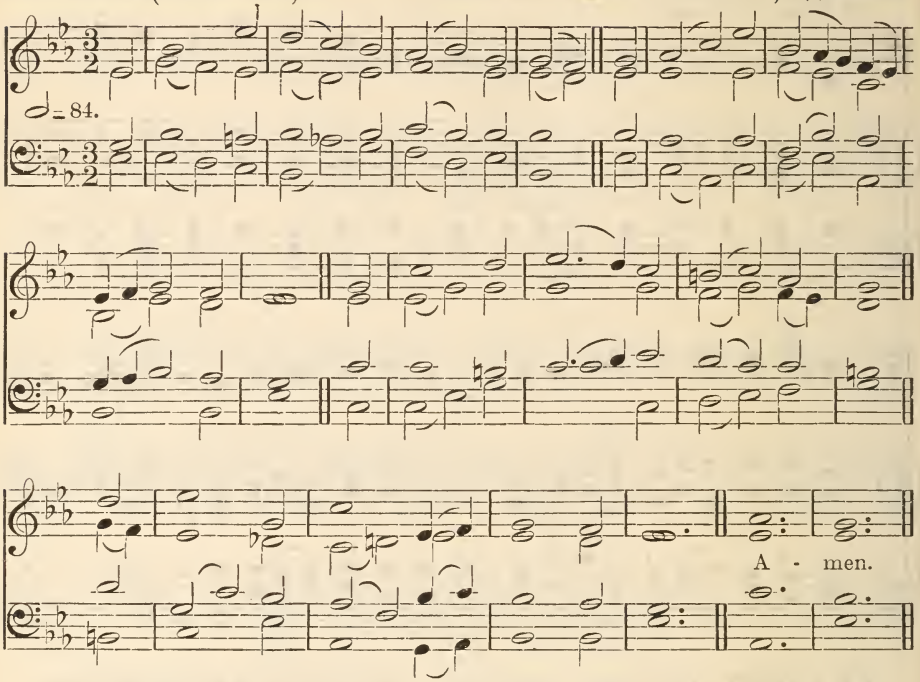
Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward:
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The uplifter of our souls to Thee.

O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy Name be hallowed and adored;
To God the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given. Amen.

St. Pancras (*Second Tune*). L.M. J. Battishill, 1738–1801.



mf O CHRIST, Who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward:
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

f With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

mf Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The uplifter of our souls to Thee.

p O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy Name be hallowed and adored;
f To God the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given. Amen.

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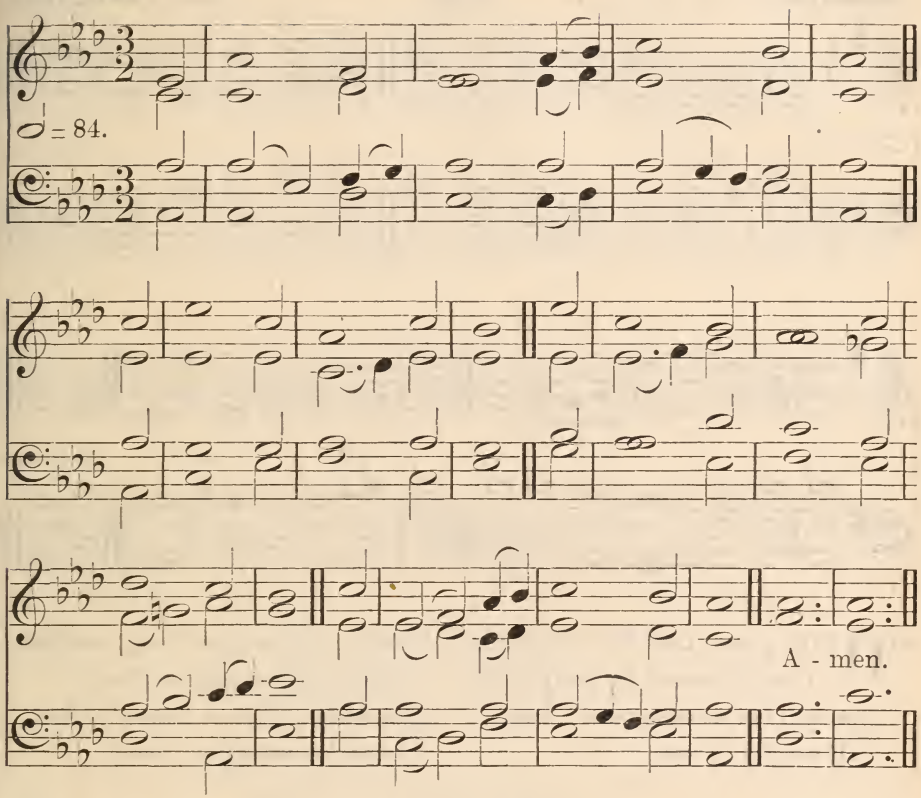
MARTYRDOM. C.M. HUGH WILSON, 1764–1824.



mf O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

p Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

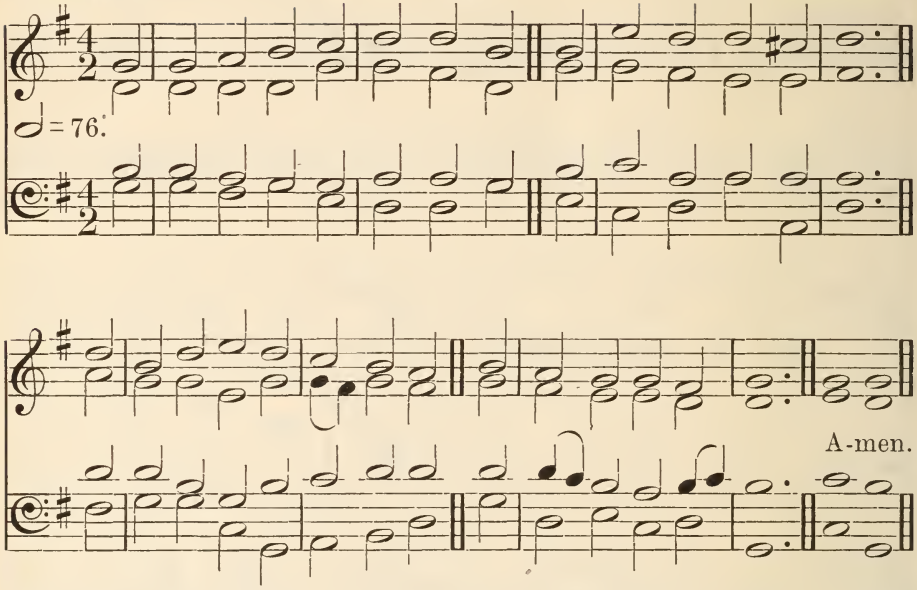
Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
cr Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

mf So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Amen.

DUNFERMLINE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1615.



mf O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God;

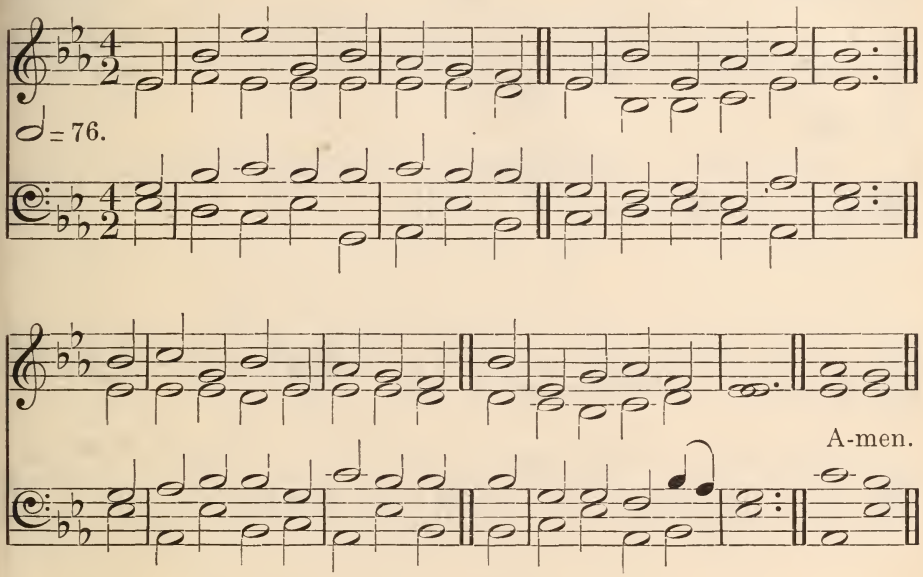
A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

p Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
cr I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home. Amen.

483

St. David. C.M. Ravenscroft's *Psalter*, 1621.



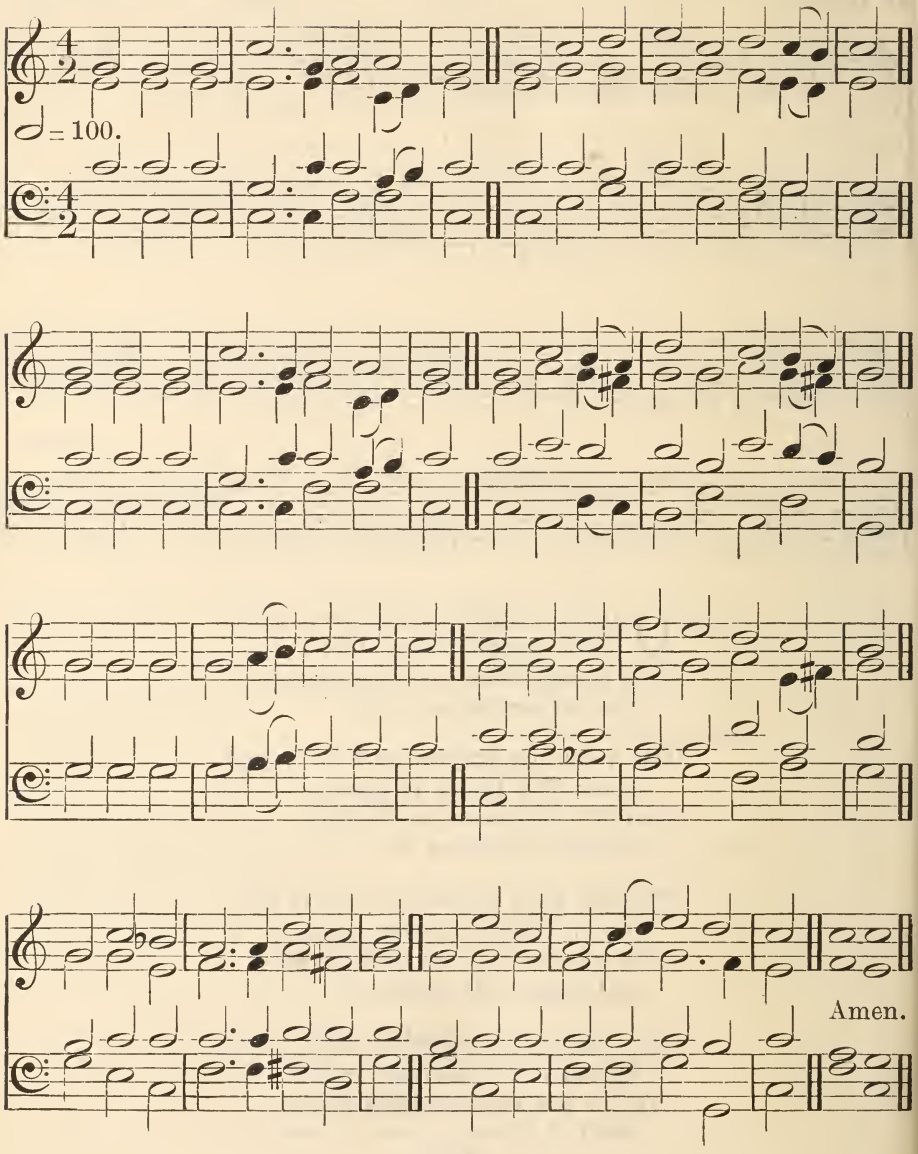
mf O GOD of Bethel! by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace. Amen.

PETERBOROUGH. D.L.M. J. Goss, 1800–1880.



f O GOD of God! O Light of Light!
Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings;
To Thee, where Angels know no night,
The hymn of praise for ever rings:—
To Him Who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain for sinful men,
Laud, honour, might to Him alone,
Glory and praise! Amen, Amen!

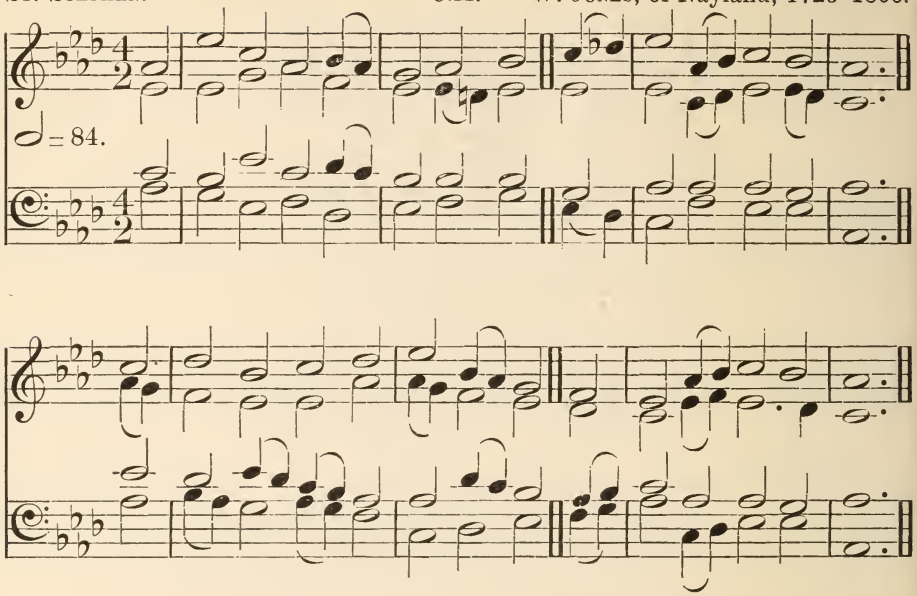
mf Nations beheld their coming Lord
Slowly in type from age to age,
Grand in the poet's wingèd word,
Deep in the prophet's sacred page;
cr Till, through the deep Judæan night,
f Rang out the song, "Goodwill to men,"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now,—"Goodwill,"—Amen!

p His life of truth, His deeds of love,
His death of pain 'mid hate and scorn;
cr These all are past, and now above
f He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
So sang His Hosts, unheard by men;
"Lift up your hearts," for you He waits;
"We lift them up," Amen, Amen!

p Nations afar in ignorance deep,
Isles of the sea where darkness lay,
cr These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
f They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might,
Set all men free;" Amen, Amen!

f Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's Hosts, His praise prolong;
Sing ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain;
From Angels praise; and thanks from men:
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power, Amen, Amen! Amen.

St. Stephen. C.M. W. Jones, of Nayland, 1726–1800.



f O GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, showest
The brightness of Thy face!

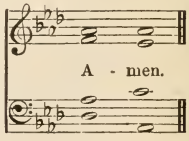
mf My longing soul faints with desire,
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

f O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy Temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display.

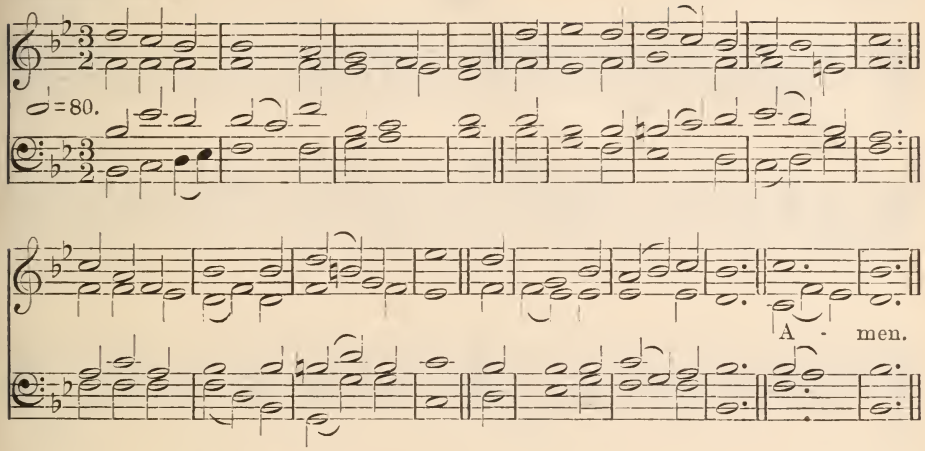
mf For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

For God, Who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

f Thou God, Whom heavenly Hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Is still reposed on Thee!



St. Chrysostom. 8.8.8.6. H. S. Irons, *b.* 1834.



mf O GOD of mercy, God of might,
p In love and pity infinite,
cr Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
dim To live our life to Thee.

p And Thou, Who camest on earth to die,
cr That fallen man might live thereby,
dim Oh hear us, for to Thee we cry,
cr In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

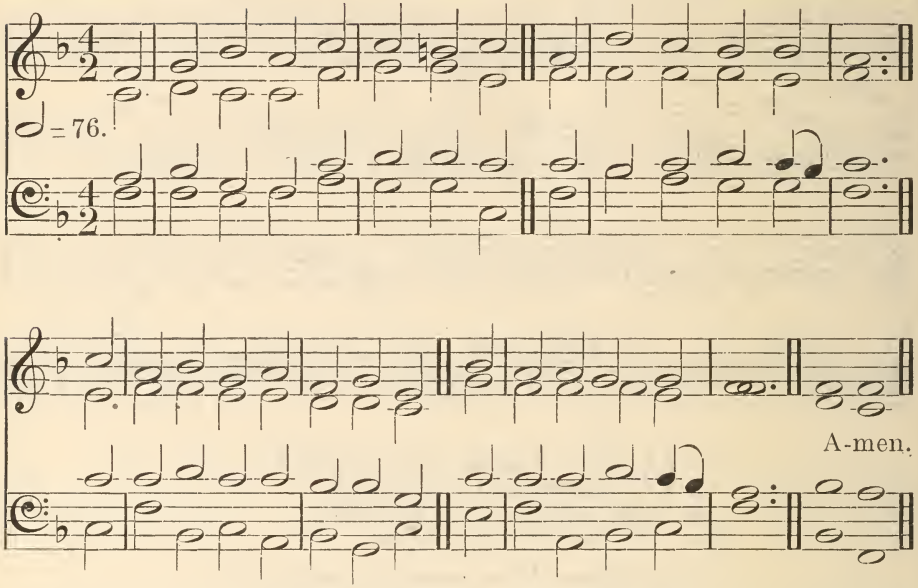
mf Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy Blood hath bought,
That every word, and deed, and thought,
May work a work for Thee;

f For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

p In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
cr May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

mf And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
cr Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
f All those who give to Thee. Amen.

SALISBURY. C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.



mf O GOD of truth, Whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
dim Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

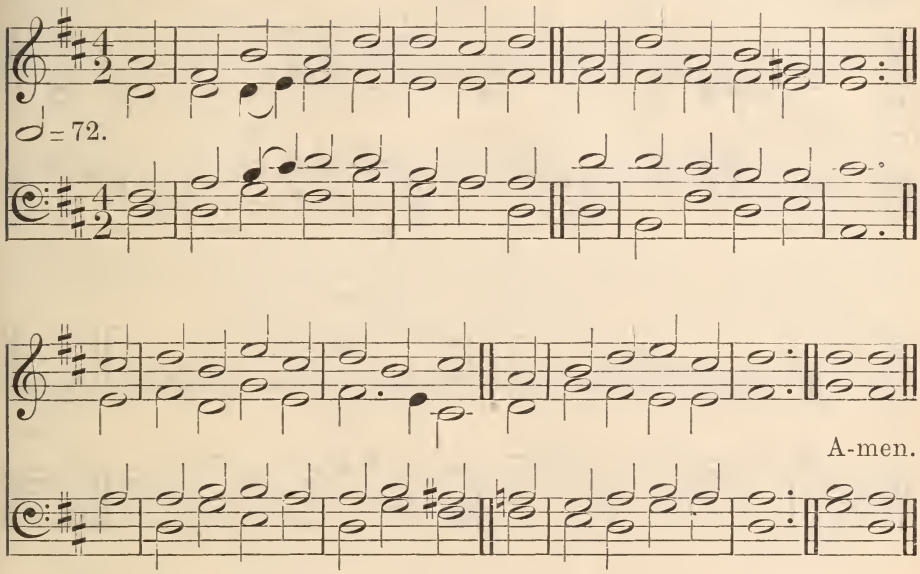
mf Set up Thy standard, Lord, that they
Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy ransomed earth.

Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white;

cr Then, God of truth, for Whom we long—
Thou Who wilt hear our prayer—
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

p Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
cr From every lie set free,
mf Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee. Amen.

St. Ann. C.M. W. Croft, 1678–1727.



mf O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

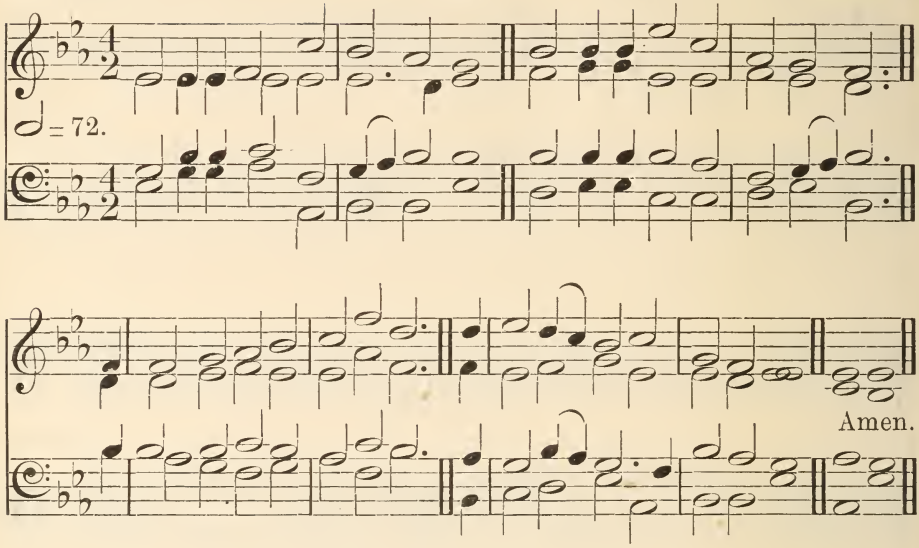
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
f From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

mf A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone; [night
Short as the watch that ends the
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
dim They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

f O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come; [last,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles
And our eternal Home! Amen.

WAINWRIGHT. L.M. R. WAINWRIGHT, 1758–1825.



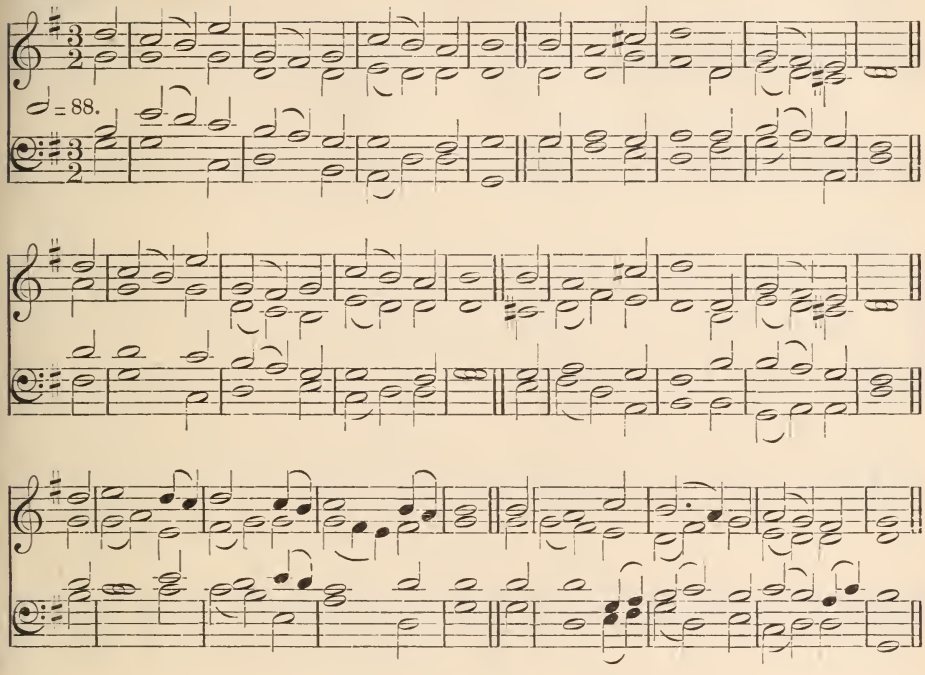
mf O GOD, Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Thee in the watches of the night
When I remember on my bed,
cr Thy Presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

mf Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to Thee?

f Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live. Amen.

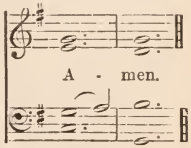
SURREY. Six 8's. HENRY CAREY, 1685–1743.



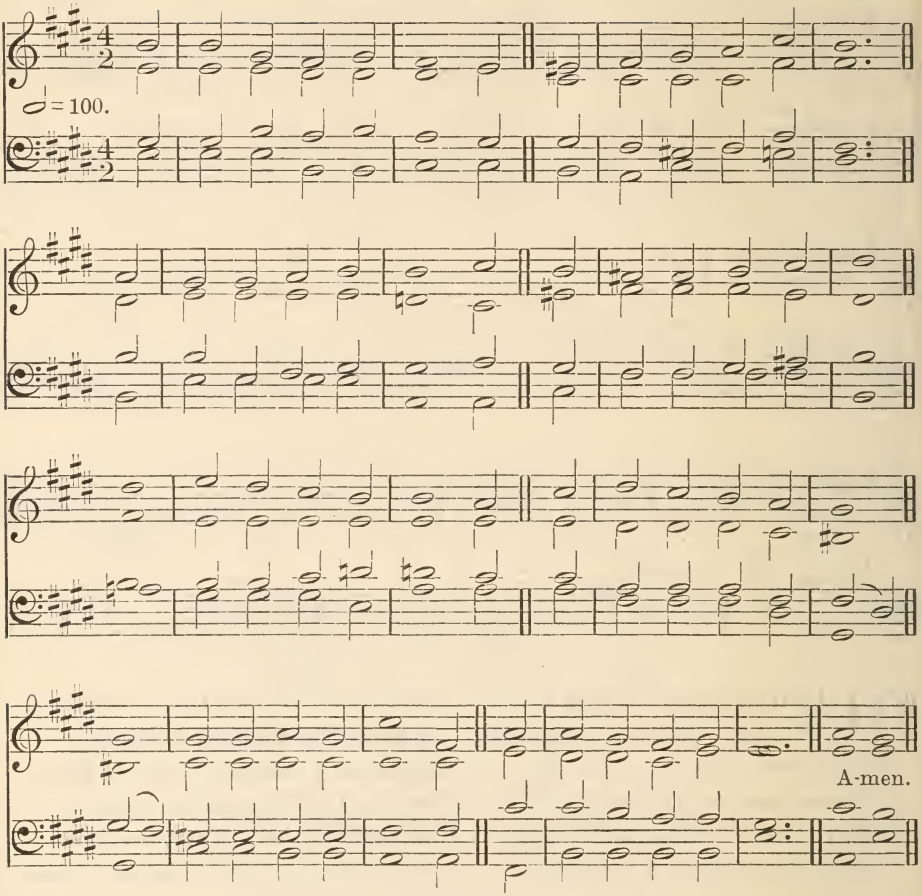
mf O HAND of bounty, largely spread,
By Whom our every want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, O Lord! to Thee;
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine!

The stream Thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread Thy blessing multiplied,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at Thy mandate stood,
How well they knew Thy voice Divine,
Whose works they were, and only Thine!

p Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
cr Obedient to Thy word and will
We seek Thy daily mercy still;
f Its blessèd beams around us shine,
And Thine we are, and only Thine!



St. Anselm. 7.6.7.6. D. J. Barnby, 1838–1896.



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f O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!
Oh, happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
Oh, happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

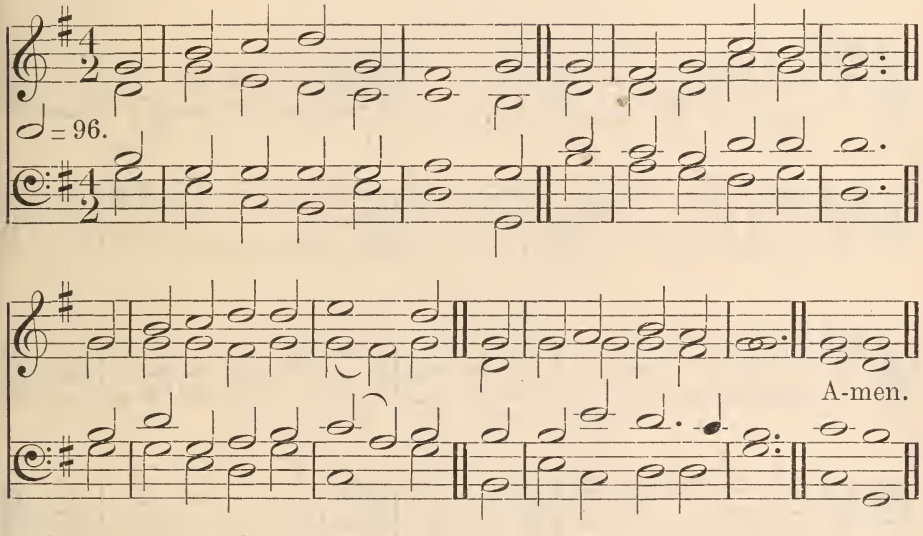
mf The Faith by which ye see Him,
The Hope in which ye yearn,
cr The Love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—
f What are they but His heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated Light?

p The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—
mf What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

mf The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
f The Crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize! Amen.

492

St. Alphege. 7.6.7.6. H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876.



mf O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessèd are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion,
Where Saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

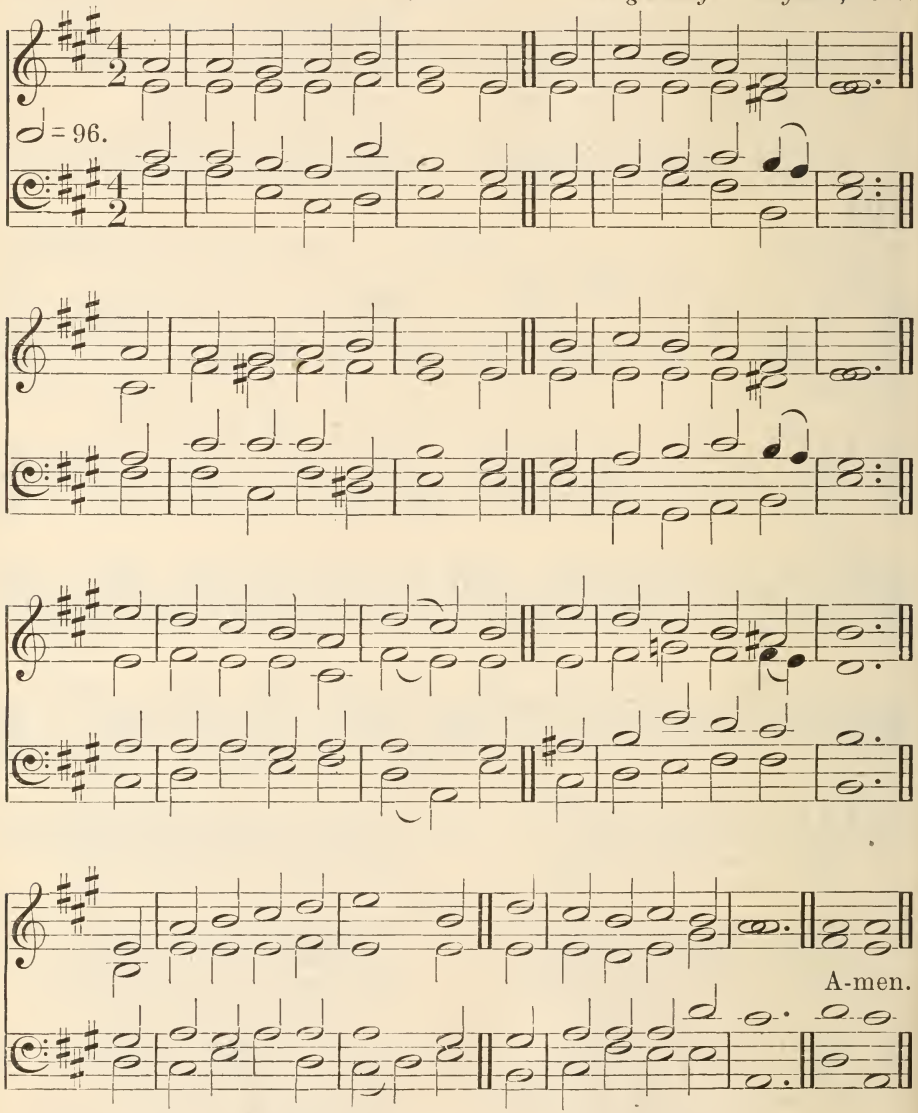
mf There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

p Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
f They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

mf Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

f To Christ the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below,
To Father, and to Spirit,
All things created bow. Amen.

KREUZNACH. 7.6.7.6. D. *Magdeburg Gesangbuch*, 1640.



May also be sung to "Day of Rest," *No.* 41.

mf O JESU, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
f I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

mf Oh! let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
p My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within:
cr But, Jesu, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

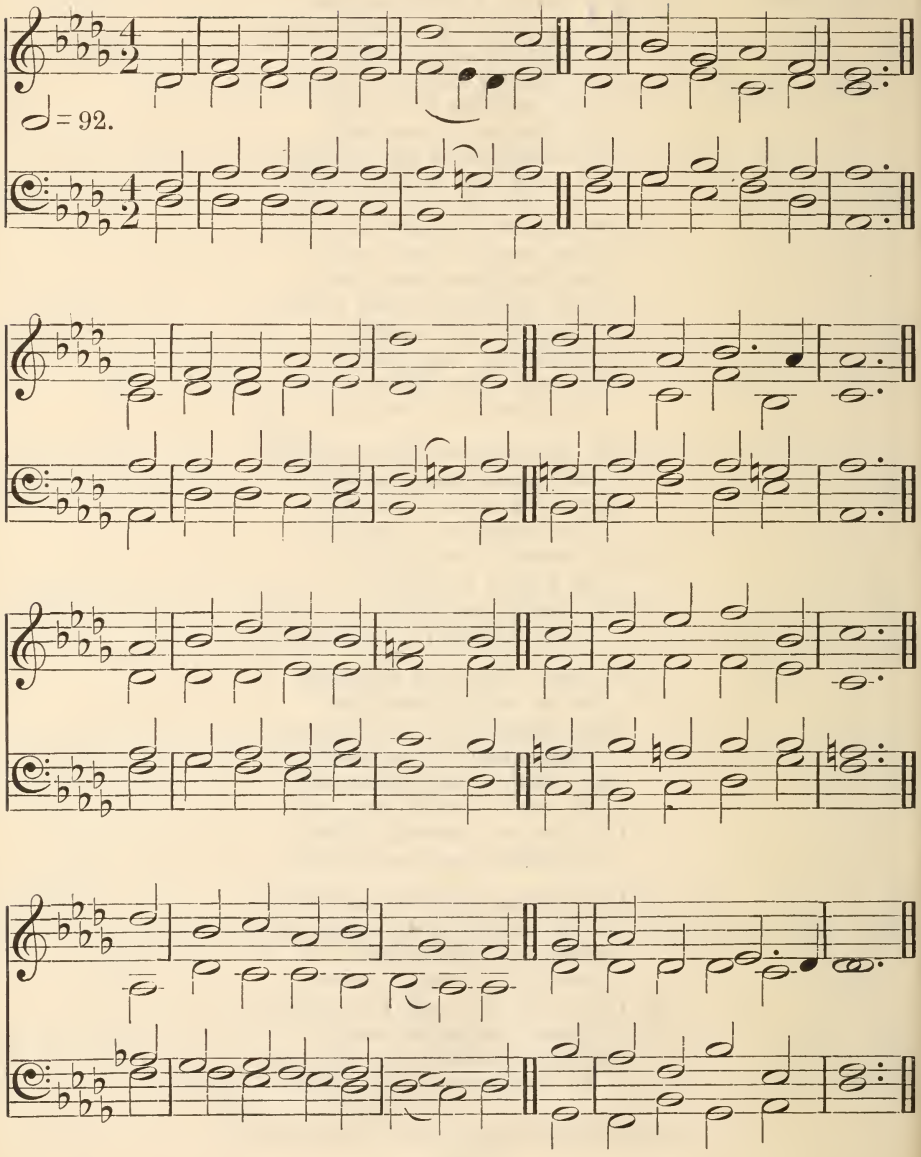
p Oh! let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
mf Oh! speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control:
cr Oh! speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

mf O Jesu, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesu, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
p Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

p Oh! let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
mf Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
f And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend! Amen.

O Jesu, King most wonderful,—*see* 446, Part II.

St. Catherine. 7.6.7.6. D. R. F. Dale, *b.* 1845.



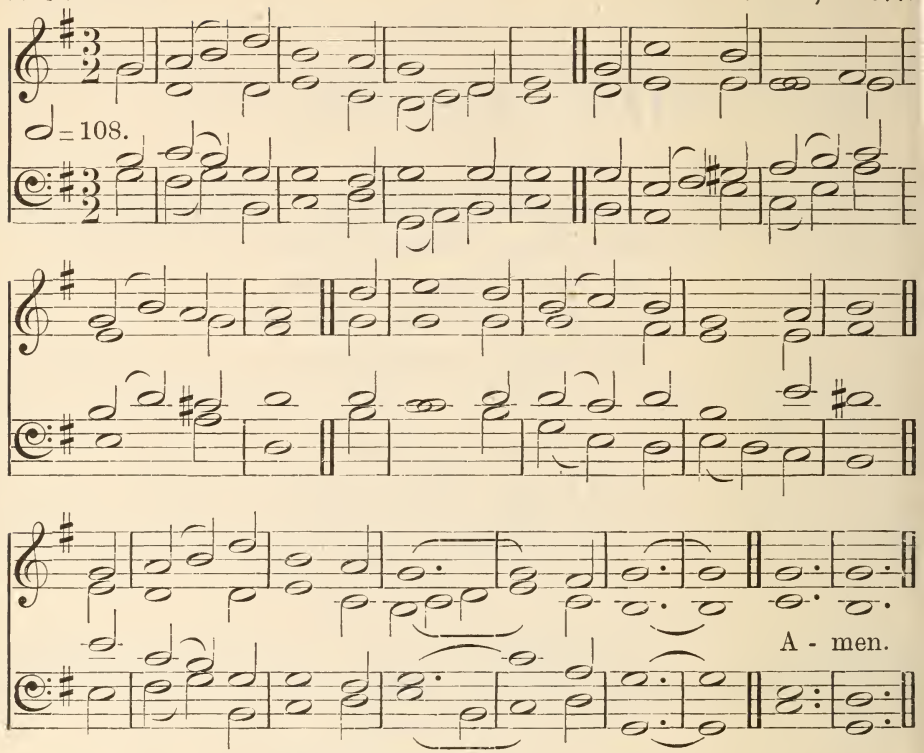
p O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
mf Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear;
Oh shame, thrice shame, upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

p O Jesu, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
mf O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
p O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

p O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low—
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so!"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
cr We open now the door:
mf Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

495

REX TERRARUM. L.M. T. F. DUNHILL, *b.* 1877.



May also be sung to "Illsley," *No.* 186.

mf O KING of earth and air and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to Thee;
To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep;

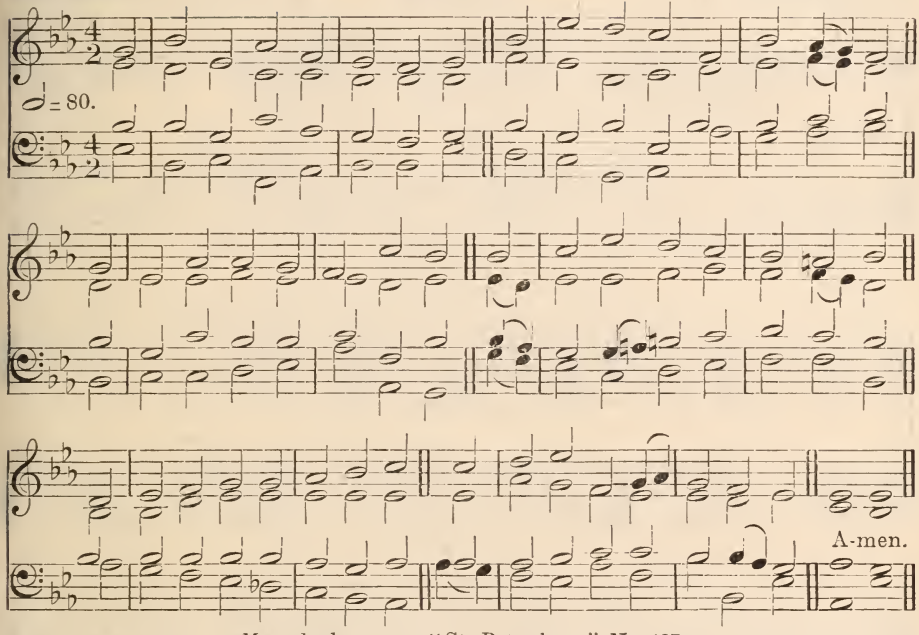
To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common Father, kind to all!
Then grant Thy servants, Lord! we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day!

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day!

p And oh, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;

cr Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
mf And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The Bread of Life from day to day!
Amen.

COLCHESTER. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



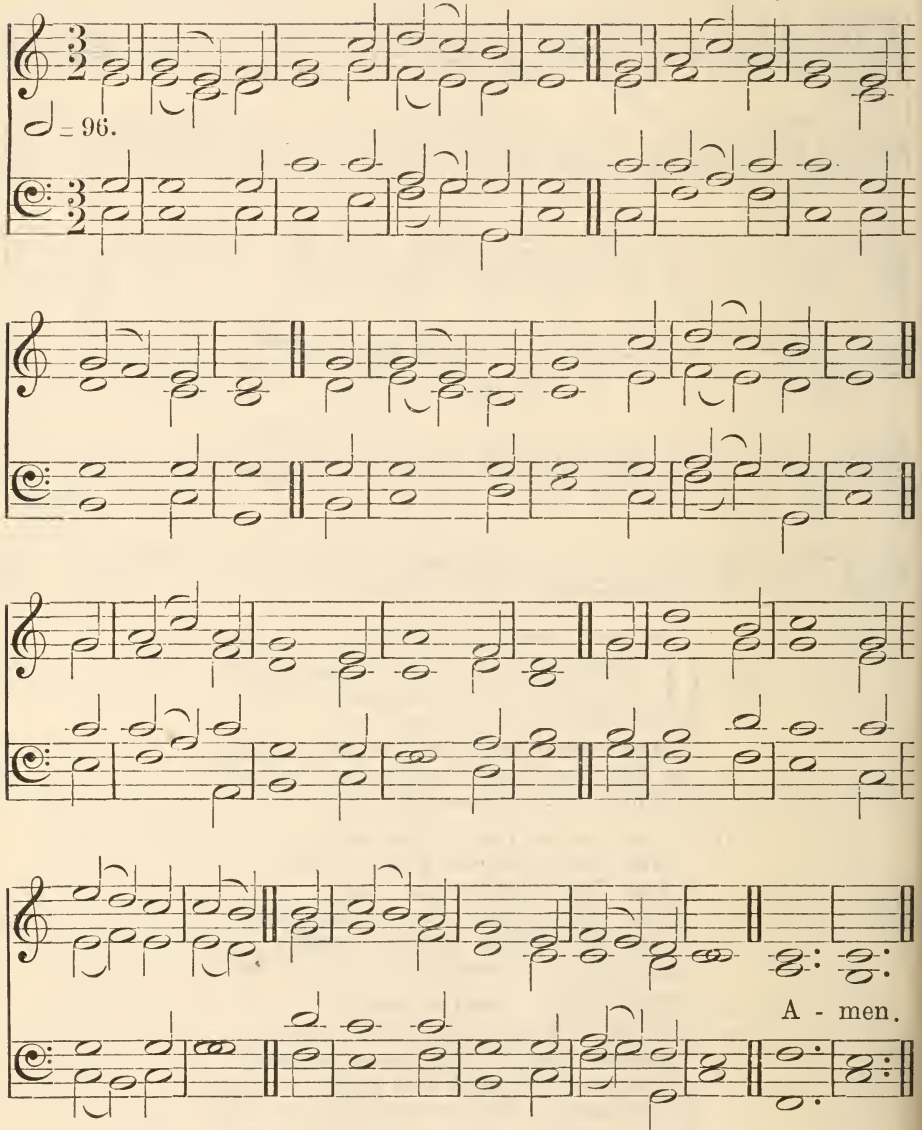
May also be sung to "St. Petersburg," *No.* 497.

mf O KING of kings, before Whose throne
The Angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to Thee;
cr Yet this would we through grace impart,—
f The offering of a thankful heart.

mf O Jesu, set on God's right hand,
With Thine Eternal Father plead
For all Thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth Thy succour need;
For us in weakness strength provide,
And through the world our footsteps guide.

p O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
cr Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we, through all our days,
May share Thy gifts and sing Thy praise. Amen.

St. Petersburg. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. D. Bortnianski, 1752–1825.



May also be sung to "Colchester," *No.* 496.

mf O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
dim That lead our wandering feet astray:
cr At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love and age adore.

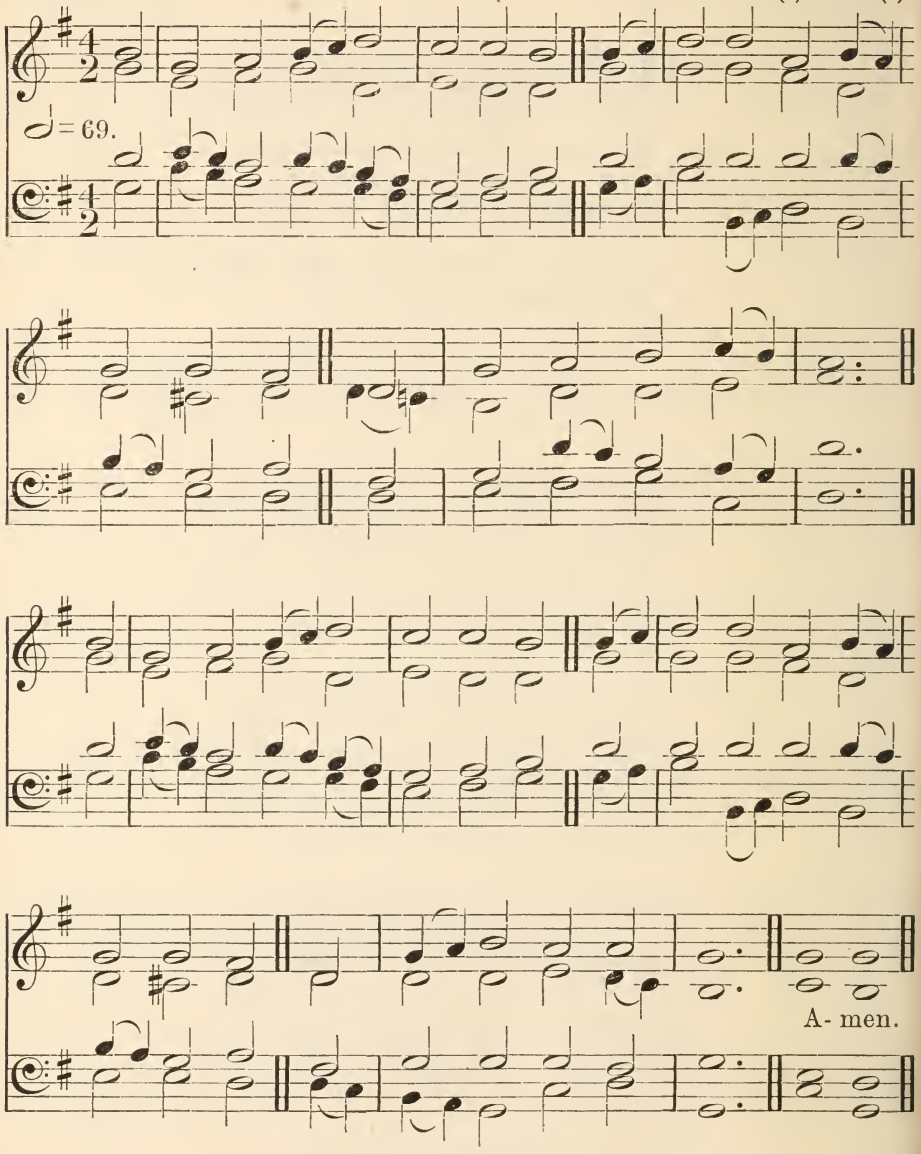
mf O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
f Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
mf In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

mf O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
p When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
cr Turn Thou our darkness into light.

mf O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
cr Thy power to bless what Seraph knows?
f Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
p In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
cr Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

f O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesu, born mankind to save,
dim Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
mf Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
cr Be Thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,
f Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.

Innsbruck. 8.8.6. D. H. Isaac, 1440 (?)–1520 (?).



mf O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
cr And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

p How far from this our daily life!
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms!
cr Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thy almighty arms!

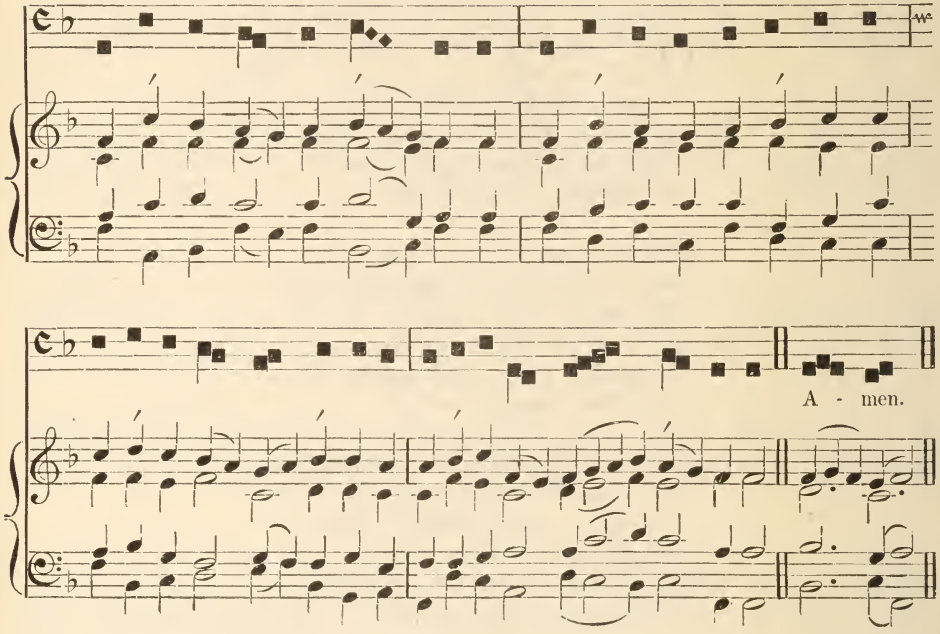
p Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God;
cr Then rise with lightened cheer,
mf Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

p We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes frail nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
mf Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

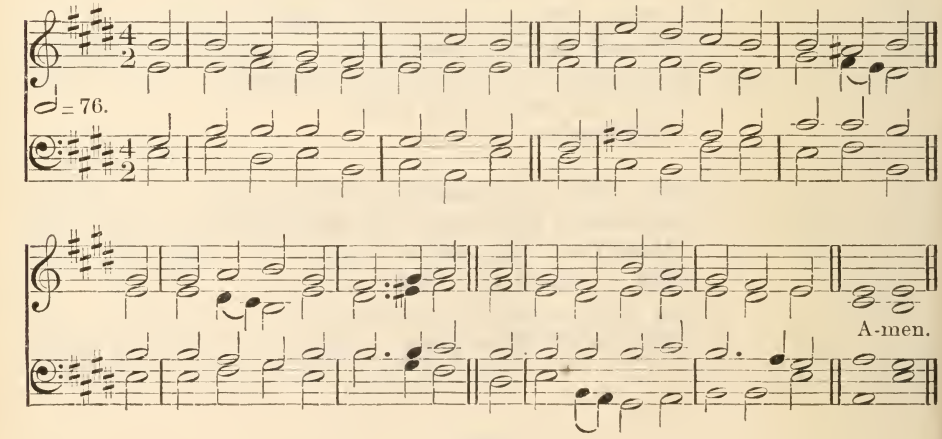
mf Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
p E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

O QUI PERPETUUS (*First Tune*). MODE V. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.



MELCOMBE (*Second Tune*). L.M. S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.



f O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

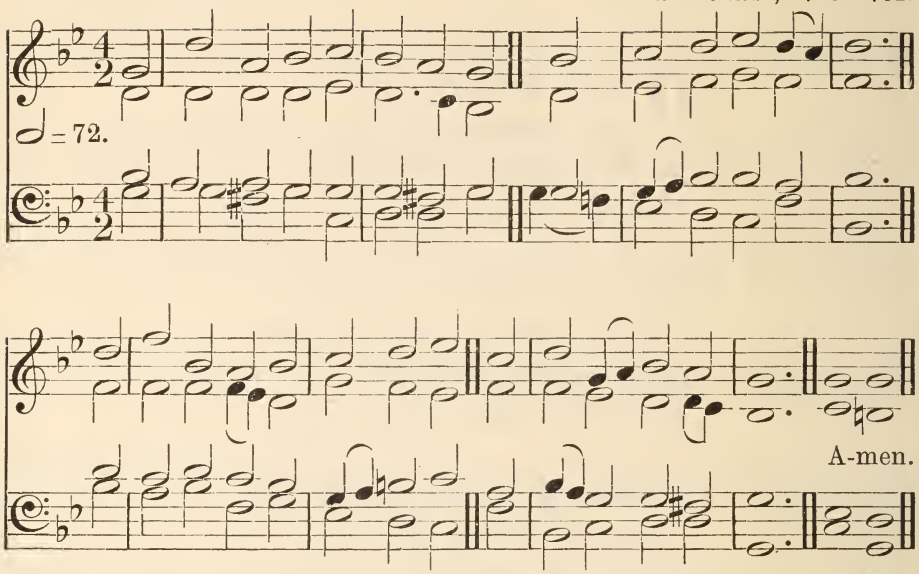
mf How sweet within Thy holy place
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

p Oh! may we love the House of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
Oh! may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

mf The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
cr With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven

mf Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love:
Each other's wants may we supply,
f And reign together in the sky. Amen.

COVENTRY. C.M. S. HOWARD, 1710–1782.

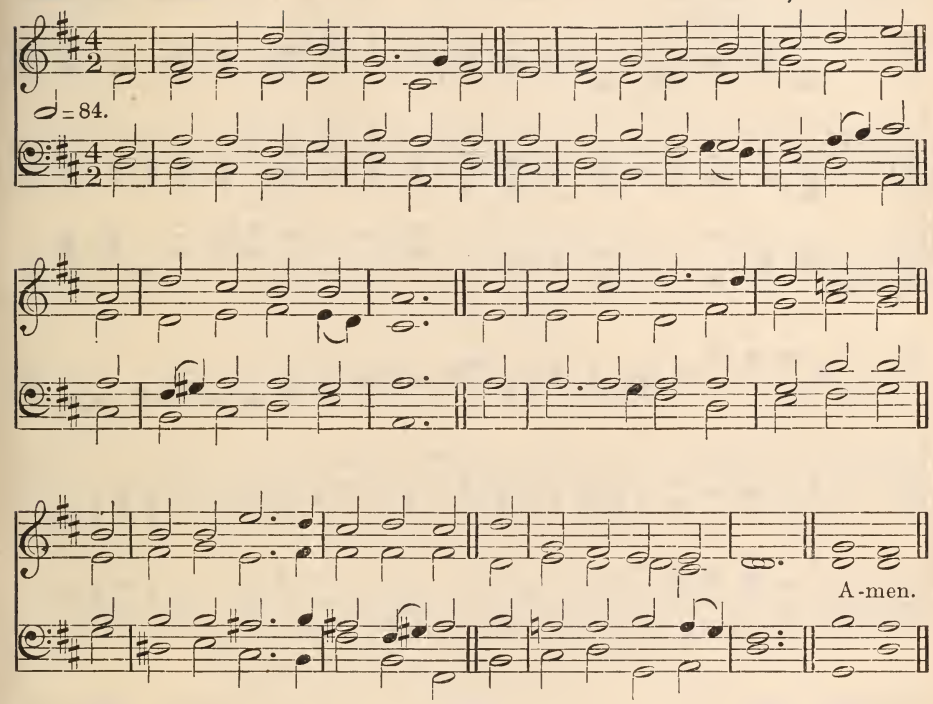


mf O LORD, in all our trials here,
Whate'er those trials be,
Help us, without one doubt or fear,
To cast our care on Thee:—

To look from earth to yon bright sky,
And there by faith behold
f The glories hid from mortal eye,
To mortal ear untold.

p And if contempt, reproach, or loss
We suffer for Thy Name,
cr Teach us to triumph in the Cross,
f To glory in the shame. Amen.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 8.8.6. D. W. HAYES, 1706–1777.



mf O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing [heart
All taken up by Thee?
p My thirsty spirit faints to prove
cr The greatness of redeeming love,
f The love of Christ to me.

f Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
mf The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

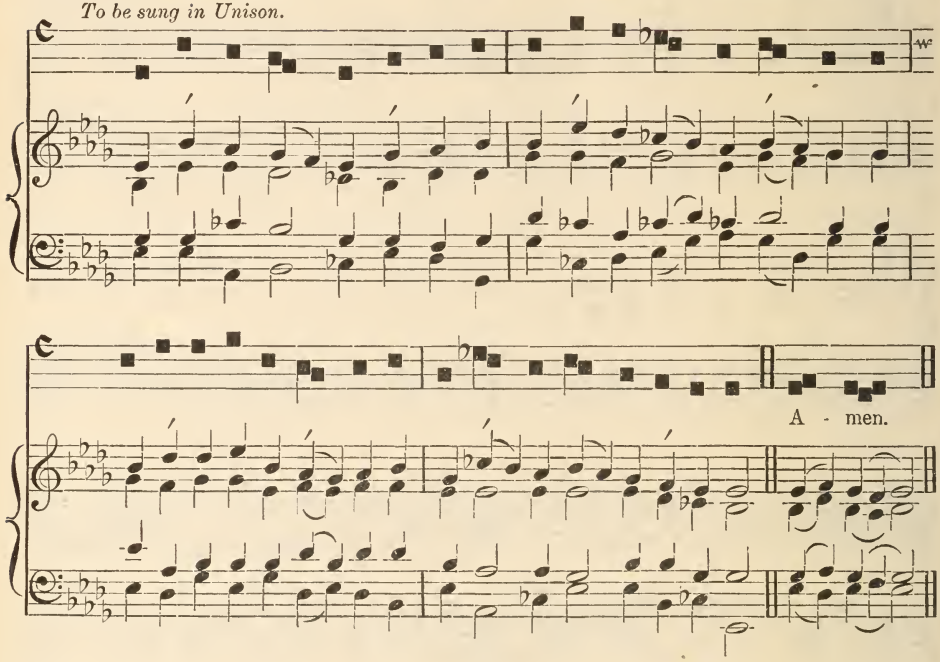
God only knows the love of God;
p Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

mf For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice;
cr My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

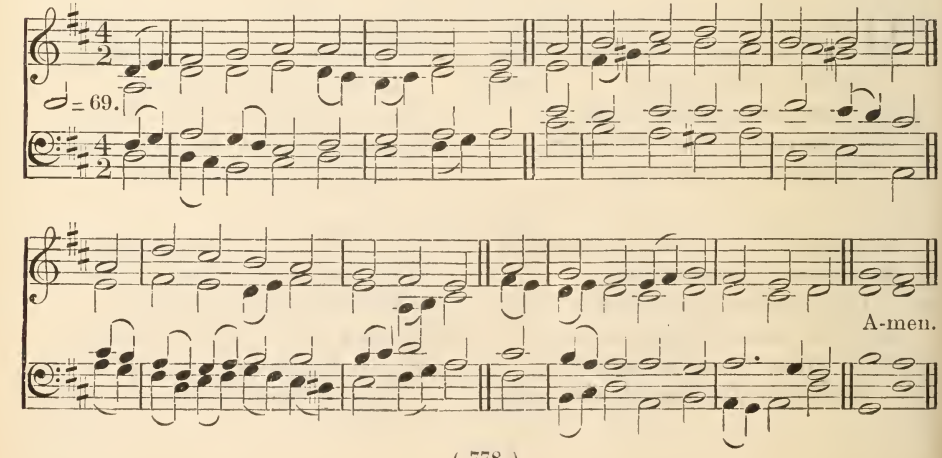
Amen.

O Amor quam exstaticus (*First Tune*). Mode I. Old French Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.



Eisenach (*Second Tune*). L.M. J. H. Schein, 1586–1630.



mf O LOVE, how deep! how broad! how high!
cr It fills the heart with ecstasy
dim That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

mf He sent no Angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame,
And He Himself to this world came.

Nor willed He only to appear,
His pleasure was to tarry here;
And God and Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.

For us baptized! for us He bore
His holy fast and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew,
f For us the tempter overthrew.

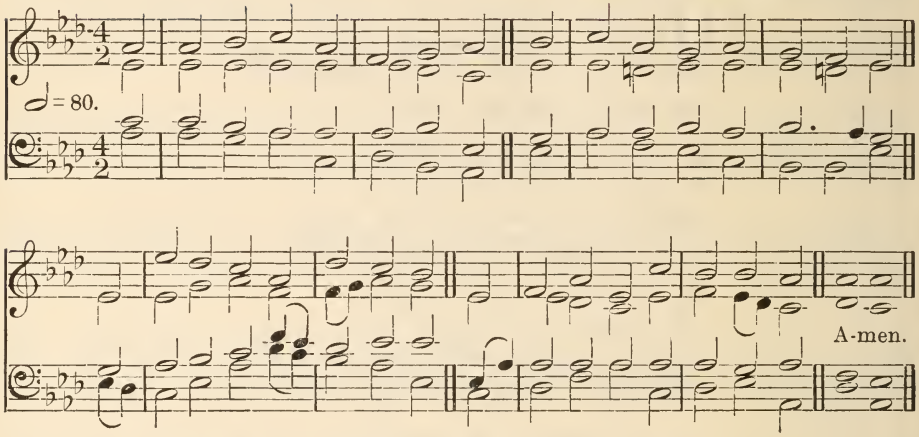
mf For us He preaches and He prays,
Would do all things, would try all ways,
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking not Himself but us.

p For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
For us He bore the Cross's death;
For us at length gave up His breath.

f For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

f To Him Whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father, glory be
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

ELY. L.M. Bishop TURTON, 1780–1864.



mf O LOVE so strong, O Power so sweet,
O Thou Whose name of Paraclete
Ensures to Christians, each and all,
A Patron ready at their call!

p We call on Thee with shame of face,
Deep-sorrowing o'er neglected grace,
And guidance lost through blind self-will,
And times of good misused for ill.

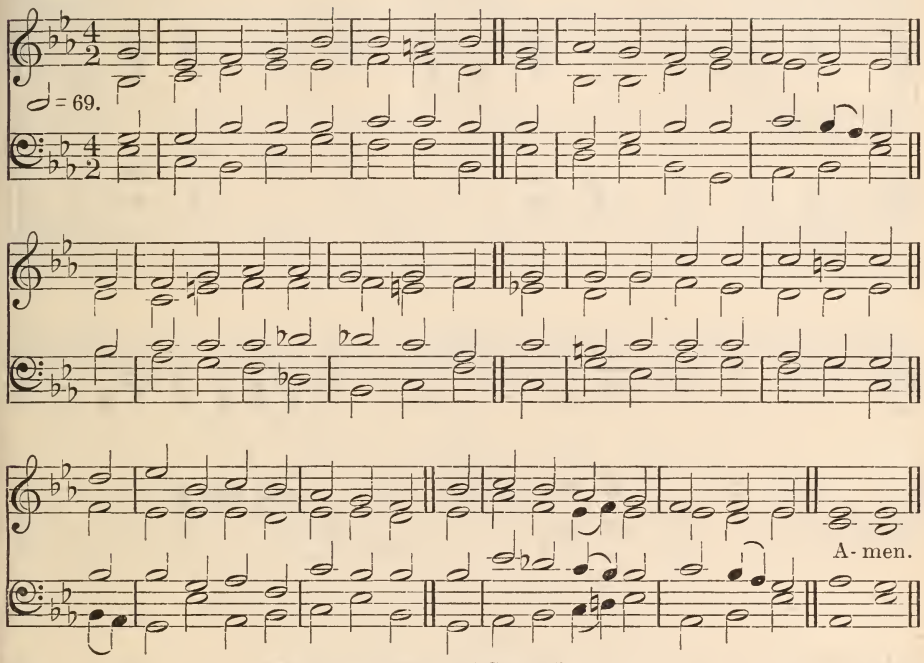
So, after all the vows we made,
The rites we shared, the prayers we prayed,
What can we ask, but yet once more
The pardon craved so oft before—

Too oft with feelings half untrue,
That came and passed like early dew—
mf Now, Lord, the changeful mood control,
And root repentance in the soul.

cr O let Thy touch of cleansing fire
Set hearts aglow with high desire,
And so burn out each guilty stain,
That it may grieve Thee ne'er again.

f Then lead us, as with loving hand,
Right on through duty's broadening land,
Where souls from inward falseness free
Find light and strength and peace in Thee. Amen.

SPIRES. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. German.



May also be sung to "Surrey," *No.* 490.

mf O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf O Love, Who ere life's earliest morn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

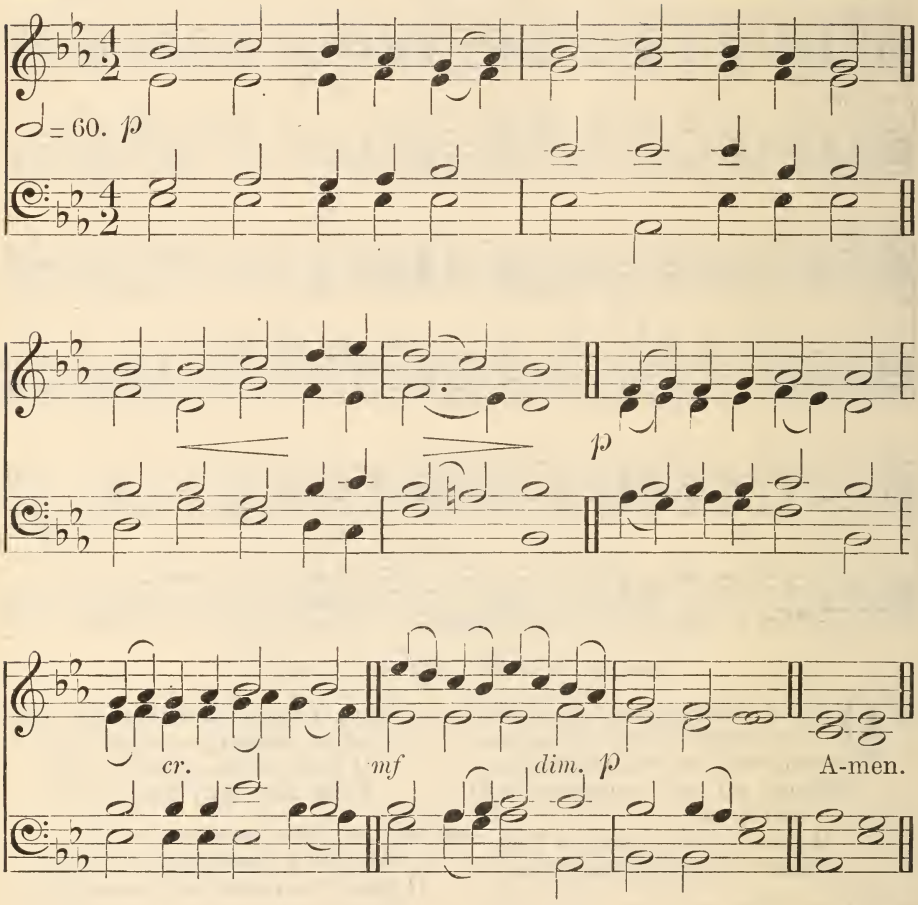
p O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe!
cr O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf O Love, Whose voice shall bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, Whose hand o'er yonder skies
Shall set me in the fadeless bowers;
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
Amen.

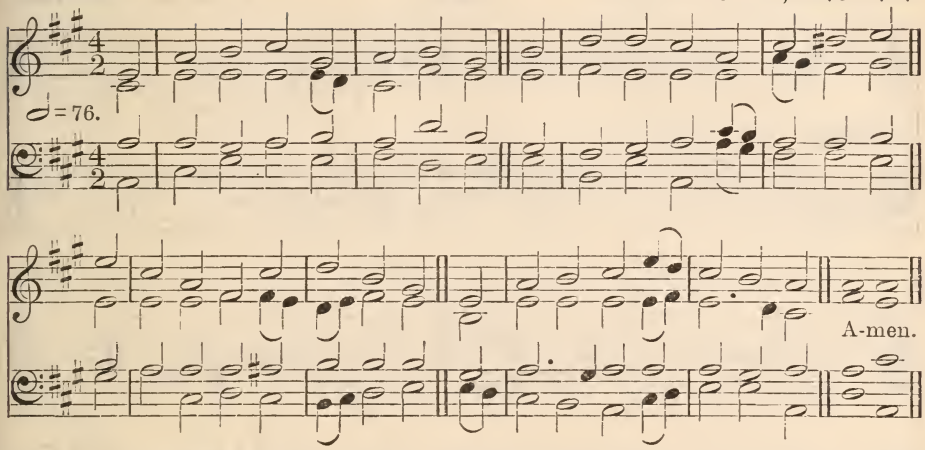
505

Sicilian Mariners. 5.5.7. D. Sicilian Melody.



p O MOST merciful!
O most bountiful!
God the Father Almighty!
By the Redeemer's
Sweet intercession
Hear us, help us when we cry! Amen.

BROCKHAM. L.M. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670–1707.



mf O SAVIOUR! is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach Thy Gospel to the poor?

mf Come, Jesu, come! return again;
cr With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
f Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness!

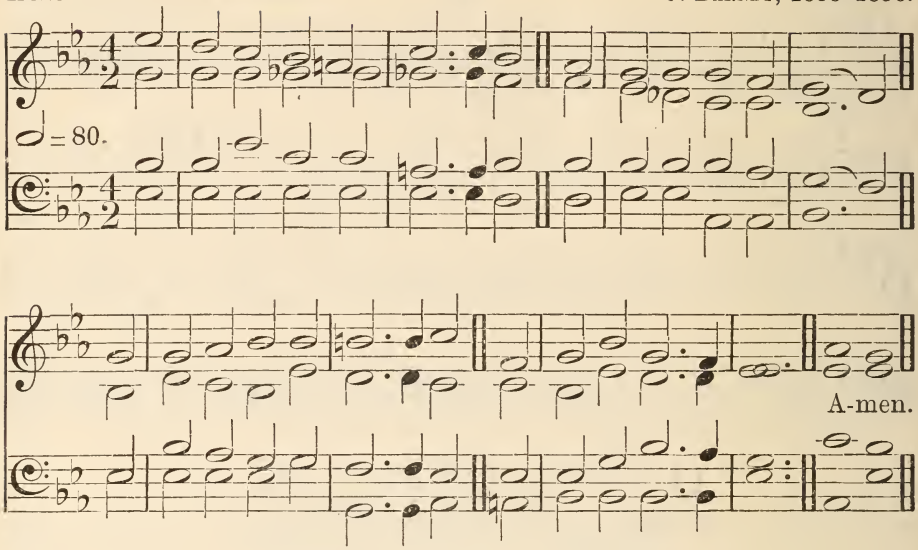
p A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
cr And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

mf Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer! rest on Thee.

p Come, Jesu, come! and as of yore
cr The Prophet went to clear Thy way,
mf A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day;—

cr So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
f Then come, and reap Thy harvest there. Amen.

HOLY TRINITY. C.M. J. BARNBY, 1838–1896.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

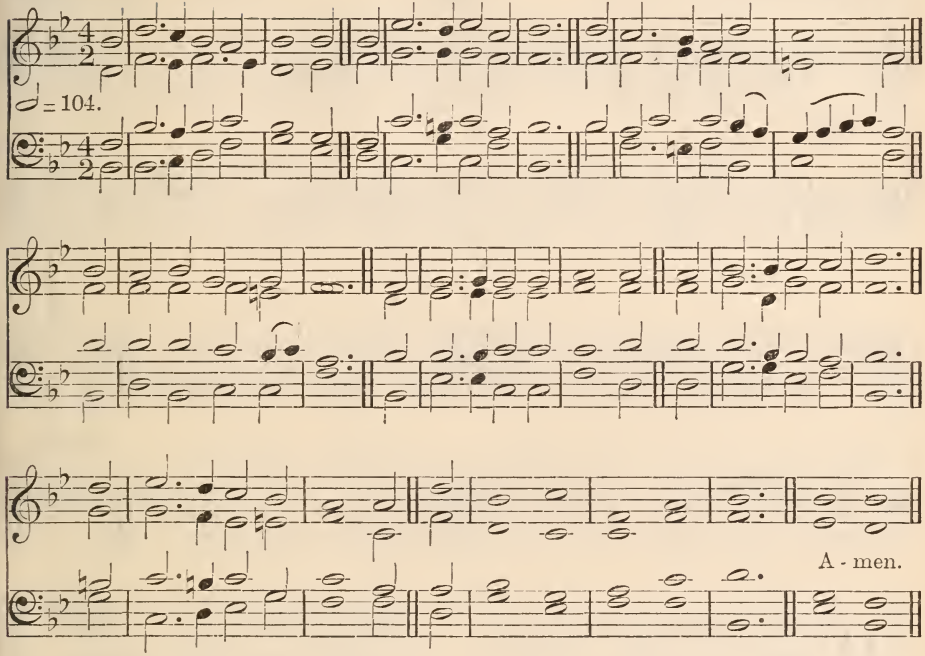
p O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within,
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

Oh may we gaze upon Thy Cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light:

mf Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

There as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee,
And, in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.

ZOAN. 7.6.7.6. D. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1793–1870.



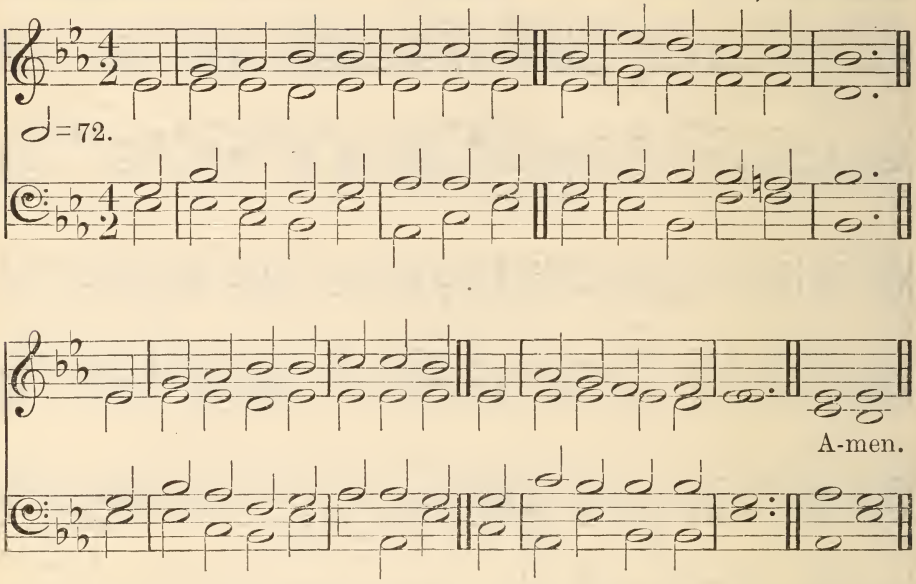
mf O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
cr O Name of might and favour,
All other names above!
p We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
cr To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King.

mf O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
p We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
cr To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

f In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
p We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
cr To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

mf Oh grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love; [Thee
f Then shall we praise and bless
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.
Amen.

Tallis's Ordinal. C.M. T. Tallis, 1520?–1585.



p O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
cr Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
p Good Lord, remember me.

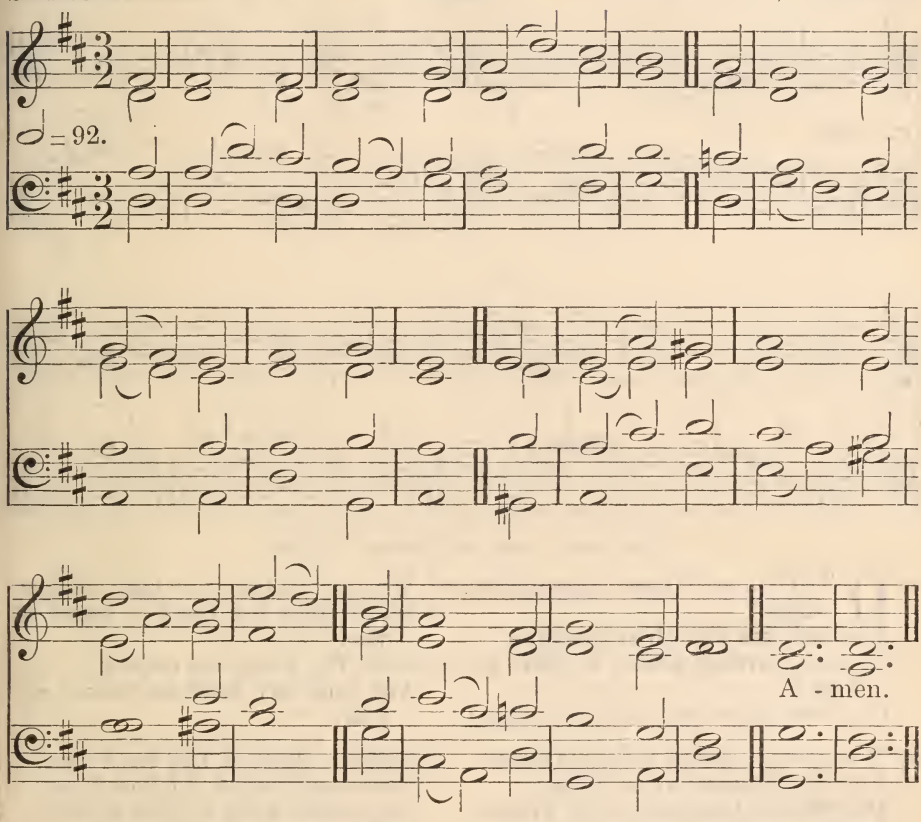
When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
cr Oh let my strength be as my day;
p Good Lord, remember me.

If for Thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
mf All hail reproach, and welcome shame!
p Good Lord, remember me.

p If worn with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble frame should be;
cr Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
p Good Lord, remember me.

p When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.
Amen.

St. Eustace. 8.8.8.6. H. H. Pierson, 1815–1873.



mf O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,—
dim That Thou wilt plead for me.

mf When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
dim Then, Saviour, plead for me.

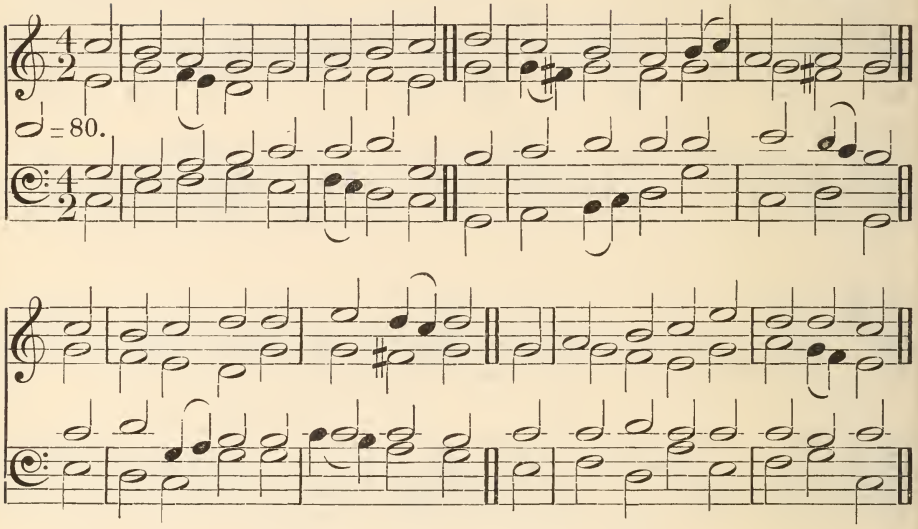
p When I have erred, and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

p When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
cr Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
dim And plead, Oh plead for me!

p And when my dying hour draws near,
O'ercast with sorrow, pain and fear,
cr Then to my fainting sight appear,
mf Pleading in heaven for me.

Amen.

GÖLDEL. L.M. J. H. SCHEIN, 1586–1630.



May also be sung to "Breslau," *No.* 289.

mf O THOU, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
cr Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bands, and set it free!

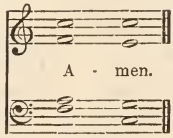
mf Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

p If in this darksome wild I stray,
cr Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

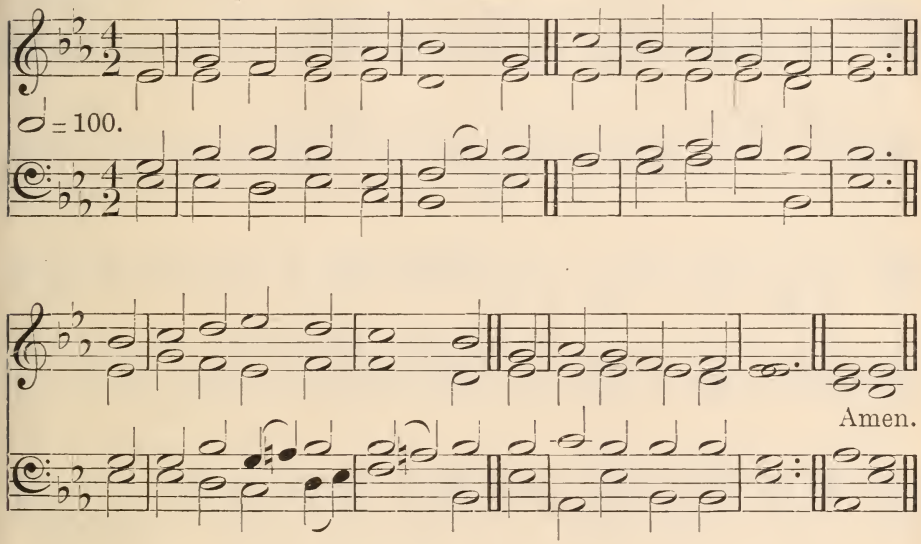
mf When rising floods my head o'erflow,
p When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
cr Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

f Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

mf If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day;
cr Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
dim Where all is calm and joy and peace.



CARLSRUHE. 7.6.7.6. MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1560–1616.



mf O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;

We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.

It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

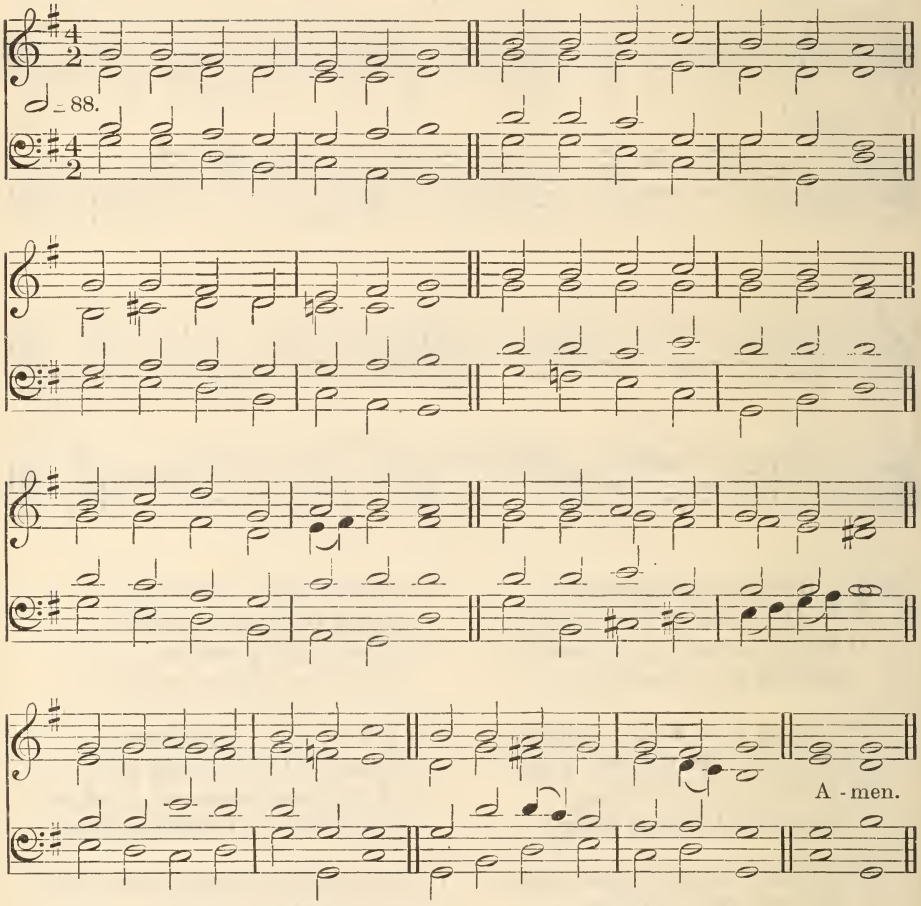
f It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.

It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

mf Oh! make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.

Oh! teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
cr Till, clouds and darkness ended,
f They see Thee face to face. Amen.

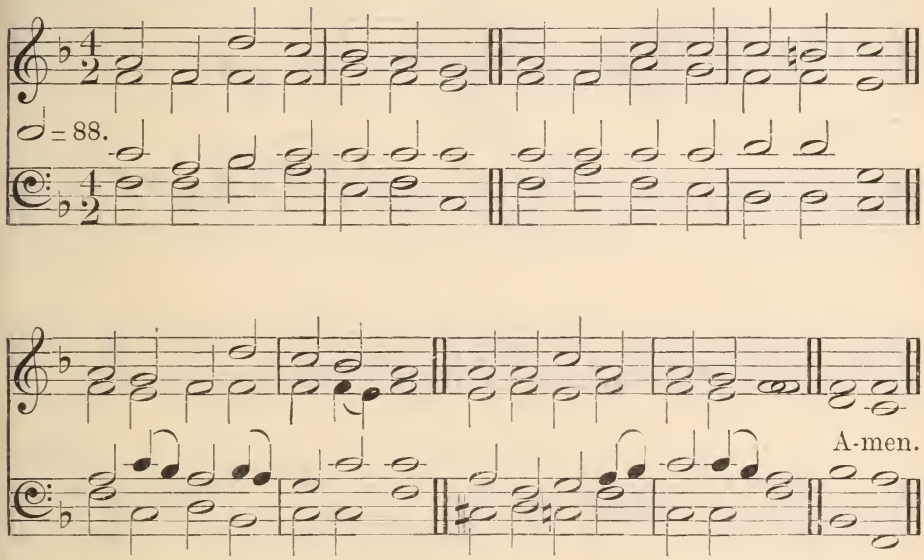
ZURICH. Eight 7's. J. SCHOP, 1605?–1640?



mf OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesu, crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee:
Thee to please and Thee to know
Constitute our bliss below:
Thee to see and Thee to love
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy Presence Thou deny:
Lord, if Thou Thy Presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine. Amen.

University College. 7.7.7.7. H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876.



mf OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life,

cr Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe;
Faint not! Much doth yet remain,
p Dreary is the long campaign.

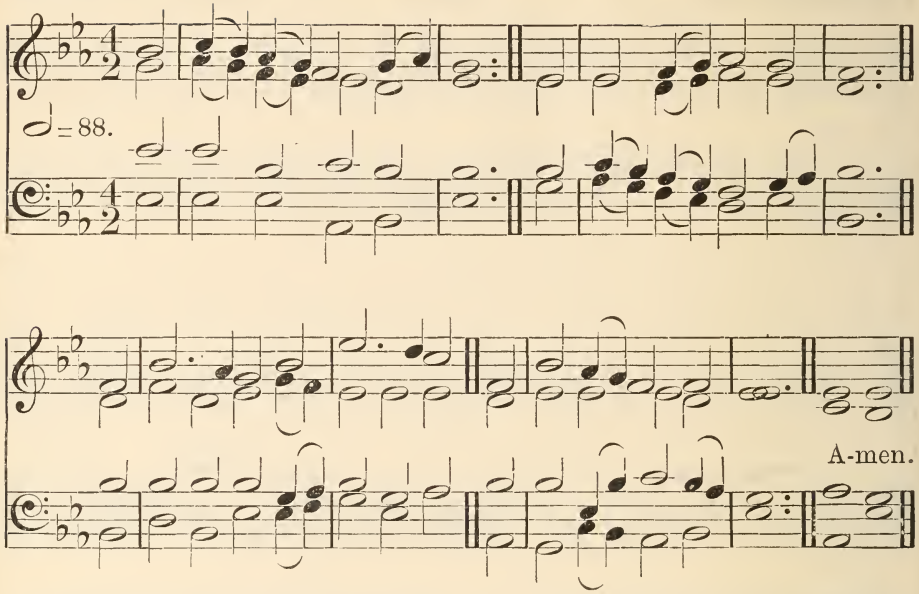
mf Shrink not, Christians! Will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
f Know ye not your Captain's power?

mf Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
f Victory soon shall tune your song.

mf Let not sorrow dim your eye;
cr Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not woe your course impede;
f Great your strength, if great your need.

f Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
mf Though opposed by many a foe,
f Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

VENICE. S.M. W. AMPS, *b.* 1824.



f OH bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim,
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy Name.

Oh bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind,
Forget not all His benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

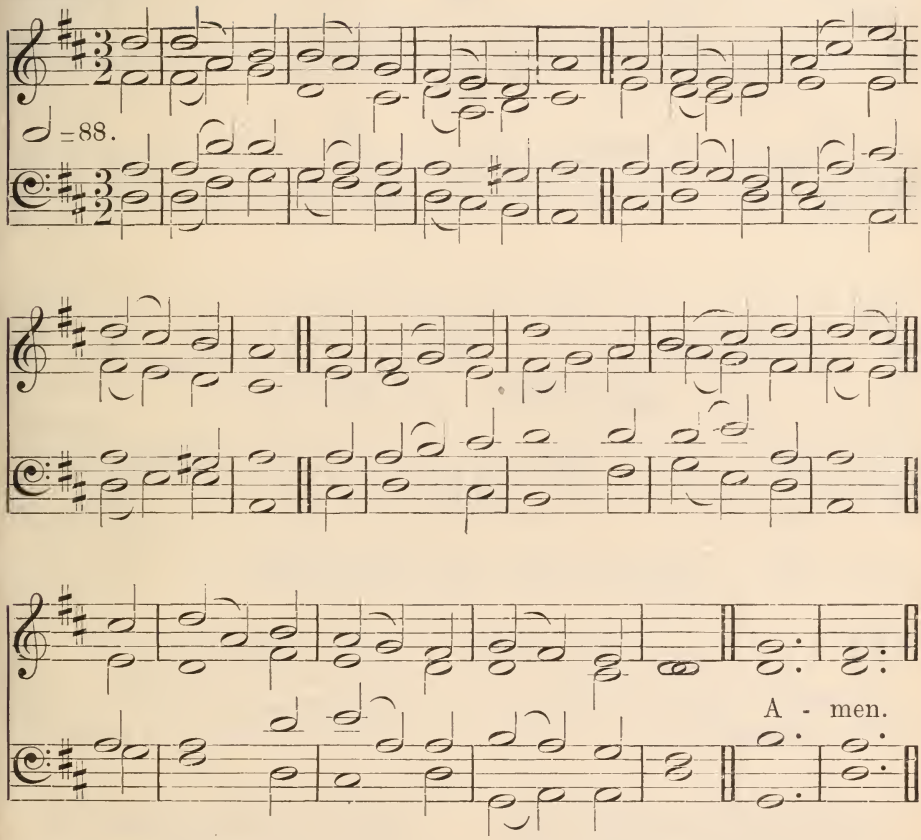
mf He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth,
And like the eagle's, He renews
The vigour of thy youth.

f Then bless His holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
Oh bless the Lord, my soul. Amen.

MONTGOMERY. L.M. J. STANLEY, 1713–1786.



f OH come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

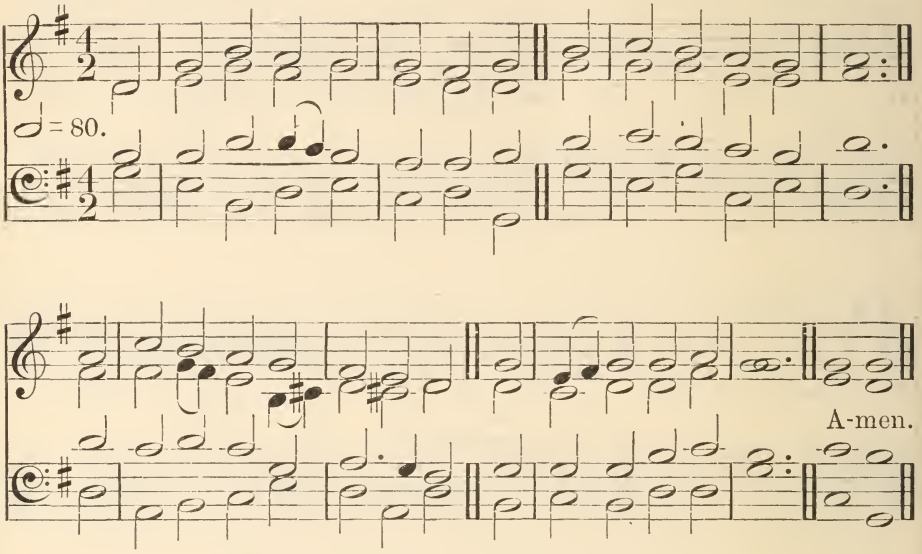
Into His Presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address in joyful songs
The praise that to His Name belongs.

For God the Lord enthroned in state
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

mf Oh let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
dim. Down on our knees devoutly all
p Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Amen.

St. Jude. C.M. R. Brown-Borthwick, 1840–1894.



May also be sung to "Holy Trinity," *No.* 507.

mf OH! for a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood
So freely spilt for me:

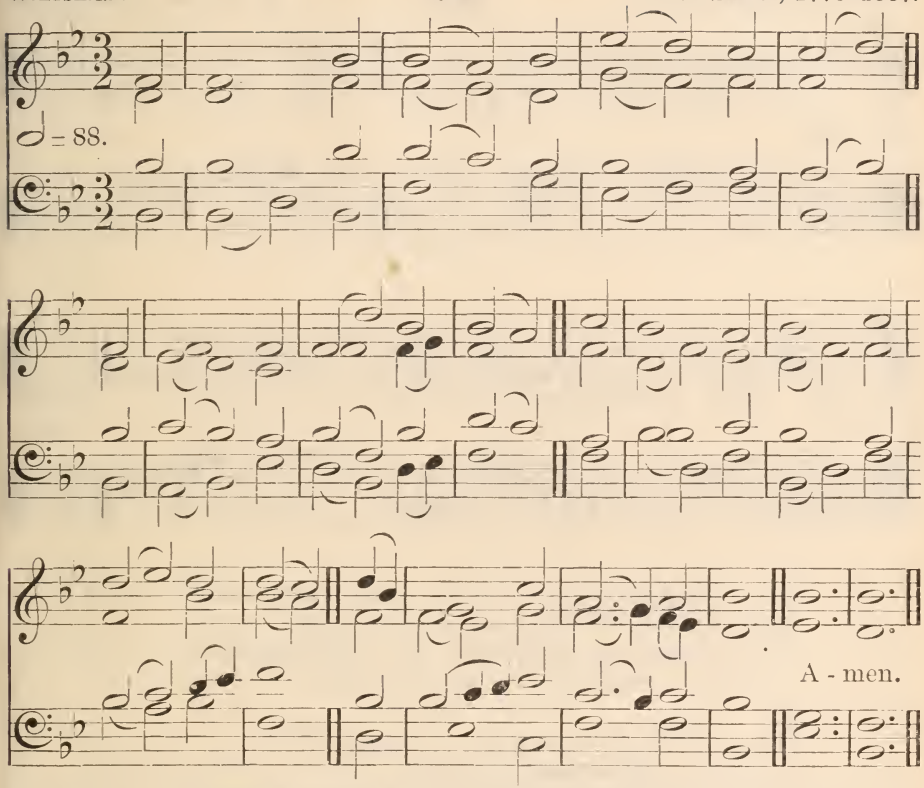
p Oh! for a humble, lowly heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him Who dwells within:

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus rules alone!

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

mf Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
cr Thy new, best Name of Love. Amen.

WILTSHIRE. C.M. G. SMART, 1776–1867.



f OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

mf Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace!

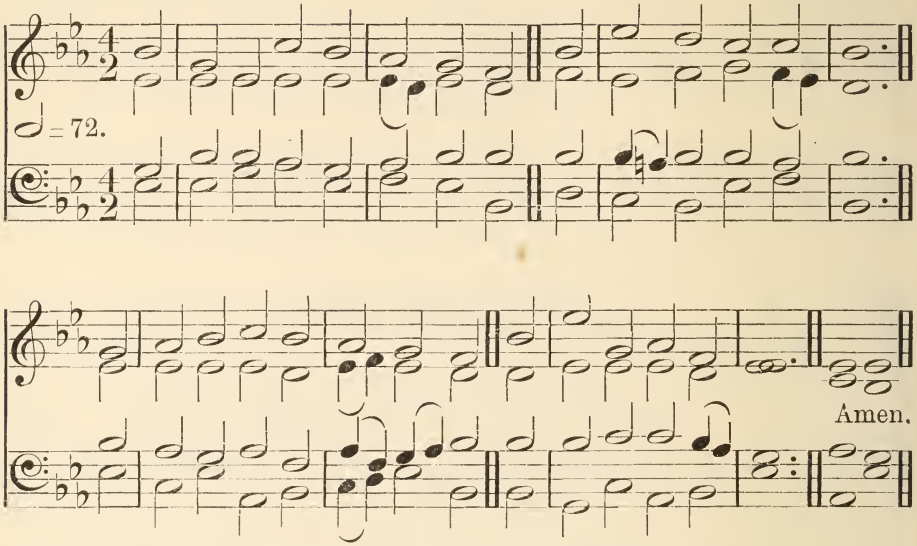
mf He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean;
His Blood availed for me.

f He speaks! and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

f Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

mf My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim, [abroad
cr And spread through all the earth
f The honours of Thy Name. Amen.

Bedford (Modern Form). C.M. W. Wheall, 1690?–1727.



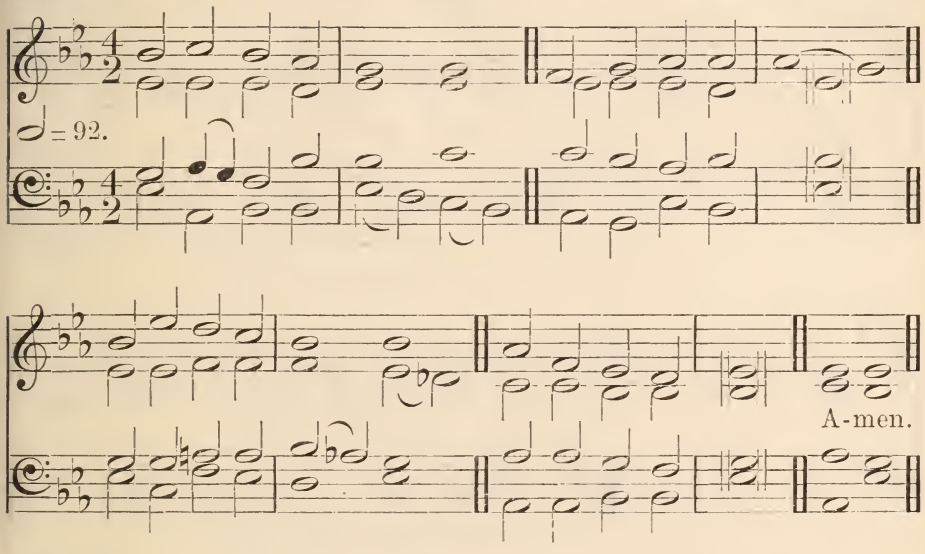
p OH, help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give:
cr Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

p Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

mf Oh, help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

Oh, help us, Saviour, from on high:
We know no help but Thee!
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be! Amen.

St. John Baptist. 6.5.6.5. O. M. Feilden, *b.* 1837.



mf OH! let him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

p Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
mf God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

mf God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

f Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

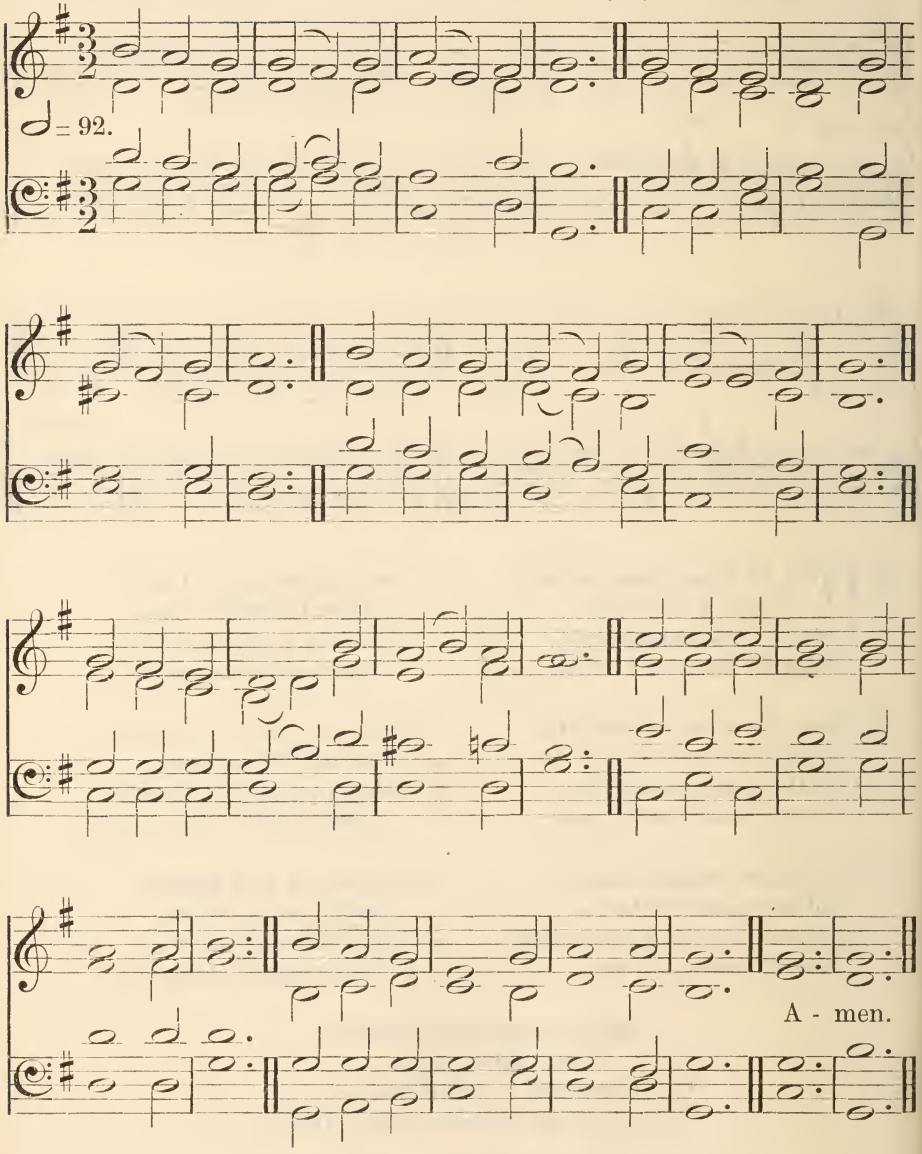
p When in grief we languish
cr He will dry the tear,
mf Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

p All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
cr Balance not the gladness
f We in heaven shall know,

When our gracious Saviour
In the realms above
Crowns us with His favour,
Fills us with His love. Amen.

521

St. Finbar. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Melody by J. G. Walton, *b.* 1821.



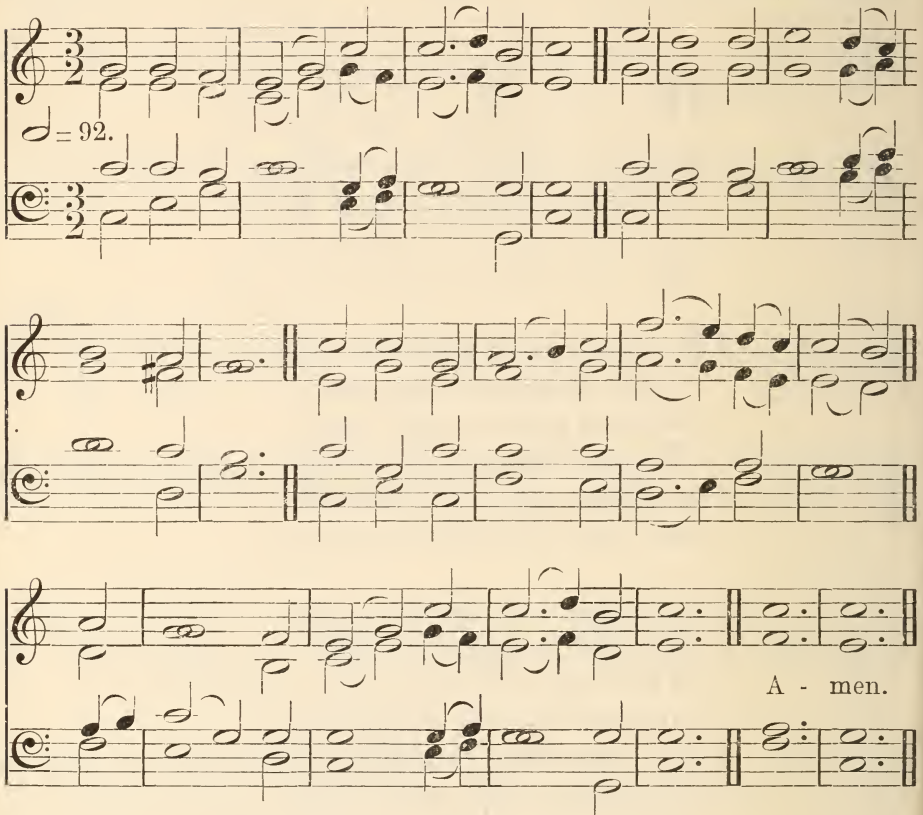
mf OH! quickly come, dread Judge of all;
p For, awful though Thine Advent be,
cr All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
f Oh! quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

mf Oh! quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
cr Oh! quickly come; for Thou alone
f Canst make Thy scattered people one.

mf Oh! quickly come, true Life of all;
p For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
cr Oh! quickly come; for grief and pain
f Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

mf Oh! quickly come, sure Light of all;
p For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
cr Oh! quickly come; for round Thy throne
f No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.

WARRINGTON. L.M. R. HARRISON, 1748–1810.



May also be sung to "Winchester New," *No.* 327.

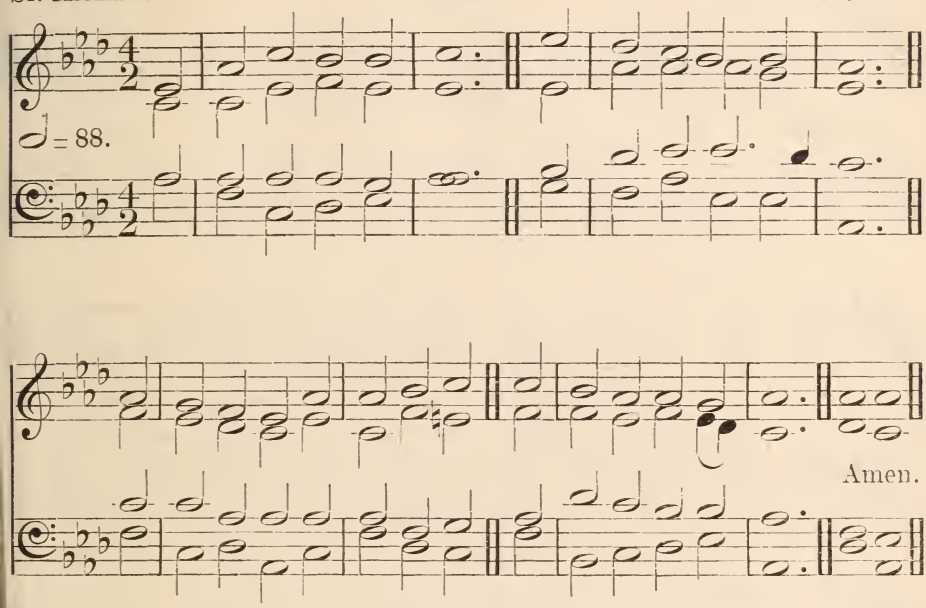
f OH render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

mf Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from His judgments fear to stray,
Who know and love His perfect will,
And all His righteous laws fulfil.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
cr When Thou return'st to set them free,
f Let Thy salvation visit me. Amen.

St. Michael. S.M. Day's *Psalter*, 1543.



mf OH what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
f Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

p Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred Saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below:

f Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

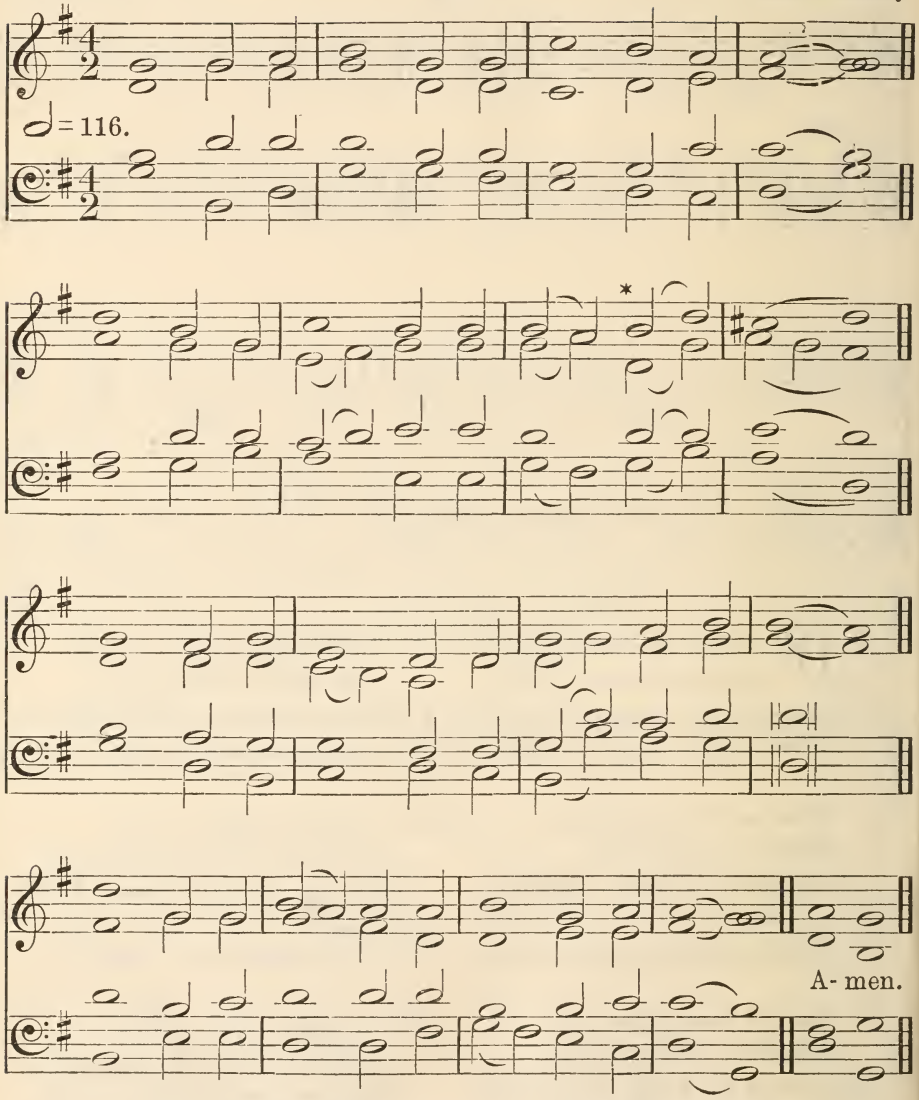
mf Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
p All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

mf Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where Saints and Angels live.

f All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

524

O QUANTA QUALIA. 10.10.10.10. Ancient Melody.



* In verse 1 the slur should be over the 3rd and 4th notes of bar 7.

f OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be All and in all ever blest!

mf What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

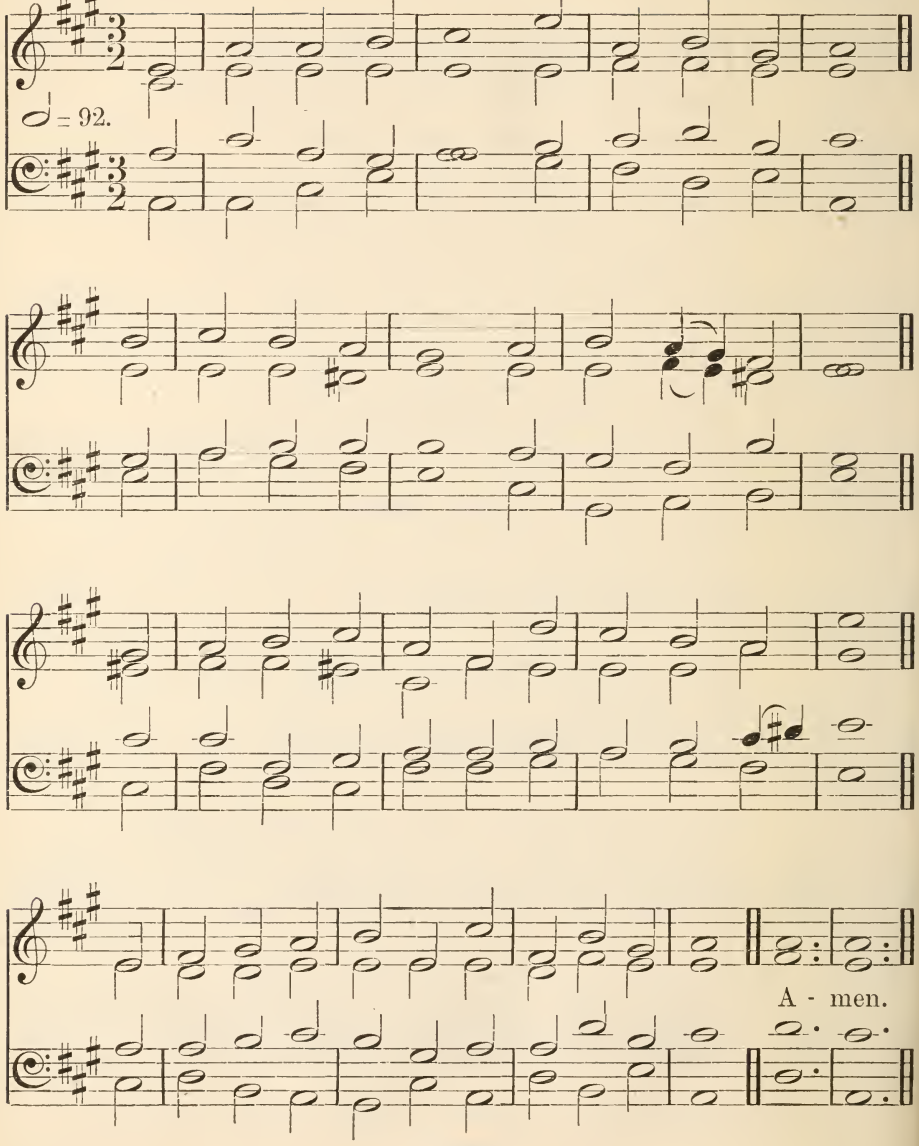
There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
f One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

p Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

mf Low before Him with our praises we fall,
cr Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
f Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.

HANOVER. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. W. CROFT, 1678–1727.



f OH worship the King
All glorious above,
Oh gratefully sing
His power and His love,
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise!

Oh tell of His might,
Oh sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

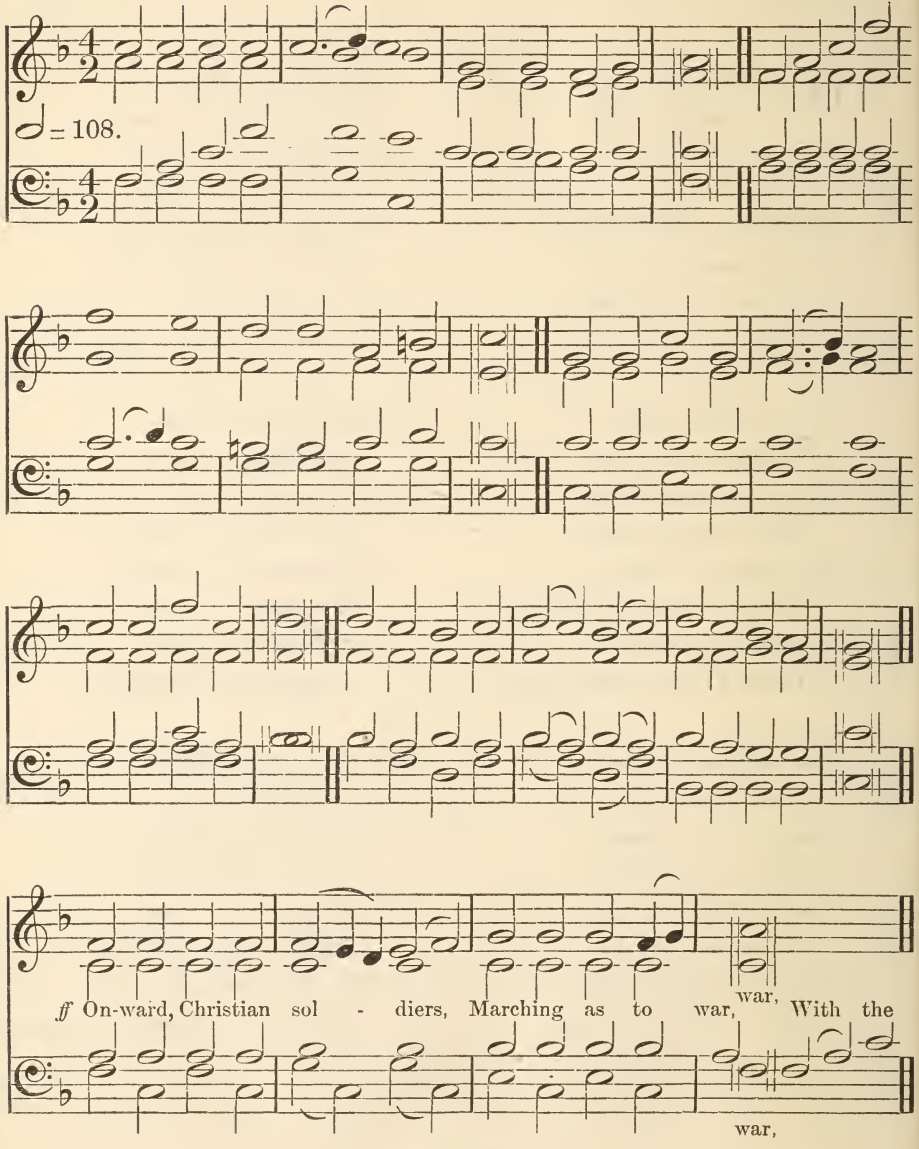
mf The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

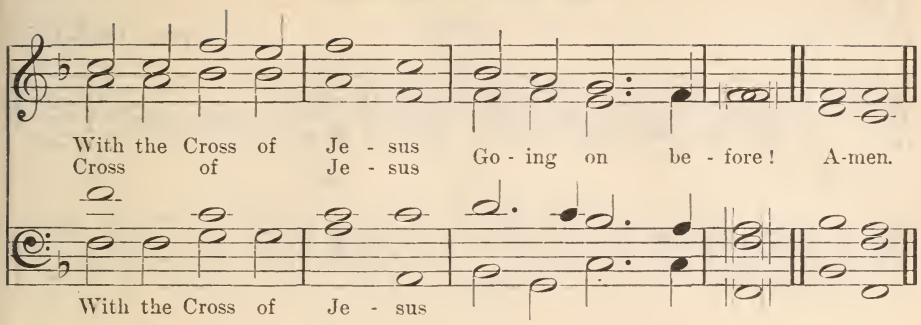
Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air;
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
It descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

p Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
cr In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

f O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love
While Angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
mf The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
cr With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

St. Gertrude. 6.5., 12 lines. Arthur Sullivan, 1842–1900.





(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

f ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See, His banners go.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!

f At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee!
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

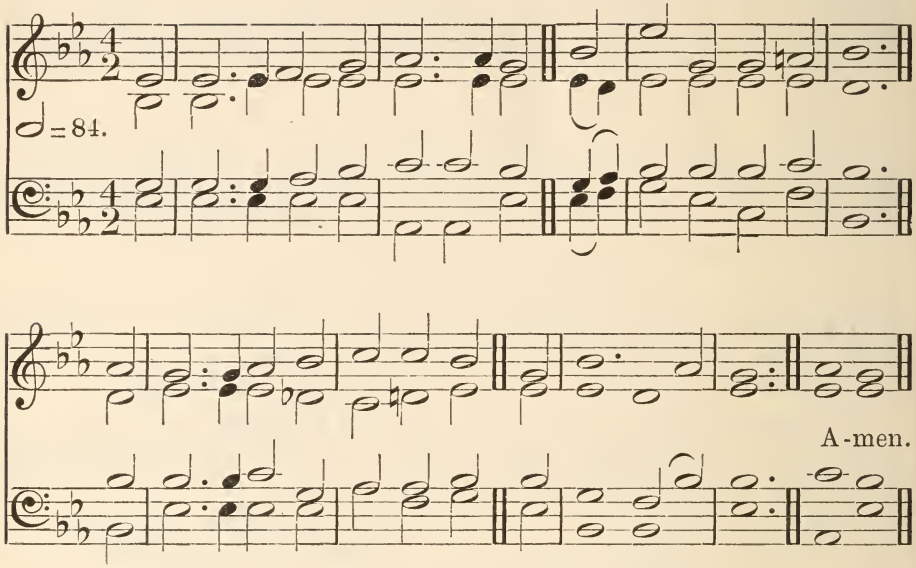
f Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God.
mf Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod.

f We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

p Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
cr But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

f Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song:
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.
Amen.

St. Cuthbert. 8.6.8.4. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



p OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

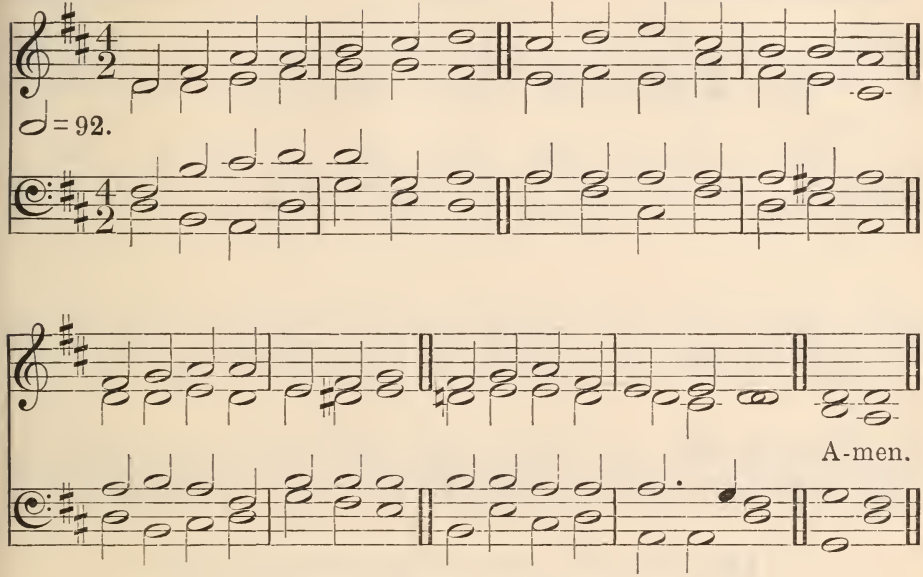
p And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

mf He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

cr And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
mf Are His alone.

p Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
cr Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthy Thee! Amen.

LÜBECK. 7.7.7.7. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S *Gesangbuch*, 1704.



f PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the Saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

mf Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
cr And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His Cross alone.

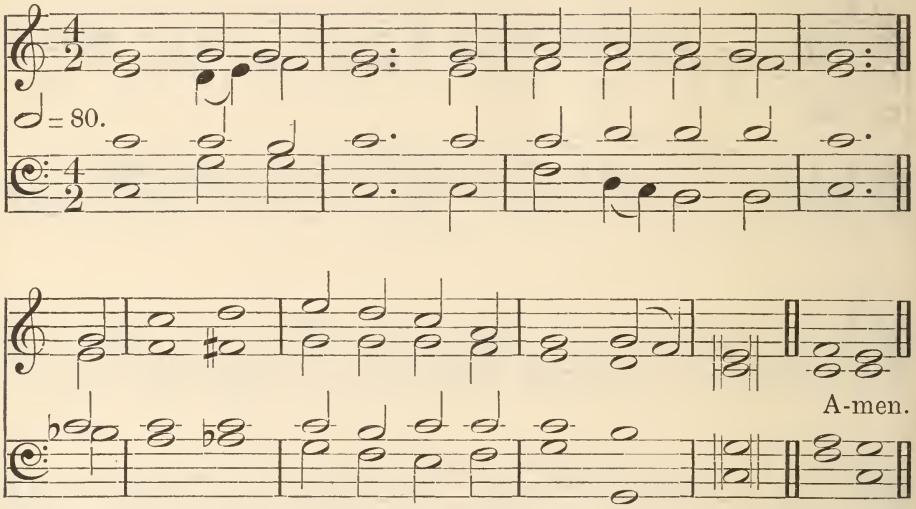
mf Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
f "Take the Kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

mf Round the Altar Priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's Righteousness
And His Blood that made them so.

p Who were these?—On earth they dwelt;
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
cr But were saved by sovereign grace.

mf They were mortal too like us;
dim Ah, when we like them must die,
cr May our souls translated thus
f Triumph, reign, and shine on high.
Amen.

PAX TECUM (*First Tune*). 10.10. G. T. CALDBECK, *c.* 1870.



mf PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
p The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

mf Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
p To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

mf Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
p On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

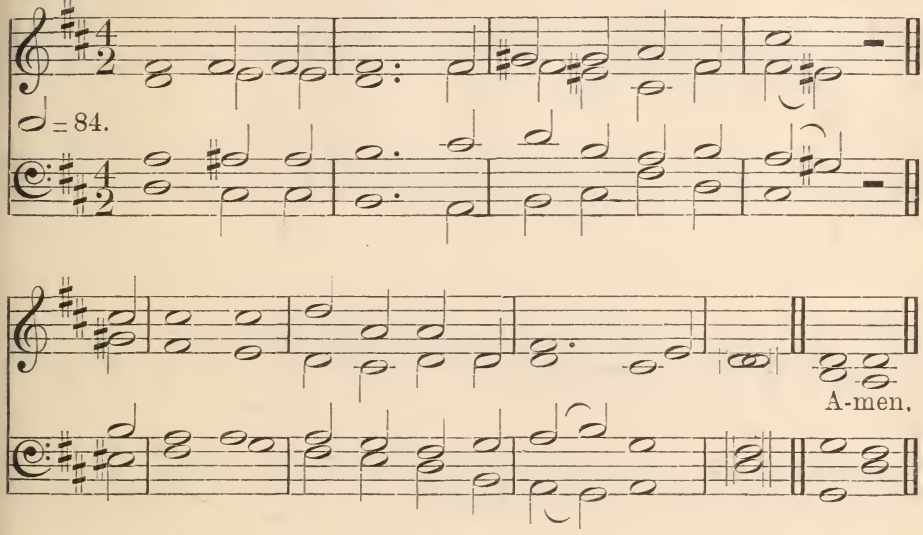
mf Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
p In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

mf Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
f Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

p Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

mf It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

YARLET (*Second Tune*). 10.10. P. T. LUCAS, *b.* 1869.



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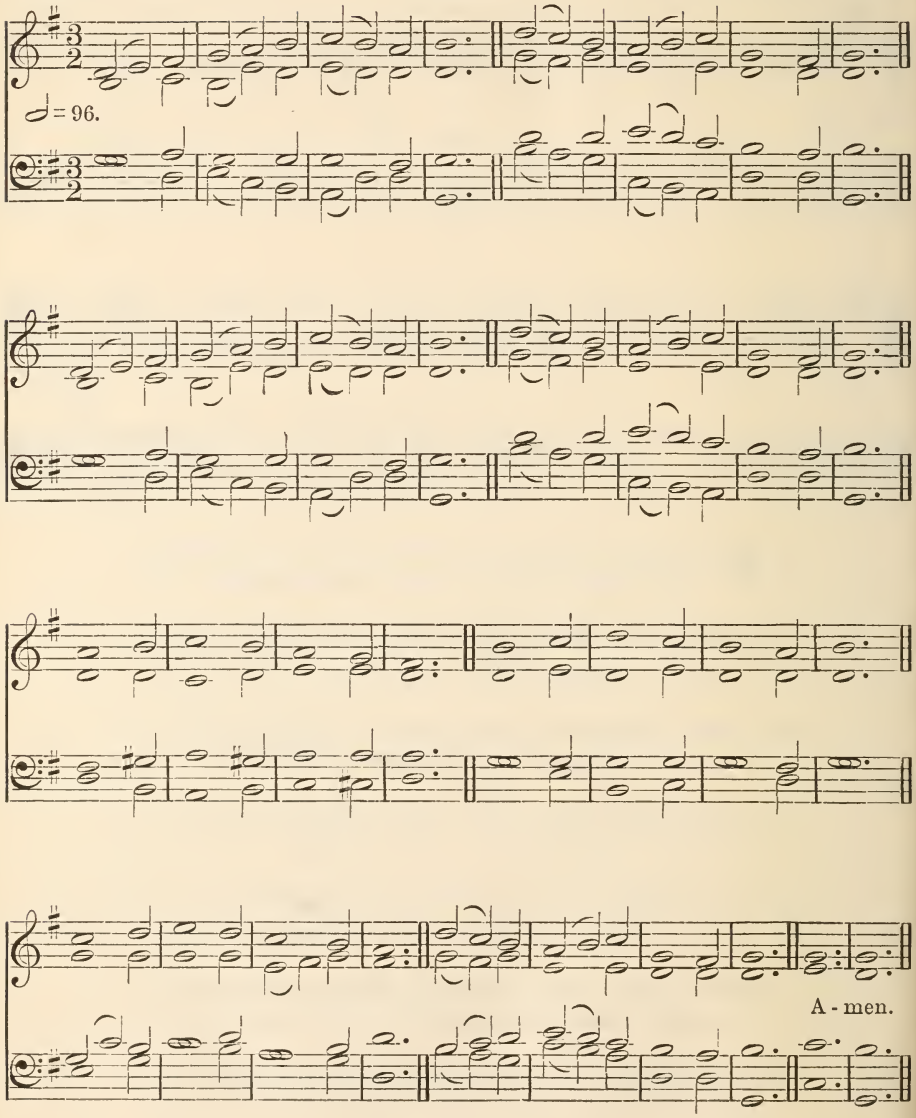
mf It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

MAIDSTONE. Eight 7's. W. B. GILBERT, *b.* 1829.



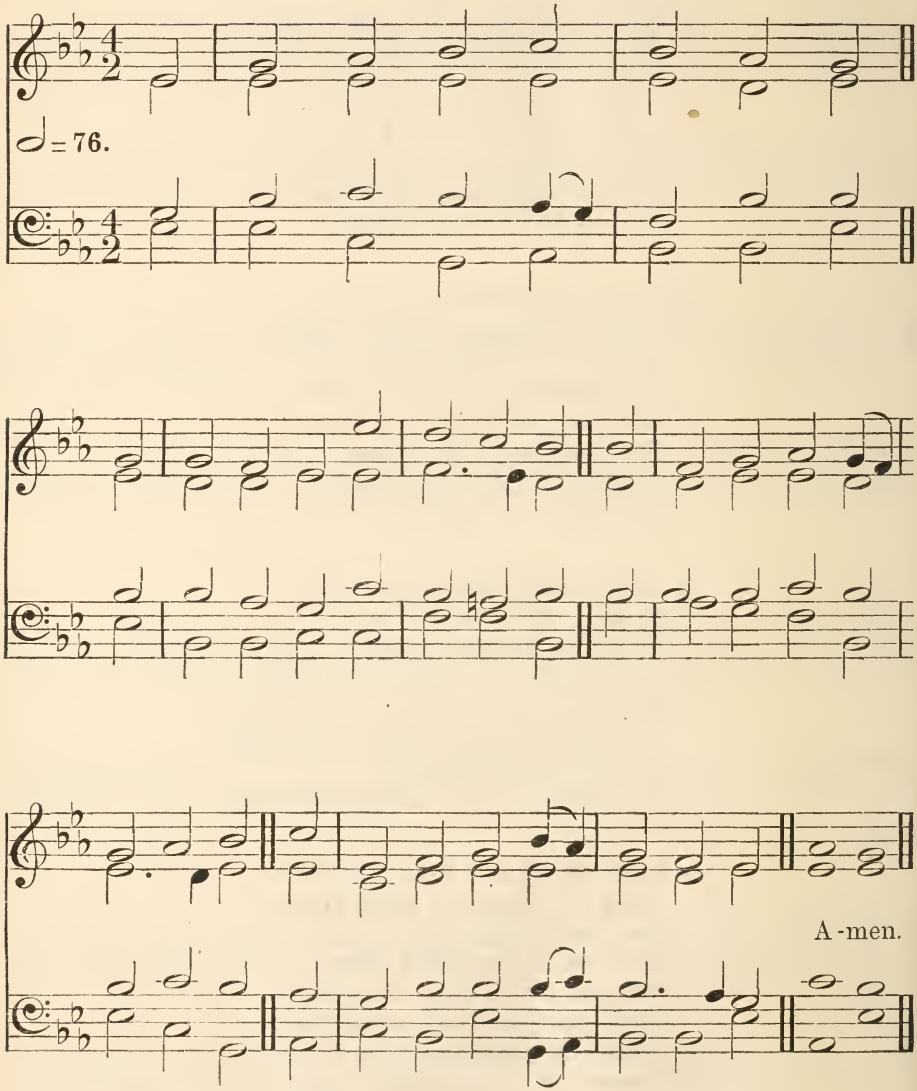
mf PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
p Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
cr Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy Saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace!

mf Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
p Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!
cr Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

mf Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
f On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

p Lord! be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
mf Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
f Grace and glory flow from Thee;
dim Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me! Amen.

LUDBOROUGH. L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS, *b.* 1826.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

mf POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The Angels of the Churches be.

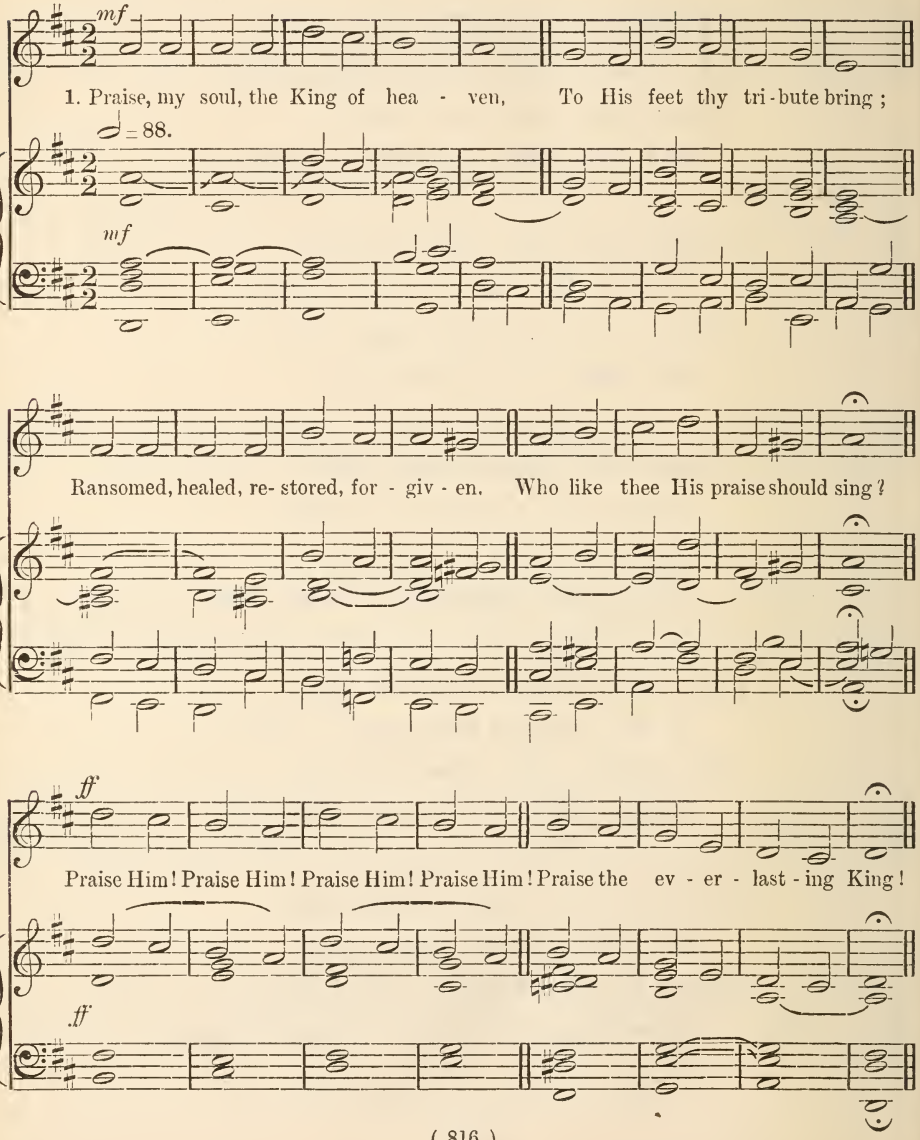
Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

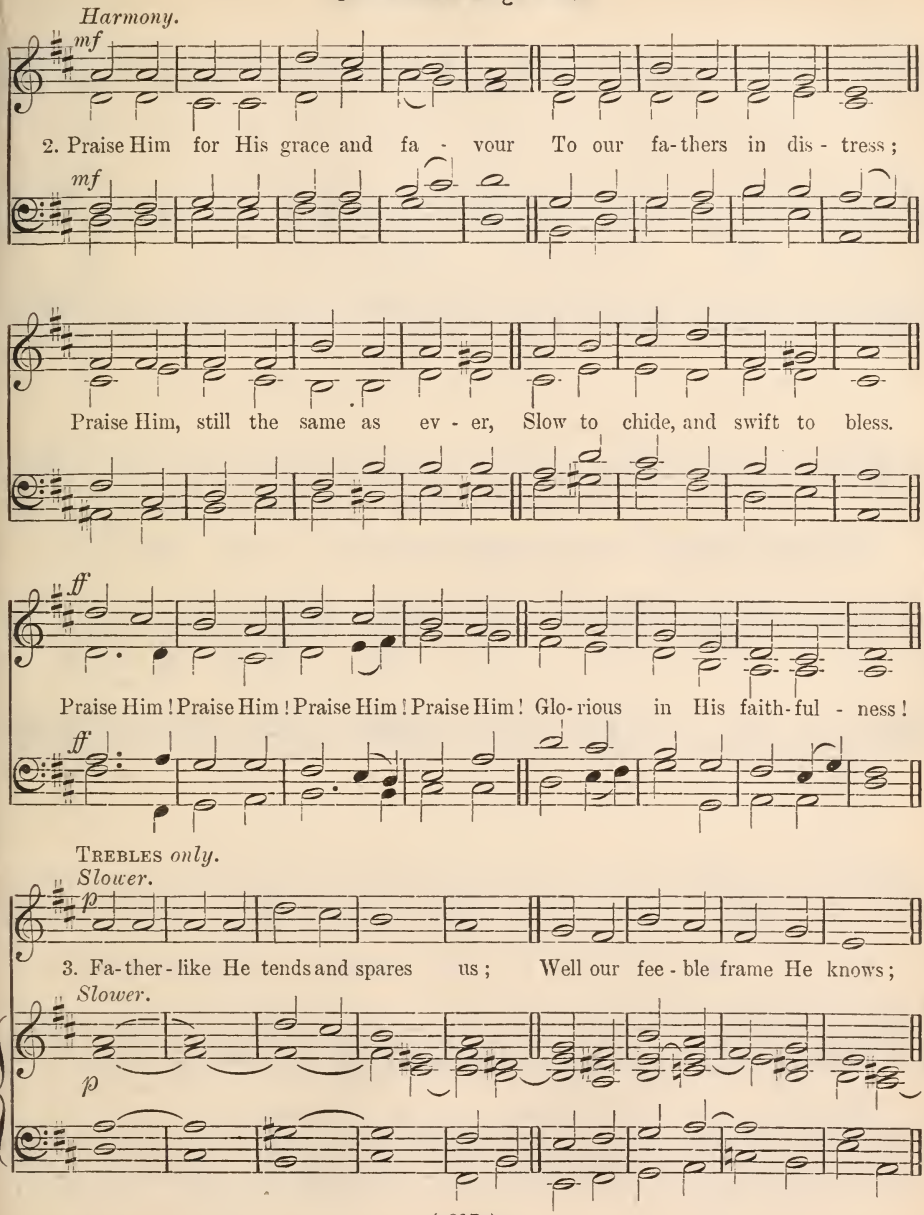
p To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the Saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

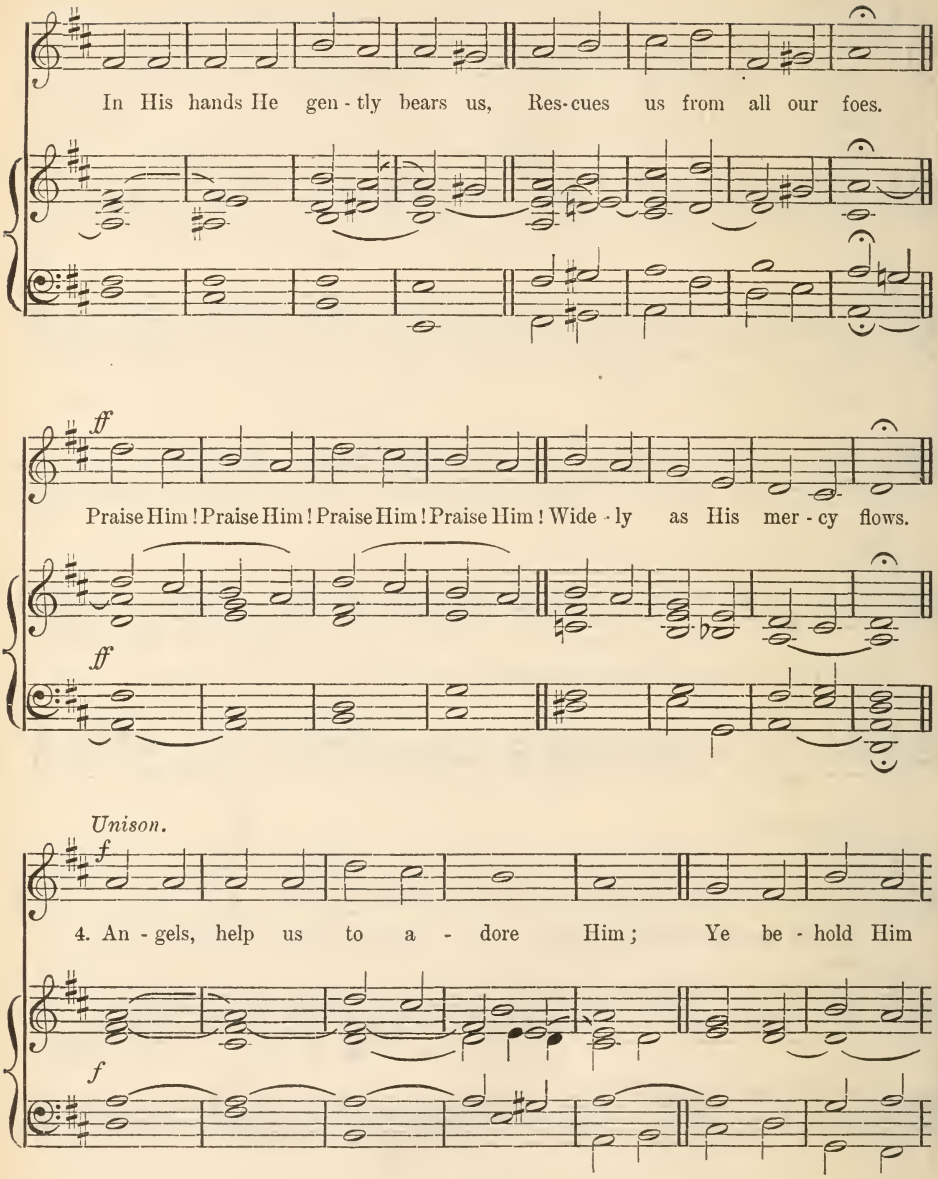
mf Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
cr When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be Thine. Amen.

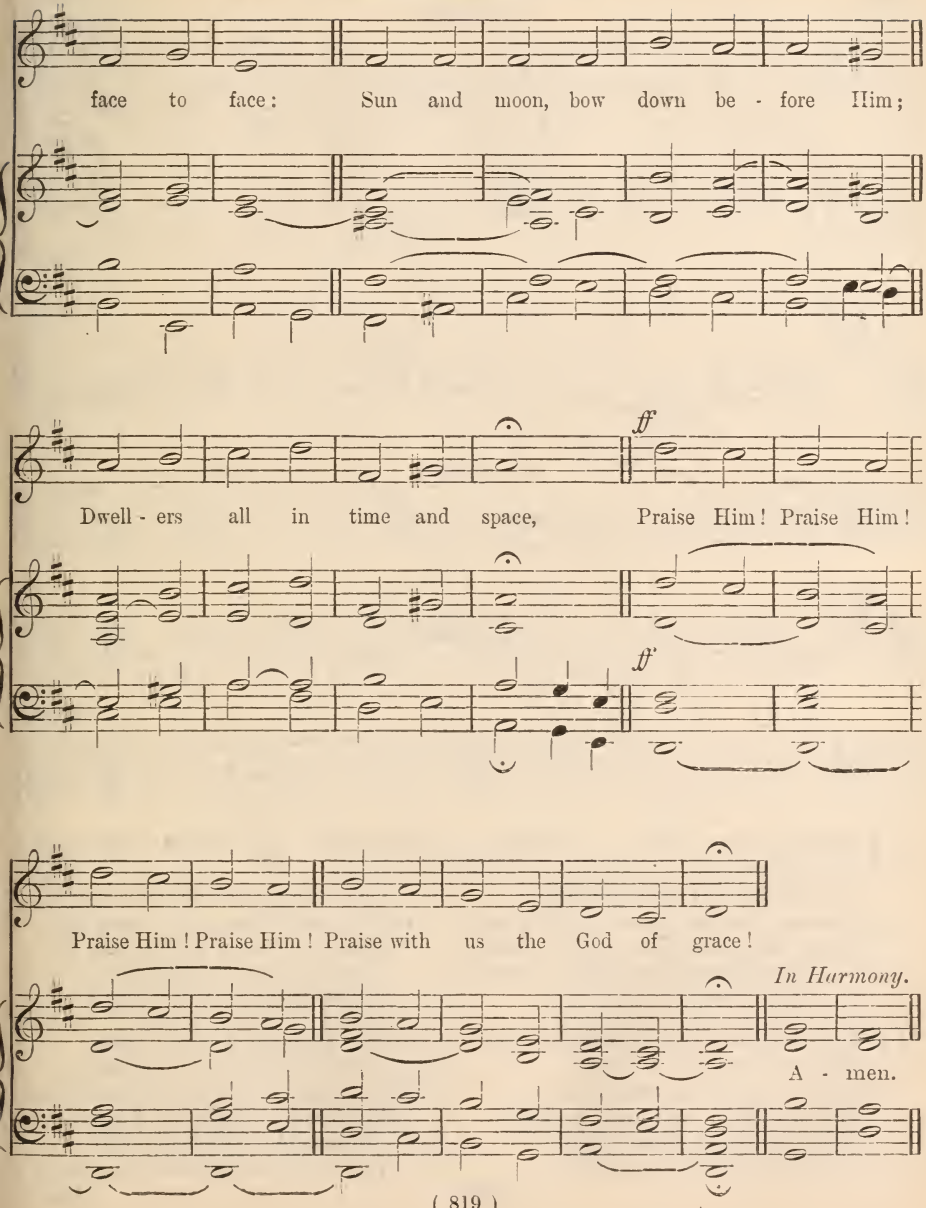
PRAISE, MY SOUL (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. J. Goss, 1800–1880.

Voices in Unison.


mf
1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven, To His feet thy tri - bute bring;
♩ = 88.
mf
Ransomed, healed, re- stored, for - giv - en. Who like thee His praise should sing?
ff
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
ff


Harmony.
mf
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa-thers in dis - tress;
mf
Praise Him, still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
ff
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Glo-rious in His faith-ful - ness!
ff
Trebles only.
Slower.
p
3. Fa-ther-like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
Slower.
p

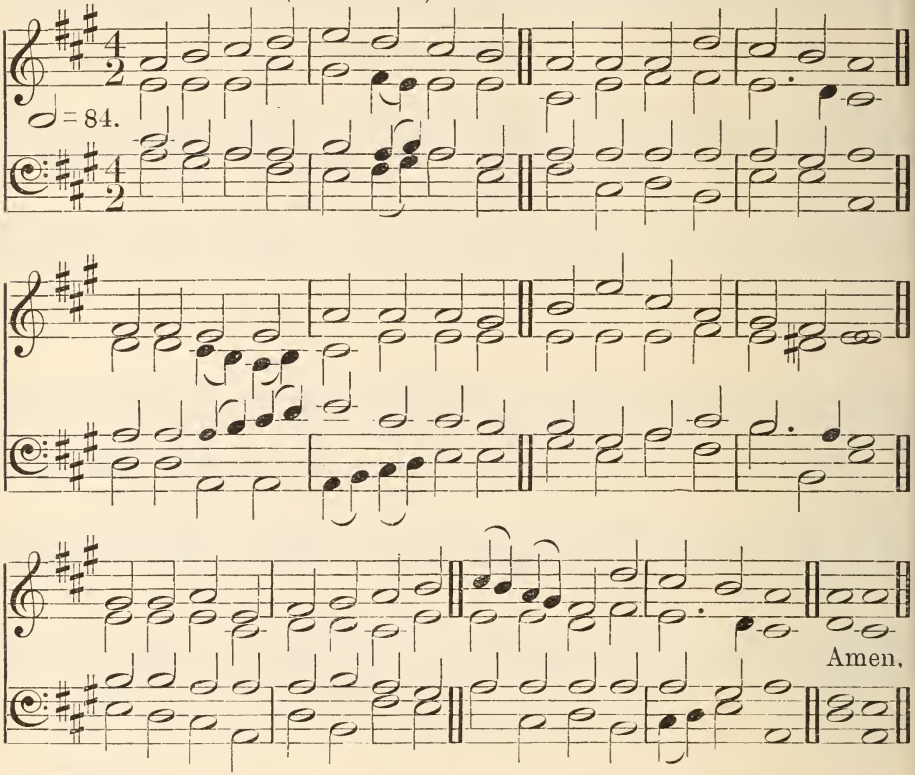

In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes.
ff
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.
ff
Unison.
f
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him
f


face to face: Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him;
ff
Dwell - ers all in time and space, Praise Him! Praise Him!
ff
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!
In Harmony.
A - men.

532

8.7.8.7.4.7.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN (*Second Tune*). WEBBE'S *Collection*, 1792.



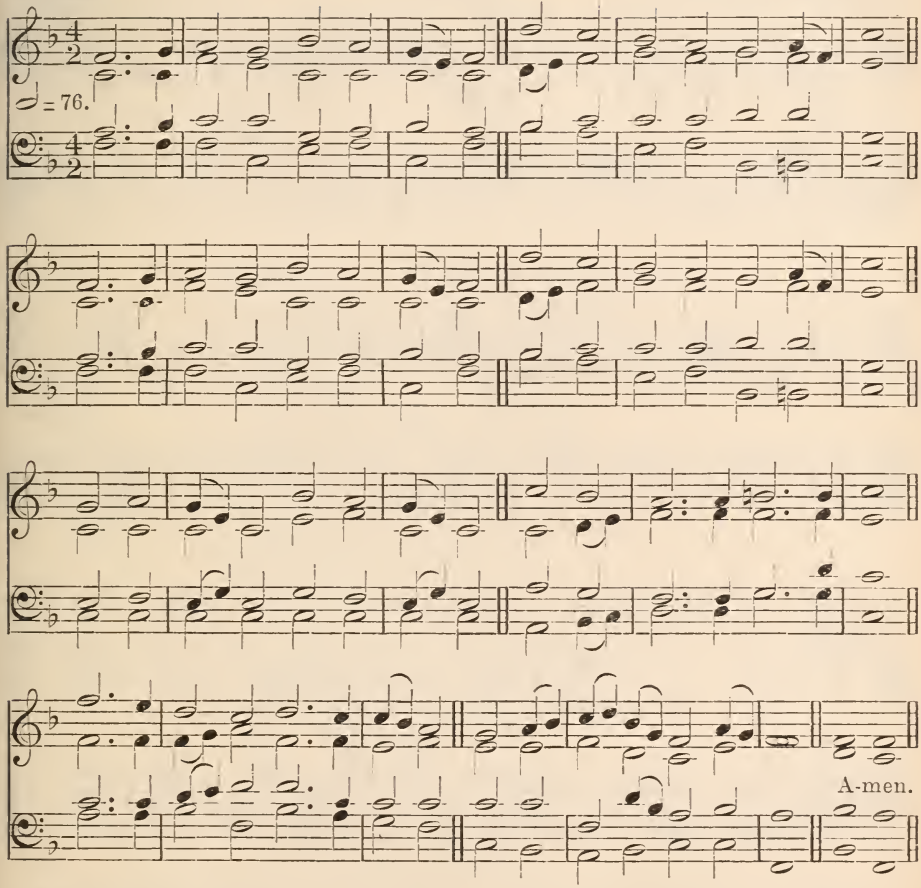
mf PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
f Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

mf Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
f Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

p Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
f Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

f Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
ff Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!
Amen.

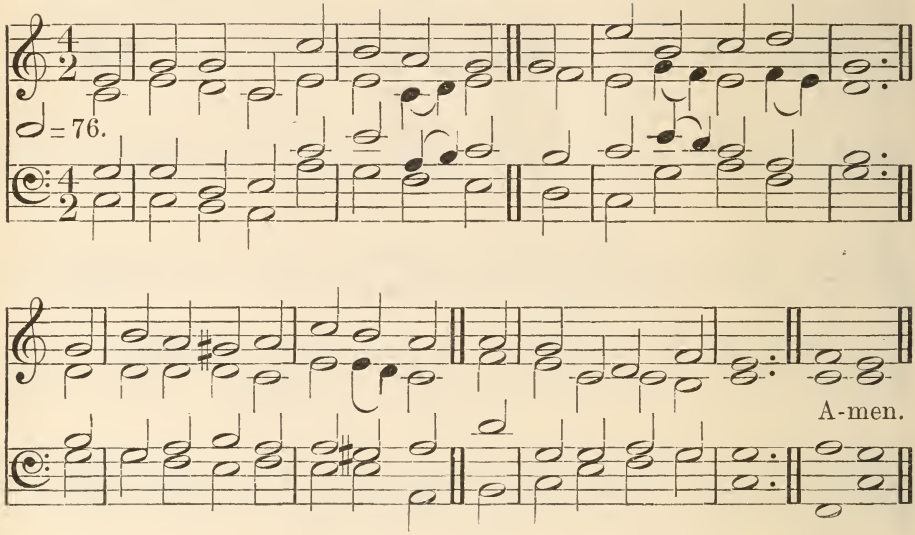
AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7. D. J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.



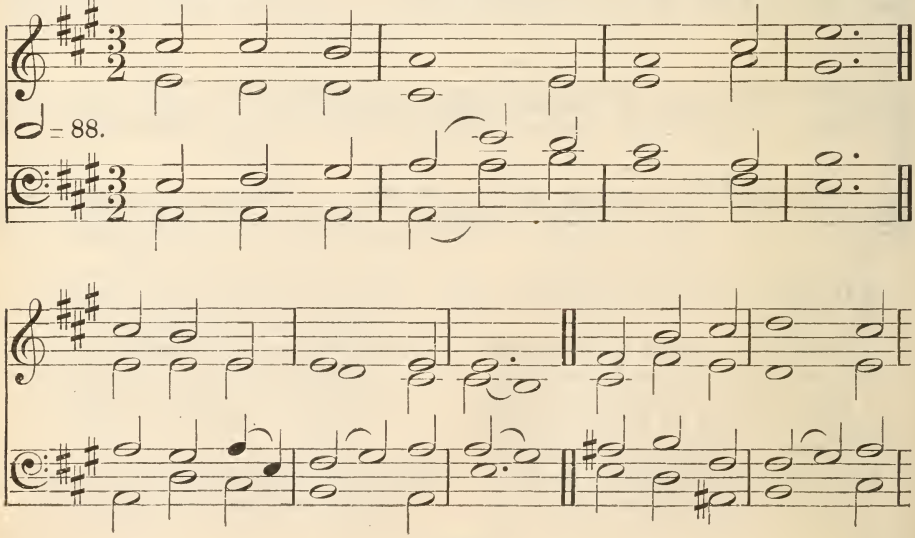
f PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

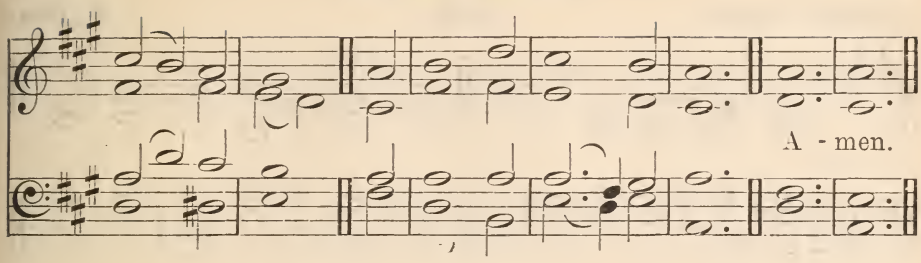
Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His Saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
ff Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify His Name!
Amen.

WESTMINSTER (*First Tune*). C.M. J. TURLE, 1802–1882.



GERONTIUS (*Second Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.





f PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

mf O loving wisdom of our God!
p When all was sin and shame,
cr A second Adam to the fight
f And to the rescue came.

p O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
cr Should strive afresh against the foe,
f Should strive, and should prevail!

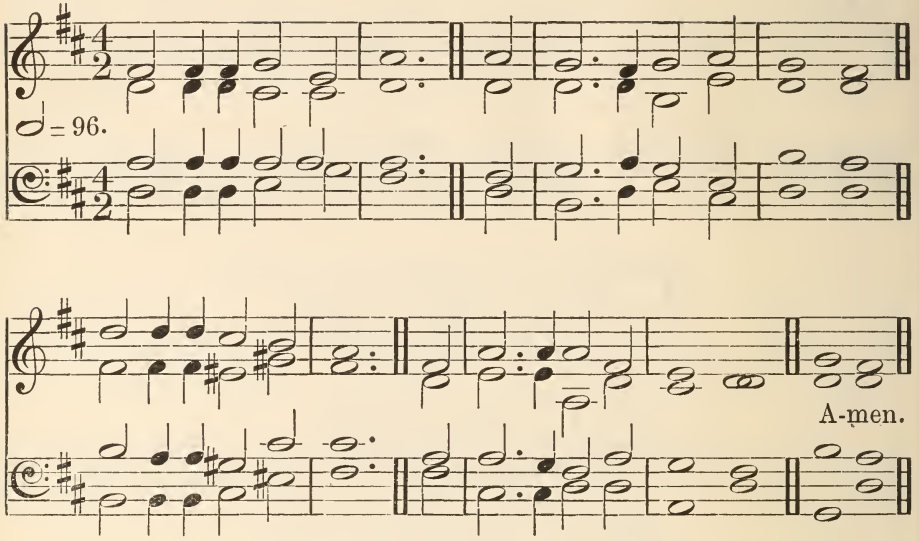
mf And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
p God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-Divine!

f O generous love! that He, Who smote
In man for man the foe,
dim The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

p And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
cr Should teach His brethren and inspire
dim To suffer and to die!

f Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

LAUDEMUS DOMINUM. 6.7.6.7. A., 1894.



f PRAISE we our God with joy
And gladness never ending;
Angels and Saints with us
Their grateful voices blending.

mf He is our Father dear,
With parent's love o'erflowing;
Mercies unsought, unknown,
On wayward hearts bestowing.

He is our Shepherd true,
With watchful care unsleeping;
On us, His erring sheep,
An eye of pity keeping.

f He, with a mighty arm,
The bonds of sin hath broken;
p And to our burdened hearts
In words of peace hath spoken.

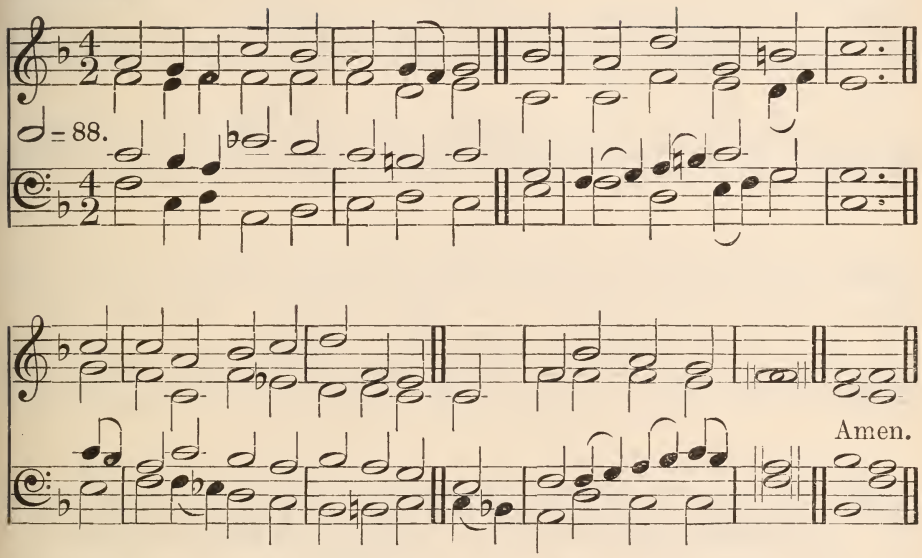
p Bleeding we lay, but He
With soothing bands hath bound us;
Dark was our path, but He
Hath poured His light around us.

mf Graces in copious stream
From that pure Fount are welling,
Where, in our inmost hearts,
Our God hath set His dwelling.

p His word our lantern is,
His peace our consolation;
His sweetness all our rest,
Himself our great salvation

mf Then live we all to God,
On Him in faith relying;
Be He our Guide in life,
Our Joy and Hope in dying. Amen.

St. Columba. C.M. J. M. Macmeikan.



mf PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

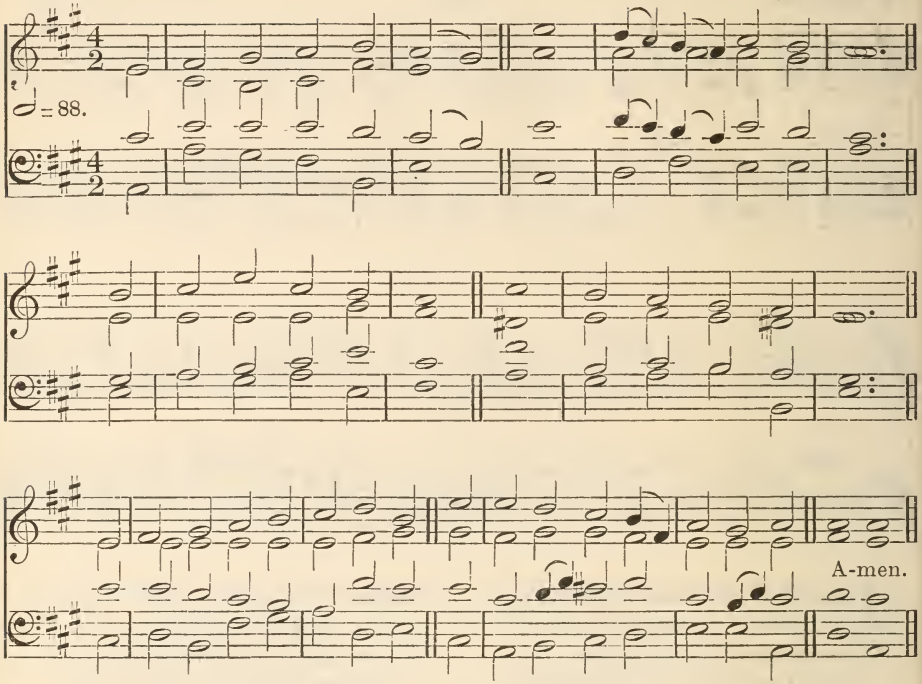
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While Angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

The Saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray. Amen.

HAREWOOD. 6.6.6.6.8.8. S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



May also be sung to "Jubilee," *No.* 8.

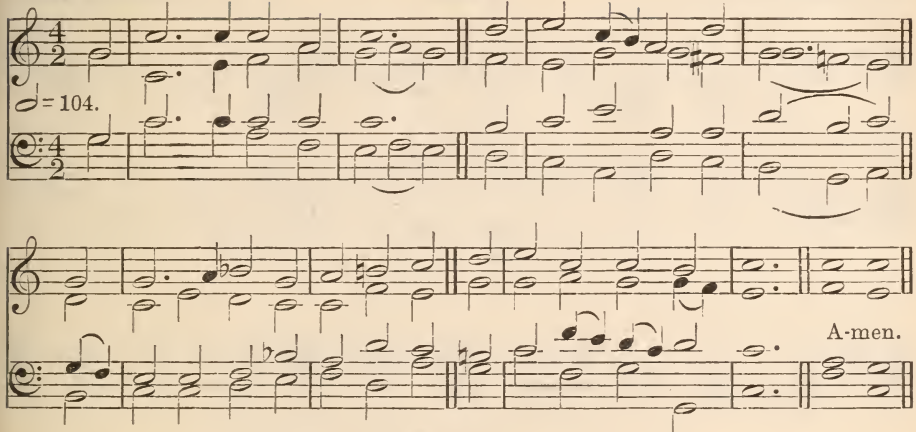
f REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

f Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains
He took His seat above:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

f His Kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

f He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice! Amen.

DEUM VIDEBUNT. S.M. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.



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f REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

mf Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
cr Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

f Yes, onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng.

f With all the Angel choirs,
With all the Saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

f Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud,
p Whilst answering echoes upward float,
cr Like wreaths of incense cloud.

f With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise, [loved,
Send forth the hymns our fathers
The psalms of ancient days.

mf Yes, on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

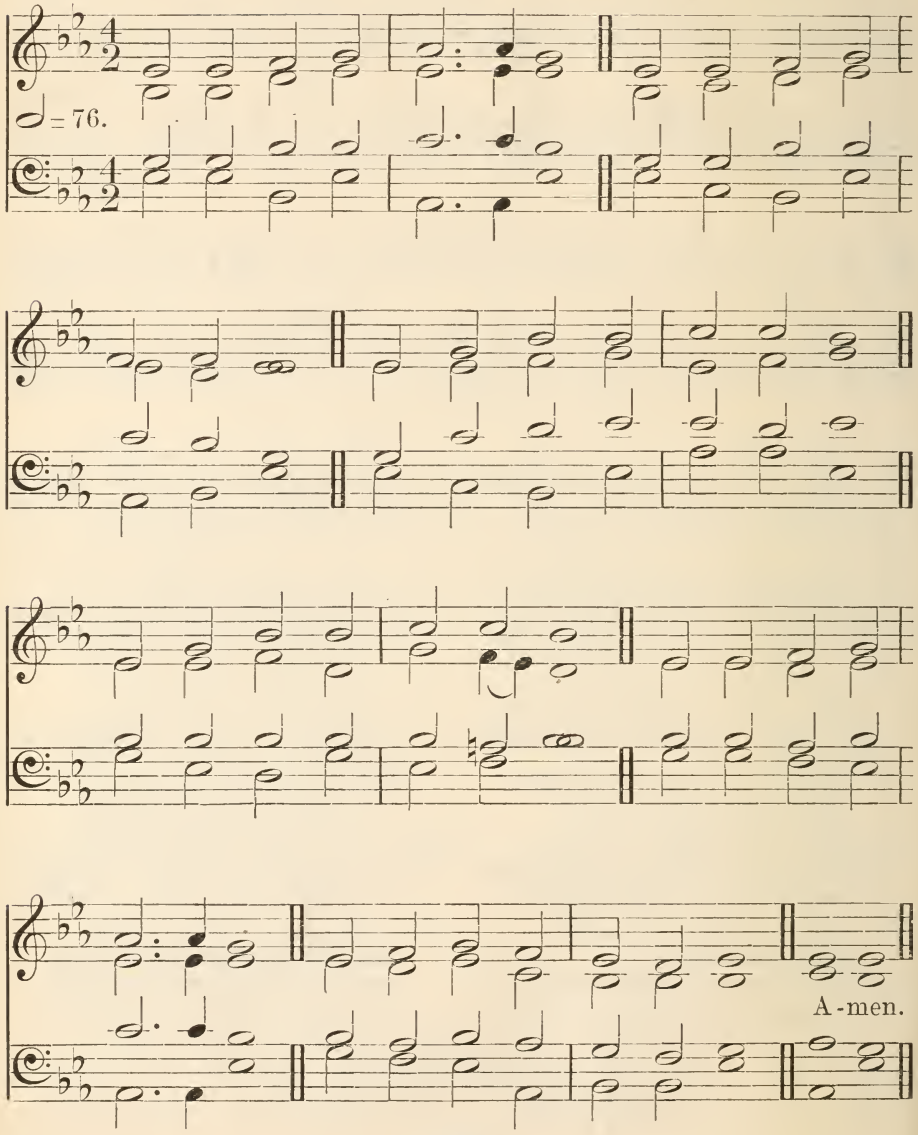
f Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

mf At last the march shall end,
dim The wearied ones shall rest,
p The pilgrims find their Father's
Jerusalem the blest. [house,

f Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

ff Praise Him Who reigns on high,
The Lord Whom we adore;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

Rock of Ages. Six 7's. R. Redhead, 1820–1901.



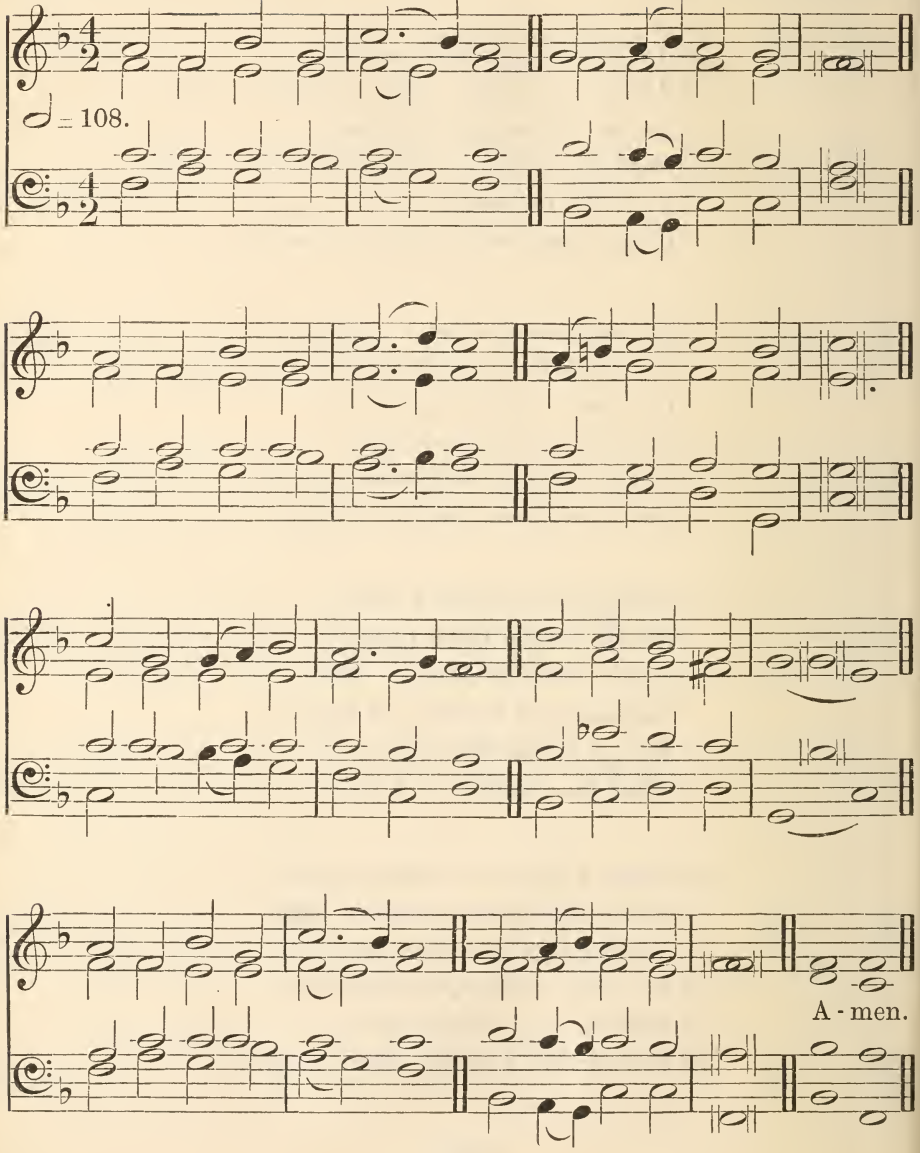
mf ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

p Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

mf While I draw this fleeting breath,
p When my eyes are closed in death,
cr When I soar to worlds unknown,
mf See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
p Rock of ages! cleft for me,
pp Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.

PRINCETHORPE. 6.5.6.5. D. W. PITTS, 1829–1903.



mf SAVIOUR, Blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
cr Hearts and voices raising
f Praises to our King.
mf All we have we offer;
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

p Farther, ever farther
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide;
cr Till Thou cam'st in mercy
Seeking young and old,
mf Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.

mf Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
p Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
f Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

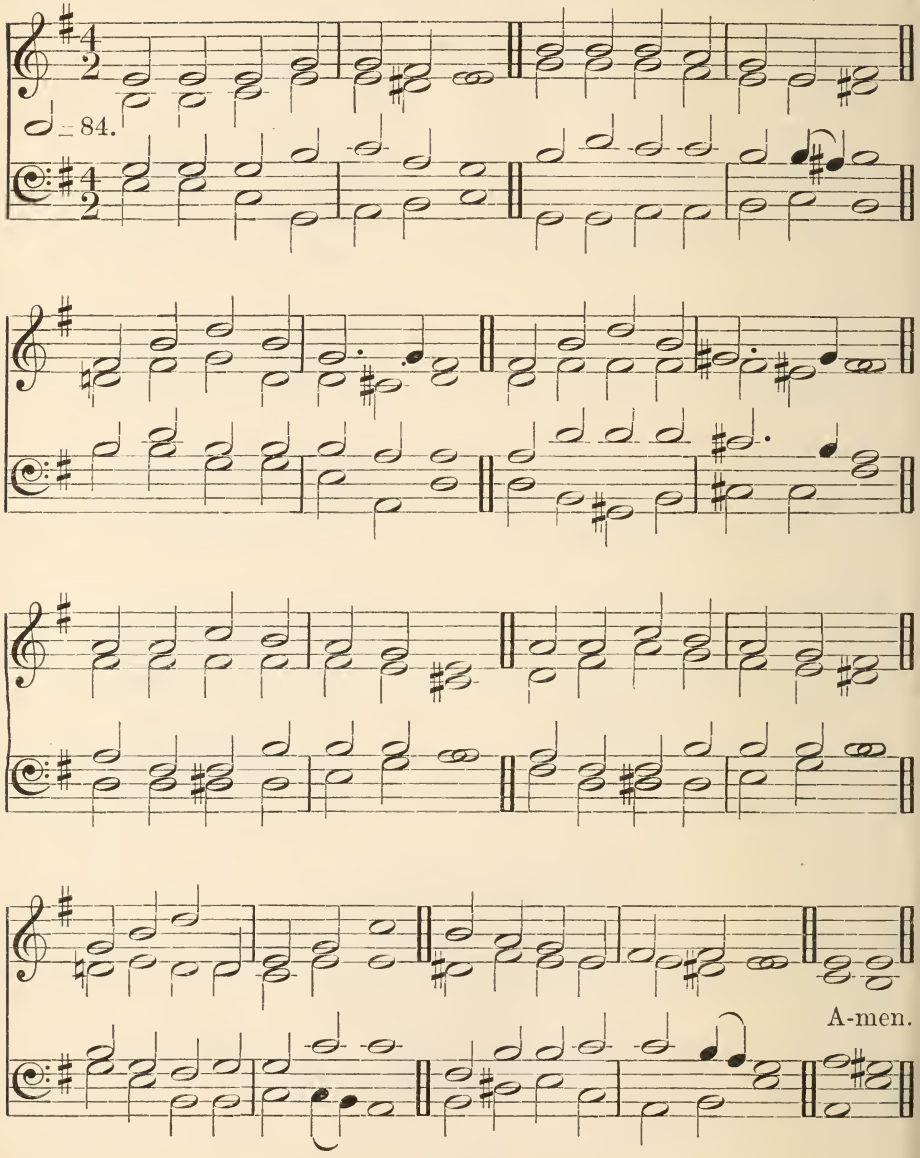
f Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known;
Where the Angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

f Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
p May we, Blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

mf Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by Saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
cr Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
f Till the prize is won.

f Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
cr Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

PENITENCE. Eight 7's. H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.



p SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below;
Bending from Thy throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn Litany!

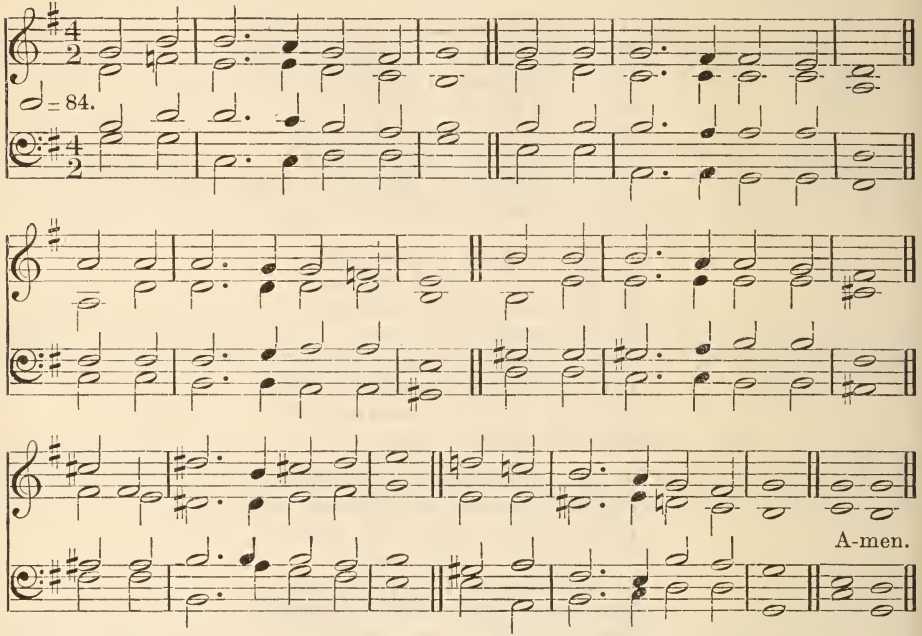
p By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, Oh, turn a favouring eye,
pp Hear our solemn Litany!

p By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
pp Hear our solemn Litany!

p By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
pp Hear our solemn Litany!

p By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
cr By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
f Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
dim Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn Litany! Amen.

APPLEDORE. Six 7's. C. H. LLOYD, *b.* 1849.



mf SAVIOUR, Who exalted high
In Thy Father's majesty,
Yet vouchsafest Thyself to show
To Thy faithful flock below,
cr Still Thy Presence let me see,
dim Manifest Thyself to me.

mf Son of Man, to Thee I cry;
p By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
cr Lord, Thy Presence let me see,
dim Manifest Thyself to me.

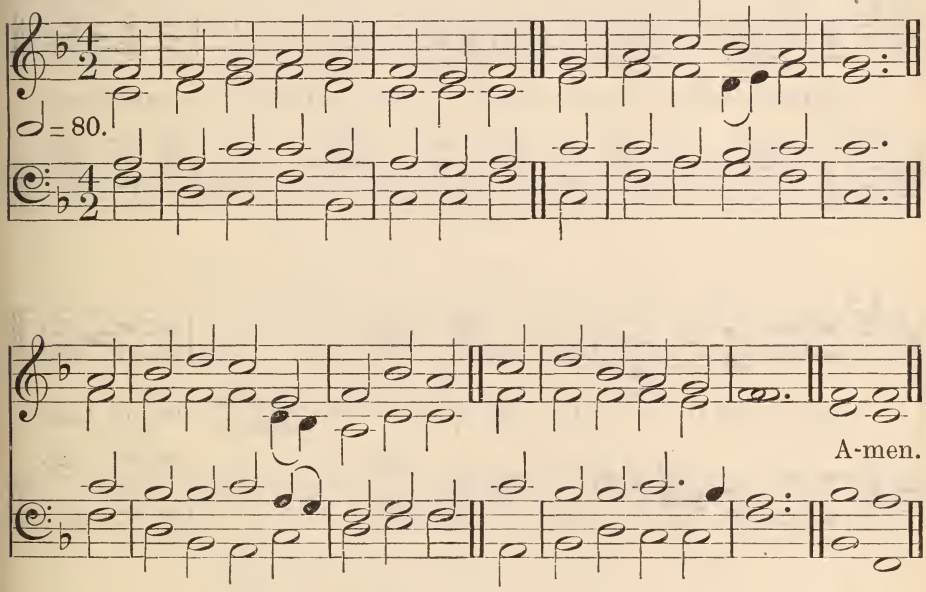
mf Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
p By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
cr Lord, Thy Presence let me see,
dim Manifest Thyself to me.

f Prince of life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy Presence let me see,
dim Manifest Thyself to me.

f Lord of glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will:
Manifest Thyself to me
dim In the Triune Deity. Amen.

543

St. Etheldreda. C.M. Bishop Turton, 1780–1864.



mf SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

p Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
cr Oh let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

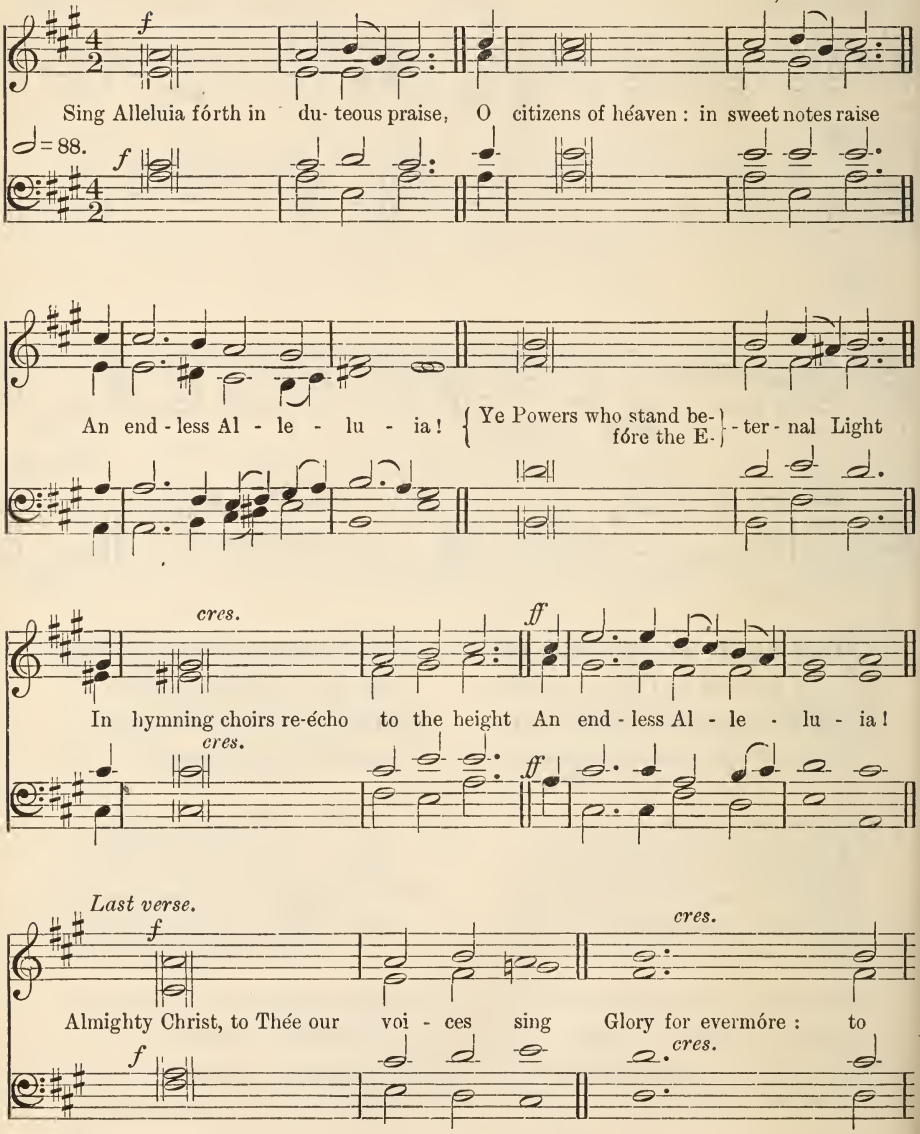
p The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
cr To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden Name.

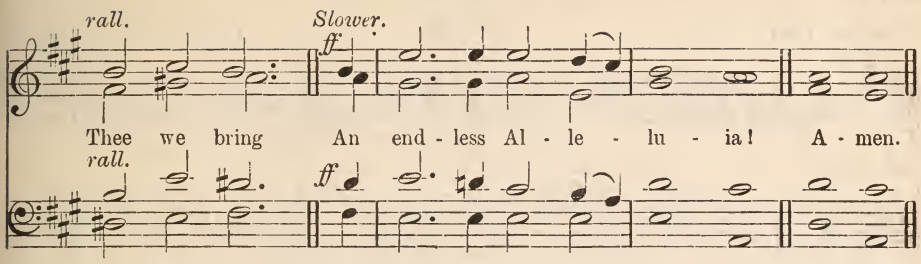
mf Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let Thee go."

mf I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me;
cr With all Thy great Salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee.

f Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold Thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.
Amen.

HOLY CITY. 10.10.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.


f
Sing Alleluia fórth in du- teous praise, O citizens of héaven: in sweet notes raise
♩= 88.
f
An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
{ Ye Powers who stand be- fóre the E- } - ter - nal Light
cres.
ff
In hymning choirs re-écho to the height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
cres.
ff
Last verse.
f
cres.
Almighty Christ, to Thée our voi - ces sing Glory for evermóre: to
f
cres.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

f SING Alleluia fórth in | duteous | praise,
O citizens of héaven: in | sweet notes | raise
An endless Alleluia!

Ye Powers who stand befóre the E-|-ternal | Light
cr In hymning choirs re-écho | to the | height
ff An endless Alleluia!

f The Holy City shâll take | up your | strain,
And with glad songs resoúnding | wake a-|-gain
An endless Alleluia!

In blissful answering stráins ye | thus re-|-joice
cr To render to the Lórd with | thankful | voice
ff An endless Alleluia!

f Ye who have gained at léngth your | palms in | bliss,
Victorious ones, your chânt shall | still be | this—
An endless Alleluia!

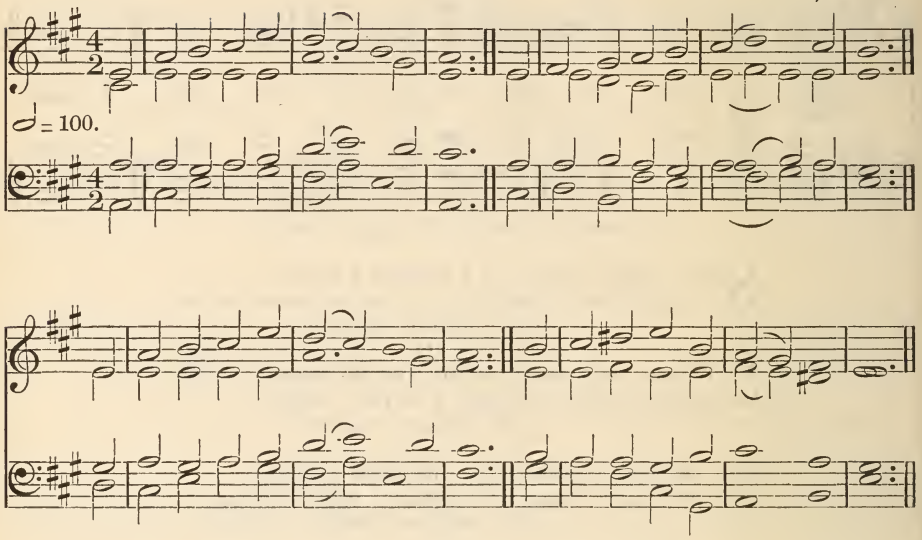
There, in one grand acclâim for | ever | ring
The strains which tell the hónour | of your | King—
ff An endless Alleluia!

p This is the rest for weâry | ones brought | back:
cr This is the food and drînk which | none shall | lack:
mf An endless Alleluia!

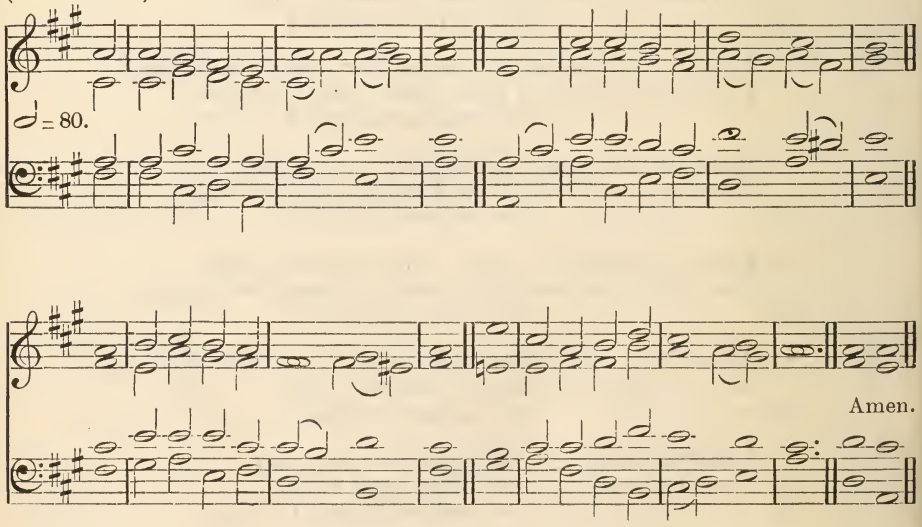
cr While Thee, by Whom were âll things | made, we | praise
For ever, and tell oût in | sweetest | lays
ff An endless Alleluia!

f Almighty Christ, to Thée our | voices | sing
cr Glory for evermóre: to | Thee we | bring
ff An endless Alleluia! Amen.

CANTATE DEO. D.L.M. C. H. LLOYD, *b.* 1849.



(OLD 100TH.) *In Unison, ad lib.*



f SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.
ff For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

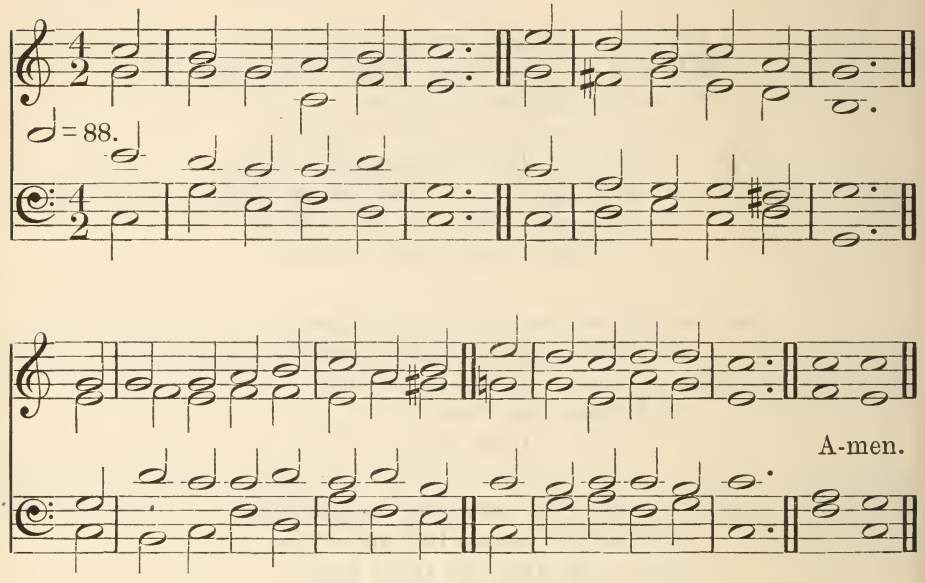
mf For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
cr Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.
ff For He is Lord, etc.

mf For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
f Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.
ff For He is Lord, etc.

mf For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
f Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.
ff For He is Lord, etc.

f For life below, with all its bliss,
mf And for that life, more pure and high,
p That inner life, which over this
cr Shall ever shine, and never die;
ff Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore. Amen.

NARENZA. S.M. Old German Chorale.



f SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son:

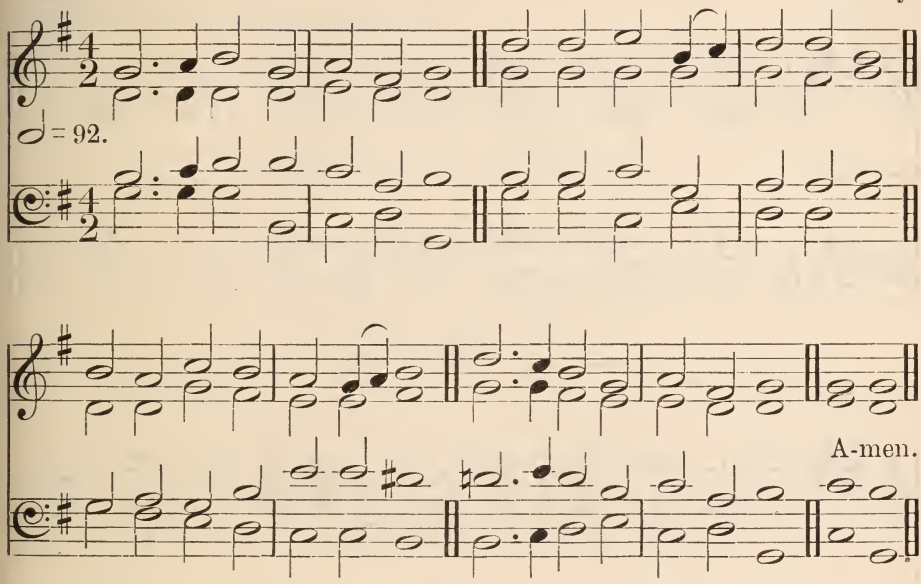
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror!

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
mf And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

cr From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
ff And win the well-fought day:

mf That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
cr Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
f And victor stand at last. Amen.

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS. 7.7.7.7. Old French Melody.



f SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe:
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

mf 'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the Blessèd evermore
Tread on high the starry floor.

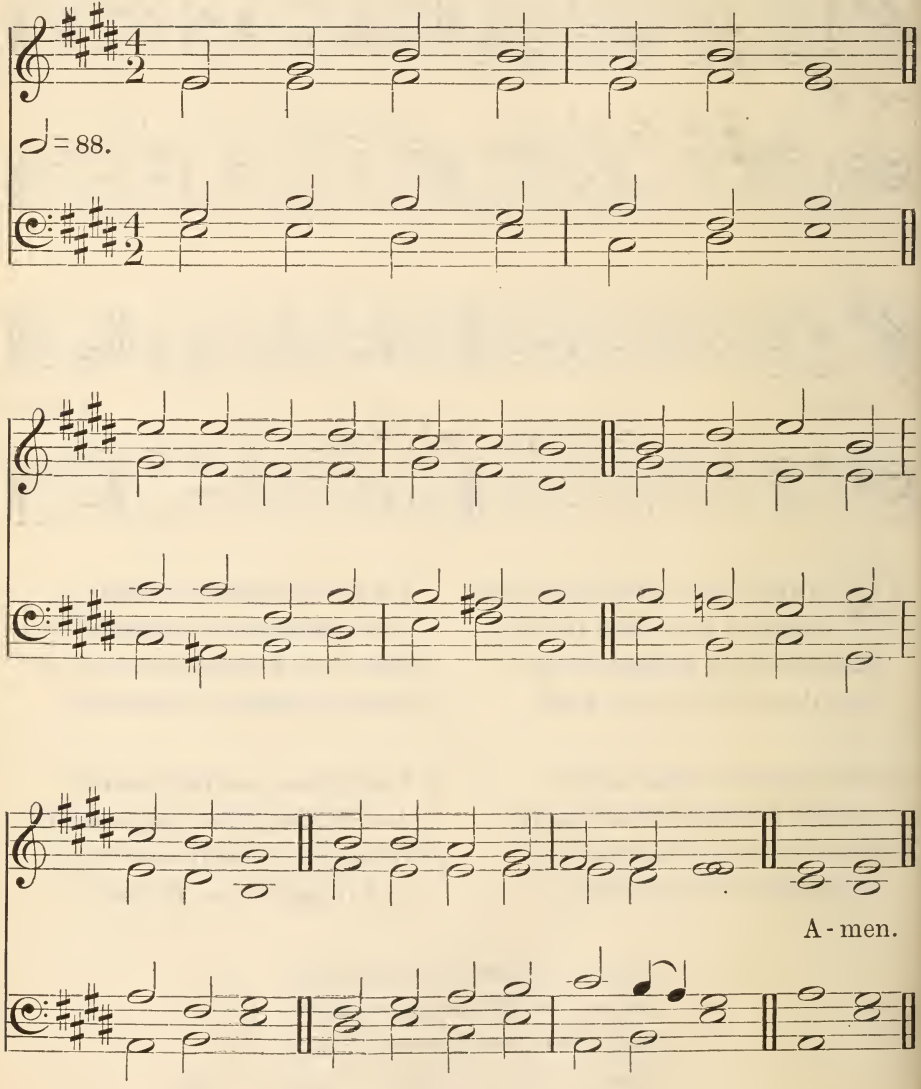
p Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
cr Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy Reward.

f Father, Who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by Whose death we live,
Spirit, Who our hearts doth raise,
Three in One, Thy Name we praise. Amen.

548

7.7.7.7.

CULBACH. SCHEFFLER'S *Geistliche Hirtenlieder*, 1668.



f SONGS of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

p Heaven and earth must pass away;
mf Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens, new earth;
f Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

p And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
f No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

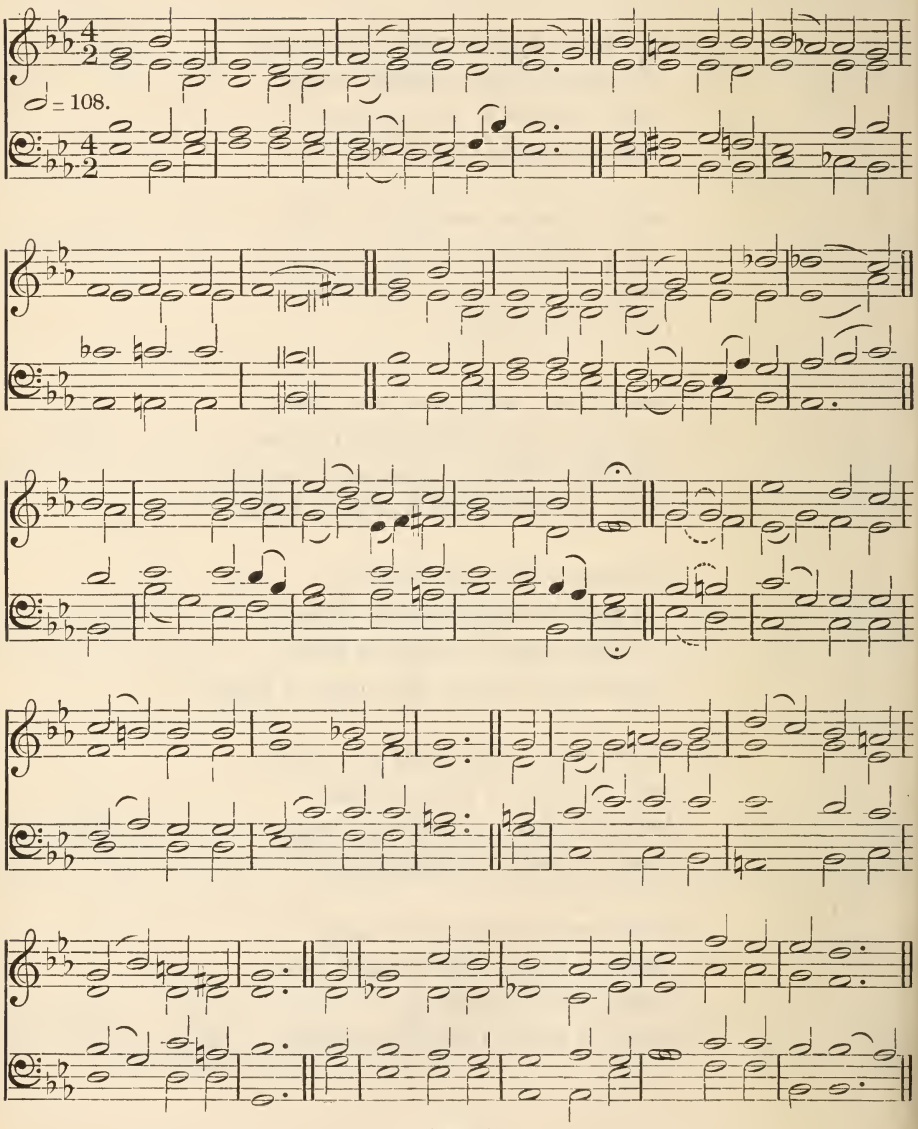
mf Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

cr Borne upon their latest breath,
f Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ. Amen.

549

Irregular.

Soon and for ever. H. H. Pierson, 1815–1873, and H. S. Irons, *b.* 1834.

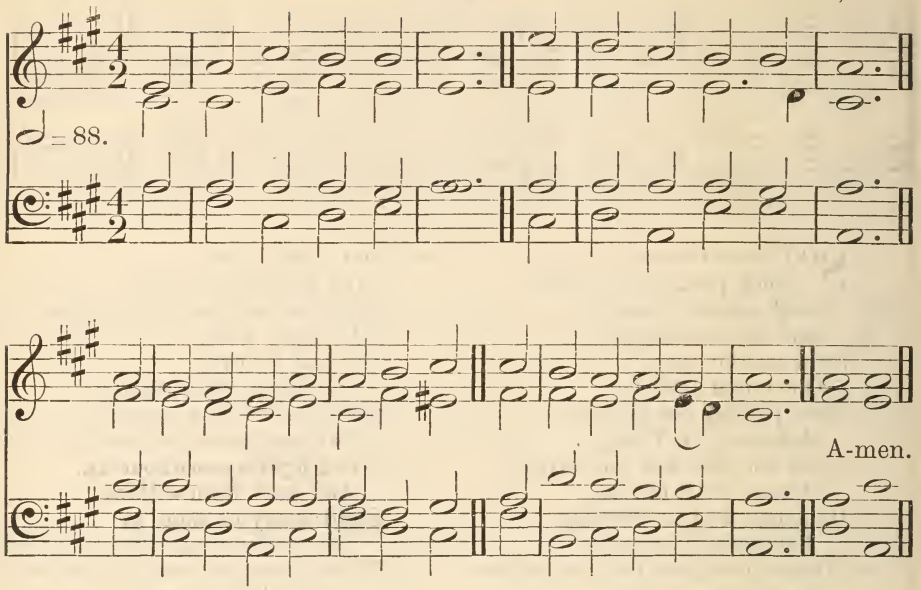


mf SOON and for ever;—
Such promise our trust,
dim Though ashes to ashes,
p And dust unto dust:
cr Soon and for ever
Our union shall be
f Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee;
p When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs, and its partings
Remembered no more,
cr Where life cannot fail, and where
Death cannot sever,
f Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.

mf Soon and for ever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away;
Soon and for ever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been:
p When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more in
The warfare with sin; [where
cr Where fears, and where tears, and
Death shall be never,
f Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.

p Soon and for ever
The work shall be done;
cr The warfare accomplished,
f The victory won;
Soon and for ever
The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown:
p Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear;
cr A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near;
f When—blessèd reward of each
Faithful endeavour—
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever. Amen.

St. Michael. S.M. Day's *Psalter*, 1563.



f STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

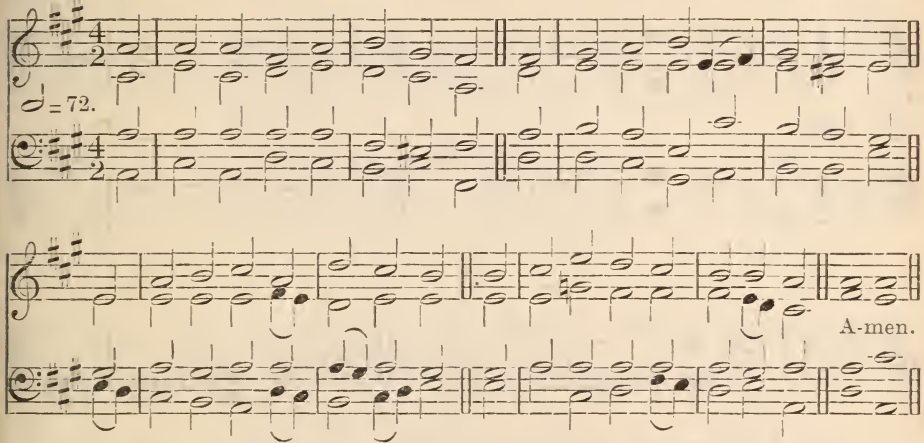
Oh! for the living flame,
From His own Altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

mf Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

f God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

ff Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

BRESLAU. L.M. CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia nova*, 1630.



mf TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.

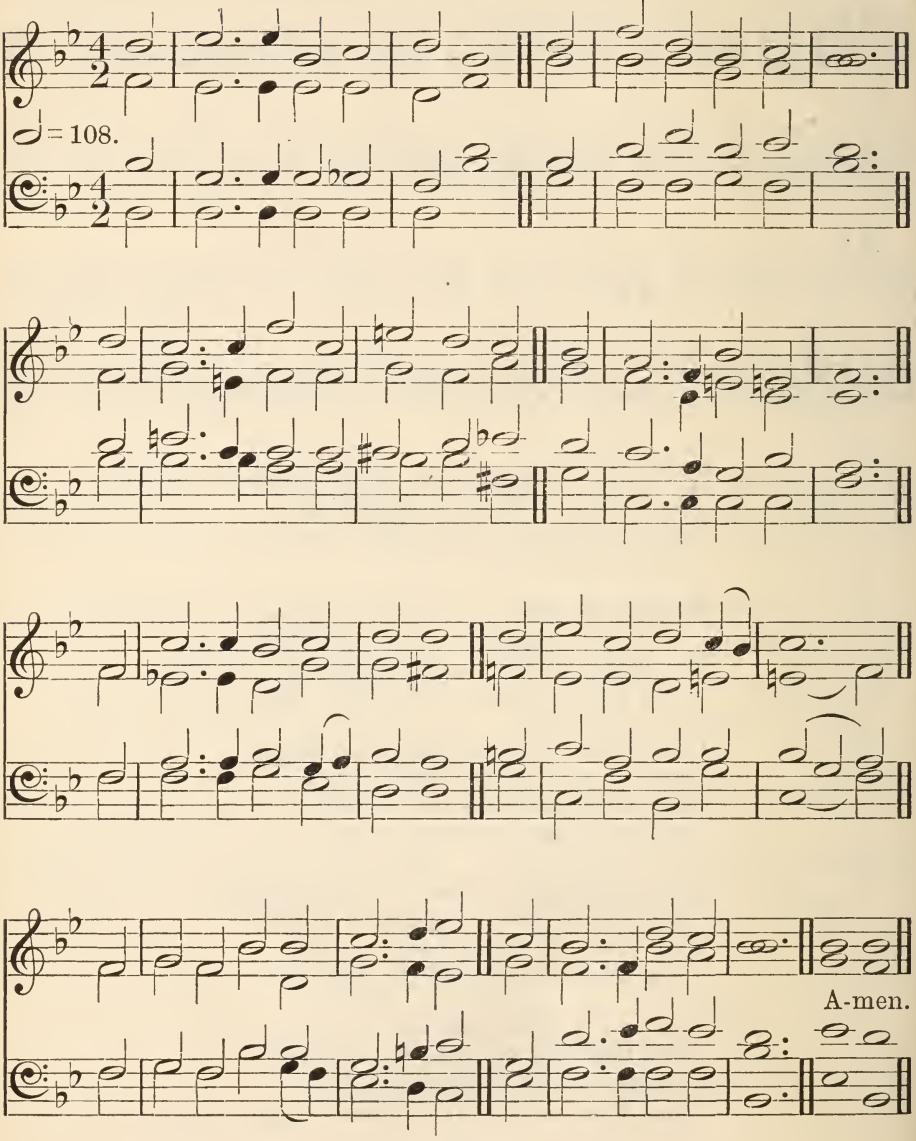
Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
And let thy foolish pride be still:
The Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a Cross on Calvary's hill.

Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's temptations brave;
cr 'Twill guide thee to a better home;
It points to glory o'er the grave.

mf Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
cr For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown. Amen.

ALFORD. 7.6.8.6. D. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



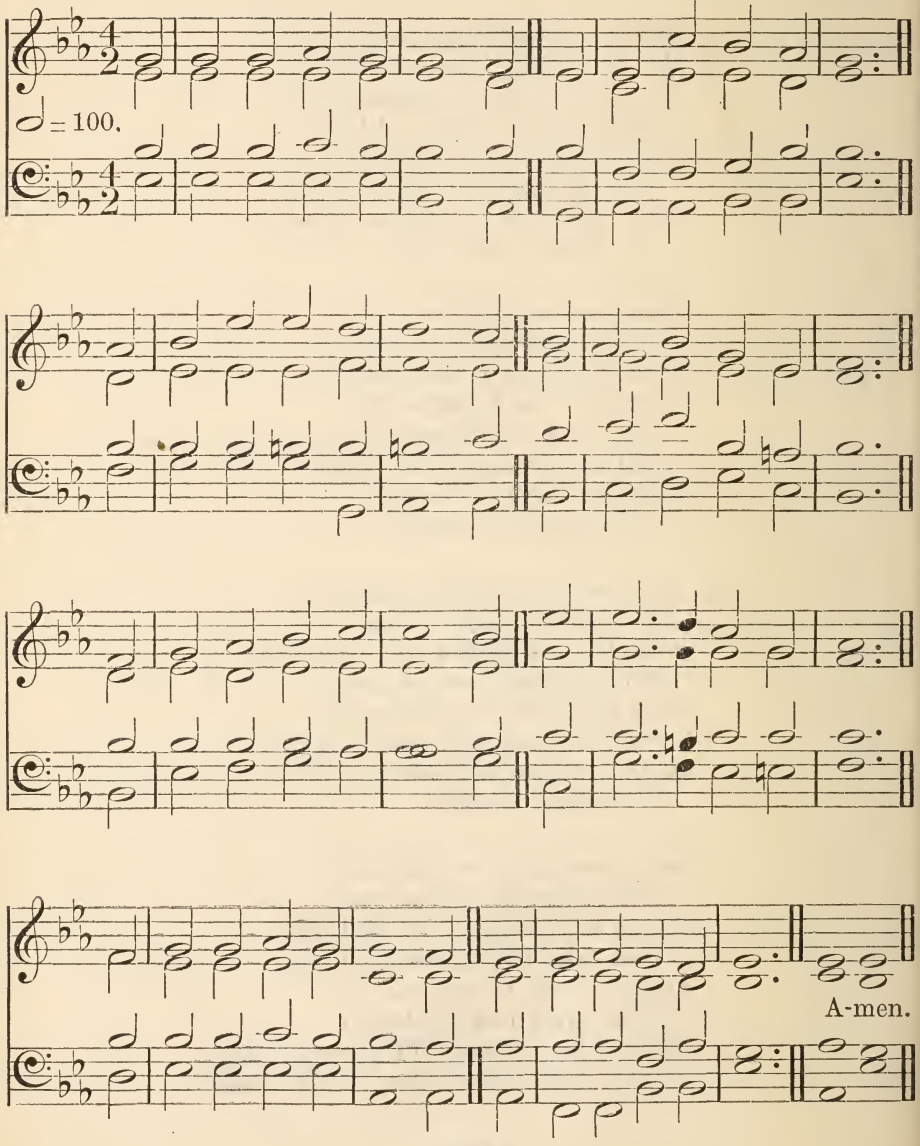
f TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed Saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

mf Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

f Bring near Thy great Salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come. Amen.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



mf THE Church's One Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord:
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride,
p With His own Blood He bought her,
pp And for her life He died.

mf Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

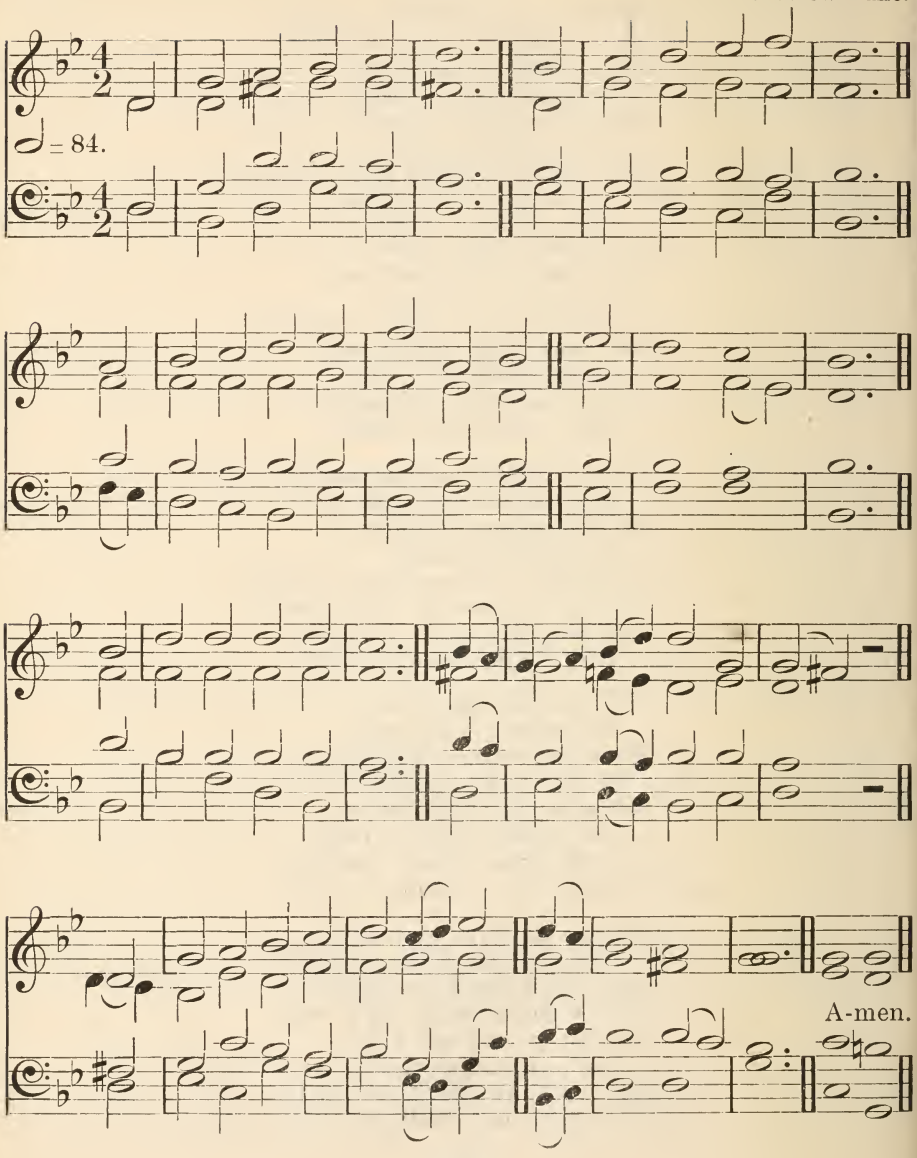
p Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
cr Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
f Shall be the morn of song.

mf 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
cr Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
f And the great Church victorious
dim Shall be the Church at rest.

mf Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
Oh, happy ones and holy!
p Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
cr On high may dwell with Thee! Amen.

554

LEONI. 6.6.8.4. D. Old Hebrew Tune.



f THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days
And God of Love:
Jehovah, Great *I AM*,
By earth and heaven confest:
mf I bow and bless the Sacred Name
For ever blest.

f The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand;
mf I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
cr And Him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

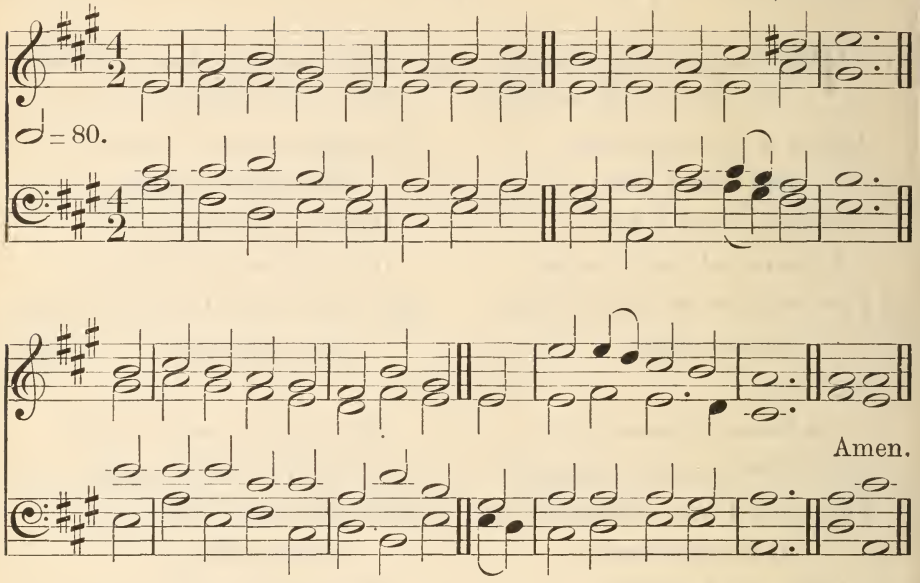
f He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!

f There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His Kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with His Saints in light
For ever reigns.

f The God Who reigns on high
The great Archangels sing;
p And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
f Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be.
Jehovah, Father, Great *I AM!*
p We worship Thee."

f The whole triumphant Host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise! Amen.

St. Magnus. C.M. Jeremiah Clark, 1670–1707.



f THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

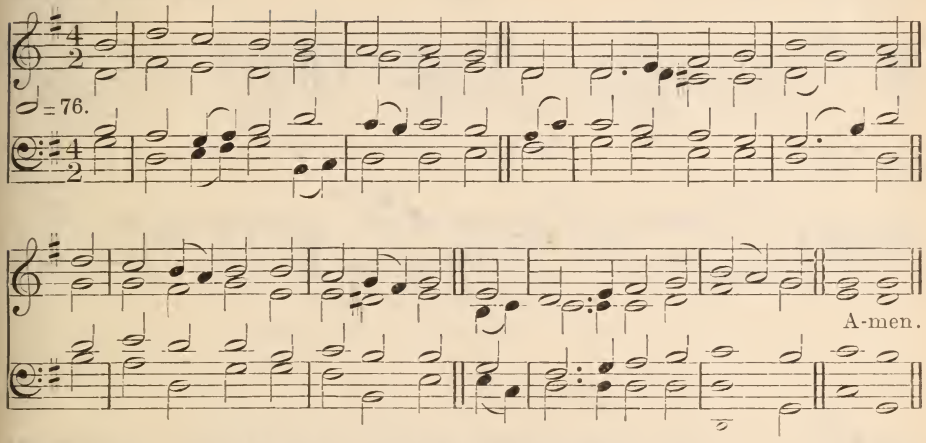
The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

p To them the Cross, with all its shame,
cr With all its grace, is given:
f Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

p They suffer with their Lord below,
f They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

f The Cross He bore is life and health,
mf Though shame and death to Him;
f His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.
Amen.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



mf THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

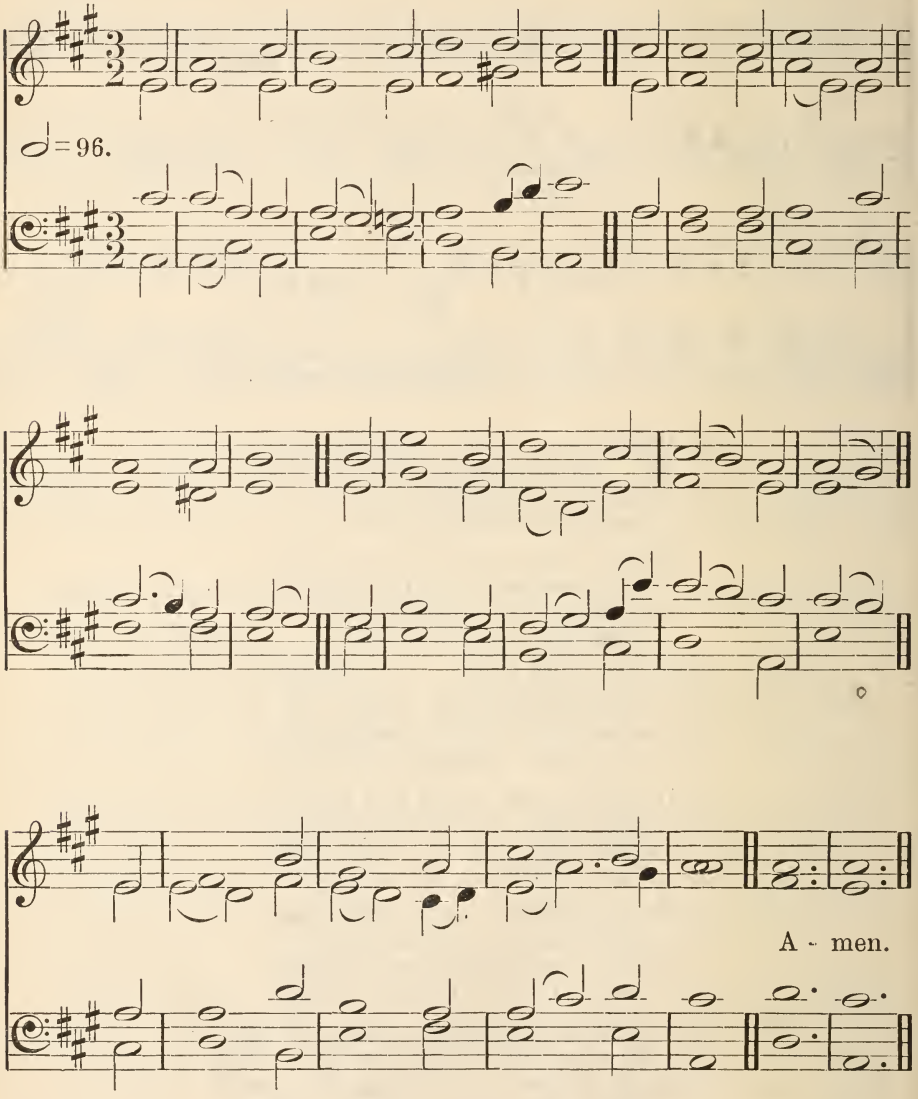
p Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
cr But yet in love He sought me,
p And on His shoulder gently laid,
f And home, rejoicing, brought me.

p In death's dark vale I fear no ill
cr With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

mf Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy Unction grace bestoweth,
f And oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth.

mf And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
cr Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

ST. PAUL. L.M. H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.



f THE Lord is King! Lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

f The Lord is King! (*mf*) Who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

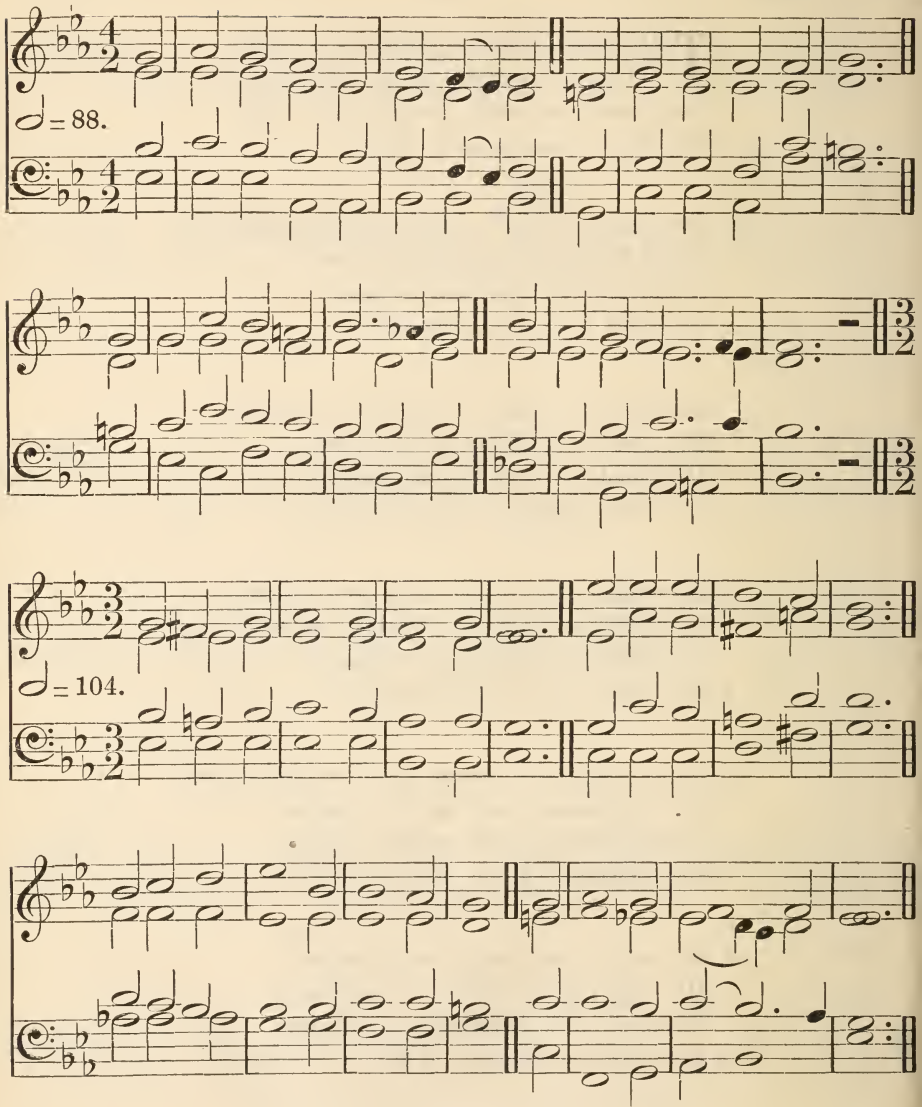
The Lord is King! (*p*) Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
cr Let every creature speak His praise.

f He reigns! Ye Saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
p The Man of love, the Crucified.

mf Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And Angel-bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

mf Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
f "The Lord Omnipotent is King!" Amen.

CASTLE RISING. D.C.M. F. A. J. HERVEY, *b.* 1846.



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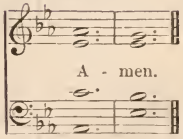
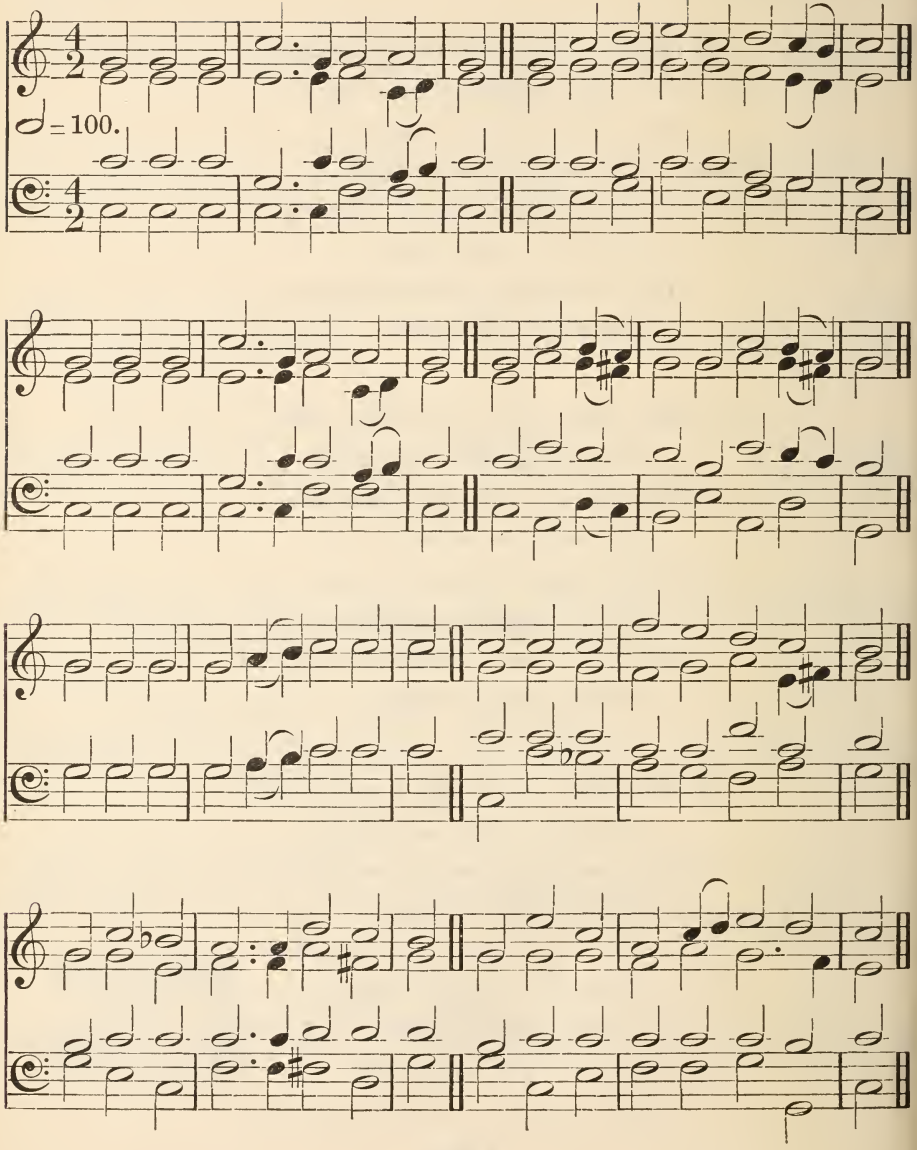
mf THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
dim How fast they fade away!
cr Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh! for the golden floor,
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore.

p The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
cr Oh! for a heart that never sins,
Oh! for a soul washed white,
Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

mf Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
And grace to lead us higher;
cr But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
p Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord;
Oh! by Thy life laid down;
cr Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,
mf Nor cast away our crown.



PETERBOROUGH. D.L.M. J. Goss, 1800–1880.

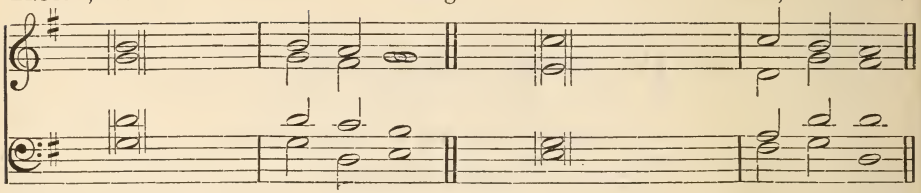


f THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
mf The unwearied sun from day to day
Does His Creator's power display,
cr And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

mf Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

p What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
f In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

TROYTE, No. 2. Irregular. A. H. D. TROYTE, 1811–1857.



f 1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- - lu - - - ia.

2 To the glory of their King Shall the ránsomed peo - ple sing,

3 And the chóirs that . . dwell on high Shall re-écho . . . through the sky ;

p 4 They through the fiélds of Paradise that roam, *cr* The blessèd ones, repéat through that bright home,

mf 5 The planets, glittering ón their heaven - ly way, The shining constellátions, join and say,

p 6 Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye wínds on pin - ions light, *f* Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, wild - ly bright.

mf 7 Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye stórms and win - ter snow, Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hóar frost and sum - mer glow,

mf 8 First let the birds, with páinted plu - mage gay, Exalt their great Creátor's praise, and say,

mf 9 Then let the beasts of eárth, with vary - ing strain, Join in creation's hýmn, and cry a - gain,

(*Men only. Unison.*)

f 10 Here let the mountains thunder fórth so- - no - rous Alle - - - - - lu - ia ;

mf 11 Thou jubilant abýss of o - cean, cry Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

mf 12 To God, Who áll cre - - a - tion made, The frequent hýmn be . . du - ly paid,

mf 13 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lórd of all things loves, *f* Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

(*Men only. Unison.*)

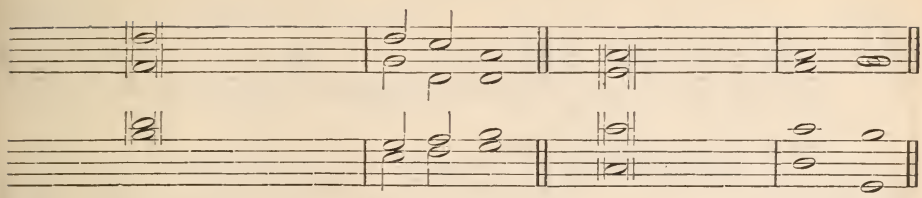
f 14 Wherefore we sing, both heart and vóice a - - wa - king, Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

(*Unison.*)

f 15 Now from áll men . . be out - poured Allelúia . . . . to the Lord.

ff 16 Praise be dóne to the Three in One, Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of this hymn is published separately by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.



Alle - - - - - - - - lu - ia, Alle - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - - - - lu - ia, Alle - - - - lu - ia.

f Alle - - - - - - - - lu - ia, Alle - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - - - - lu - ia, Alle - - - - lu - ia.

mf In swéet con - - - - - - - -sent u - nite your Alle - - lu - ia.

Ye groves that wave in spring, And glórious for - ests, sing, *f* Alle - - - - lu - ia.

f Alle - - - - - - - - lu - ia, Alle - - - - lu - ia.

f Alle - - - - - - - - lu - ia, Alle - - - - lu - ia.

(*Trebles only.*)

p There let the valleys sing in géntler cho - rus Alle - - - - lu - ia.

Ye tracts of earth and cónti - - -nents re - ply Alle - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - - - - lu - ia, Alle - - - - lu - ia.

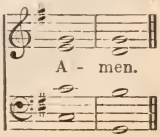
mf This is the song, the heavenly song, that Chríst Him- -self ap-proves, Alle - - - - lu - ia.

(*Trebles only.*)

mf And children's voices echo, ánswer . . ma - king, Alle - - - - lu - ia.

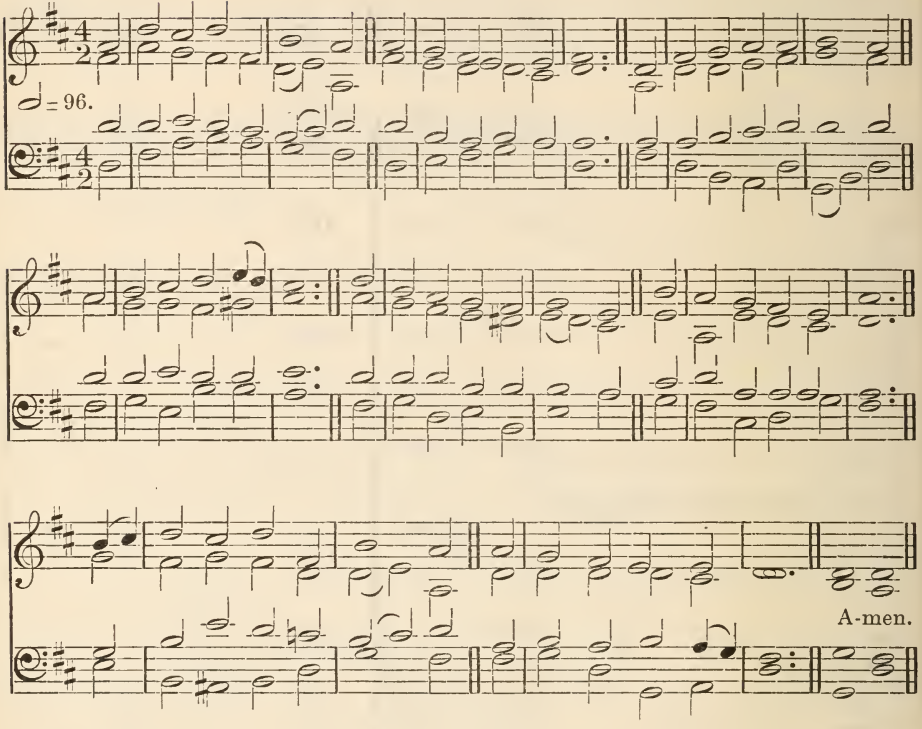
With Allelúia . . . . . ev - er - more, The Son and Spírit we adore.

Alle - - - - - - - - lú - ia, Alle - - - - lu - ia.



7.6.7.6. D.

PEARSALL. *Katholische Gesangbuch, St. Gall*, 1863.



mf THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;

The Judge Who comes in mercy,
cr The Judge Who comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
f To diadem the right.

mf Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
p Let penitential sorrow
cr To heavenly gladness lead,

mf To light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one:—

mf O home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;

cr 'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
f The beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around.

p The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best;

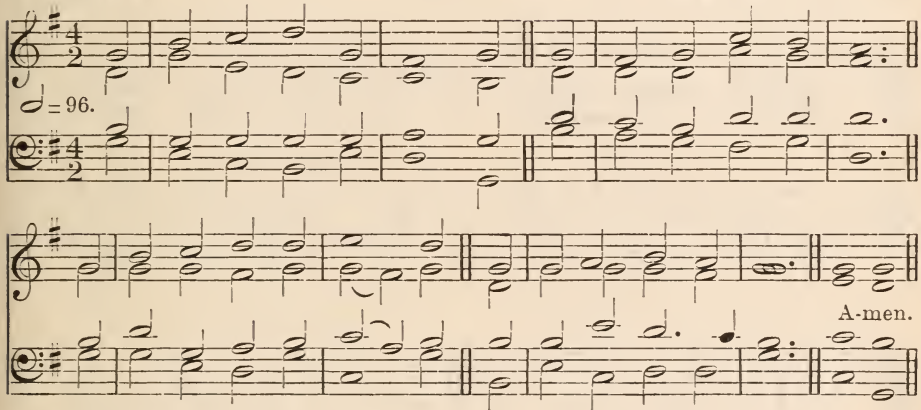
Yes, peace!—for war is needless,—
Yes, calm!—for storm is past,—
cr And goal from finished labour,
And anchorage at last.

mf O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of the distrest!

f Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight. Amen.

561 PART II.

St. Alphege. 7.6.7.6. H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876.



mf BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
cr The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

mf O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

p And after earthly evil,
And after this world's night,
cr And after storm and whirlwind,
p Is calm, and joy, and light.

mf And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

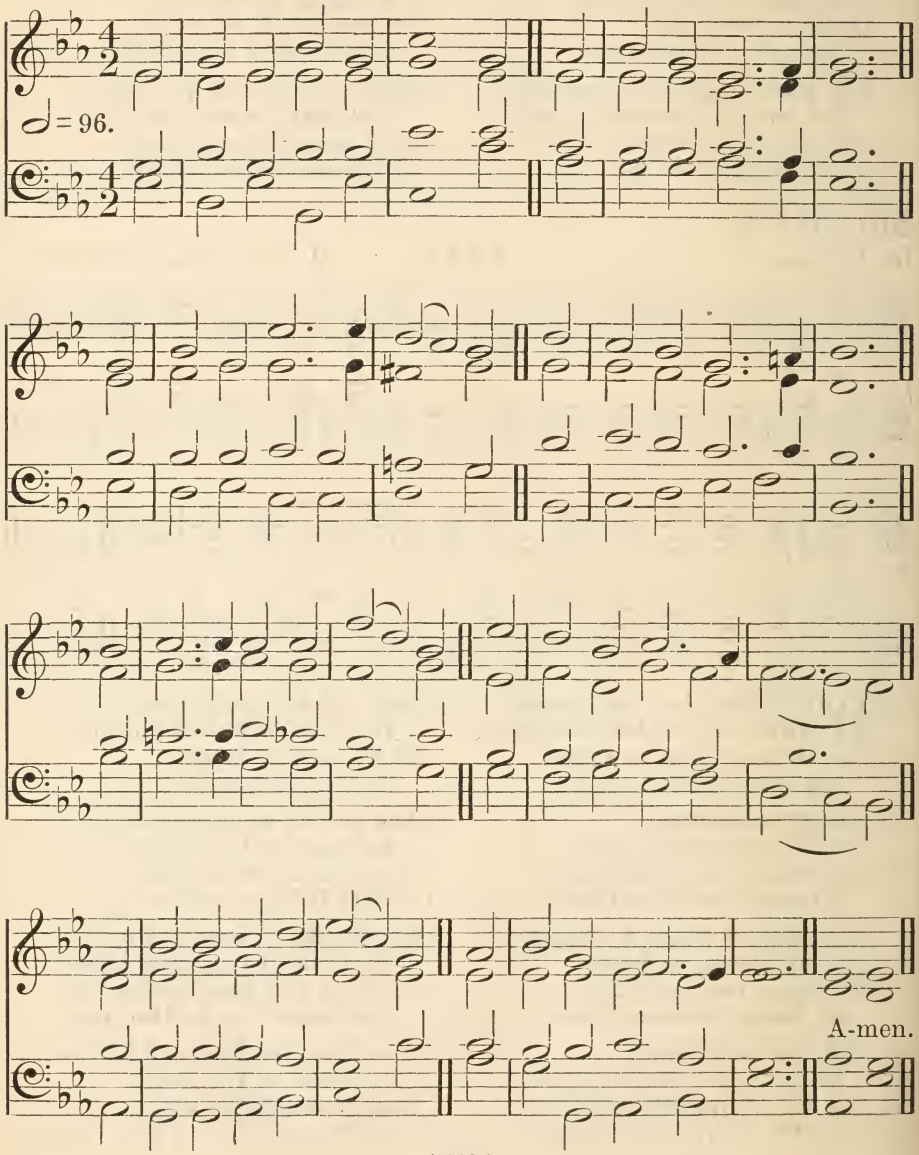
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;—

But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

Then God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face. Amen.

561 PART III.

JUBILATE. 7.6.7.6. D. C. HUBERT H. PARRY, *b.* 1848.



mf FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:

cr The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
dim And love, and life, and rest.

mf O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;

Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:—

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The Saints thy golden fabric,
Thy corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

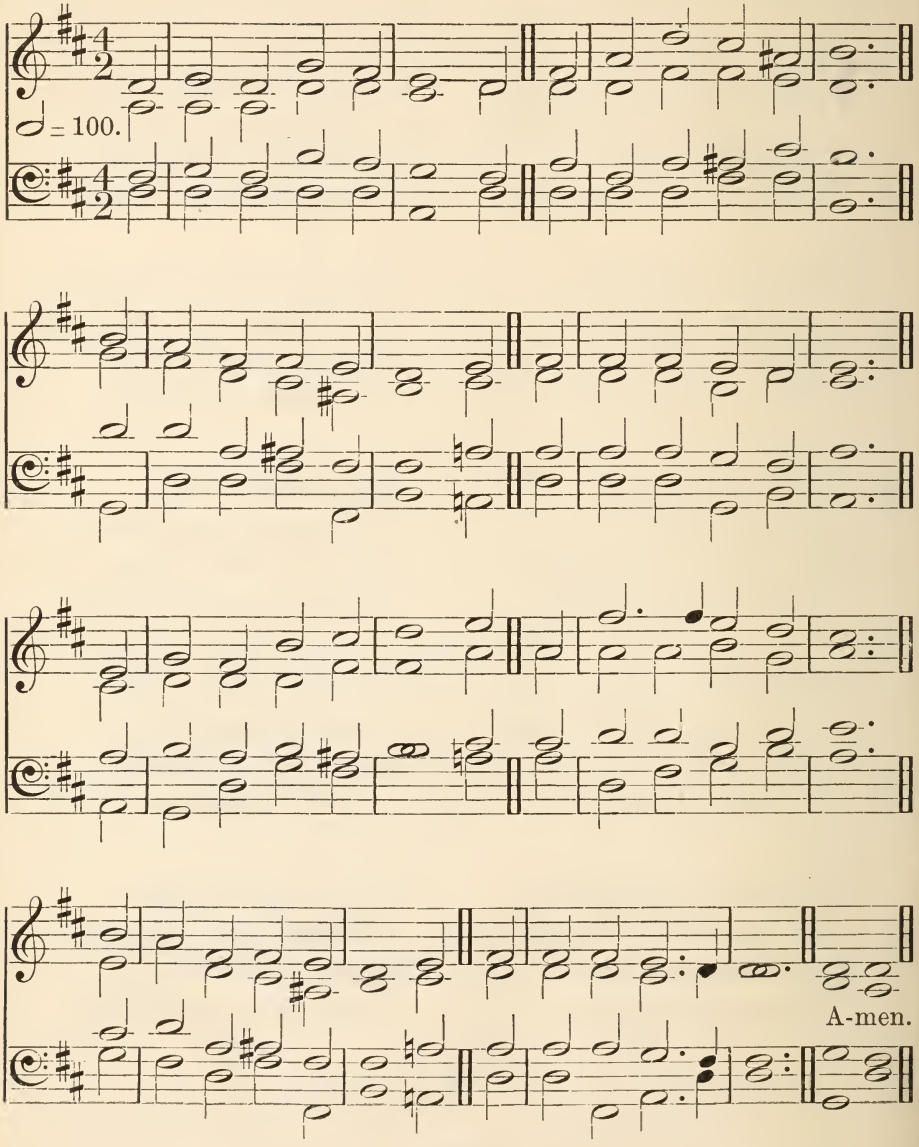
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

mf O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I thy glories see?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Is such a prize for me?

f Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Amen.

EWING. 7.6.7.6. D. A. EWING, 1830–1895.



mf JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, oh I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

f They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an Angel
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

mf There is the throne of David,
cr And there, from care released,
f The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

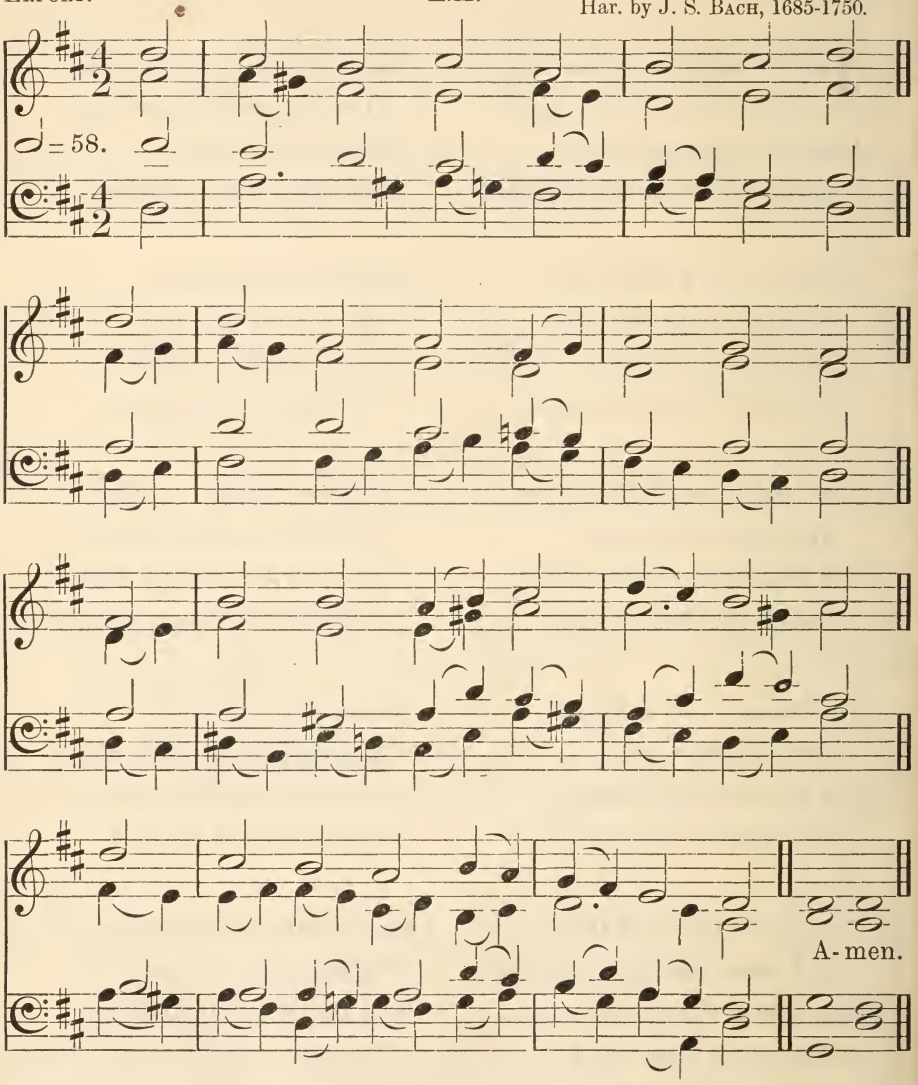
mf Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the elect!
Oh dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!

E'en now by faith I see thee:
E'en here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

O mine, O golden Sion!
Yea, brighter far than gold!
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I thy joys behold?

f Rejoice! O dust and ashes!
Rejoice!—O joy divine!—
That God is now thy Portion,
Both now and ever thine. Amen.

ERFURT. L.M. *Geistliche Lieder, Magdeburg,* 1540.
Har. by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.



For a simpler arrangement see No. 476.

May also be sung to "Stirling," *No.* 460.

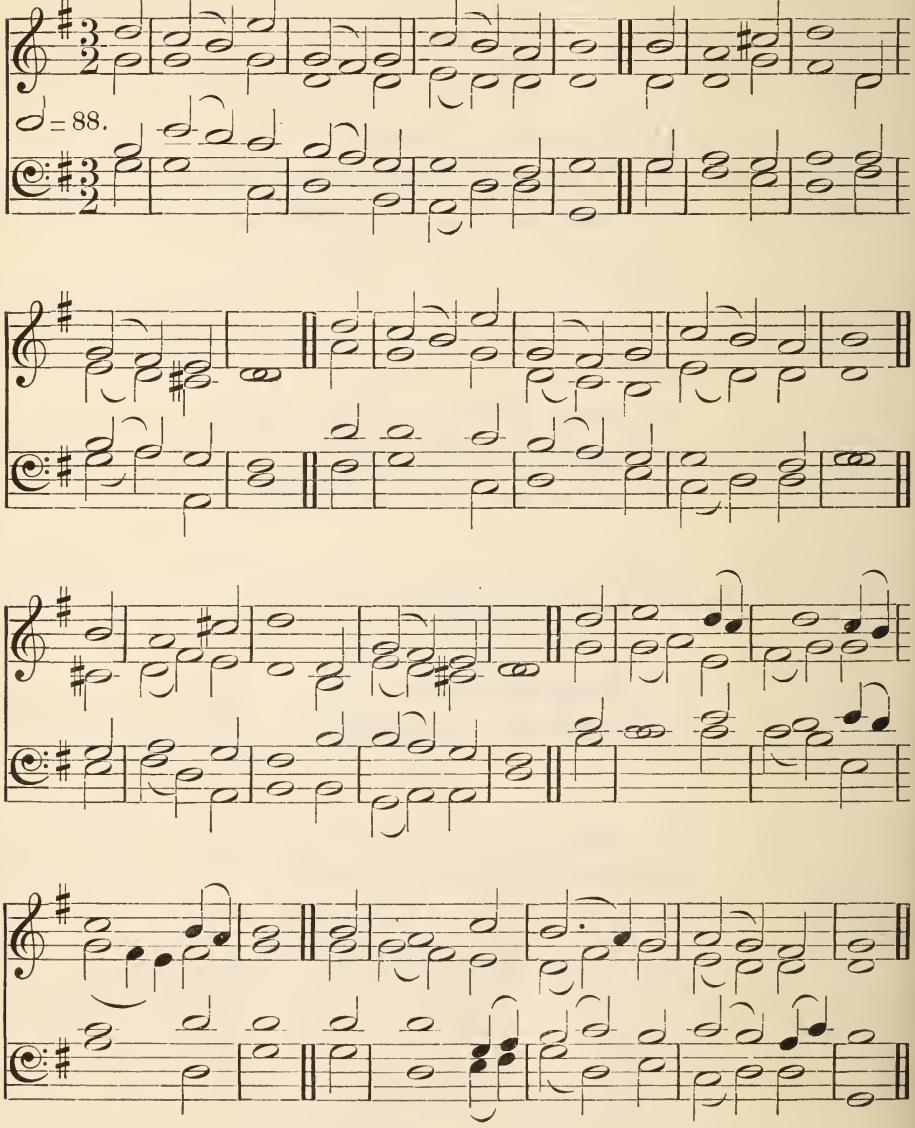
f THEE we adore, Eternal Lord!
We praise Thy Name with one accord!
Thy Saints who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

f To Thee aloud all Angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both Cherubin and Seraphin,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

mf The Apostles join the glorious throng,
The Prophets swell the immortal song;
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

p Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King!
Thee, Lord of Sabaoth, they sing!
cr Thus earth below, and heaven above,
f Resound Thy glory and Thy love. Amen.

SURREY. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. H. CAREY, 1685–1743.

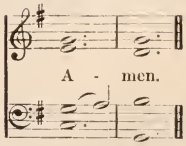


mf THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower;
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love till sacred fire
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind:
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

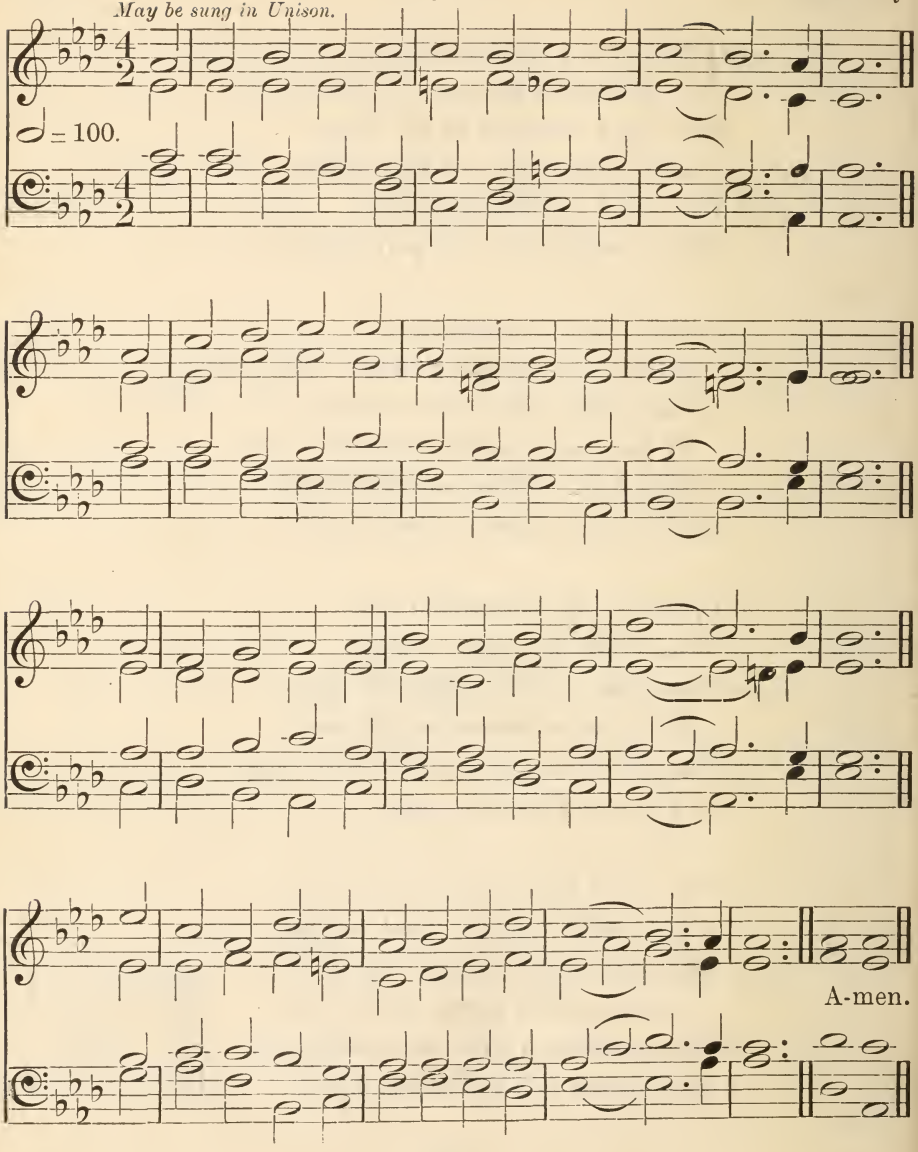
p Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
cr Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way:
f That all my powers with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

mf Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile—Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
p What though my flesh and heart decay,
f Thee shall I love in endless day.



BEULAH. Eight 6's. Old Melody.

May be sung in Unison.



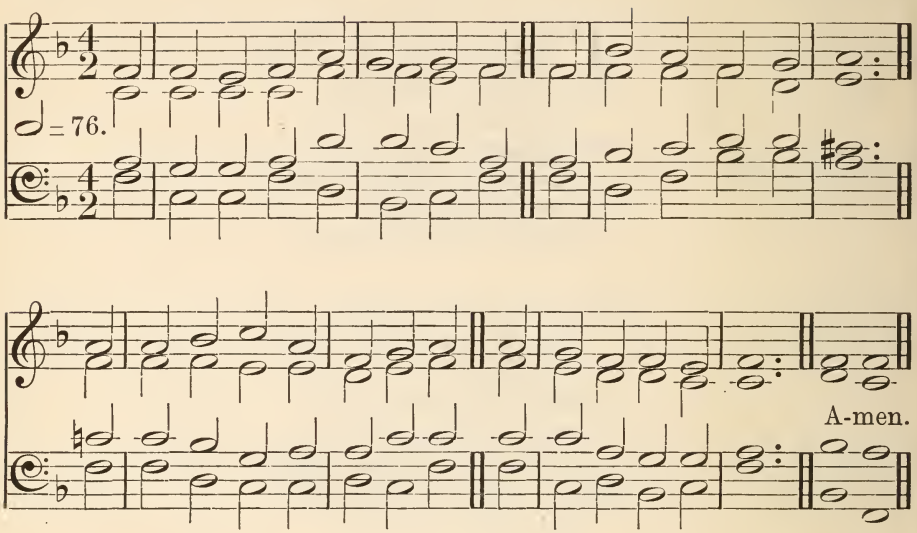
mf THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
cr Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
f And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

p There is a land of peace,
Good Angels know it well;
cr Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
mf Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand Saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

f O joy, all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

mf Look up, ye Saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
p Of daily toil and woe;
cr Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
mf His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

St. Flavian. C.M. Day's *Psalter*, 1562.



mf THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love, [small
Wherewith encompassed, great and
In peace and order move.

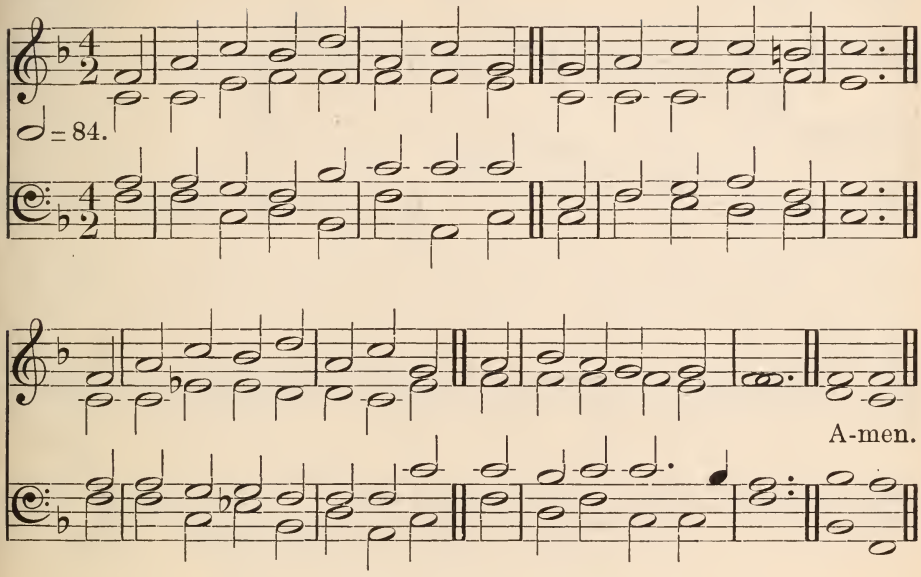
f The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

p The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down·
cr But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

mf Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

YORK. C.M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1615.



May also be sung to "Queenstown," *No.* 568.

f THERE is a land of pure delight
Where Saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

mf Their everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
p Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

mf Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

p But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

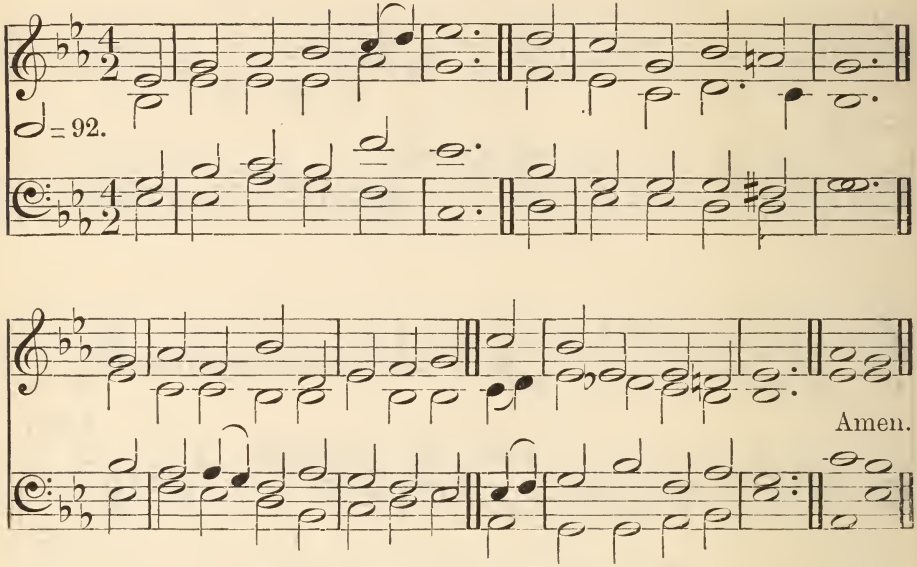
mf Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

cr Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
f Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Amen.

567

BEN RHYDDING. S.M. A. R. REINAGLE, 1799–1877.



f THERE is no night in heaven;
mf In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

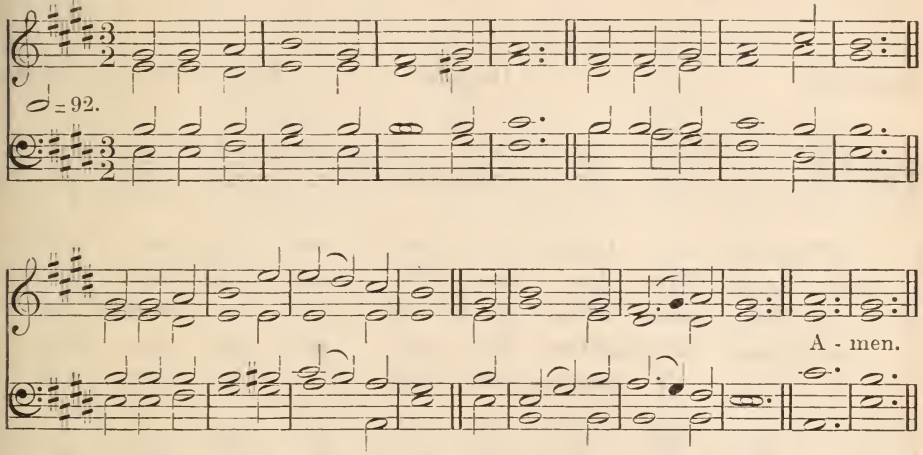
There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song!

f There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

p Lord Jesu, be our Guide;
Oh, lead us safely on,
cr Till night and grief and sin and death
f Are past, and heaven is won! Amen.

QUEENSTOWN. C.M. J. S. MITCHELL, *b.* 1834?



May also be sung to "York," *No.* 566.

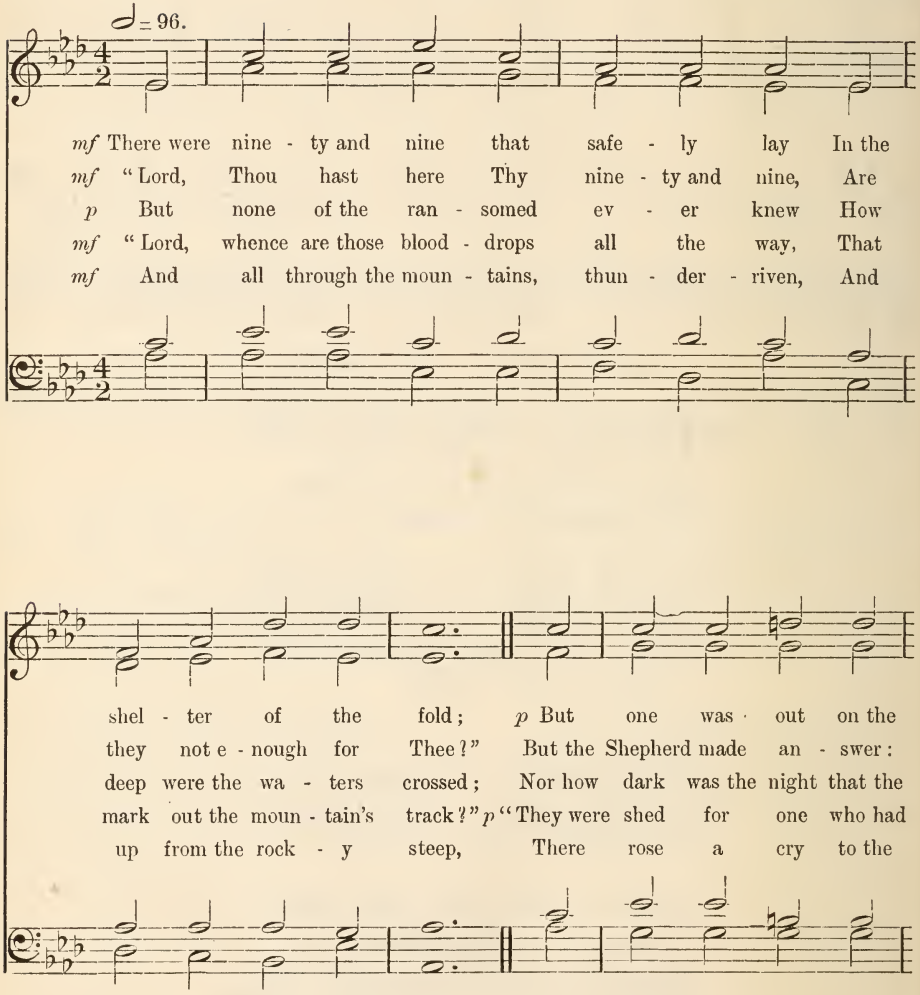
mf THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

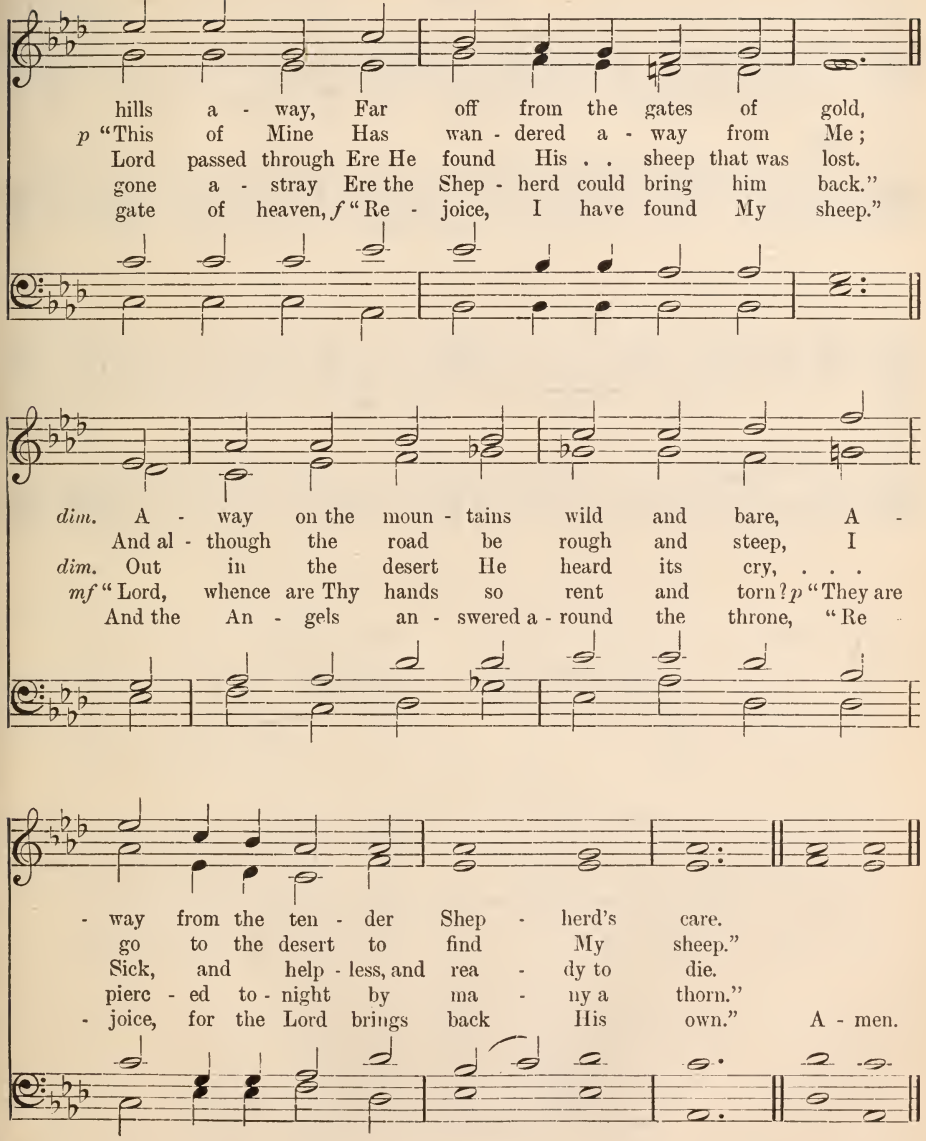
Thou Who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine,
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

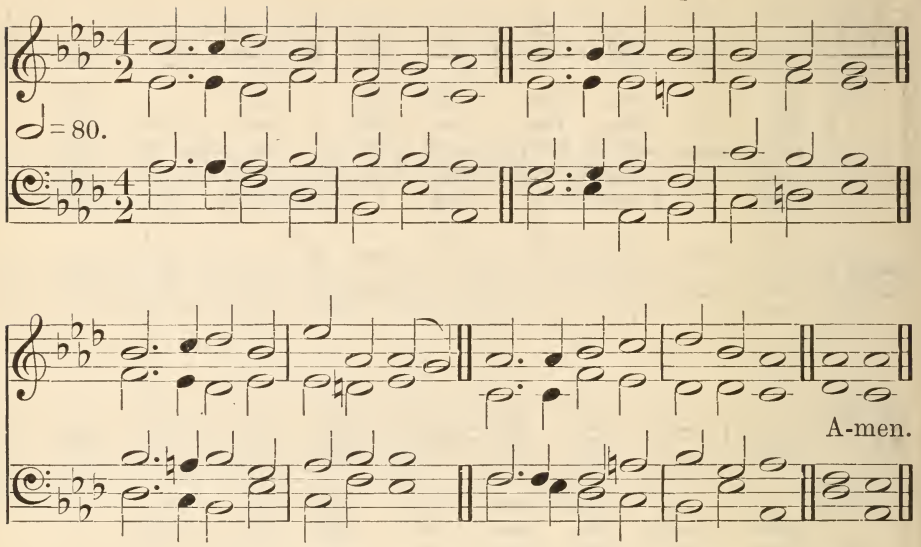
Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that Love which died for sin,
That love which wept for woe. Amen.

COMPASSION. Irregular. FOUNTAIN MEEN, *b.* 1846.


♩ = 96.
mf There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
mf "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine, Are
p But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How
mf "Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way, That
mf And all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riven, And
shel - ter of the fold; p But one was out on the
they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer:
deep were the wa - ters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the
mark out the moun - tain's track?" p "They were shed for one who had
up from the rock - y steep, There rose a cry to the


hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold,
p "This of Mine Has wan - dered a - way from Me;
Lord passed through Ere He found His . . sheep that was lost.
gone a - stray Ere the Shep - herd could bring him back."
gate of heaven, f "Re - joice, I have found My sheep."
dim. A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A -
And al - though the road be rough and steep, I
dim. Out in the desert He heard its cry, . . .
mf "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn? p "They are
And the An - gels an - swered a - round the throne, "Re
- way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
go to the desert to find My sheep."
Sick, and help - less, and rea - dy to die.
pierc - ed to - night by ma - ny a thorn."
- joice, for the Lord brings back His own." A - men.

NEWINGTON. 7.7.7.7. Archbishop MACLAGAN, *b.* 1826.



May also be sung to "University College," *No.* 514.

mf THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

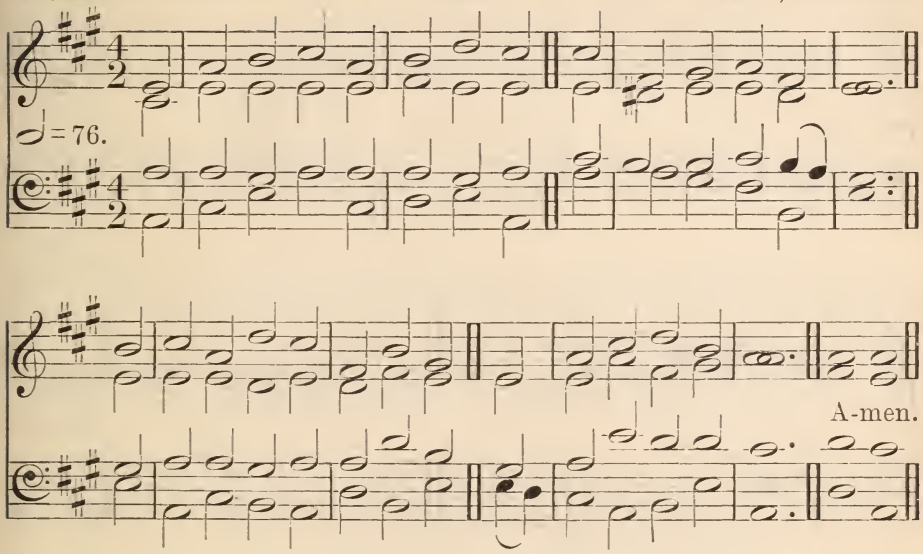
Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! (*p*) Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
mf Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

f Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to heaven. Amen.

St. James. C.M. R. Courteville, 1691–1772.



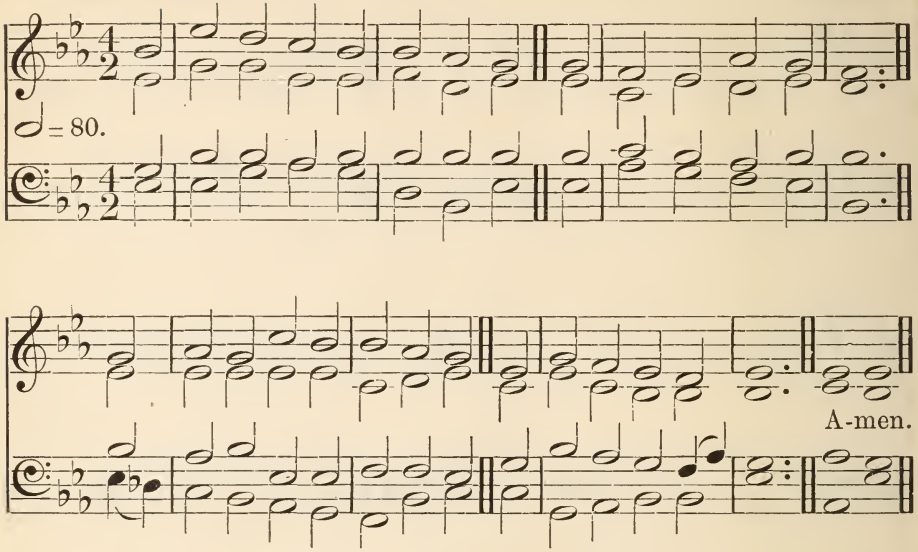
mf THOU art the Way:—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth:—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life:—(*f*) the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

f Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
p Grant us that way to know,
cr That truth to keep, that life to win
f Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

St. Peter. C.M. A. R. Reinagle, 1799–1877.



mf THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil;
And help us to adore Thy grace,
And mark Thy sovereign will.

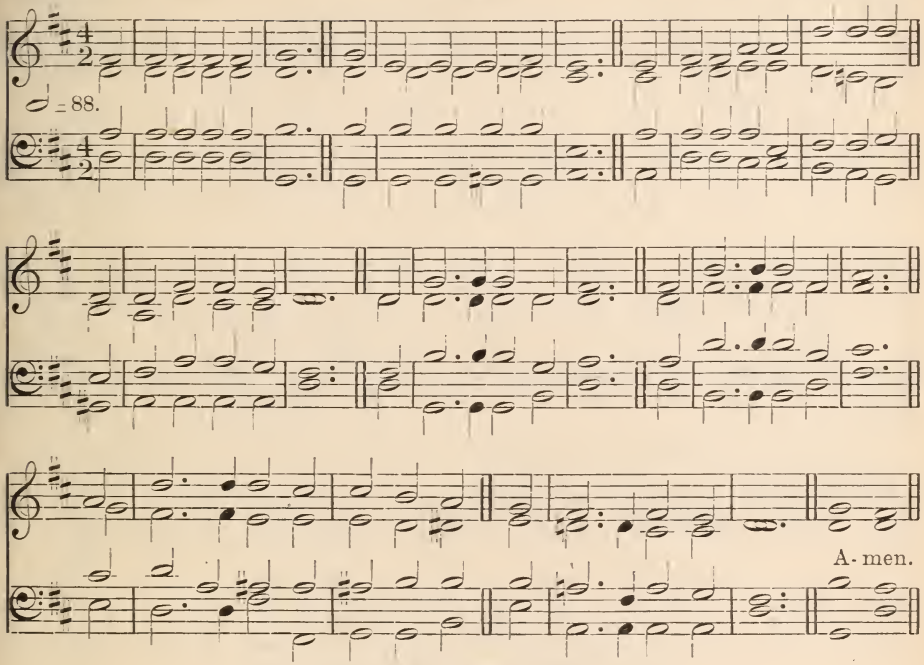
In all Thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gift Thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
dim Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.

mf Do Thou direct our steps aright;
Help us Thy Name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

p Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
cr For death is life and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there. Amen

LEOMINSTER. D.S.M. G. W. MARTIN, 1828–1881.



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May also be sung to "Southwell," *No.* 133.

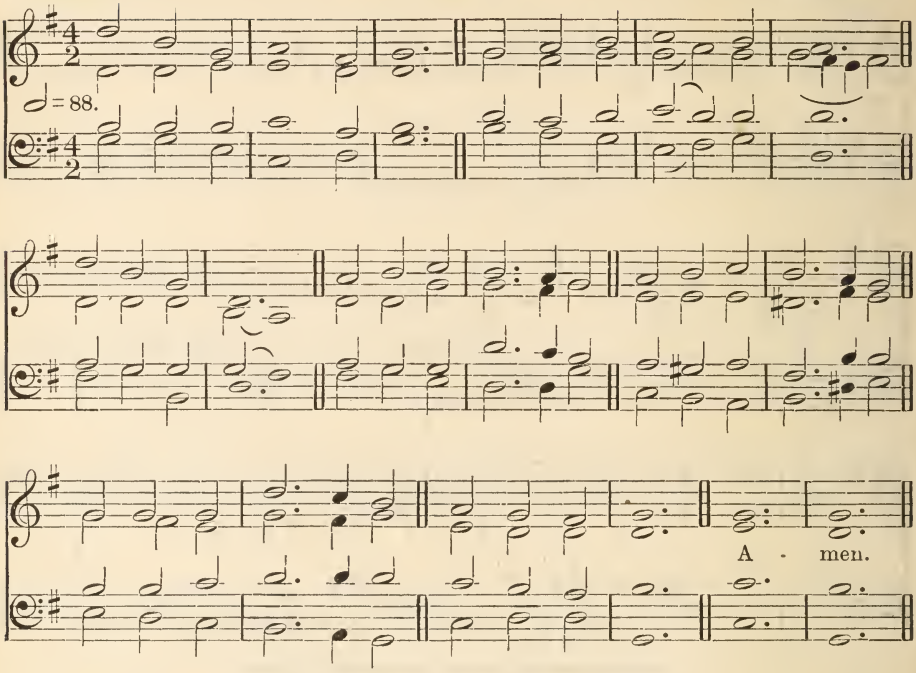
mf THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
cr Our wakened souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
mf And fill us now with watchful care,
p And stir us up to pray;

p To pray, and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
cr When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
mf The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train.
With all Thy glorious grace.

p To sober earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
cr For ever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
p The solemn midnight cry,
f "Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

p Oh may we thus be found
Obedient to His word,
cr Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
mf Oh may we thus insure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest. Amen.

Moscow. 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4. F. Giardini, 1716–1796.



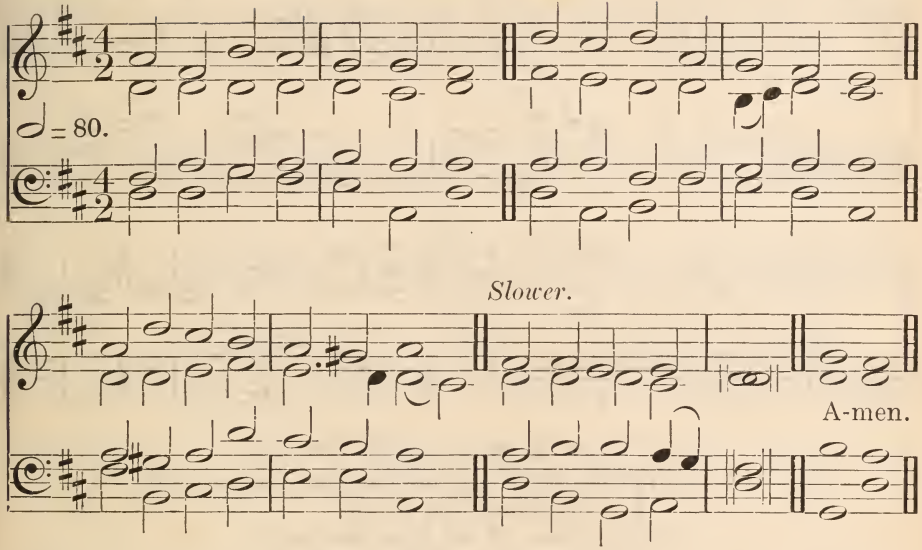
mf THOU, Whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
p Hear us, we humbly pray,
cr And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
ff Let there be light!

mf Thou, Who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
cr Oh, now to all mankind
ff Let there be light!

p Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
cr And in earth's darkest place
ff Let there be light!

mf Blessèd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
cr Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
ff Let there be light! Amen.

CAPETOWN. 7.7.7.5. F. FILITZ, 1804–1876.



mf THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights! with morning-shine
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
p Breathe on us her balm.

mf Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it sink on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
p Shed a vesper calm.

mf Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship Thee;
cr With the Saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

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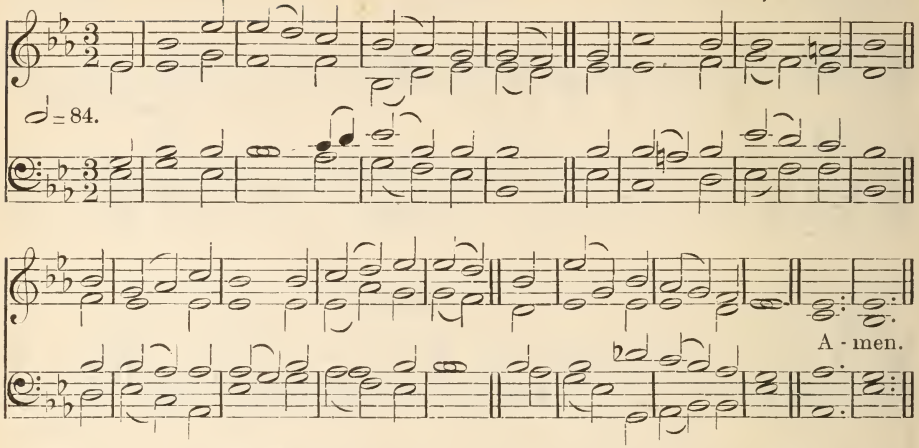
ABRIDGE. C.M. ISAAC SMITH, 1735?–1800.



May also be sung to "Bristol," *No.* 77.

mf THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
cr The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

f Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
mf When in distress to Him I called,
f He to my rescue came.

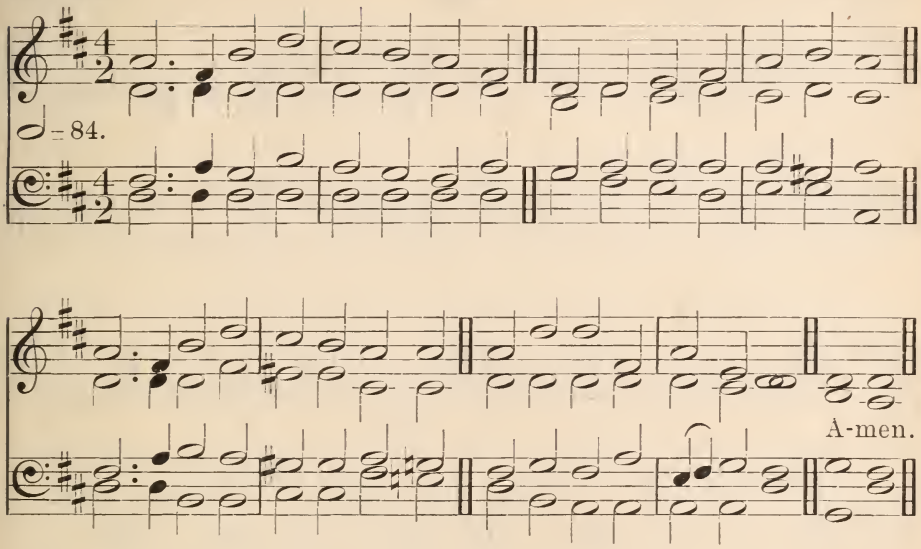
p The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

mf Oh! make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

mf Fear Him, ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

St. Oswald. 8.7.8.7. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



f THROUGH the night of doubt and sor-
Onward goes the pilgrim band, [row
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,
One the Faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the Hope our God inspires.

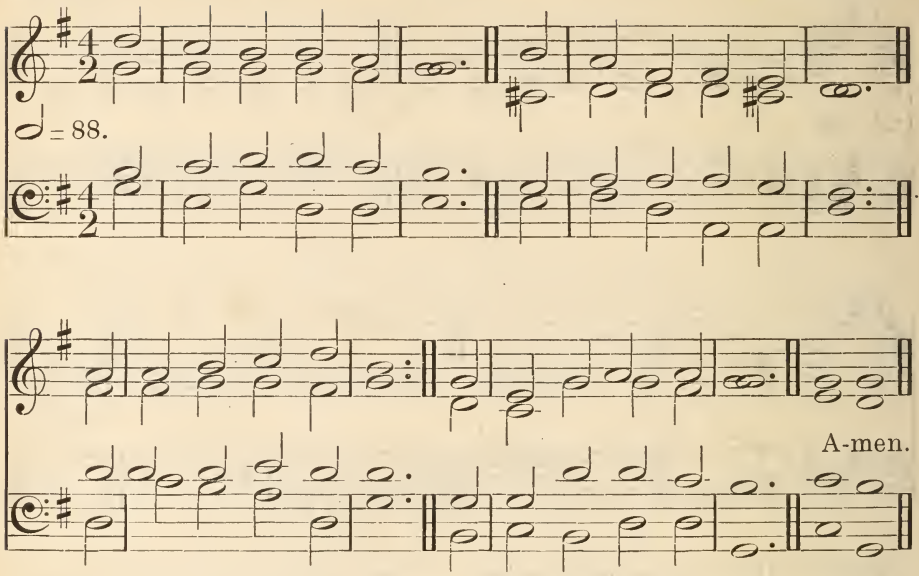
One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

ff One the gladness of rejoicing,
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

mf Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!

cr Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
f Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!
Amen.

St. Cecilia. 6.6.6.6. L. G. Hayne, 1836–1883.



f THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

mf Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

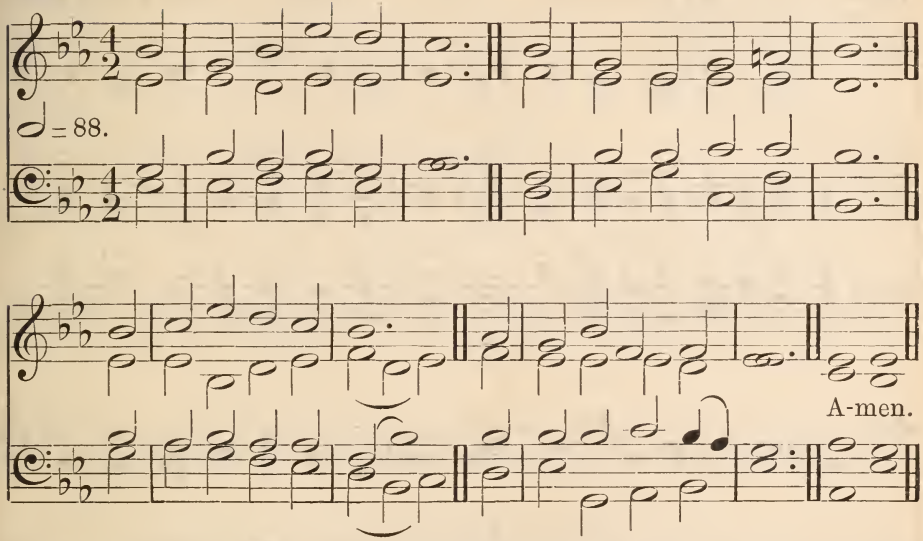
When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
cr And come in Thy great might!
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

p Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
cr Arise! O Morning Star,
f Arise, and never set! Amen.

EDEN. 6.6.6.6. O. M. FEILDEN, *b.* 1837.



May also be sung to "St. Cecilia," *No.* 578.

mf THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

f The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
dim Else I must surely stray.

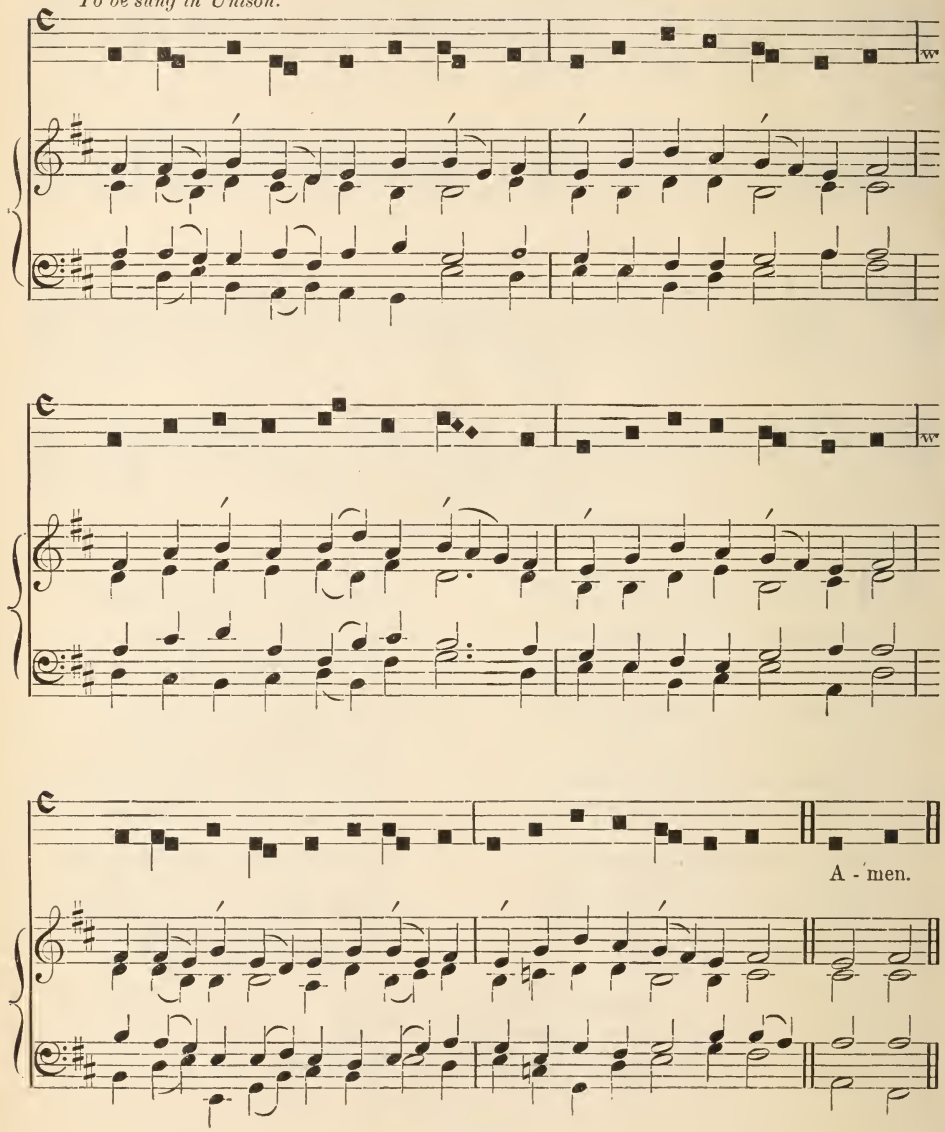
mf Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

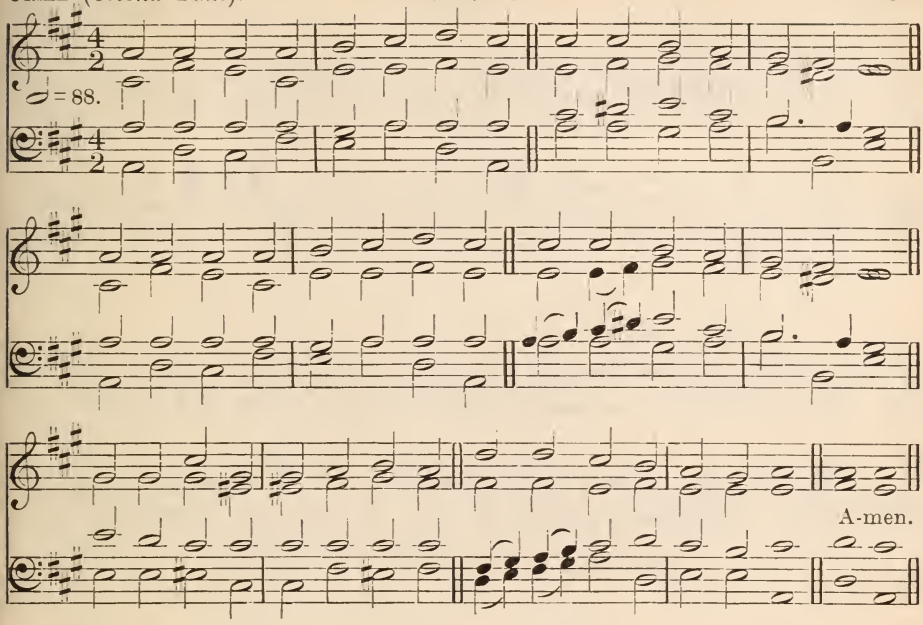
Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small;
cr Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.

Gloriosi Salvatoris (*First Tune*). Mode IV. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.



ORIEL (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Anon.



f TO the Name that brings Salvation,
Laud and honour let us pay:
mf That for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay;
f But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

mf Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Name beyond what words can tell,
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Ear and heart delighting well,
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

f 'Tis the Name for adoration,
'Tis the Name for victory;
mf 'Tis the Name for meditation
In the vale of misery;
f Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

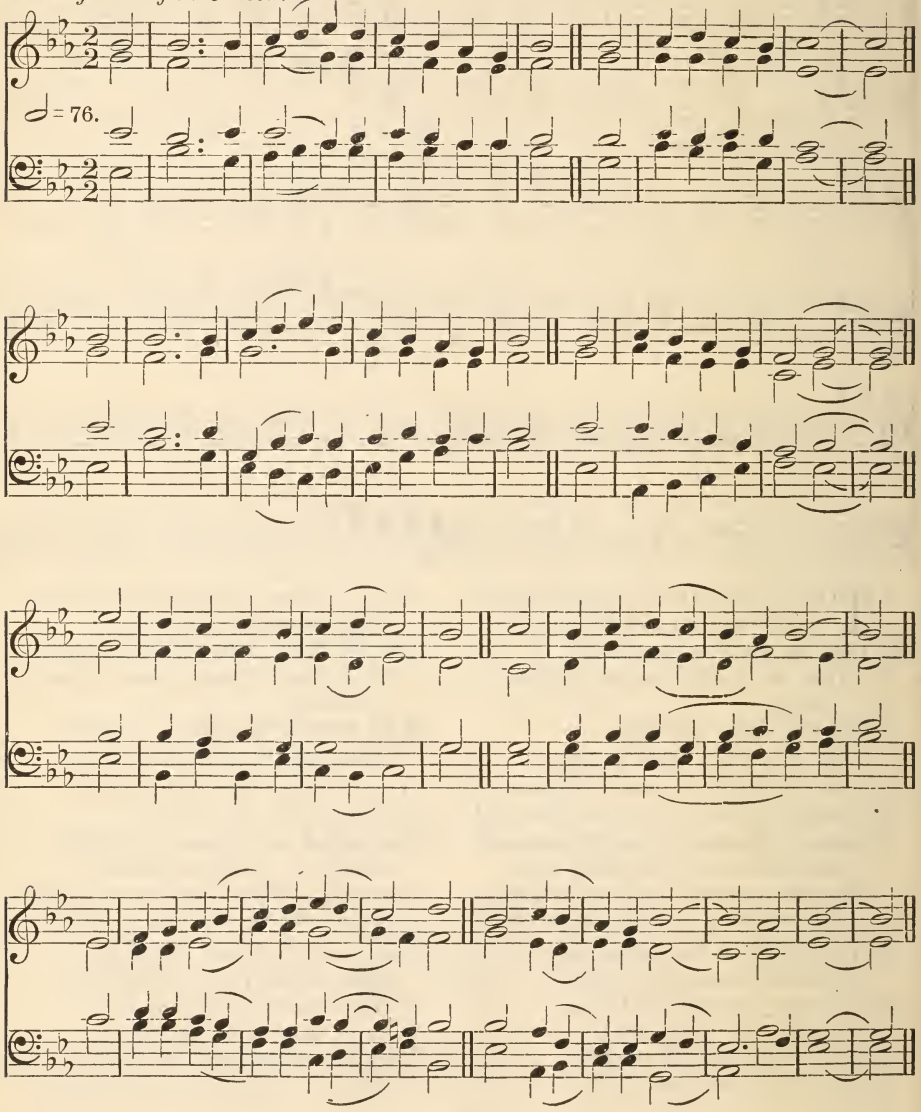
'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Finds it music to the ear;
'Tis the Name that whoso teacheth
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

f 'Tis the Name by right exalted
Over every other name;
That when we are sore assaulted
Puts our enemies to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

p Jesu, we Thy Name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art:
cr Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
f That, hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We with Angels may have part.
Amen.

BEACON. 10.6.10.6.7.6.7.6. C. V. STANFORD, *b.* 1852.

May be sung in Unison.



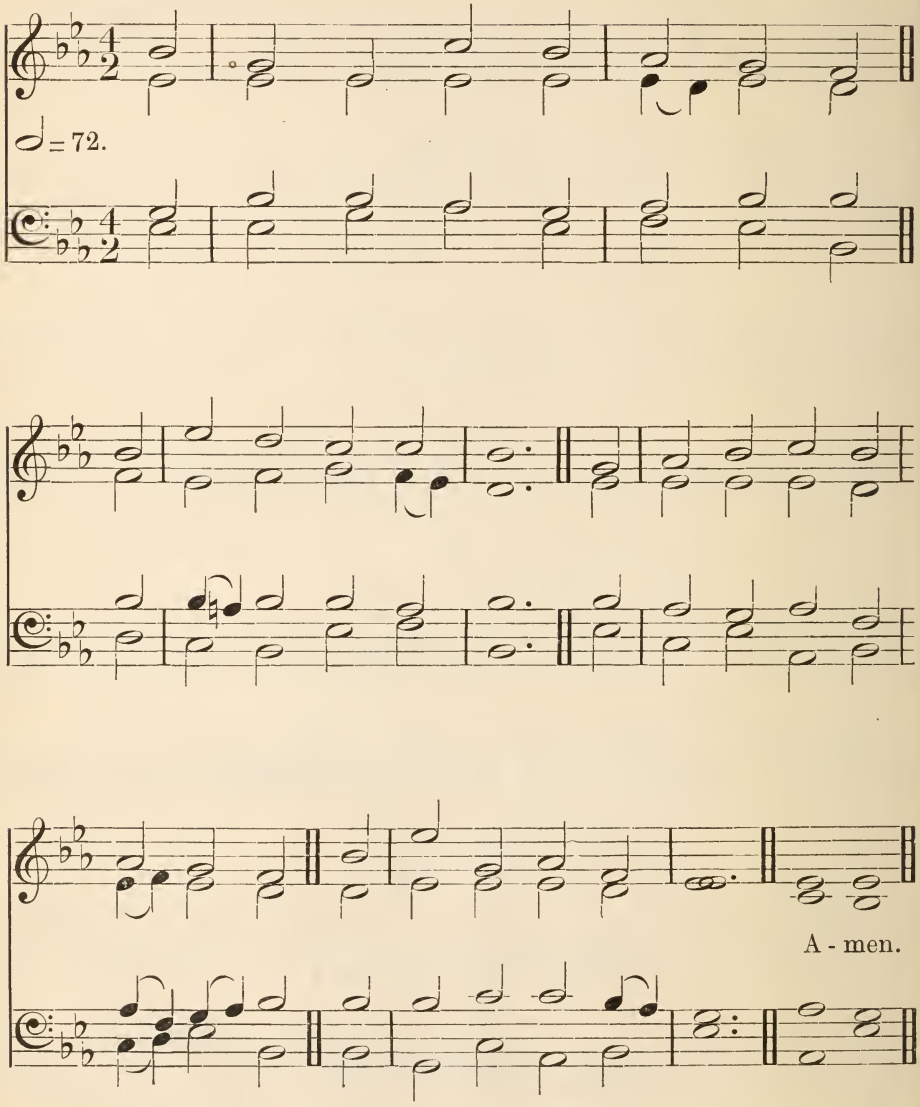
f TRUE Light, that lightest all in heaven and earth,
Light us, Thou Light Divine;
Children, Thou mad'st us by a second birth,
Children, O Lord, of Thine:
Heirs of a life undying,
The hidden life above,
Strong on Thy strength relying,
Safe in a Father's love.

p The earth, erewhile so oft bedewed with tears,
cr Shall be, like man, new-born:
f The heavens—unrolled through unimagined years,—
Be bright with endless morn;
No room is there for sorrow,
Toil, trouble, want, or care,
None anxious for the morrow,—
There is no morrow there.

f Light there, eternal light and life shall reign
O'er all without, within;
No stricken soul e'er bow beneath the pain
Of unforgotten sin;
The day shall have no ending,
No night its shadows cast,
All present gladness blending
With gladness in the past.

mf We darkly now, as in a mirror, see
These wondrous worlds on high;
Help us, O Lord, to live our life in Thee,
The Life that cannot die;
cr Till heavenward ever soaring,
By Thy redeeming grace,
f Before Thy throne adoring
We see Thee face to face.

Bedford (Modern Form). C.M. W. Wheall, 1690?–1727.



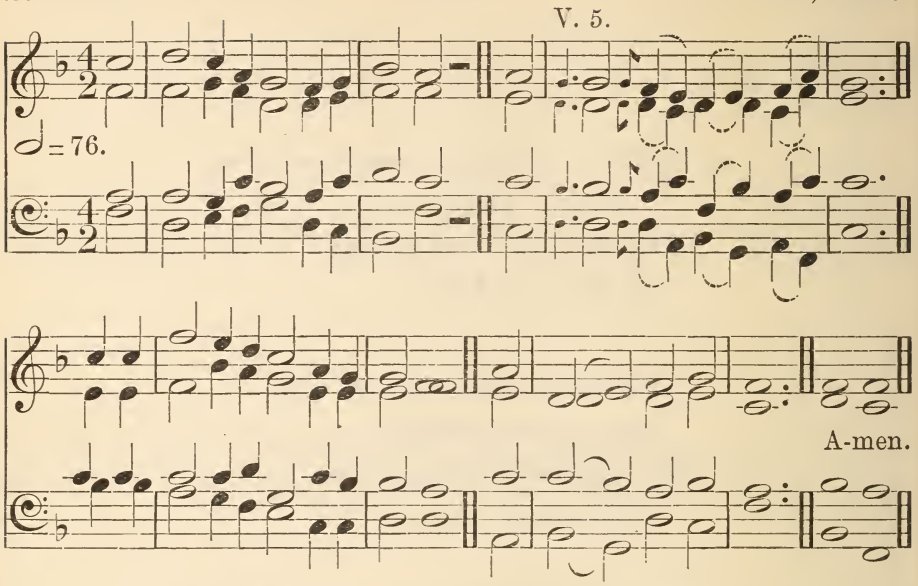
mf TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh, bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford
To feel his brother's care.

cr Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love. Amen.

ACHNASHEEN. 9.8.10.5. C. H. LLOYD, *b.* 1849.



mf WE know not a voice of that River,
If vocal or silent it be,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows to no sea.

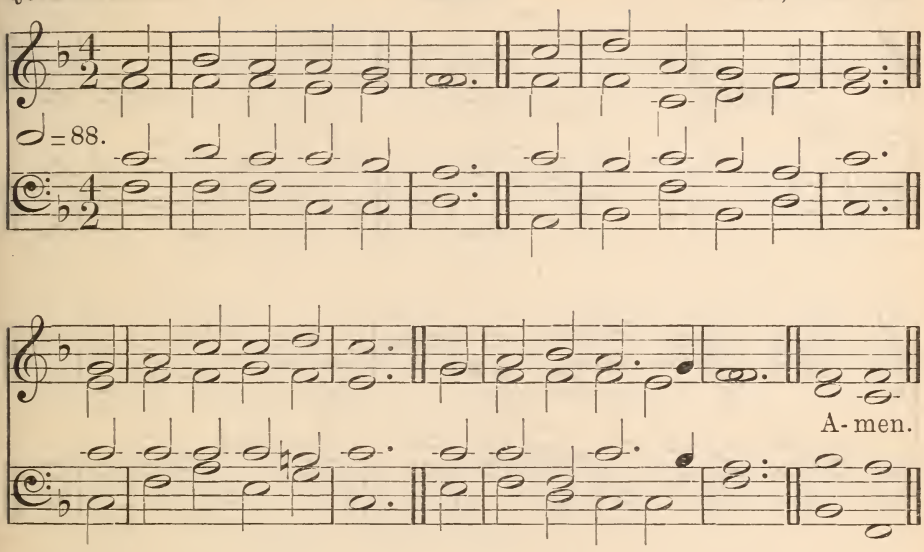
More deep than the seas is that River,
More full than their manifold tides
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows and abides.

Pure gold is the bed of that River
(The gold of that land is the best)
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows on at rest.

Oh goodly the banks of that River,
Oh goodly the fruits that they bear,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows and is fair.

f For lo! on each bank of that River
The Tree of Life life-giving grows,
Where for ever and ever and ever
The pure River flows. Amen.

QUAM DILECTA. 6.6.6.6. H. L. JENNER, 1820–1898.



mf WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the sacred Font;
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.

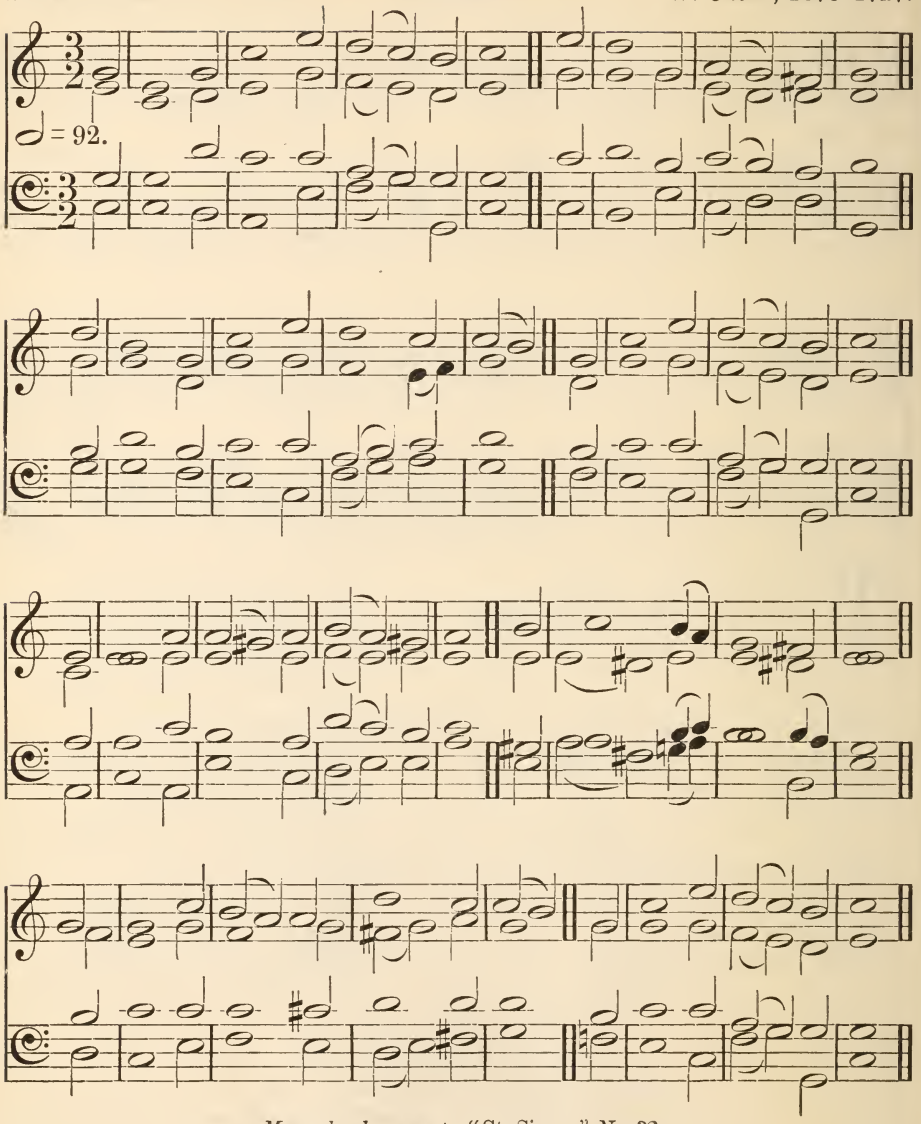
We love Thine Altar, Lord;
Oh, what on earth so dear?
p For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy Presence near.

mf We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

f We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But Oh! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

p Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
cr In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy Saints adore. Amen.

St. Matthew. D.C.M. W. Croft, 1678–1727.



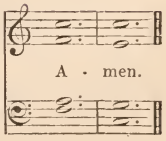
May also be sung to "St. Simon," *No.* 32.

mf WE love Thee, Lord; yet not alone,
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land;
For these Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord,
Yet not for these alone,
The incense of Thy children's love
Arises to Thy throne.

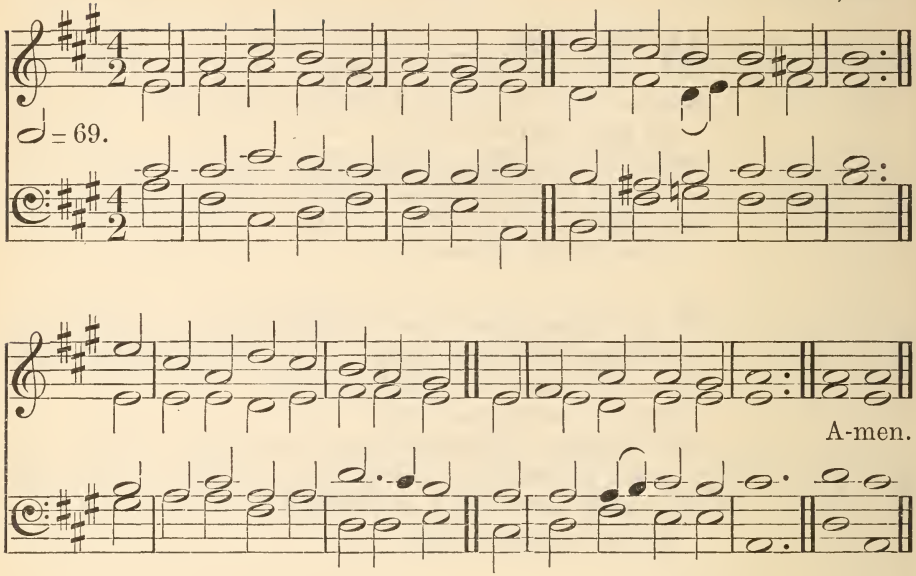
We love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way;
p When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
mf Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.

p Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy Will,
Thou wert not an avenging Judge,
But a gracious Father still:
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
mf But Thou hast not forgot—
p Because we have forsaken Thee,
mf But Thou forsakest not.

f Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love,
And sentest forth Thy Son to die
That we might live above;
mf Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
f Thou gavest hope of heaven;
mf We love because we much have sinned,
f And much have been forgiven.



ABBEY. C.M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1615.

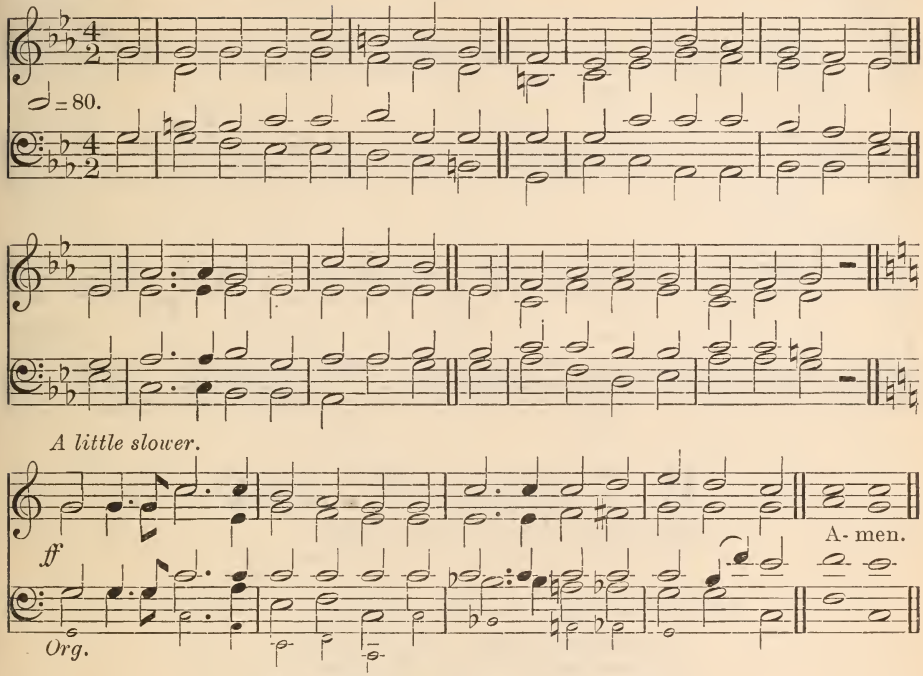


f WE praise the King of realms on high,
What wonders He hath wrought,
His might is blazoned on the sky,
And heaven reveals His thought.

mf He shaped the welkin as a dome
O'er us His sons below,
And formed the earth to be our home;
p O God! Thy power we know.

p We bow before the holy sight
cr Of One Who reigns sublime,
And yield us to Thy sovereign might,
f Eternal Lord of time! Amen.

CREDO. 8.8.8.8. 8.8. J. STAINER, 1840–1901.



May also be sung to "Surrey," *No.* 563.

p WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
f But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

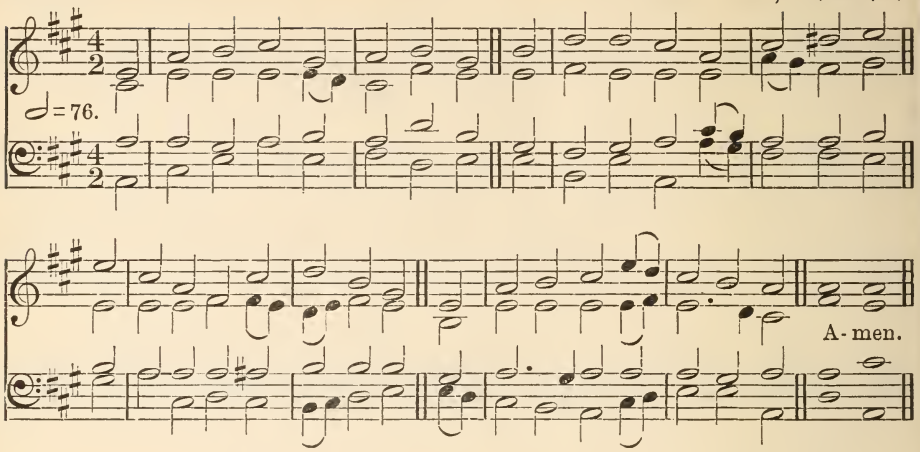
p We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid the wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do;"
f Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

p We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred Body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
f But we believe that Angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

p We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst though the clouds ascend,
cr First lift to heaven their wondering view,
dim Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
f Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

mf And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
p No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
f But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our Redeeming Lord. Amen.

BROCKHAM. L.M. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670–1707.



f WE sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

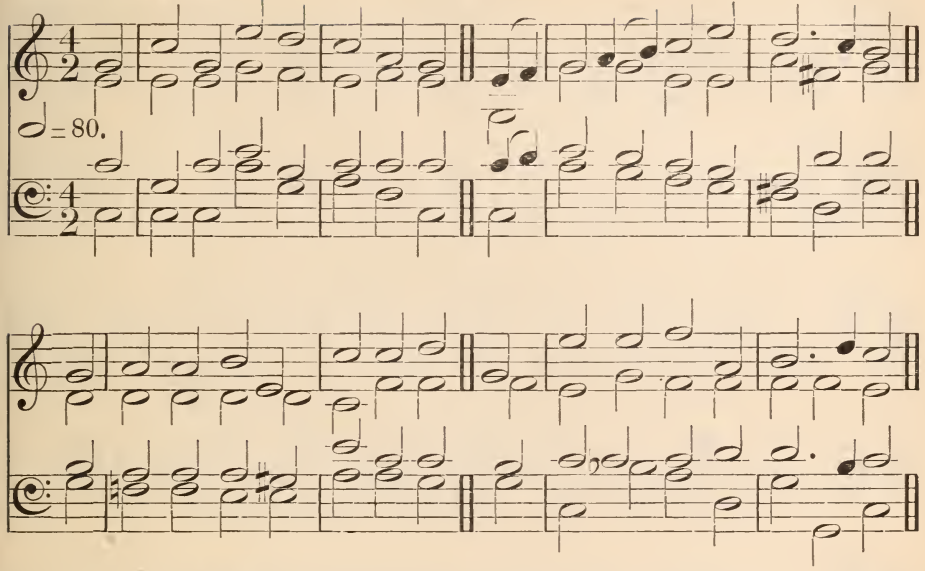
mf Inscribed upon the Cross we see,
In shining letters, God is Love;
He bears our sins upon the Tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

f The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

f It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

p The balm of life, the cure of woe,
cr The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
f The Angels' theme in heaven above. Amen.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT, *b.* 1833.

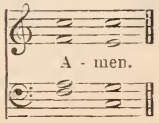


f WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee;

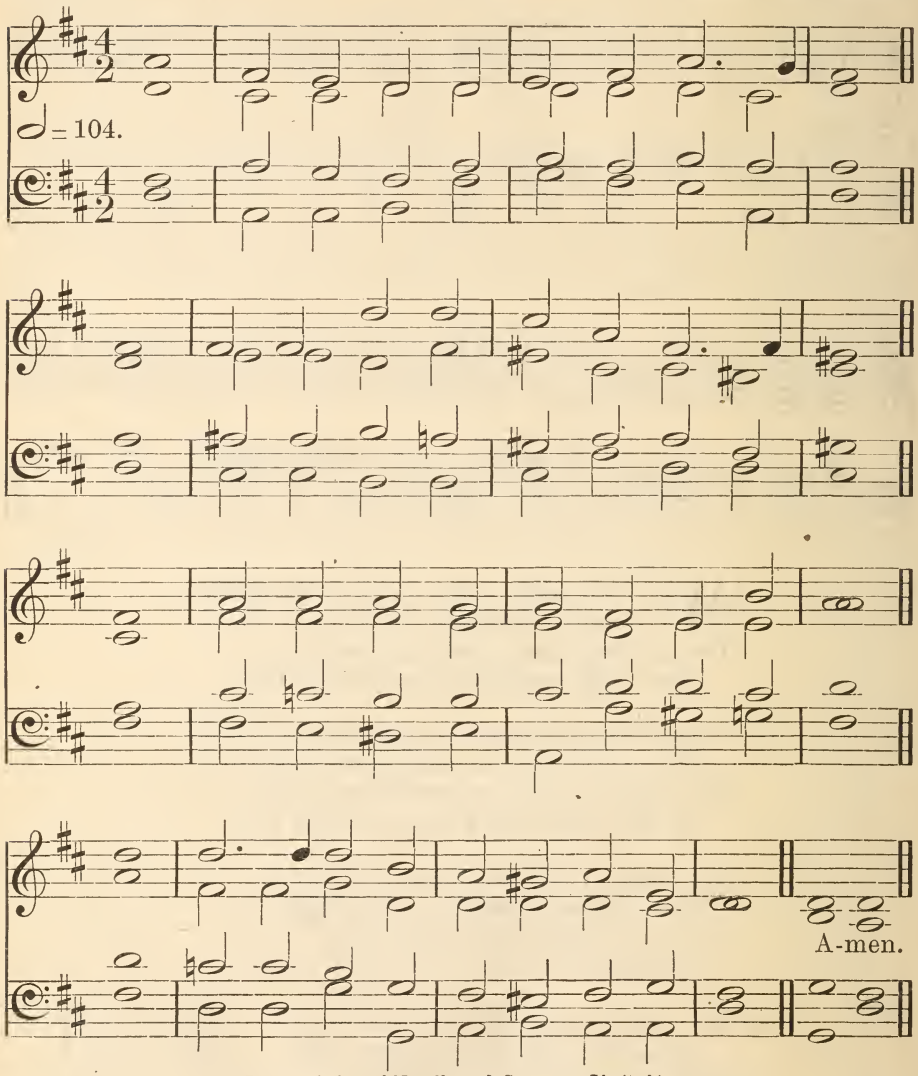
mf From Thee the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

p Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

mf So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
cr Help us in Thee to live and die,
f By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.



DALKEITH. 10.10.10.10. T. HEWLETT, 1845–1874.



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May also be sung to "St. Agnes," *No.* 252.

p WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven, and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
cr And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

p So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that Holy Land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
cr Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

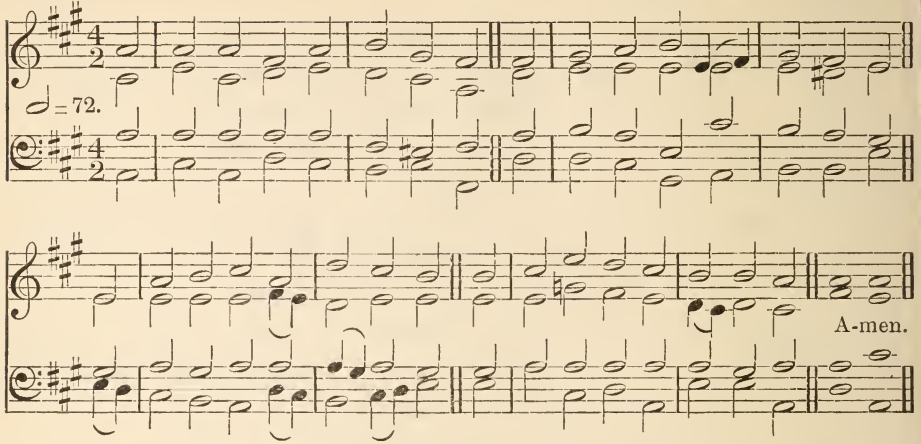
p The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
cr Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
f "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

f It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

f Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
p Thine the sharp thorns, (*f*) and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, (*p*) and Thine the life laid down!

p O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
cr That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness. Amen.

BRESLAU. L.M. CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia nova*, 1630.



mf WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the Mercy-seat;
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

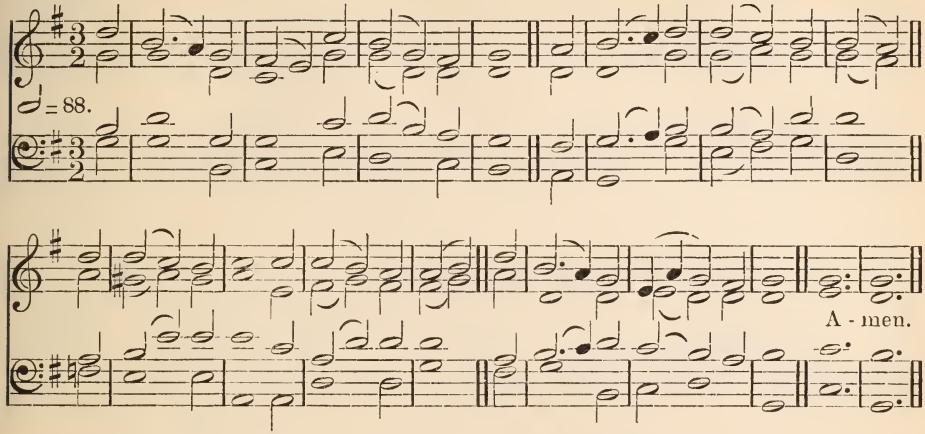
p Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
cr Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest Saint upon his knees.

mf When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
p But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

mf Have we no words? ah, think again;
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
cr Our cheerful song would oftener be,
f "Hear what the Lord hath done for me." Amen.

BISHOPTHORPE. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1669–1707.



May also be sung to "Bedford," *No.* 582.

mf WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.

p When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

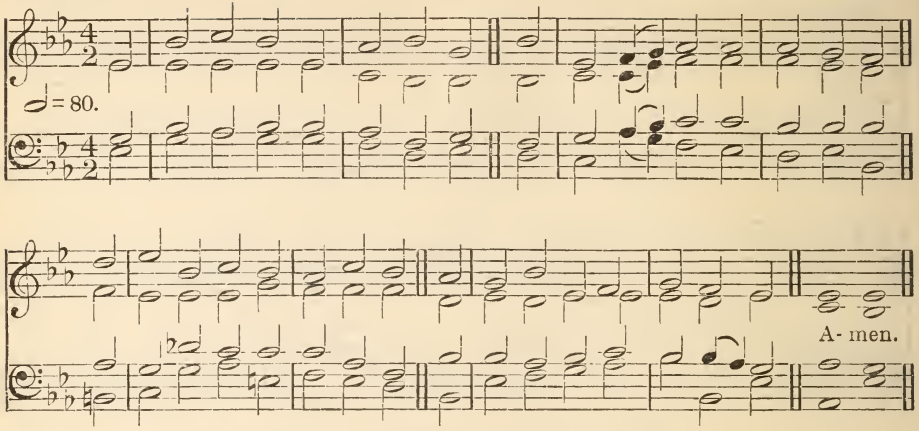
mf Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
cr And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

f Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But Oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. Amen.

593

St Sepulchre. L.M. G. Cooper, 1810–1876.



p WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
mf Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

p Oh think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
mf Think of the Blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that Blood my pardon buy.

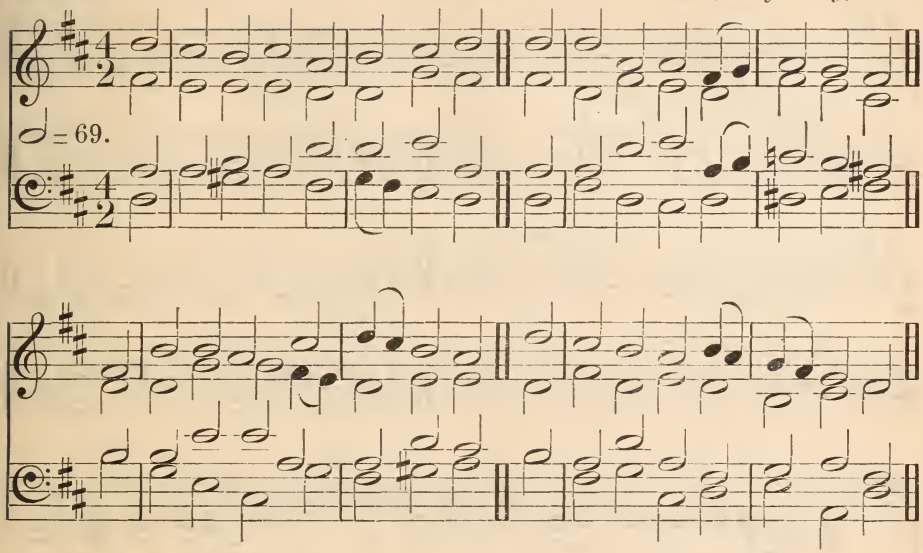
p Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

mf Oh think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

p Oh think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace Divine;
mf Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
p Behold, and spare, and succour me. Amen.

ERFURT. L.M. *Geistliche Lieder, Magdeburg*, 1540.



May also be sung to "Angels' Song," *No.* 223.

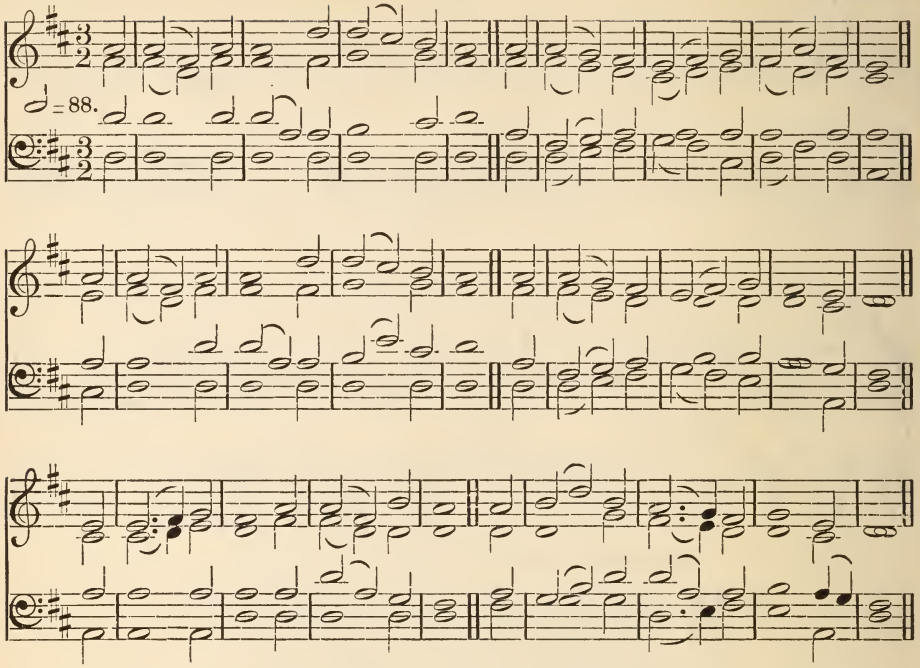
mf WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
He took our nature poor and low
He wore no form of Angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

f But when He cometh back once more,
There shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

p O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
O Son of Man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed,—

Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
cr By all Thy love and all Thy power,
dim In that great Day of Judgment save.

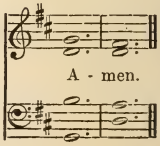
STELLA. Six 8's. Anon.



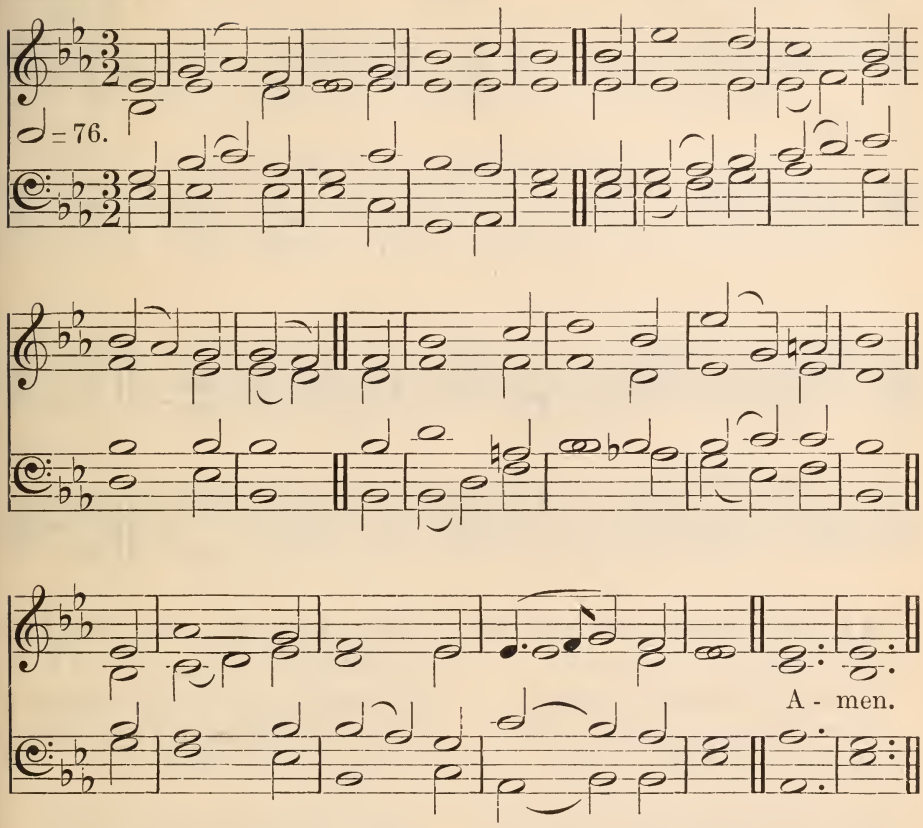
p WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
mf On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

p If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
cr Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
mf Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

p And Oh! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for Thou hast died;
cr Then point to realms of cloudless day,
f And wipe the latest tear away.



ROCKINGHAM. L.M. E. MILLER, 1731–1807.



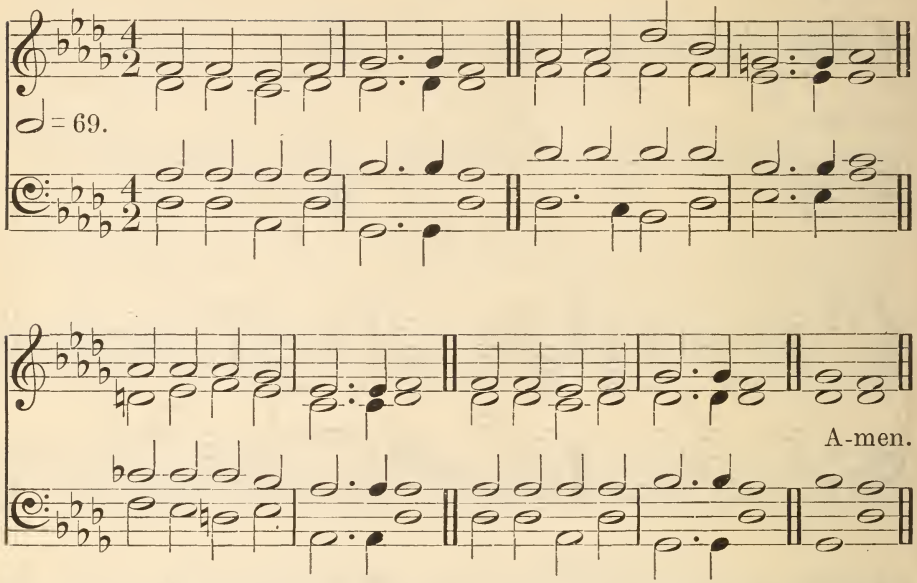
mf WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

p See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Amen.

REDHEAD, No. 47. 7.7.7.7. R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



p WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
pp Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

mf Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
pp Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

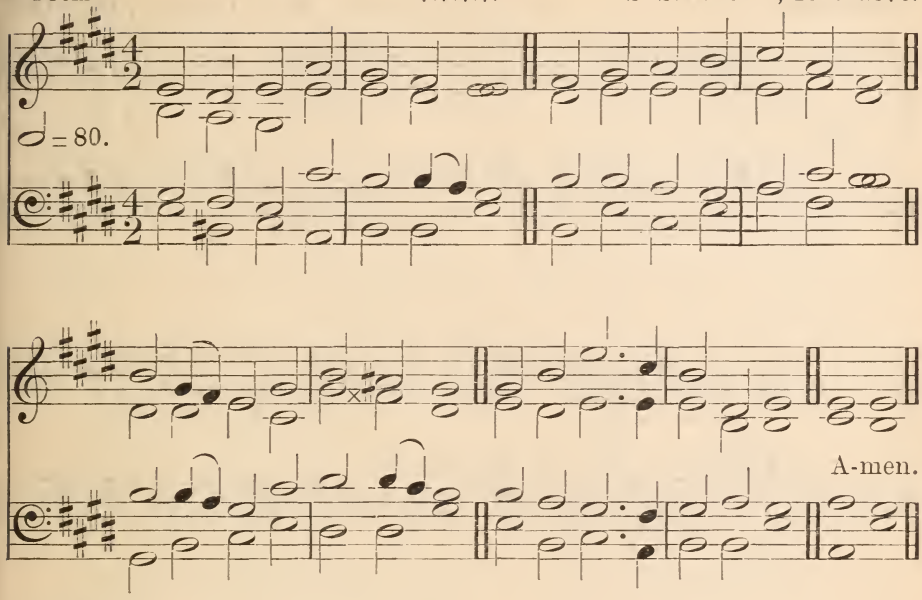
p When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
pp Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

p Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
cr Though the sins were not Thine own,
mf Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
pp Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

p When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
pp Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

p Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the Blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
pp Gracious Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

FIDUCIA. 7.7.7.7. S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



p WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,—
f "It is I; be not afraid."

mf When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,—
"It is I; be not afraid."

p When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,—
"It is I; be not afraid."

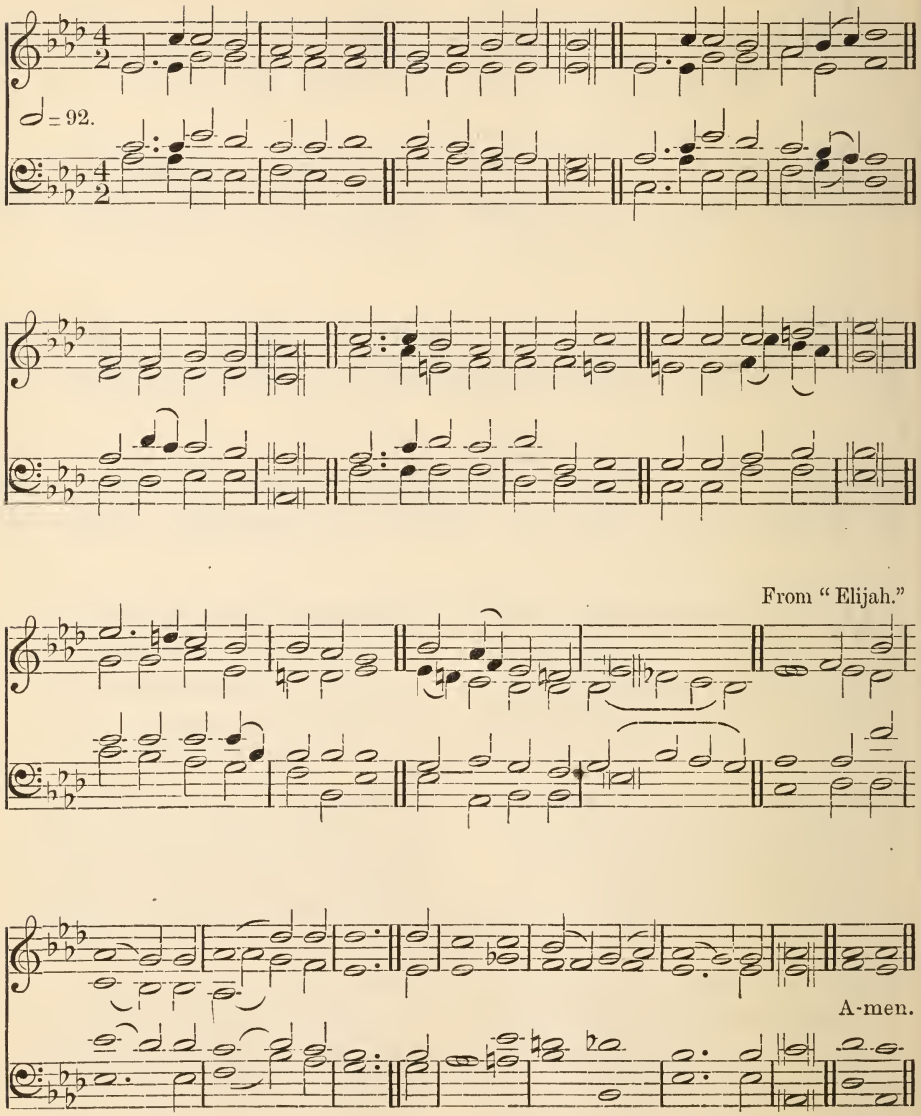
pp When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh! may then the mourner hear,—
p "It is I; be not afraid."

p When with wearing hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
cr Breathe Thou then the comfort-
mf "It is I; be not afraid." [strain,—

p When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
cr May the voice be strong and clear,—
f "It is I; be not afraid." Amen.

599

INTERCESSION. 7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8. W. H. CALLCOTT, 1807–1882.



p WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
cr Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

mf When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God;
p When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name:
cr Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

p When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To His Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
cr Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

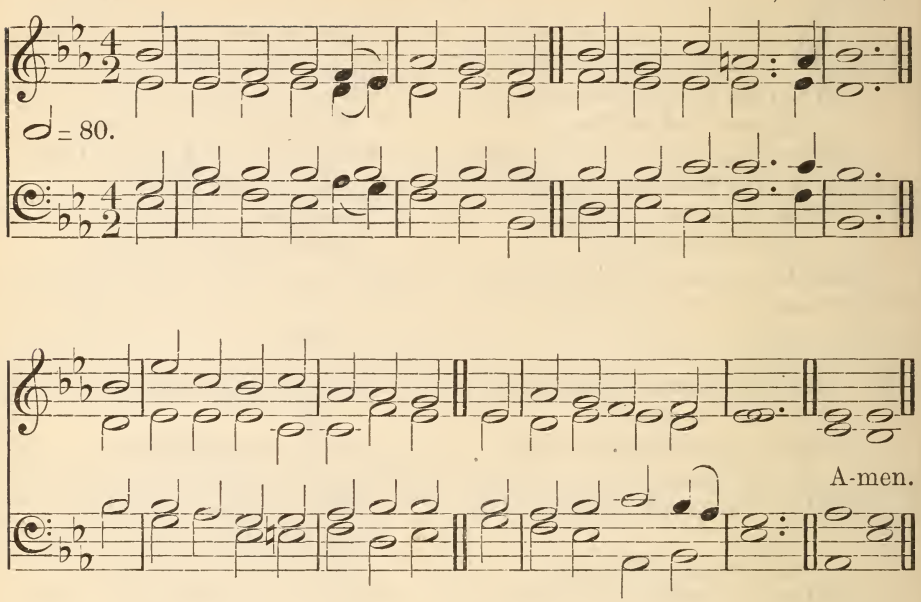
p When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair:
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
cr Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

mf When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
cr Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

p When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy waiting, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her frequent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come!
cr Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high. Amen.

600

St. Bernard. C.M. J. Richardson, 1816–1879.



p WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
mf One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

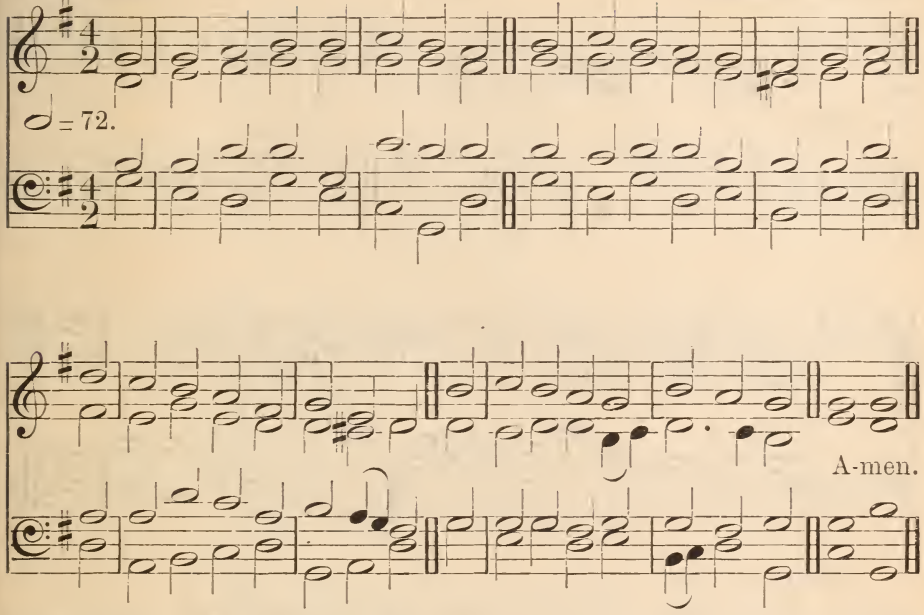
p When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
mf One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

p When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
mf One only stream, a stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.

f 'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

mf Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing Tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
p But in Thy wounded side. Amen.

COMMANDMENTS. L.M. *Geneva Psalter*, 1542.



mf WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

mf He Who for men their Surety stood,
p And poured on earth His precious Blood,
cr Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
f The Saviour and the Friend of man.

mf Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

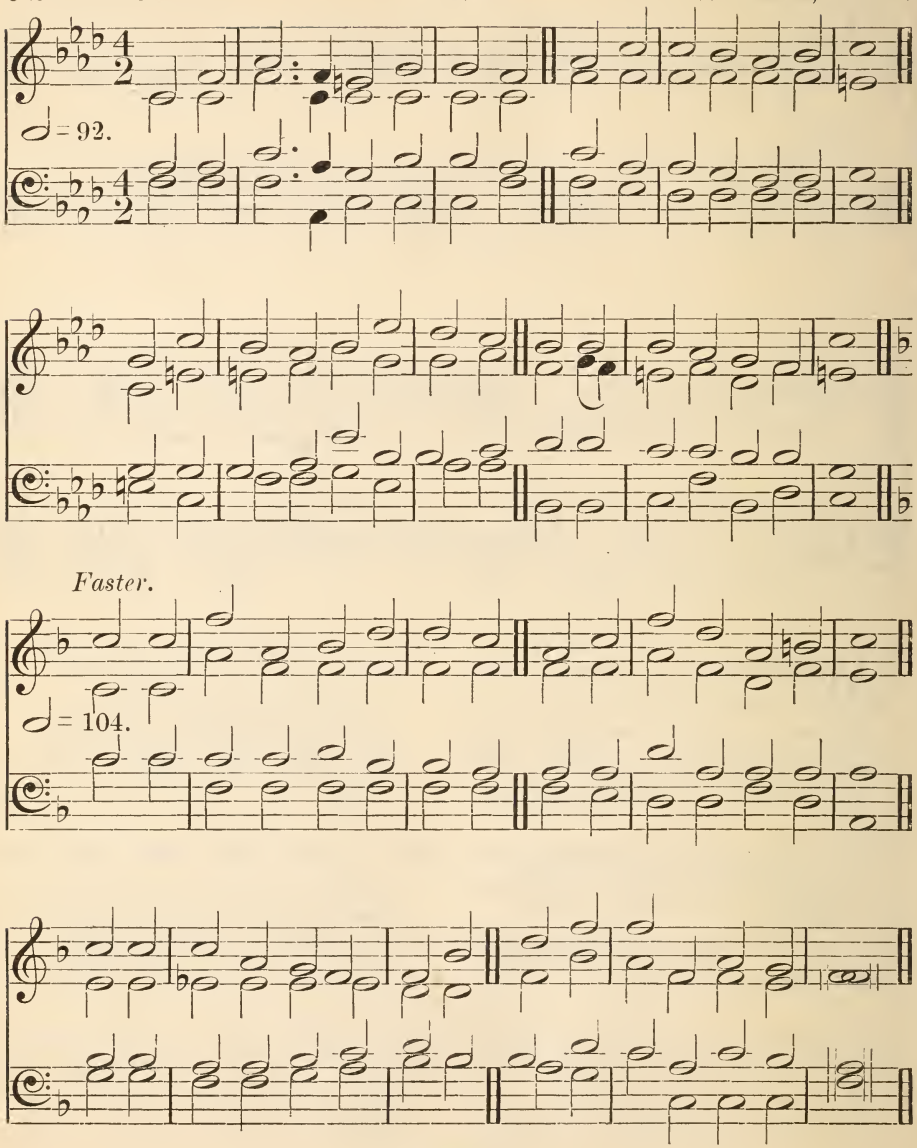
Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

p In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
mf He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

f With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. Amen

602

CROSS AND CROWN. 8.7.8.7. D. J. W. ELLIOTT, *b.* 1833.



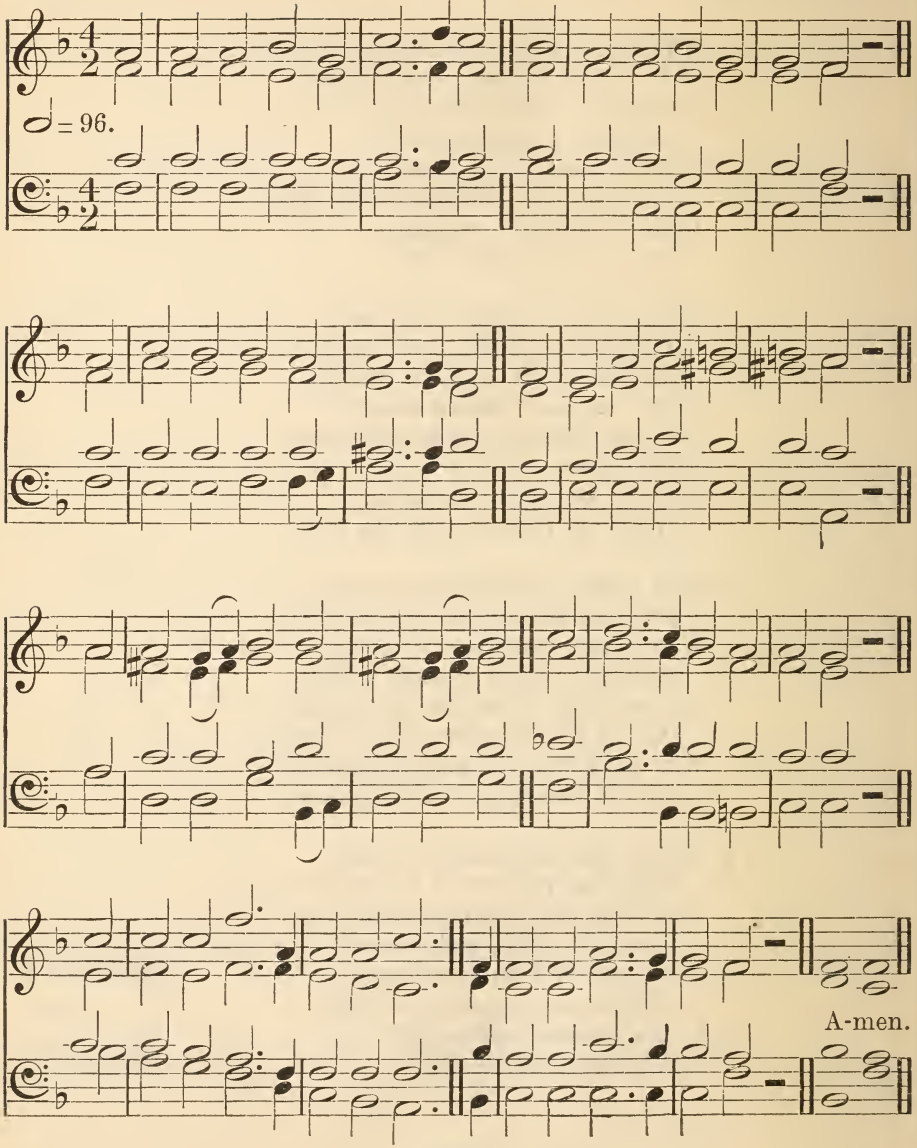
p WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
f 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

p Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
f 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

p Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
f 'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

p Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?
f 'Tis the God Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
cr In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly!

CONSTANCE. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



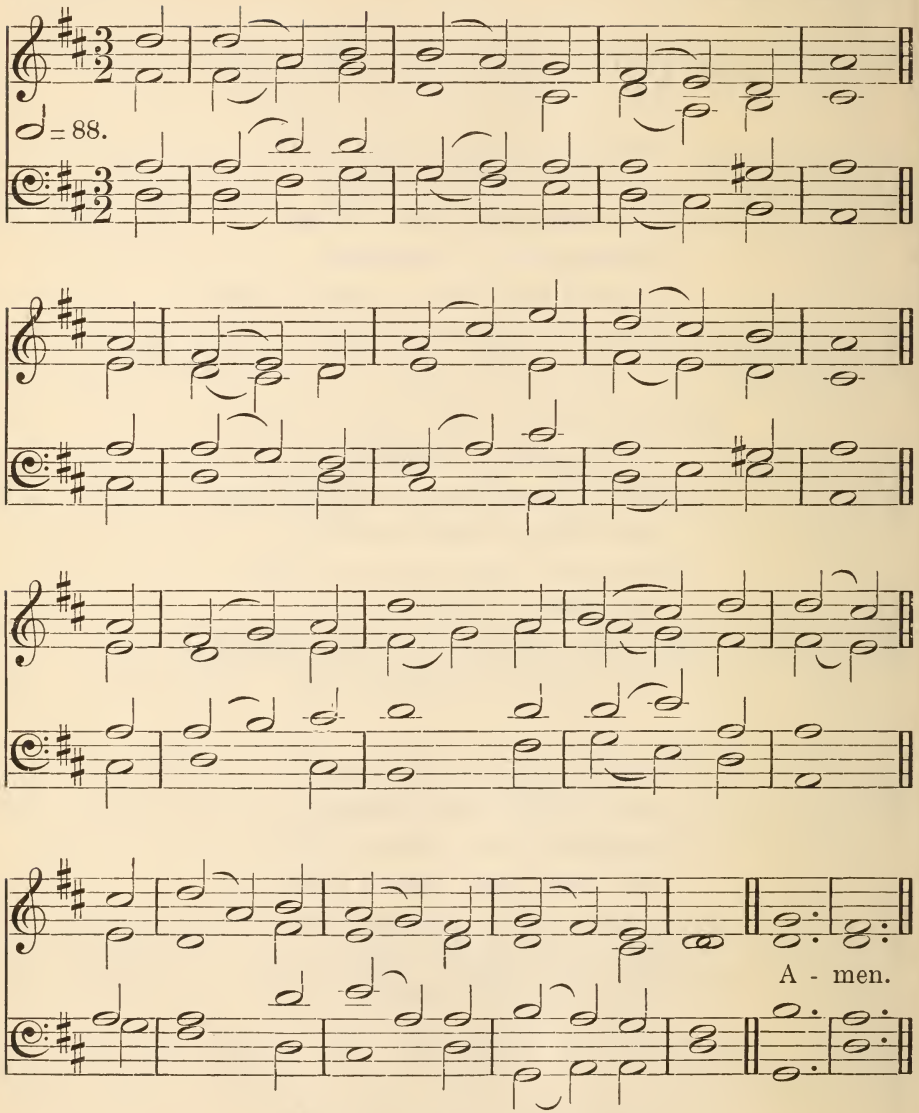
f WHO trusts in God, a strong abode
In heaven and earth possesses;
Who looks in love to Christ above,
No fear his heart oppresses.
mf In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own
Sweet hope and consolation;
f Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
Our great and sure salvation!

mf Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
f While Thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us.
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

f In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.
mf O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
cr Until we stand at Thy right hand,
f Through Jesus' saving merit. Amen.

604

MONTGOMERY. L.M. J. STANLEY, 1713–1786.



May also be sung to "Ely," *No.* 224.

f WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

mf How surely stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
f For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

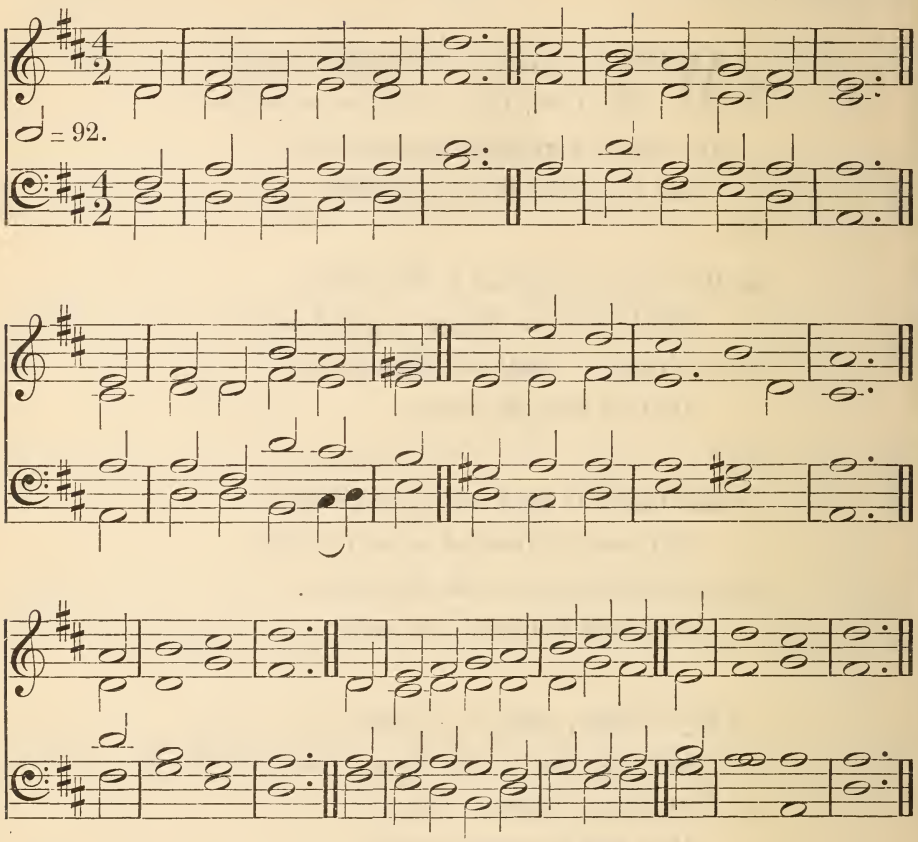
f The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
mf But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

f Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in Thy house would dwell.
mf That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

605

DARWALL'S 148TH. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. J. DARWALL, 1731–1789.



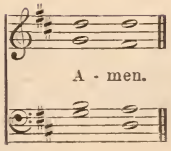
f YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To sing His praise.

mf Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

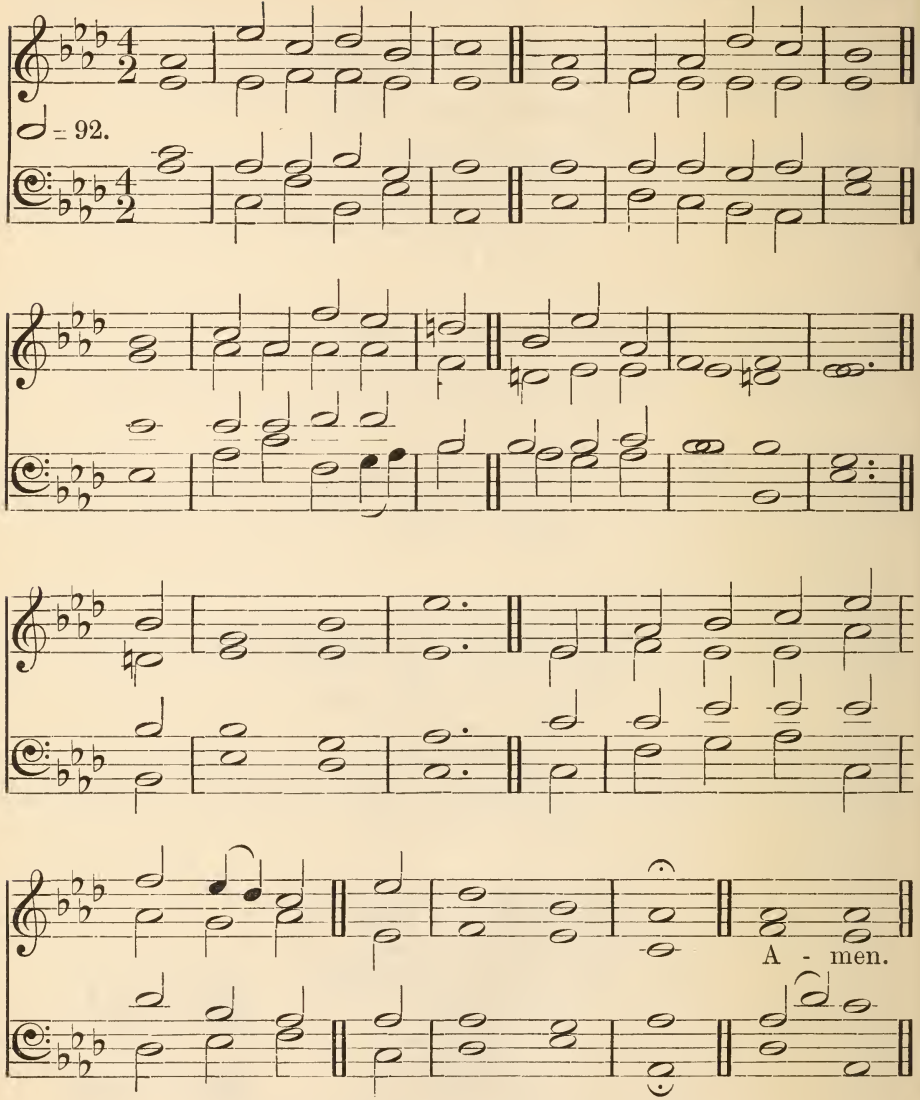
mf Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
cr By Whose Almighty Word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

mf United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

f To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever Blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.



HOWARD. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. S. HOWARD, 1710–1782.



May also be sung to "Darwall's 148th, *No.* 605.

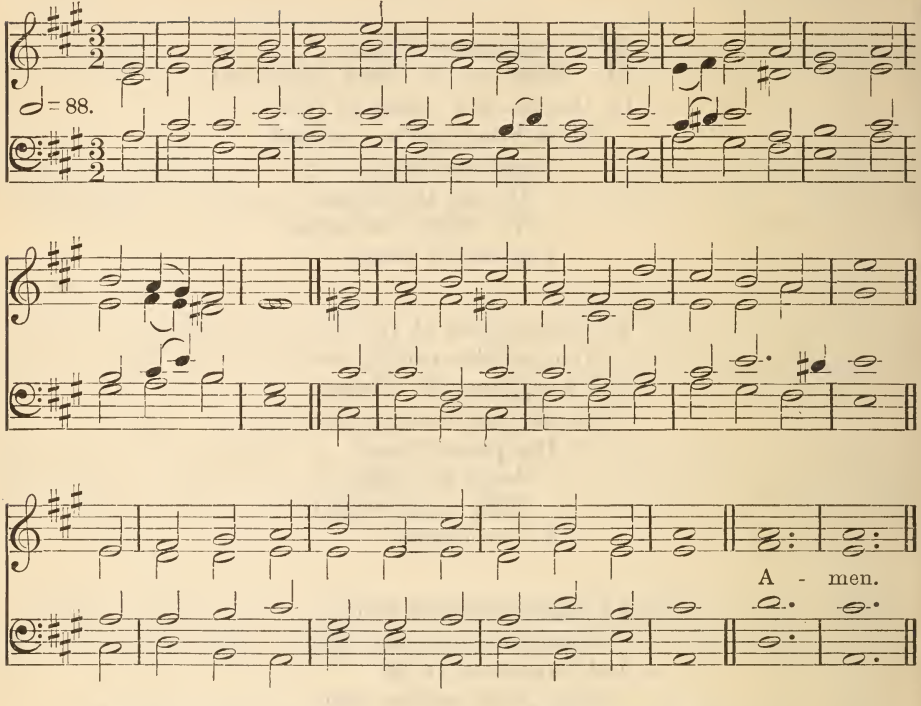
f YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

p Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
cr And now, from sin released,
Behold your Father's face,
f His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

mf Ye Saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
cr And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
mf Take what He gives,
And praise Him still
Through good and ill
Who ever lives!

f My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise! Amen.

HANOVER. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. W. CROFT, 1678–1727.



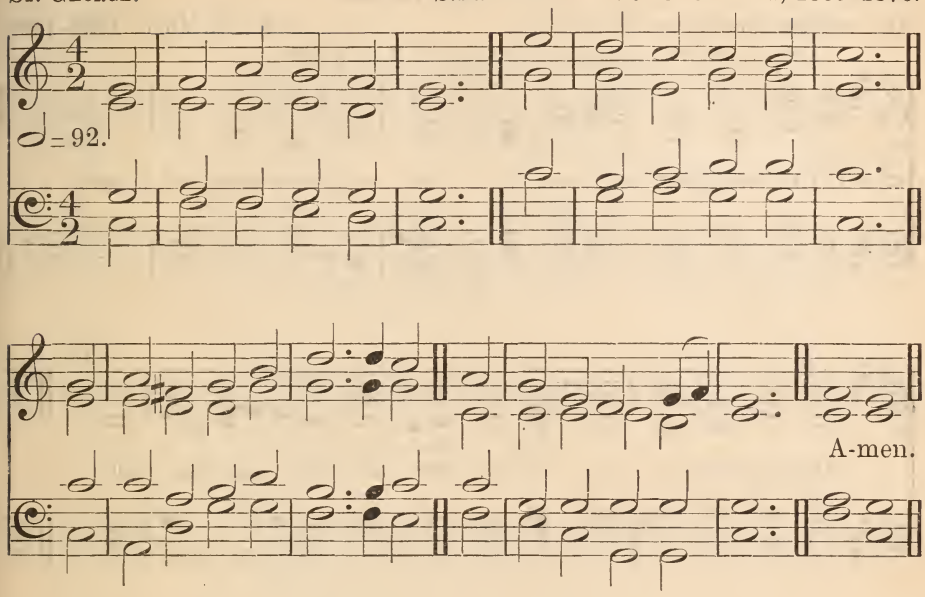
f YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have;
ff The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

f Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son.
The praises of Jesus
The Angels proclaim,
p Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

f Then let us adore
And give Him His right;
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
cr All honour and blessing,
With Angels above;
ff And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love. Amen.

St. George. S.M. H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876.



mf YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

f Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
p For awful is His Name.

mf Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
cr He shall His Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

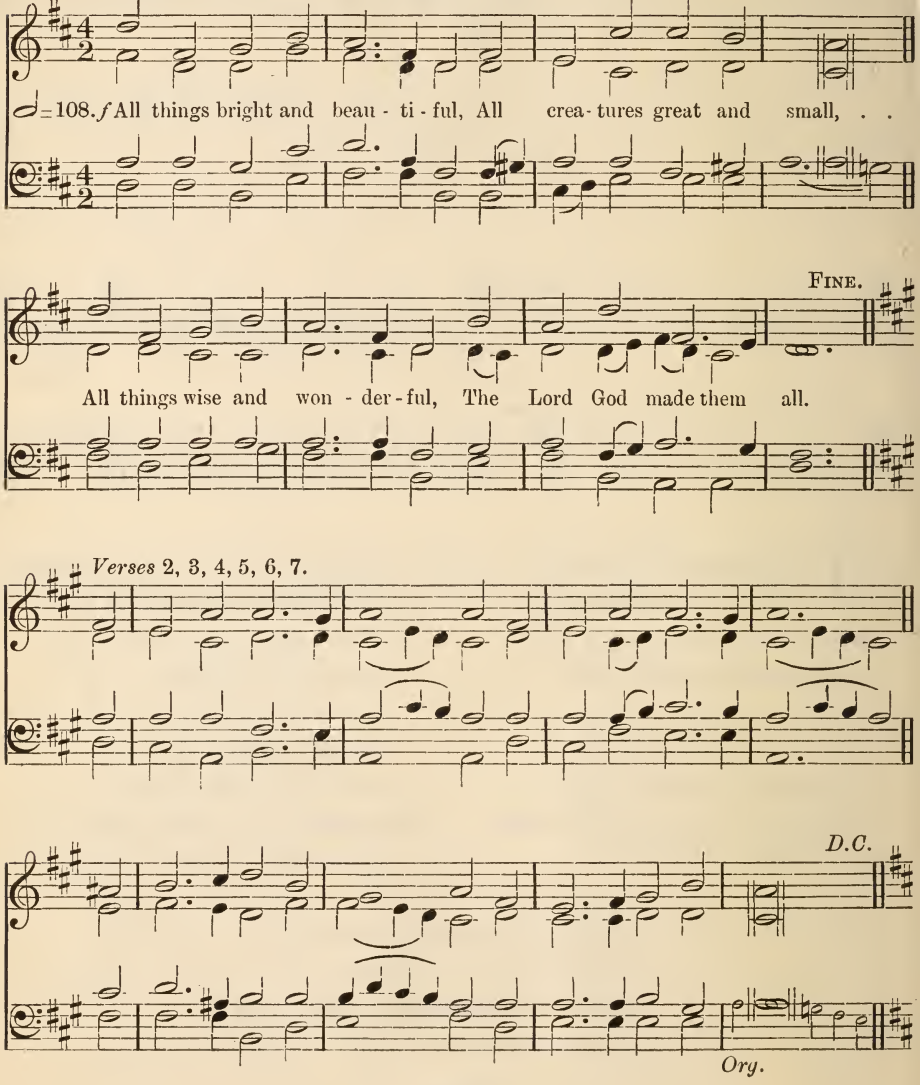
f Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst the Angelic band. Amen.

609

7.6.7.6., with Refrain.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL. W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.

Verse 1, *and the Refrain after Verses* 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.


♩=108. *f* All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small, . .
All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.
FINE.
Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.
D.C.
Ory.

f ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

mf Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things bright, etc.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.
All things bright, etc.

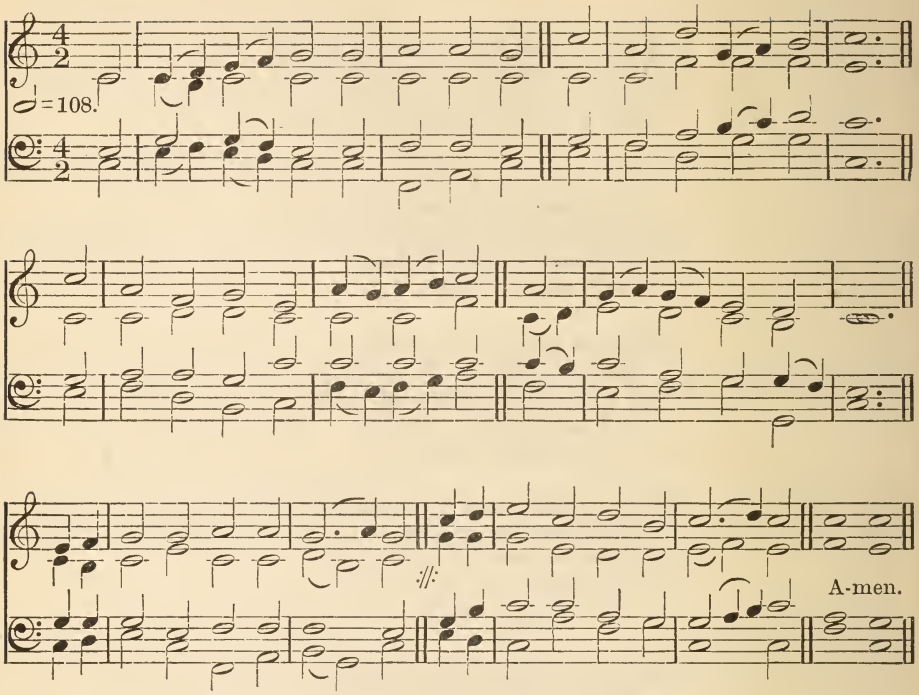
The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;—
All things bright, etc.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one;
All things bright, etc.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;—
All things bright, etc.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
f How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things bright, etc.

GLORY. 8.6.8.6.8. Anon.



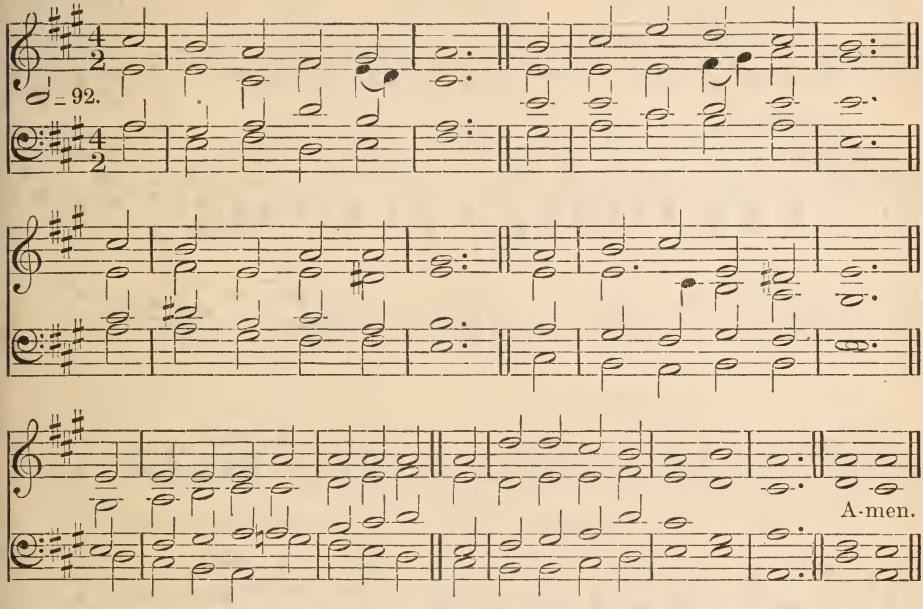
mf AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
cr Singing glory, glory, glory!

mf Because the Saviour shed His Blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
cr Singing glory, glory, glory!

mf What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love—
How came those children there?
cr Singing glory, glory, glory!

mf On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb;
cr Singing glory, glory, glory!
Amen.

St. Godric. 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



mf BEHOLD a little Child,
Laid in a manger bed;
The wintry blasts blow wild
Around His infant head.
p But Who is this so lowly laid?
f 'Tis He by Whom the worlds were made.

p Alas, in what poor state
The Son of God is seen;
Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean?
cr That we may learn from pride to fly,
And follow His humility.

mf Where Joseph plies his trade,
Lo! Jesus labours too,
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue;
p That weary men in Him may rest,
cr And faithful toil through Him be blest.

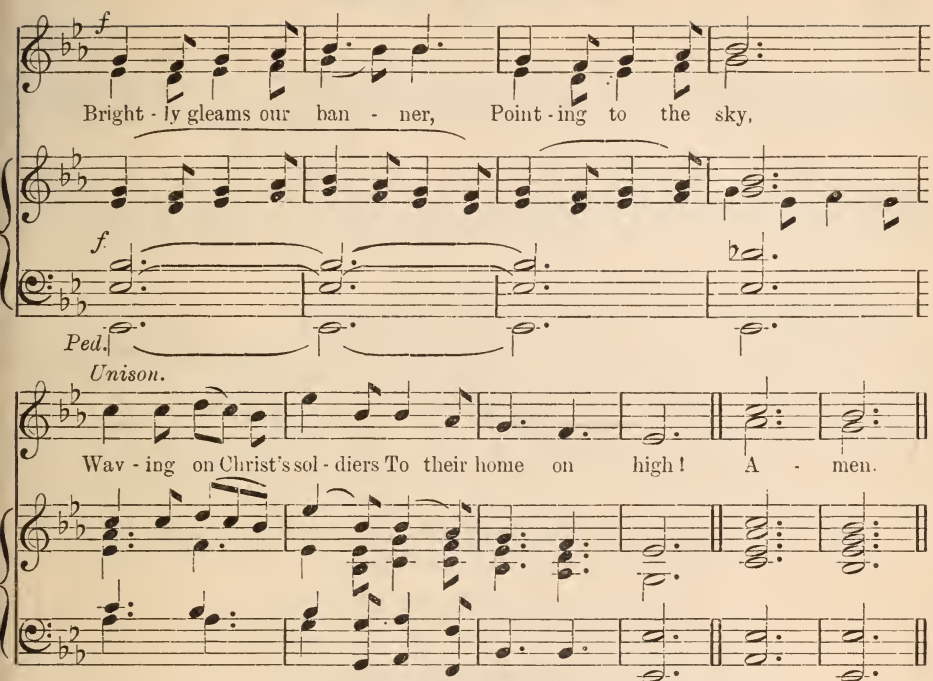
mf Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace;
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place?
cr That Christian boys, with reverence meet,
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

mf Christ, once Thyself a boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide,
cr That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee. Amen.

St. Theresa. 6.5., 12 lines. Arthur Sullivan, 1842–1900.

Treble Voices in Unison.

1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, . . Waving on Christ's
♩.= 60.
sol - diers To their home on high ! . . March-ing thro' the des - ert,
Glad - ly thus we pray, Still, with hearts u - ni - ted, Sing-ing on our way,—



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f BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!
mf Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
f Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way,—
Brightly gleams, etc.

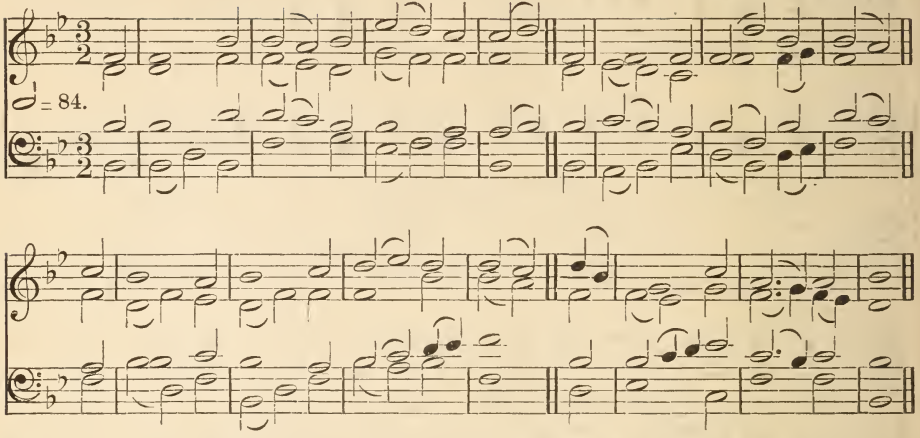
mf Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
f Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
p Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
f Brightly gleams, etc.

mf Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a Child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
p In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
cr Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
f Brightly gleams, etc.

mf All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe:
p Bid Thine Angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
f Brightly gleams, etc.

mf Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
p When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
cr Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease!
f Brightly gleams, etc. Amen.

WILTSHIRE. C.M. G. SMART, 1776–1867.



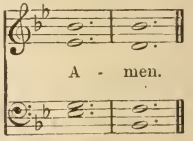
mf BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

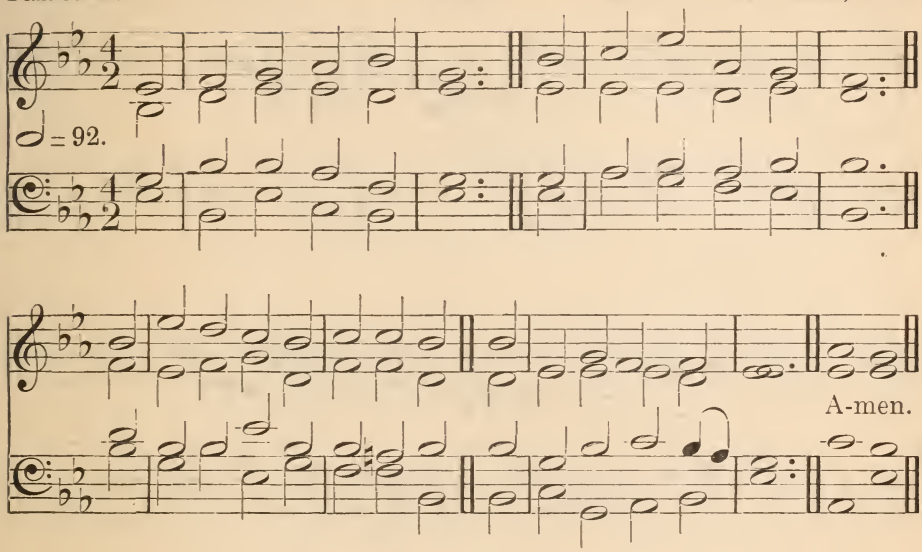
p By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

cr Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.



FRANCONIA. S.M. MÜLLER'S *Choralbuch*, 1754.



p COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Oh hear an infant's prayer:
Stoop down, and make my heart Thy home,
And shed Thy blessing there.

Thy light, Thy love impart,
And let it ever be
A holy, humble, happy heart,
A dwelling-place for Thee.

mf Let Thy rich grace increase
Through all my early days,
The fruits of righteousness and peace,
To Thine eternal praise.

f To God the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, be given
Eternal praise by Saints on earth
And Angel-choirs in heaven. Amen.

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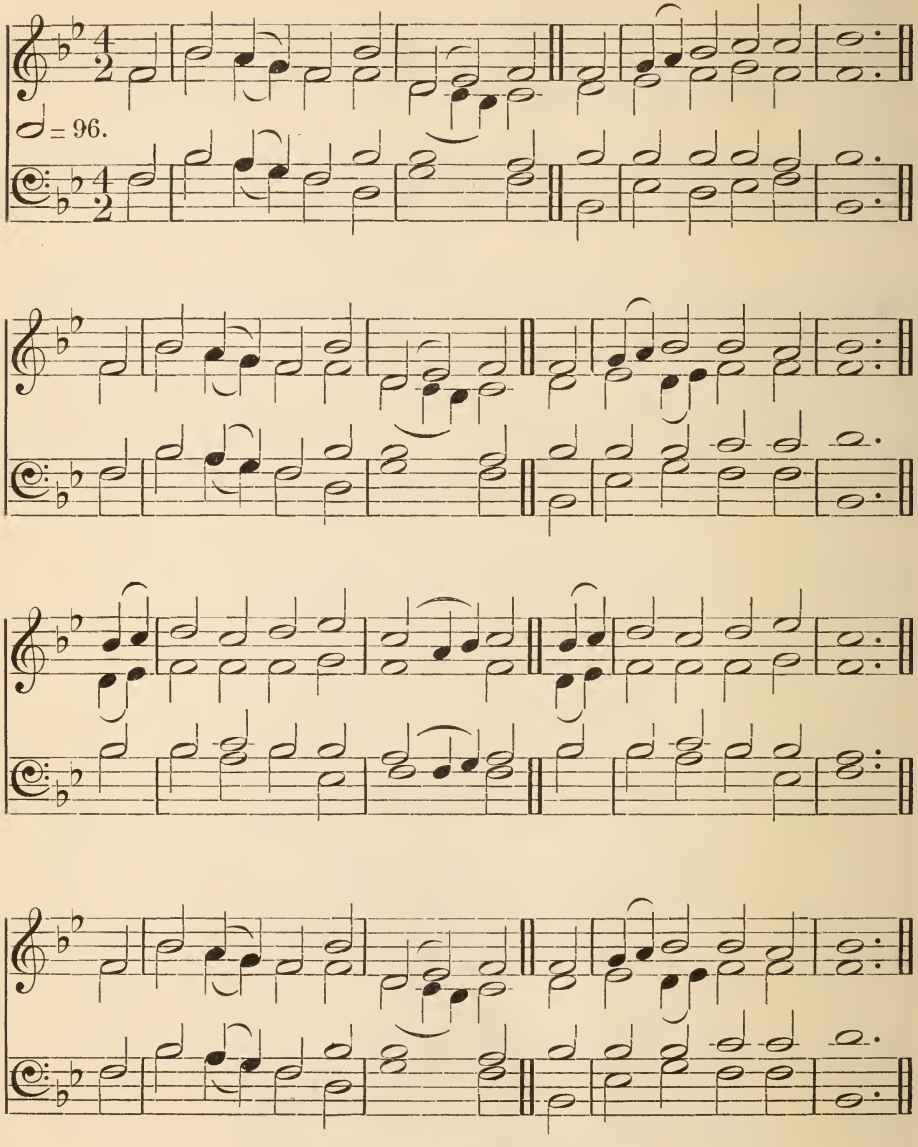
ELLACOMBE. 7.6.7.6. D. KOCHER'S *Zionharfe*, 1863.

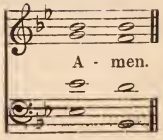


f COME, sing with holy gladness,
High Alleluias sing;
Uplift your loud Hosannas
To Jesus, Lord and King:
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day;
p And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

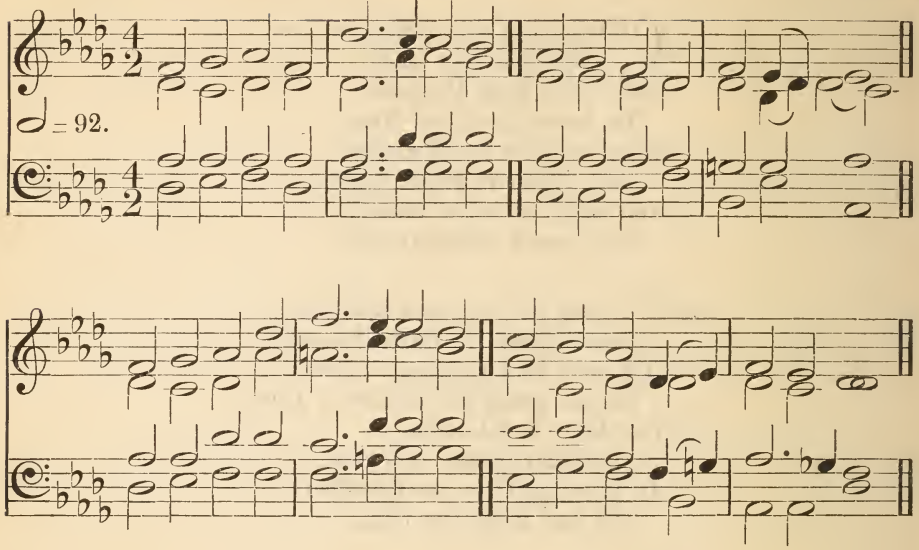
mf 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King:
f For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

mf O boys, be strong in Jesus!
To toil for Him is gain;
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw, and plane.
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's Son!
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

f Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day.
p O Christ, prepare Thy children
cr With that triumphant throng
f To pass the burnished portals,
And sing the eternal song.



CHAPEL BRAE. 8.7.8.7. E. F. A., 1901.



f DAY by day we magnify Thee,
When our hymns in school we raise;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

mf Day by day we magnify Thee,
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

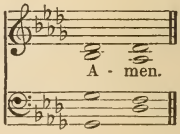
mf Day by day we magnify Thee,
In our hymns before we sleep;
p Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

mf Day by day we magnify Thee,
p Not in words of praise alone;
cr Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

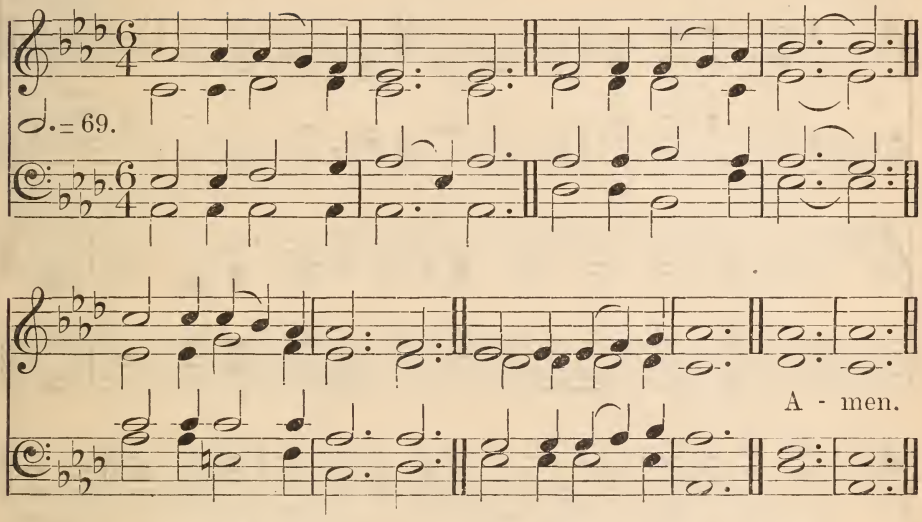
mf Day by day we magnify Thee,
p When, for Jesus' sake, we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

mf Day by day we magnify Thee,
dim Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy Day in peace;

mf Then, on that eternal morning,
With Thy great redeemèd Host,
cr May we fully magnify Thee—
f Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!



WARFARE. 6.5.6.5. L. J. HUTTON, 1852–1888.



May also be sung to "St. John Baptist," *No.* 520.

mf DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true;
And His little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

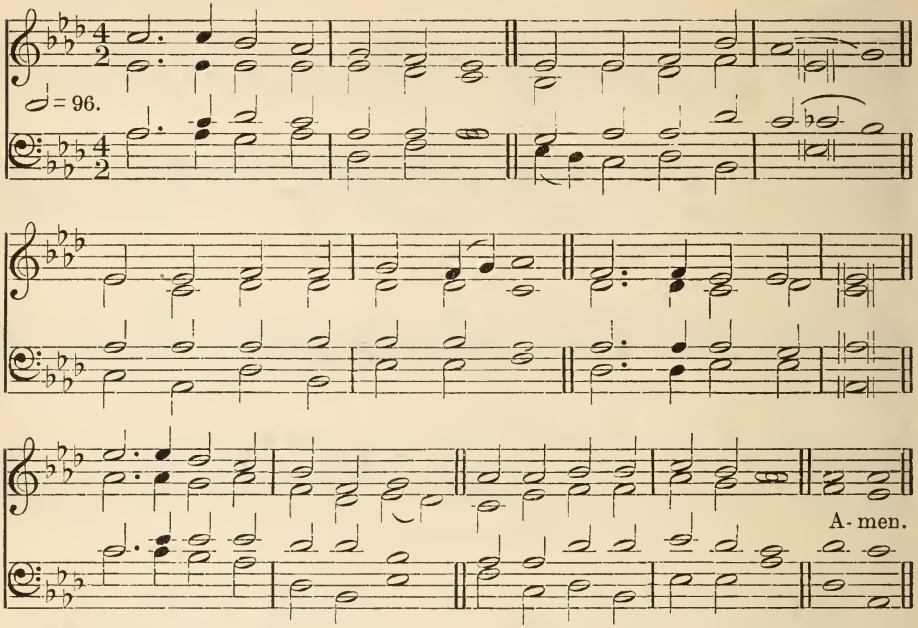
But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too. Amen.

ETERNITY. 7.5. 7.5. 7.7. L. J. HUTTON, 1852–1888.



mf EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright,
dim But the evening cometh on,
p And the dark, cold night.
f There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

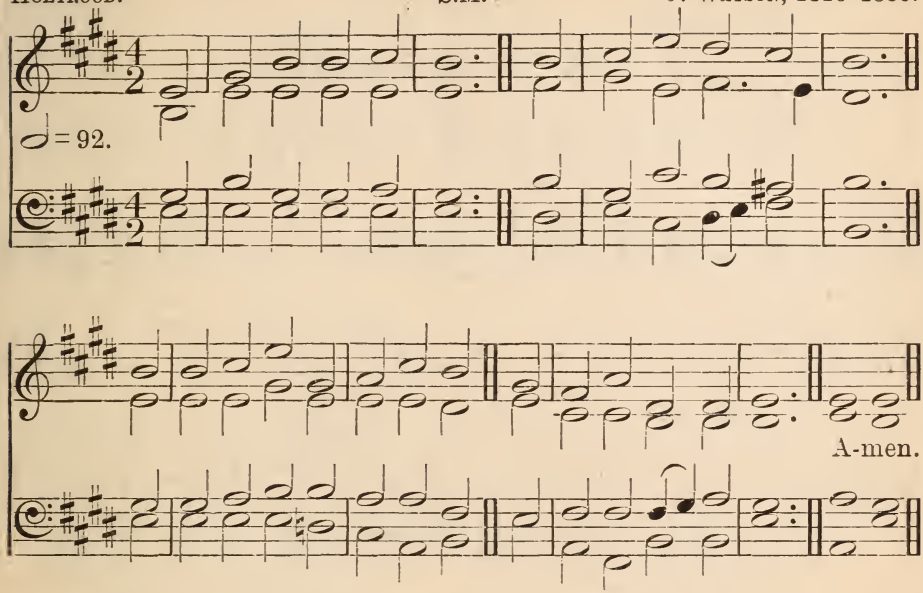
mf Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
dim Till the chilly autumn hours
p Wither them away.
f There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

mf Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
p But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
f There's a place where Angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

mf Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
p But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim;
f There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

p Who shall go to that bright land?
mf All who do the right;
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
f For that heaven, so bright and blest,
dim Is our everlasting rest. Amen.

HOLYROOD. S.M. J. WATSON, 1816–1880.



mf FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
cr When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.

f To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

mf For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran:
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man."

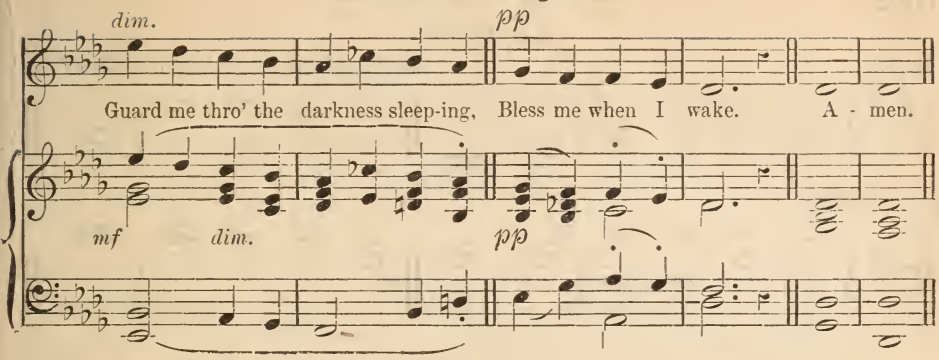
Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

cr In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
f And join Thy Saints in heaven.
Amen.

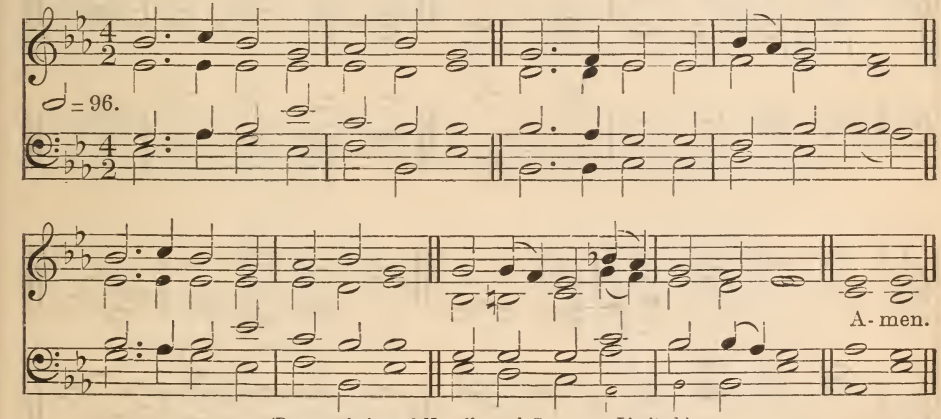
EUPHRONÈ. 7.7.7.7.8.5.8.5. A. M. GOODHART, *b.* 1866.

TREBLE VOICES.
p
Fa - ther, while the shad - ows fall, With the twi - light o - ver all,
'Twas Thy hand that all the day Scat-tered joys a - long my way,
Like Thy pa - tient love to me, May my love to o - thers be;
♩ = 96. p
Deign to hear my eve - ning prayer, Make a lit - tle child Thy care.
Crowned my life with bless - ings sweet, Kept from snares my care - less feet.
All the wrong my hands have done, Par - don, Lord, thro' Christ, Thy Son.
mf
cres.
Take me in Thy ho - ly keep - ing Till the morn - ing break;
mp
cres.



621

SIMPLICITY. 7.7.7.7. J. STAINER, 1840-1901.



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p GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

mf Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

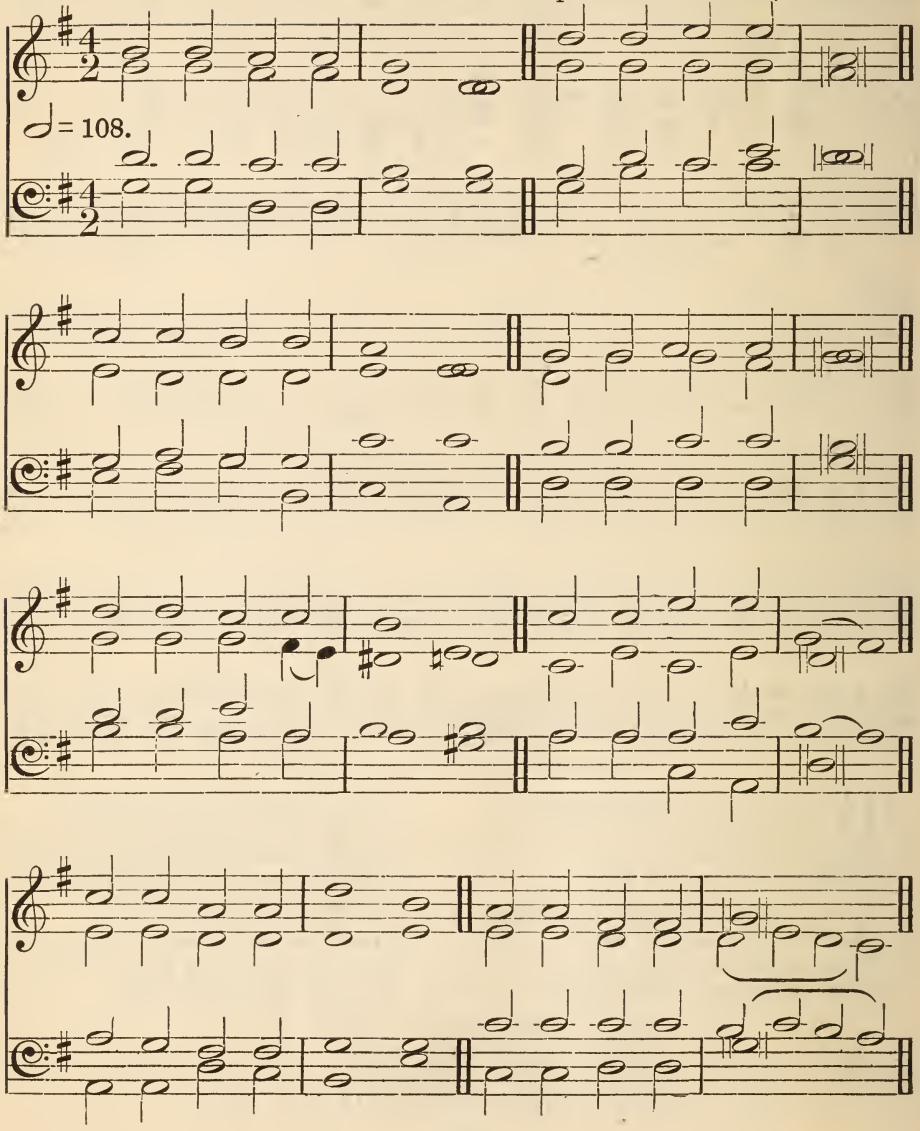
f Hold me fast in Thine embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling face:
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give;
Plead for me and I shall live:

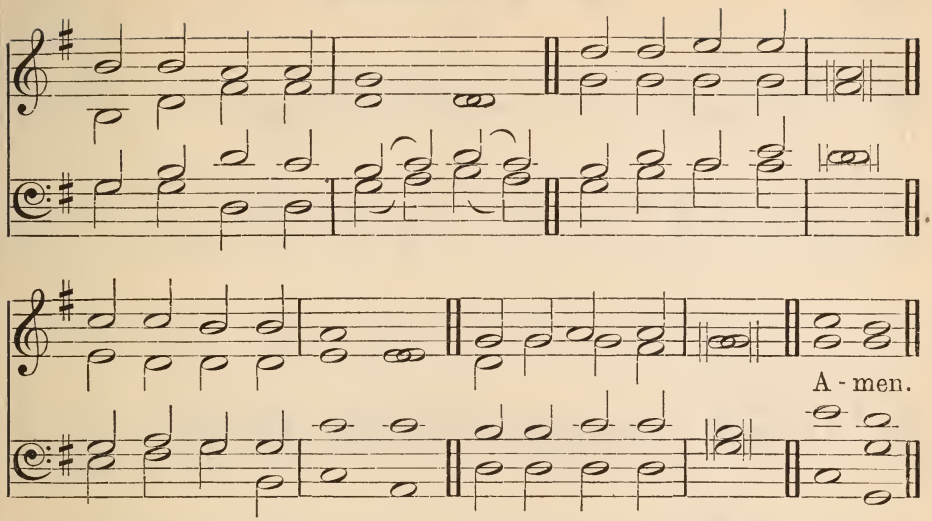
mf I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife;
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

p Keep me from the great offence,
Guard my helpless innocence;
cr Hide me, from all evil hide,
Self, and stubbornness, and pride. Amen.

6.5., 12 lines.

HAYDN. Adapted from J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.



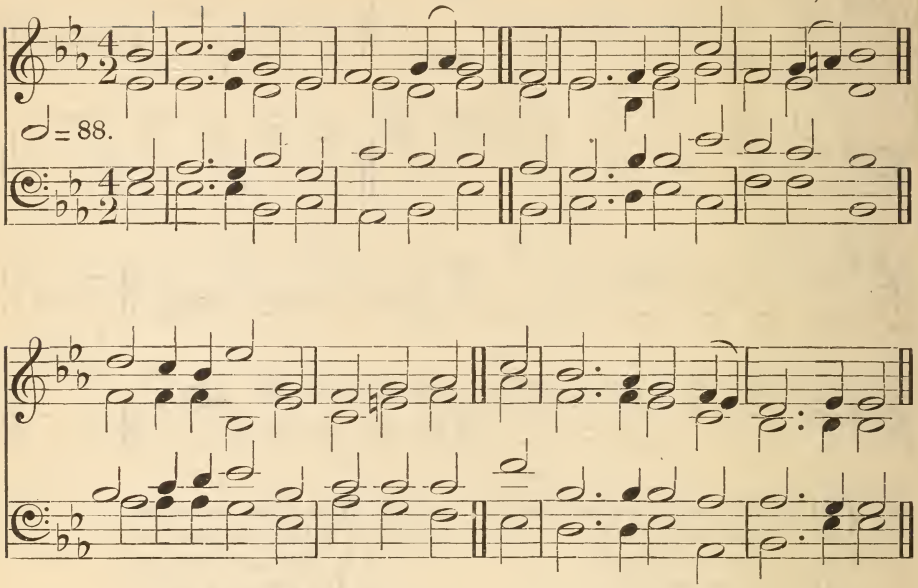


mf GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
cr Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King;
f Jesus, King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His Throne above.
mf All His work is ended,
f Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

mf He Who came to save us,
p He Who bled and died,
f Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Has gone up on high!
mf All His work is ended,
f Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

p Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
cr Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
f Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
mf All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King! Amen.

LUNDY. L.M. C. H. LLOYD, *b.* 1849.



May also be sung to "Alstone," *No.* 643.

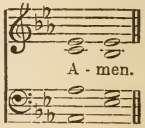
mf GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend;
cr I a poor child, and Thou so high,
f The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

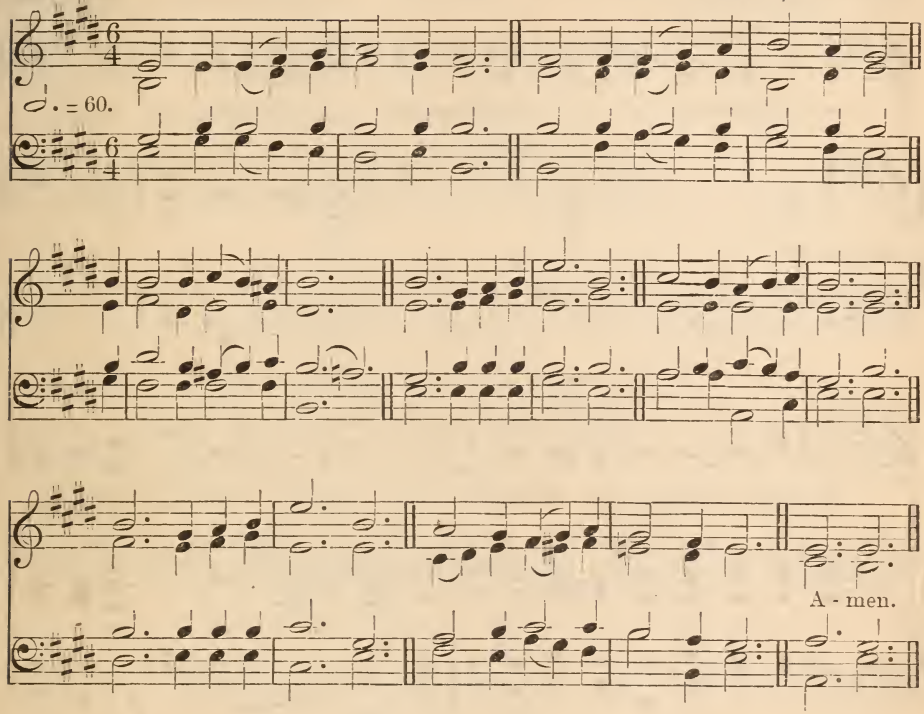
mf Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art Thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art Thou my Father? then at last,
cr When all my days on earth are passed,
f Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.



REJOICING. 7.7.6. 6.6.6.7. T. BILBY, 1794–1872.



p HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
mf In heaven we part no more.
f Oh that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

mf Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer
From every * Sunday School.
f Oh that will be joyful, etc.

mf All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with Saints above.
f Oh that will be joyful, etc.

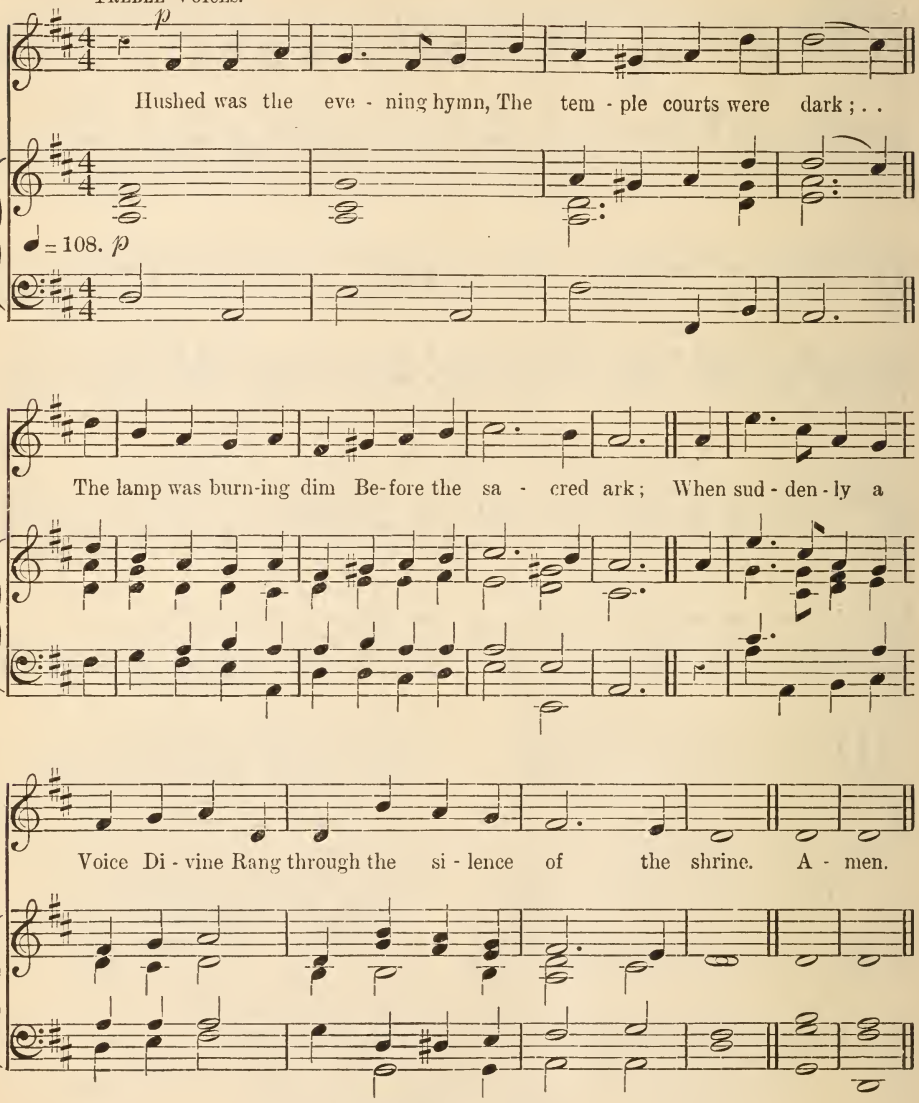
f Oh how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.
Oh that will be joyful, etc.

f There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh that will be joyful, etc.
Amen.

* Or "Infant."

Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

Treble Voices. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Arthur Sullivan, 1842–1900.


p
Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; . .
♩ = 108. p
The lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den - ly a
Voice Di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

p HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
f When suddenly a Voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

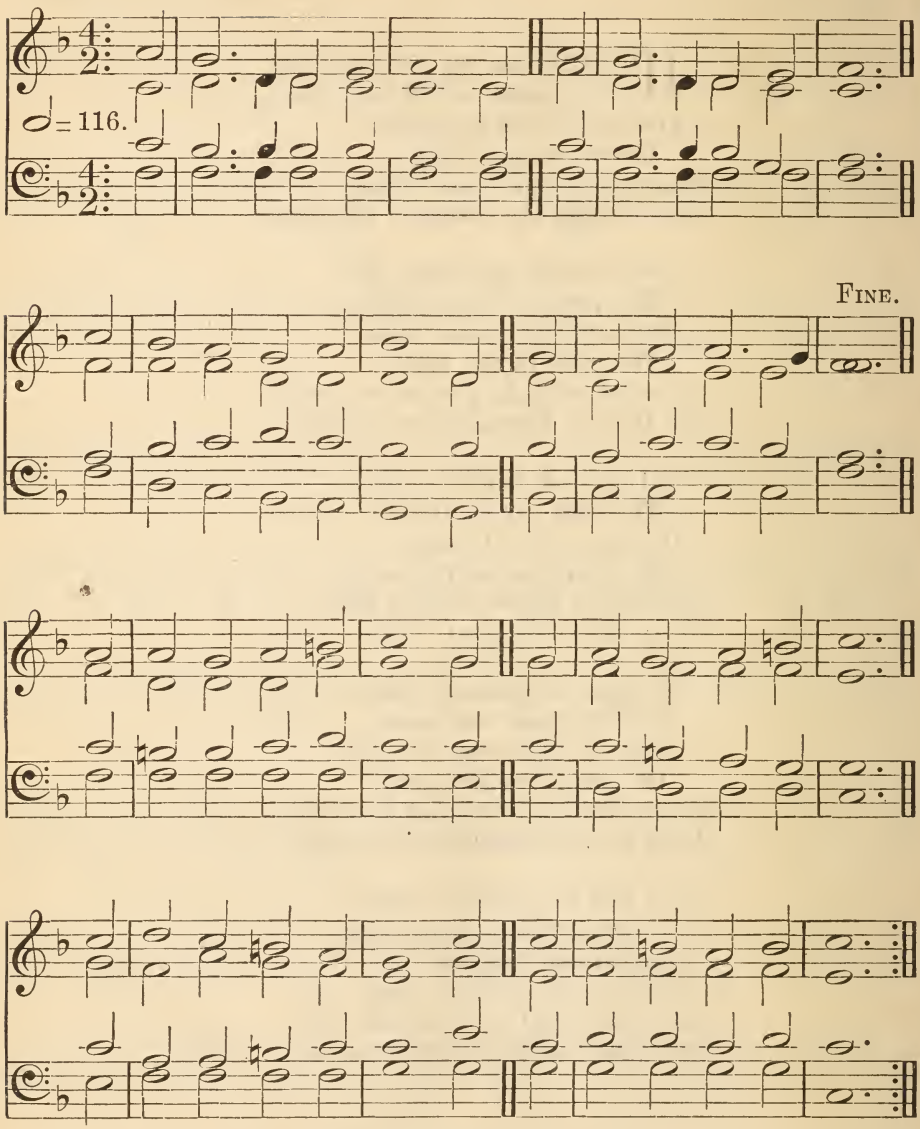
p The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
cr The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

mf Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
cr That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise. Amen.

Bowdler, No. 178. 7.6., 12 lines. Cyril Bowdler, *b*, 1839.

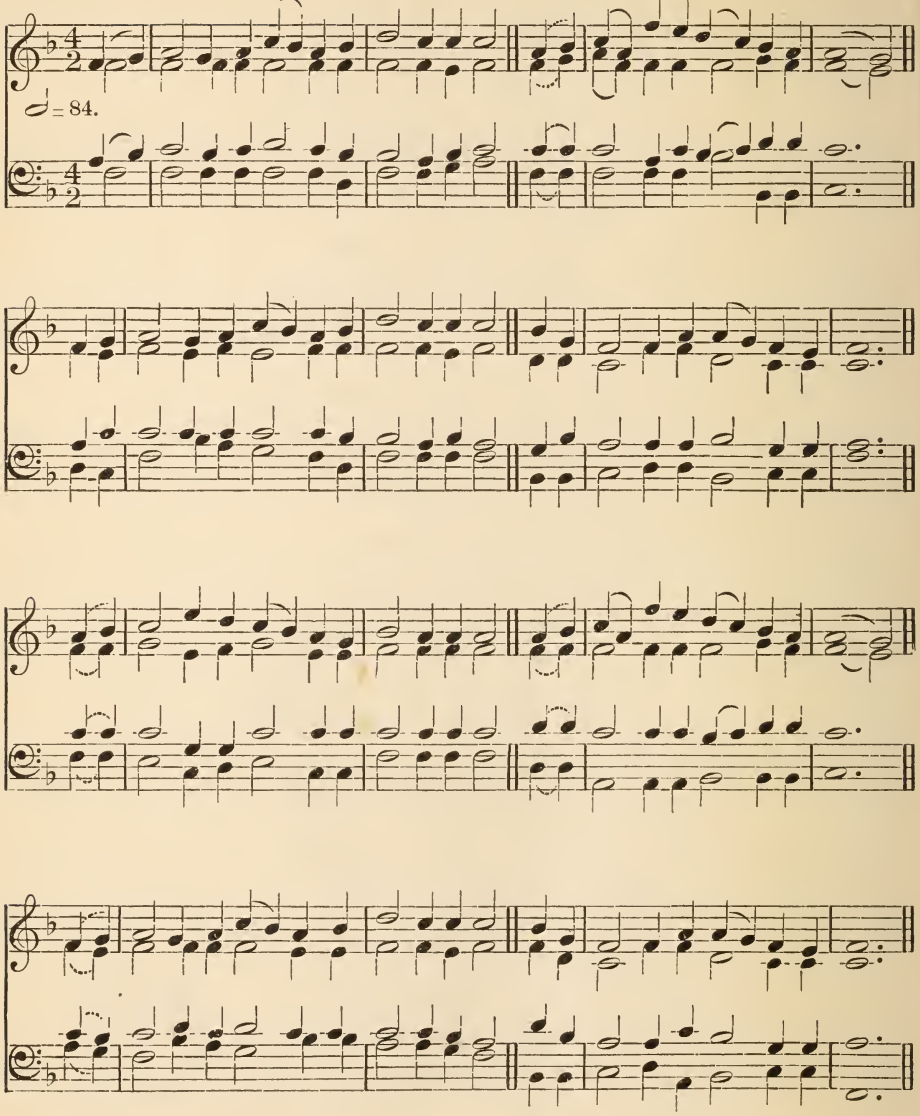


mf I LOVE to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
p How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
cr But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
mf I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

mf I'm glad my Blessèd Saviour
Was once a Child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
cr And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
f He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
mf I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

f To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
mf And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
cr To sing among His Angels,
Because He loves me so.
mf I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

Salamis. Irregular. Greek Melody.



mf I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

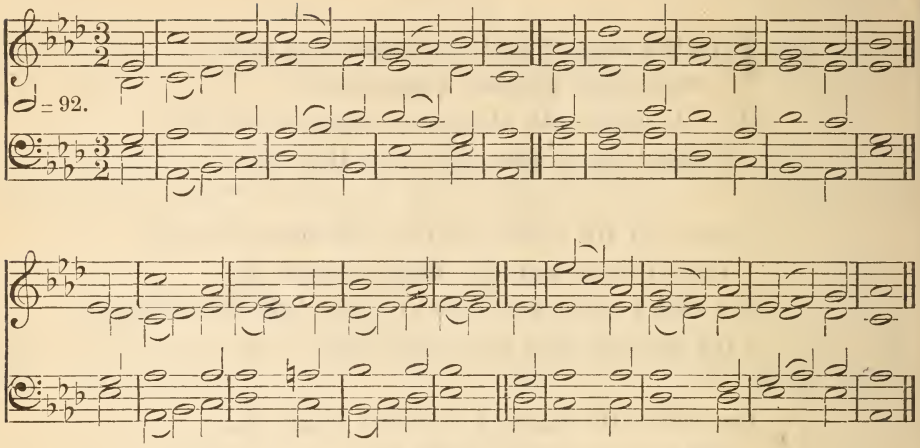
p Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love,
cr And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

mf In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

p But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never hear of that heavenly home;
mf I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

cr I long for that blessèd and glorious time,
The fairest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

GIDEON. L.M. J. B. SOUTHGATE, 1814–1868.



mf IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true;
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
For love of those who loved Him not.

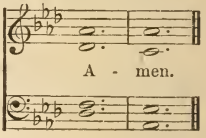
I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails, the crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me:—

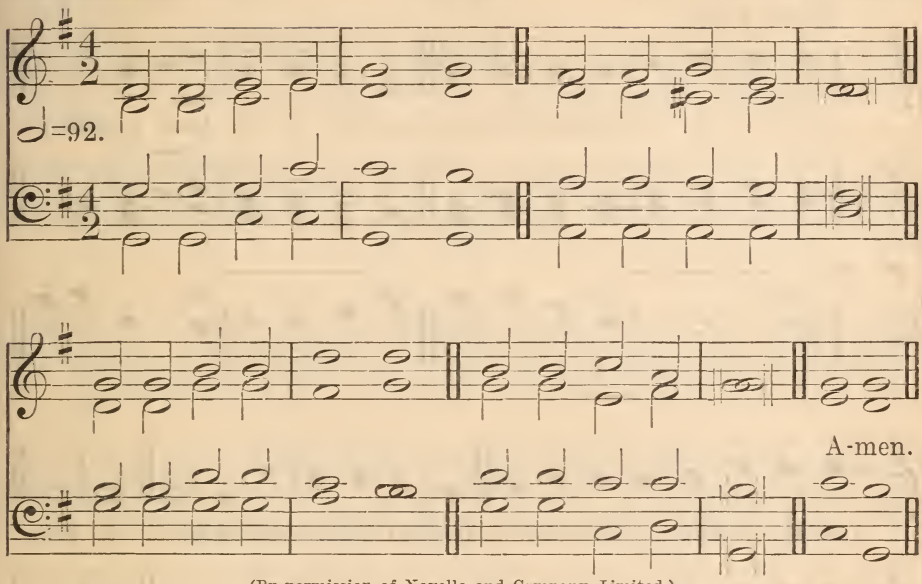
But, even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great Love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

cr And yet I want to love Thee, Lord:
Oh, light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more
Until I see Thee as Thou art.



NORTH COATES. 6.5.6.5. T. R. MATTHEWS, *b.* 1826.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

mf JESU, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

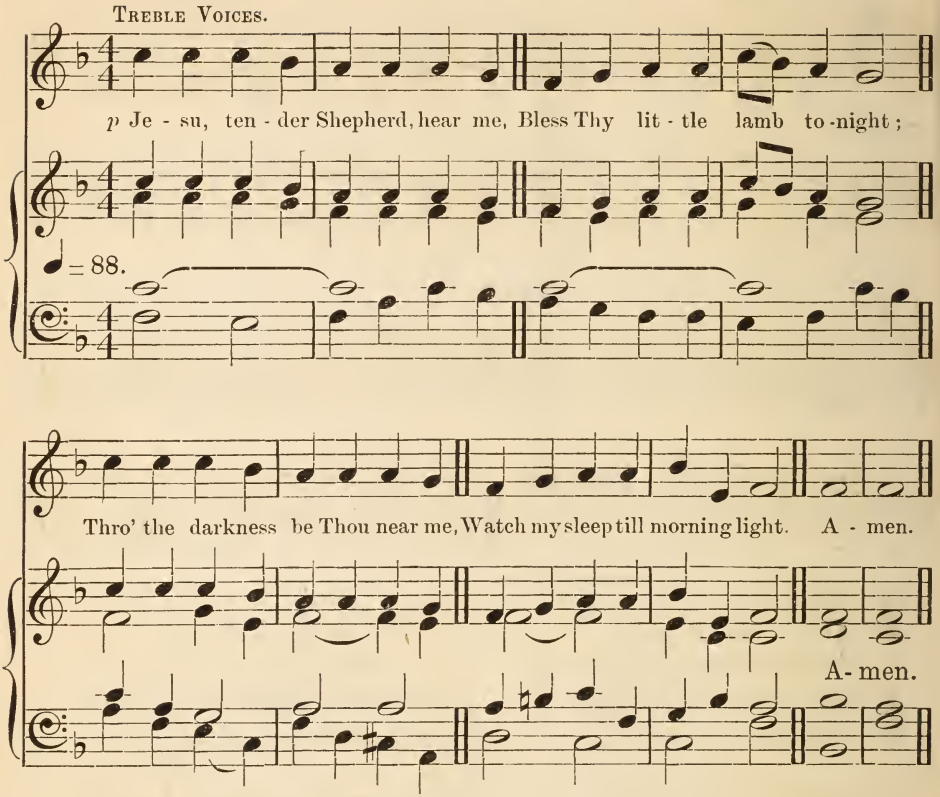
Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away:

Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
f "Saviour, Lord, we come." Amen.

Evening Prayer. 8.7.8.7. J. Stainer, 1840–1901.


Treble Voices.
p Je - su, ten - der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;
♩ = 88.
Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Watch my sleep till morning light. A - men.
A - men.

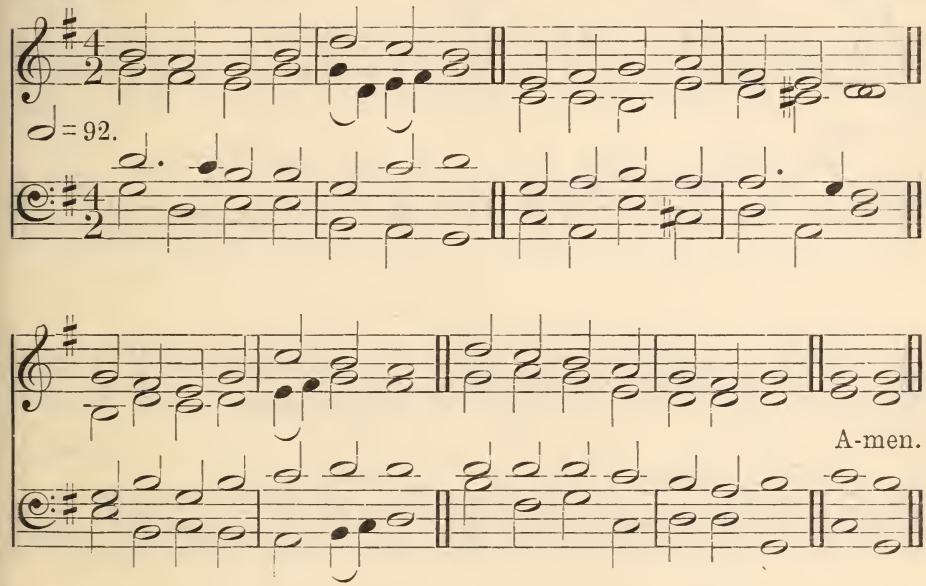
(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

p JESU, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

VIENNA. 7.7.7.7. J. H. KNECHT, 1752–1817.



mf LAMB of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little Child.

Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be;
Thou art all humility:
Let me to my betters bow,
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

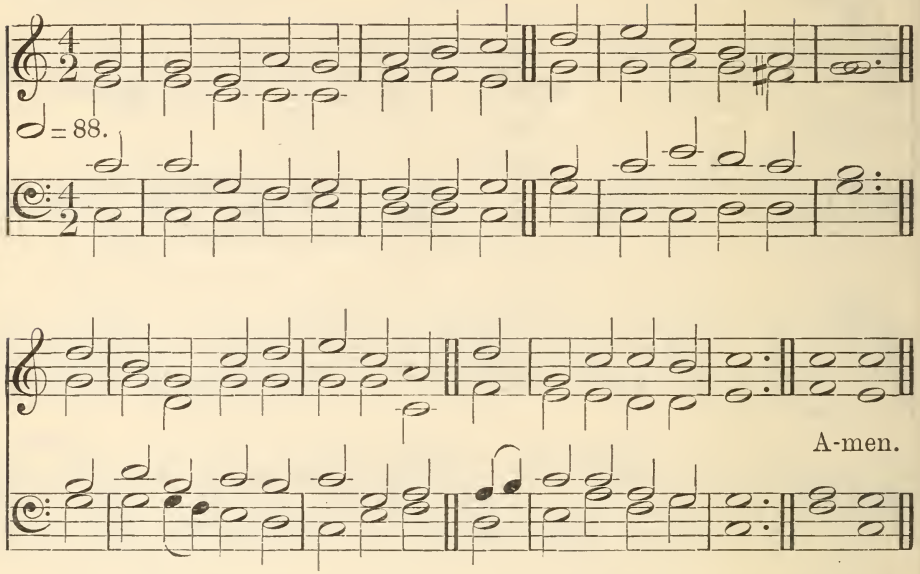
Let me above all fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

p Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

f I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me. Amen.

St. Leonard. C.M. H. Smart, 1813–1879.



mf LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

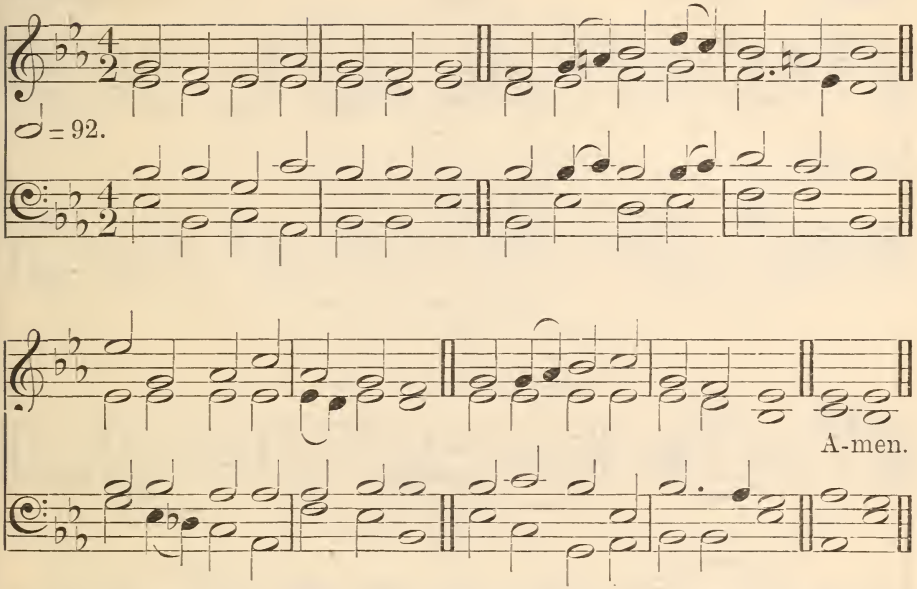
'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

p Kind Angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from Thy sight
In darkness or by day.

mf My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care
A child can ne'er repay;
f But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey. Amen.

Ross. 7.7.7.7. S. Wesley, 1766–1837.



p LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
cr Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep;
mf Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

p Bought with Blood, and bought for Thee,
cr Thine, and only Thine, I'd be,
p Holy, harmless, humble, mild;
Jesus Christ's obedient child.

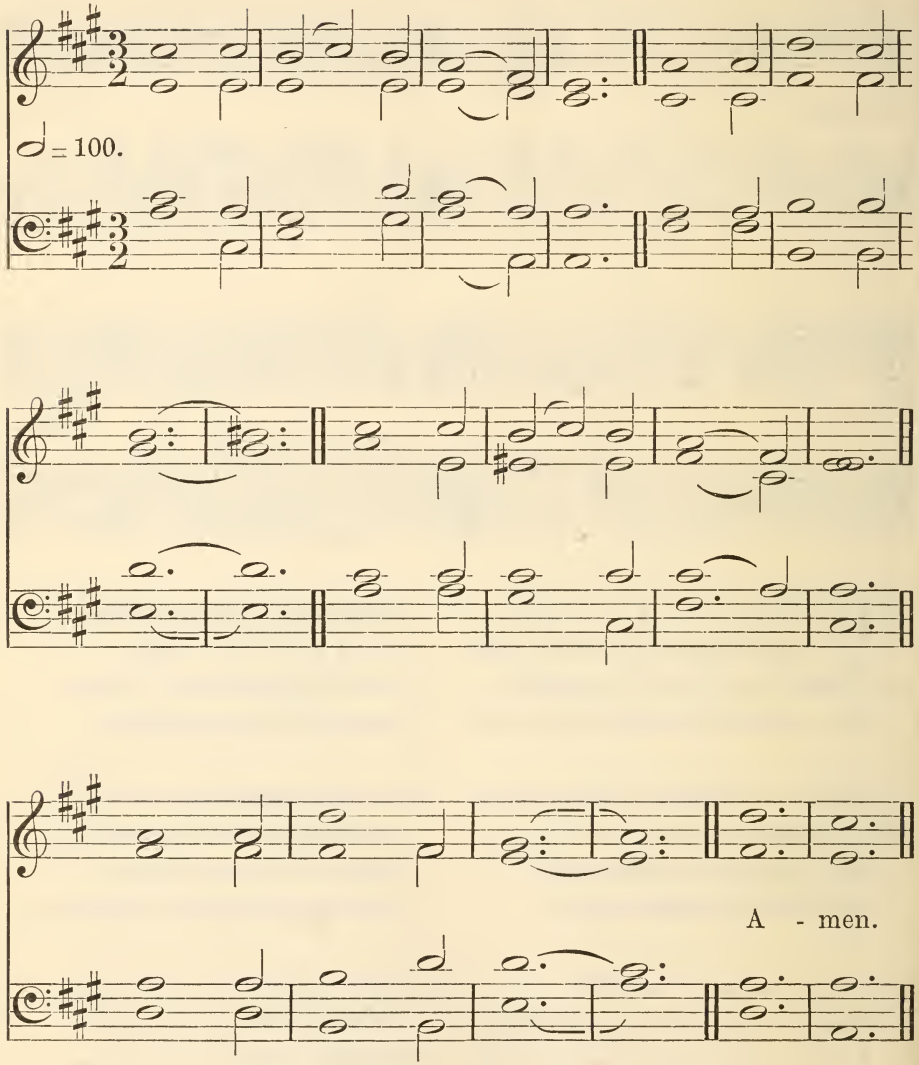
p Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live,
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

f I would bless Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy Blessèd ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

p Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear,
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

mf Where Thou leadest I would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
cr Till before my Father's throne
f I shall know as I am known. Amen.

MERRIAL. 6.5.6.5. J. E. ROE, 1838–1871.



May also be sung to "Caswall," *No.* 411.

Children's Hymns.

p NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky;

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May my eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

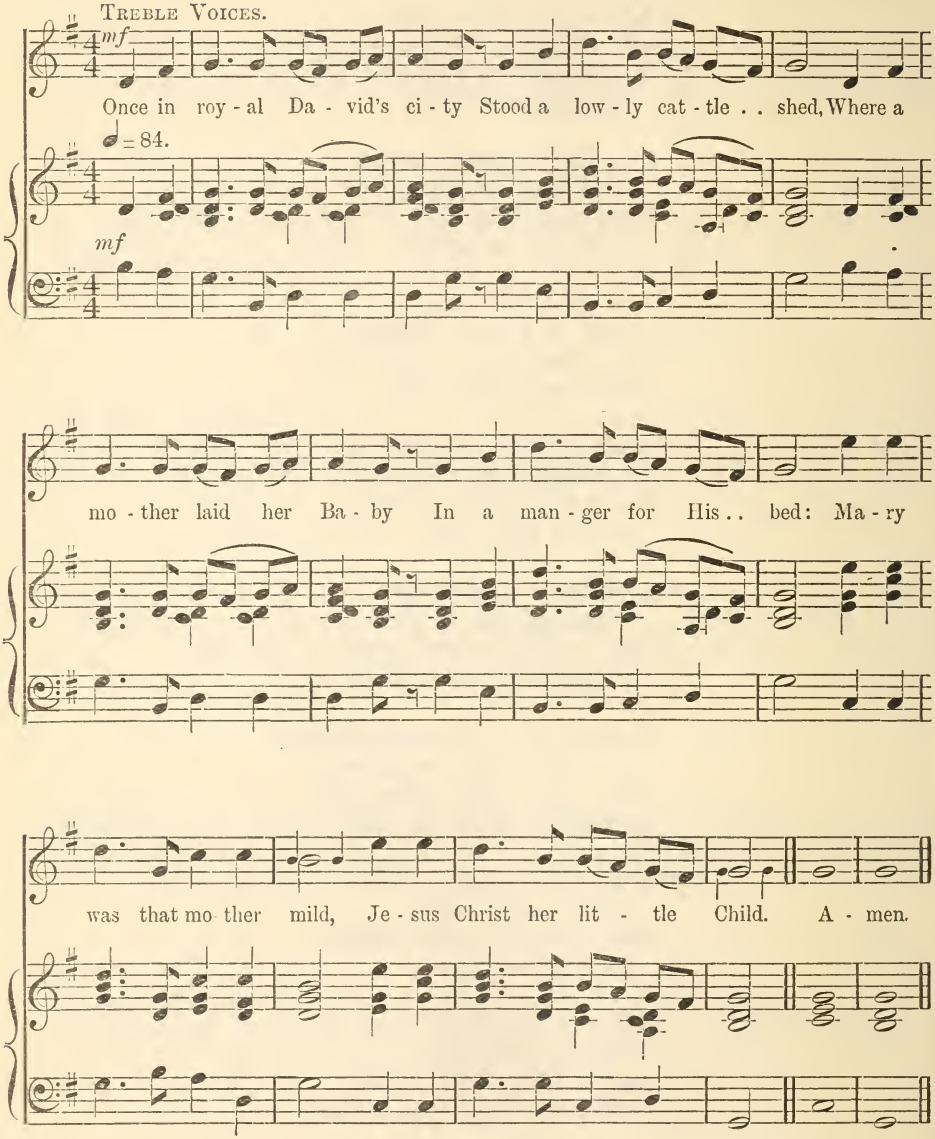
Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Standing round my bed.

cr When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

f Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

IRBY. 8.7.8.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


Treble Voices.
mf
Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle . . shed, Where a
♩ = 84.
mf
mo - ther laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His . . bed: Ma - ry
was that mo - ther mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.

mf ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

mf He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle in a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

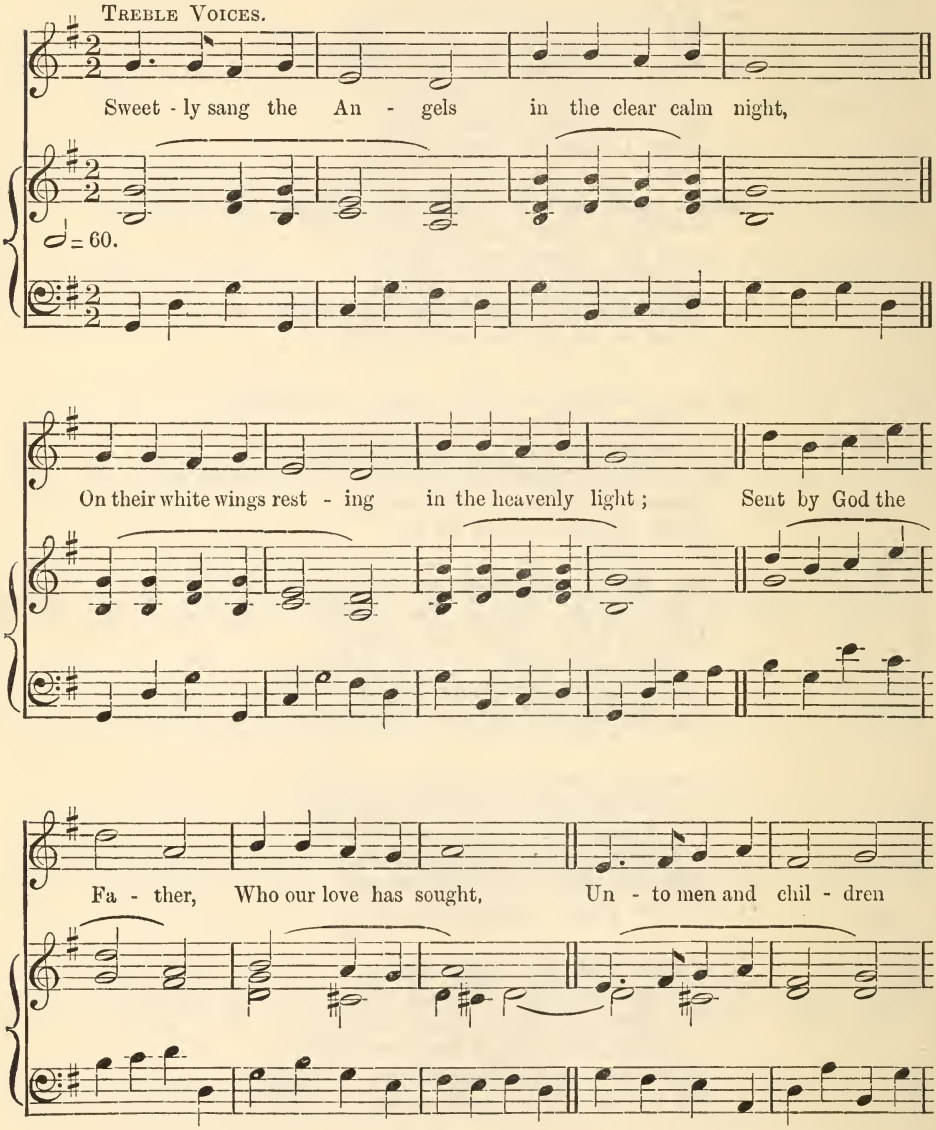
mf And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

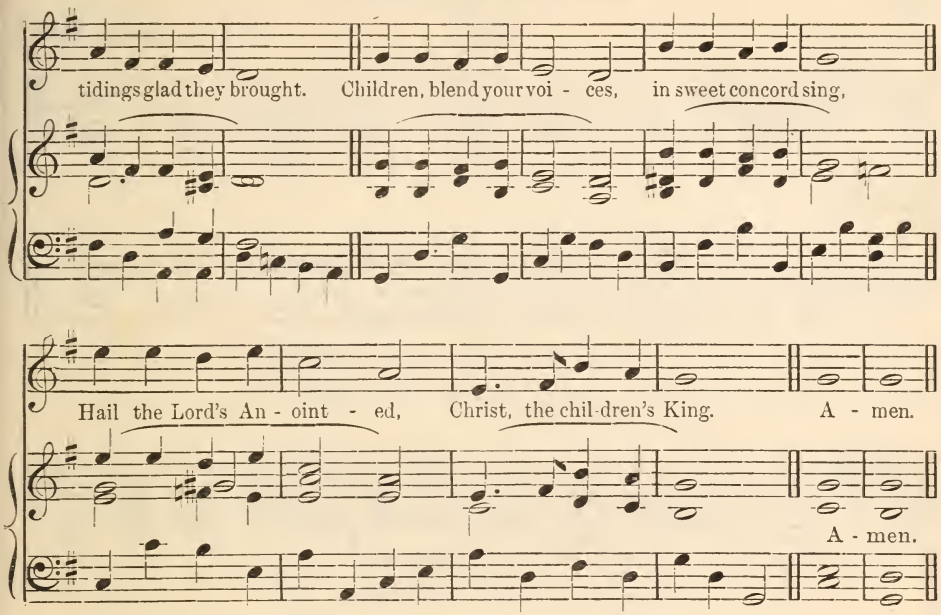
For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

f And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

mf Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
cr We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

CARMEN ANGELORUM. Six 11's. T. F. DUNHILL, *b.* 1877.


Treble Voices.
Sweet - ly sang the An - gels in the clear calm night,
♩= 60.
On their white wings rest - ing in the heavenly light; Sent by God the
Fa - ther, Who our love has sought, Un - to men and chil - dren


tidings glad they brought. Children, blend your voi - ces, in sweet concord sing,
Hail the Lord's An - oint - ed, Christ, the chil-dren's King. A - men.
A - men.

mf SWEETLY sang the Angels in the clear calm night,
On their white wings resting in the heavenly light;
Sent by God the Father, Who our love has sought,
Unto men and children tidings glad they brought.
f Children, blend your voices, etc.

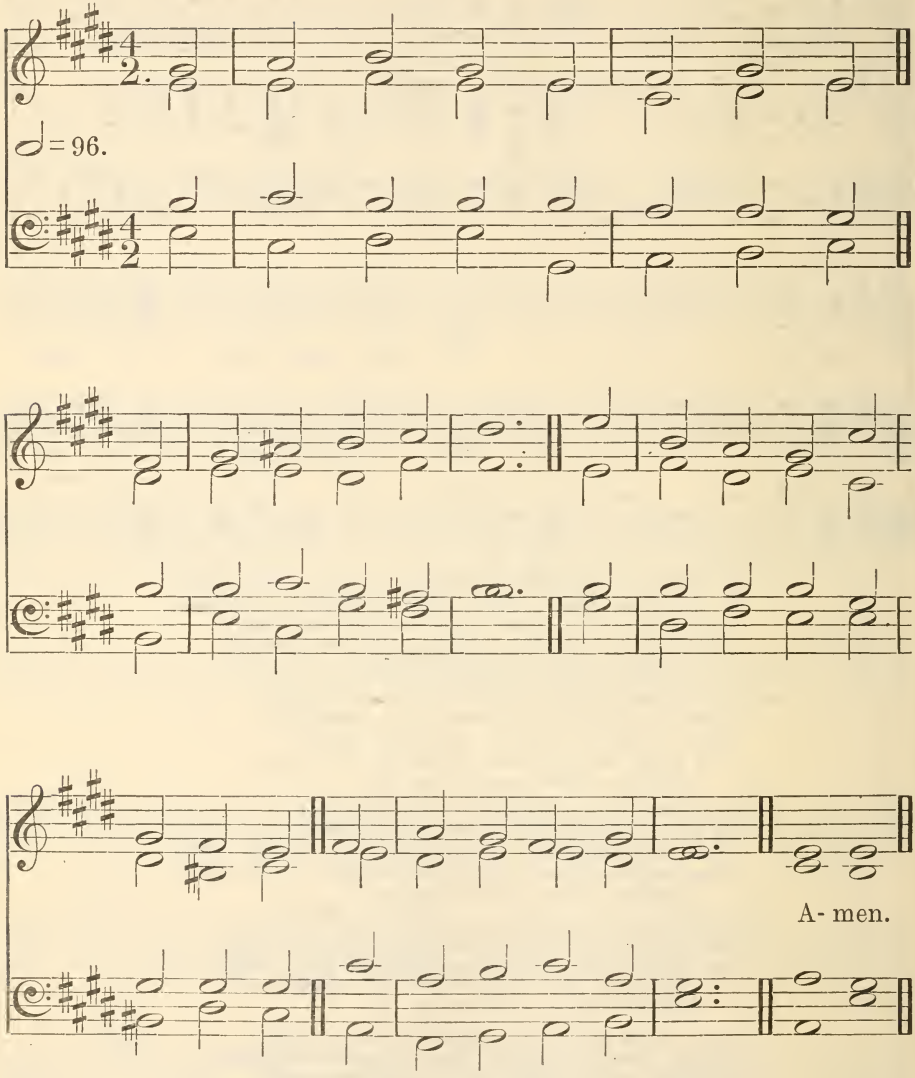
mf To the gentle shepherds it was first revealed,
Watching 'mid the darkness in the open field,
That in David's city, on that holy morn,
In a lowly stable Christ, our King, was born.
f Children, blend your voices, etc.

mf Gladdened by the tidings, hastily they sped
To the crowded city and the manger-bed;
There they found the Saviour, with His mother mild;
Him they loved and worshipped though a lowly child.
f Children, blend your voices, etc.

mf In His simple childhood, and His sacred youth,
All His ways were holy, all His words were truth;
For our sins He suffered, and through grief untold,
All His lambs He purchased for His sacred fold.
f Children, blend your voices, etc.

p Jesu, meek and gentle, make us like to Thee;
Loving, true, and tender, Thou wouldst have us be.
cr Blessings rich and holy, at this Christmastide,
Pour Thou out upon us, Saviour, King, and Guide.
f Children, blend your voices, etc. Amen.

DAYSPRING. C.M. C. H. LLOYD, *b.* 1849.



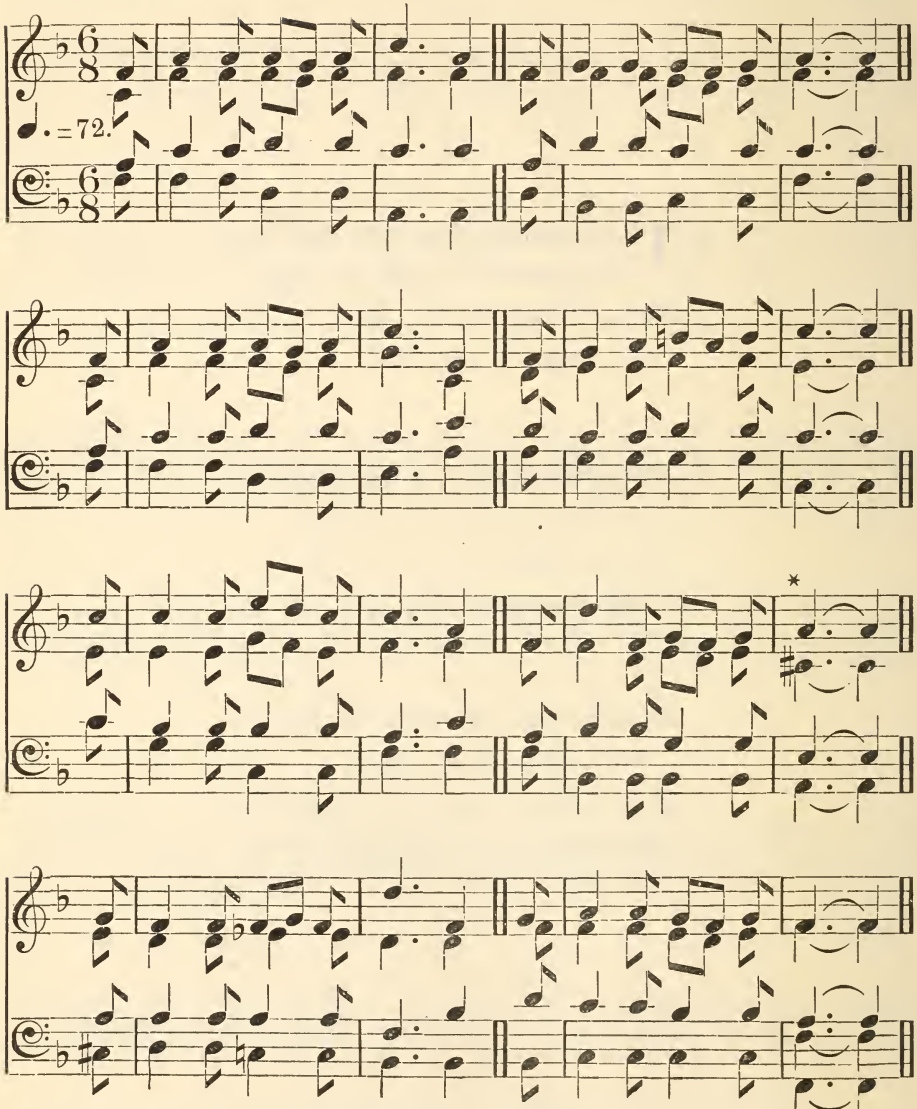
May also be sung to "St. Peter," *No.* 572.

mf THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

p All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.

Oh make Thy rest within my breast,
cr Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, (*f*) then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face. Amen.

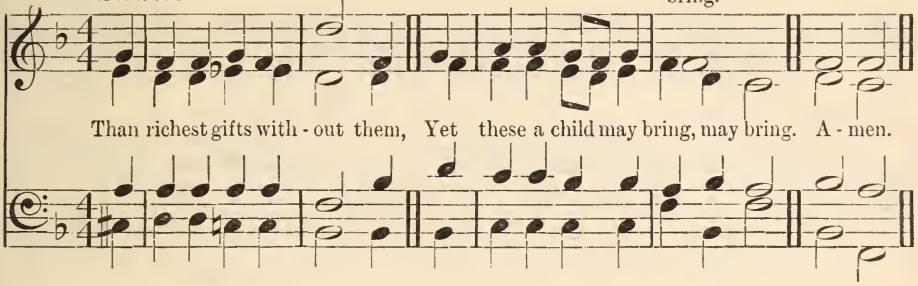
CHRISTMAS MORN. 7.6.7.6. D. E. J. HOPKINS, 1818–1901.



* Make a pause on this note in verse 3, and sing the remainder of the verse to the slightly altered version of the close of the tune on page 973.

Last two lines of Verse 3.

Slower.

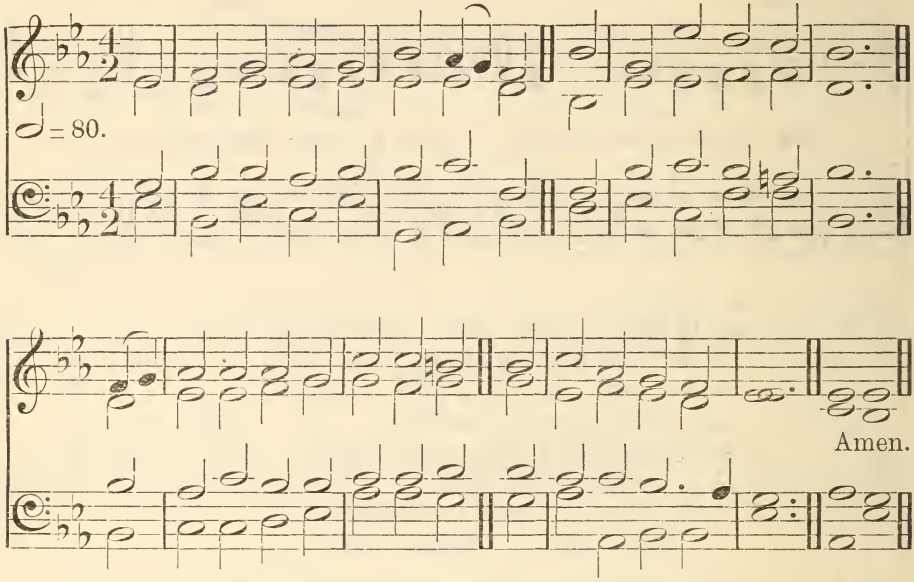


mf THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their gold;
And some may bring their greatness,
And glories new and old·
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or wisdom,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring. Amen.

HORSLEY. C.M. W. HORSLEY, 1774–1858.



mf THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
p Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

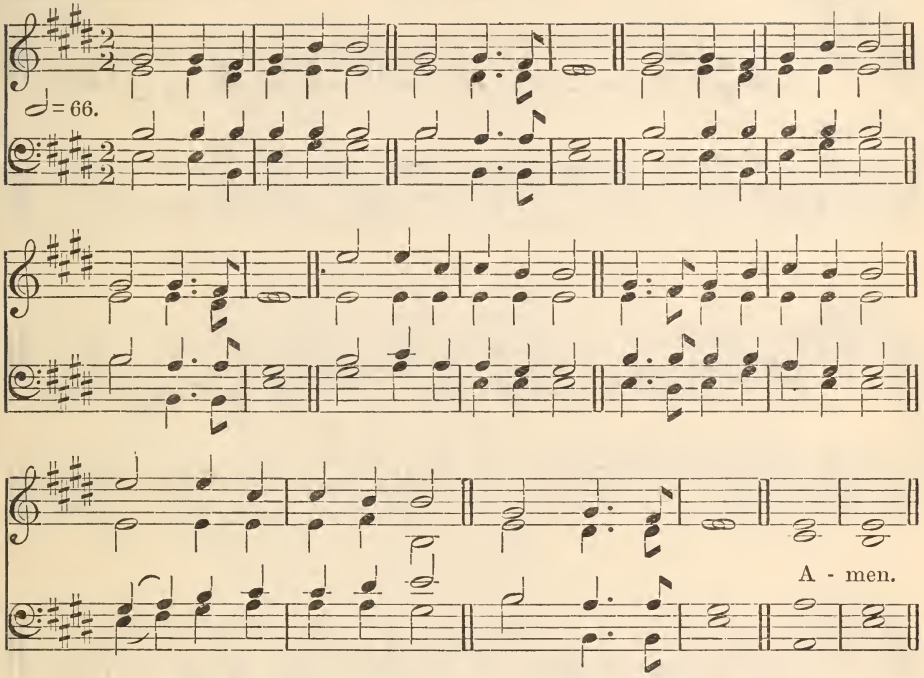
p We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
mf But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

p He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
mf That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

p There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
f He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

mf Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

HAPPY LAND. 6.4.6.4. 6.7.6.4. Indian Air.

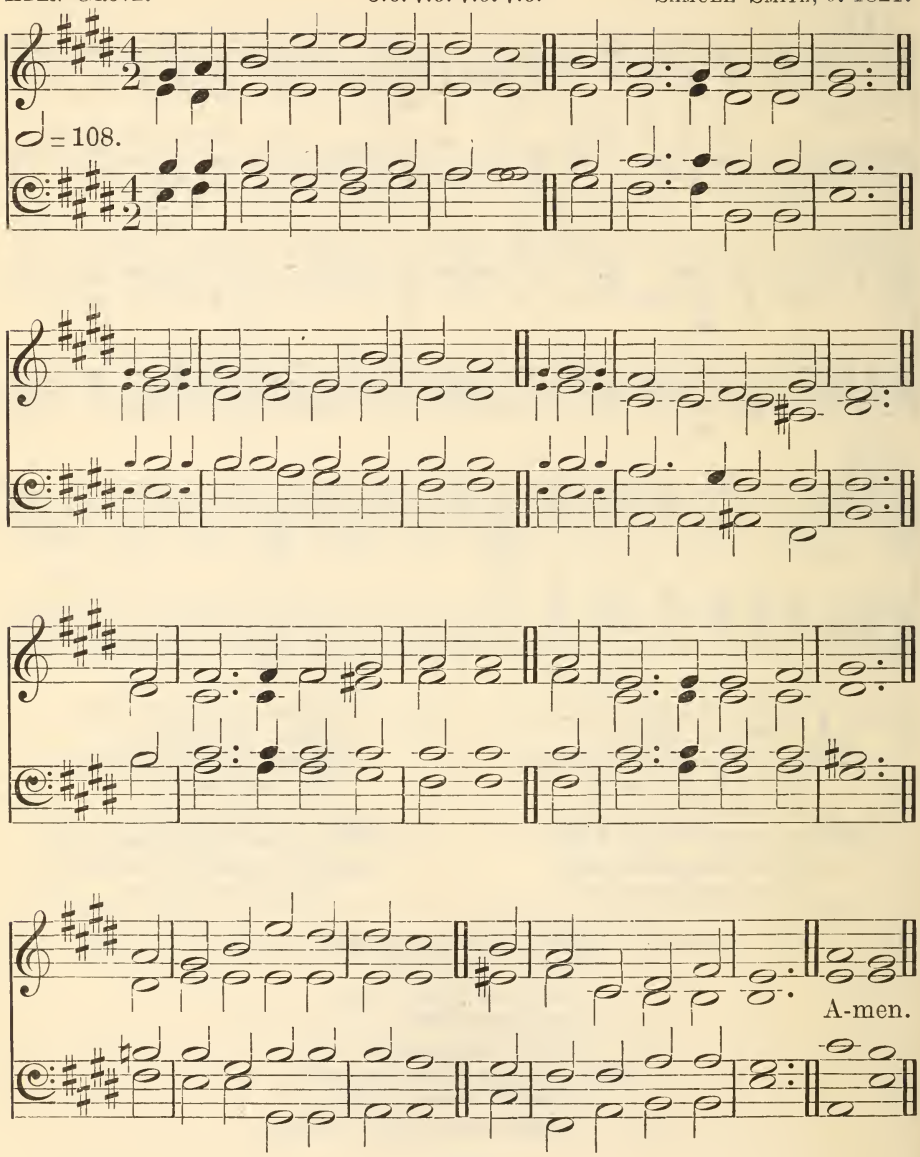


mf THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where Saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day.
cr Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
f Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

mf Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
cr Oh we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
f Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

mf Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
cr On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye. Amen.

EDEN GROVE. 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. SAMUEL SMITH, *b.* 1821.



mf THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who never changes,
Whose love will never die:
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious Name He bears.

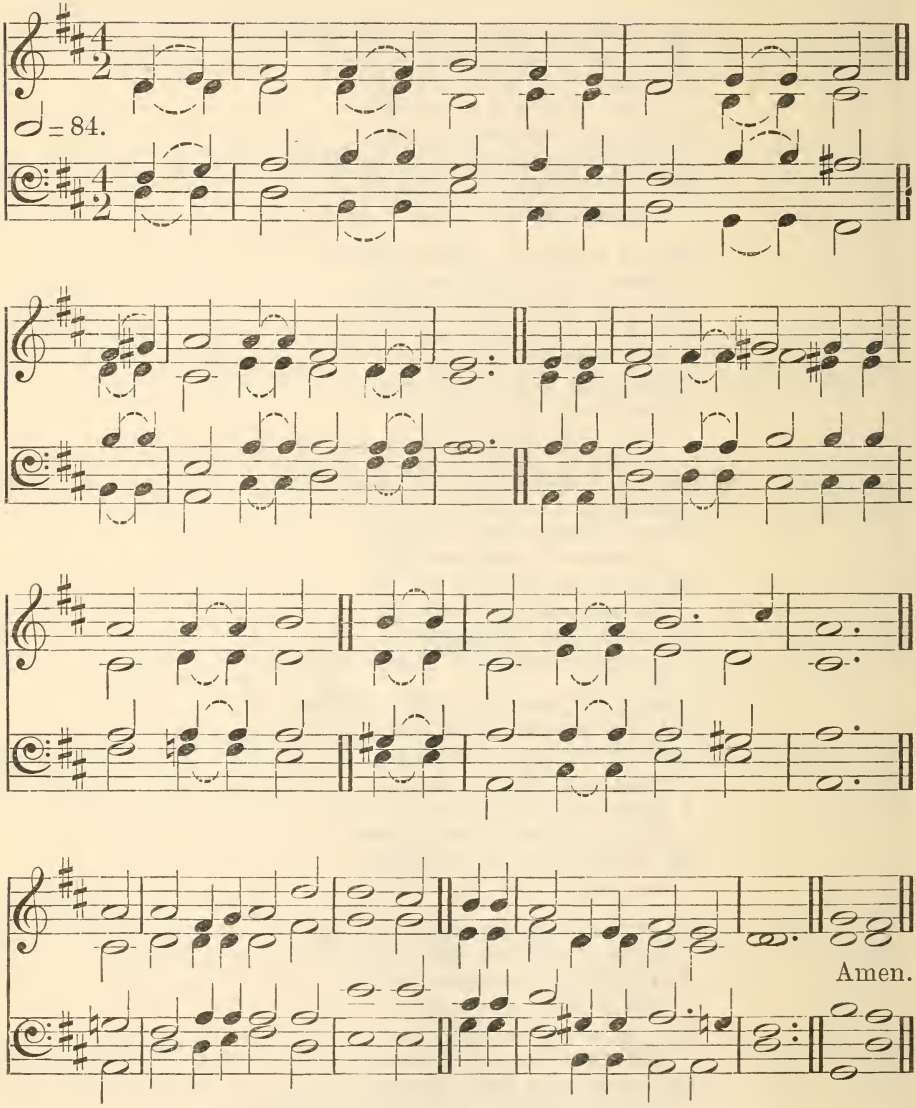
p There's a Rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And to the Father cry,—
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

mf There's a Home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

cr There's a Crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by,
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

f There's a Song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory:
And all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
Oh come, dear little children,
That all may be your own! Amen.

MARGARET. Irregular. T. R. MATTHEWS, *b.* 1826.



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mf THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
p But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.
cr Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

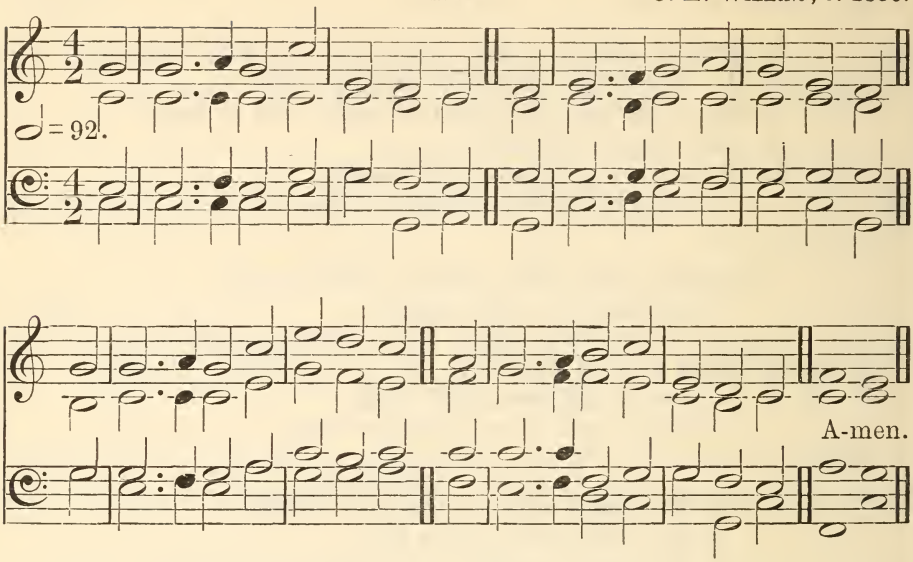
f Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
p But of lowly birth camest Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility.
cr Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
p But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
cr Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy children free;
p But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
They bore Thee to Calvary.
cr Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

f When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

ALSTONE. L.M. C. E. WILLING, *b.* 1830.



mf WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake
Who is so high and good and great?

We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And Martyrs brave and patient Saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make:
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake.

Oh! day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

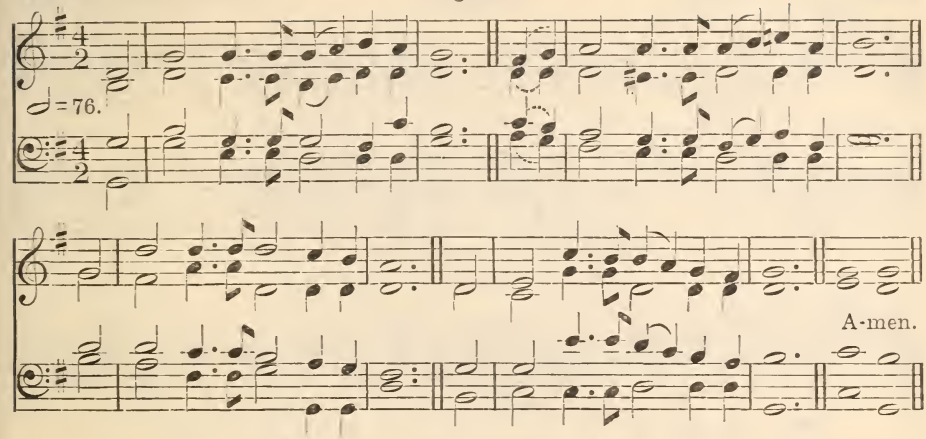
p When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

mf Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
p Give gentle answers back again,
f And fight a battle for our Lord.

mf With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
p And do all still for Jesus' sake.

mf There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.
Amen.

REALMS OF THE BLEST. Irregular. Anon.



May also be sung to "Tabor," *No.* 437.

mf WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed;
p But what must it be to be there?

mf We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
p But what must it be to be there?

mf We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
p But what must it be to be there?

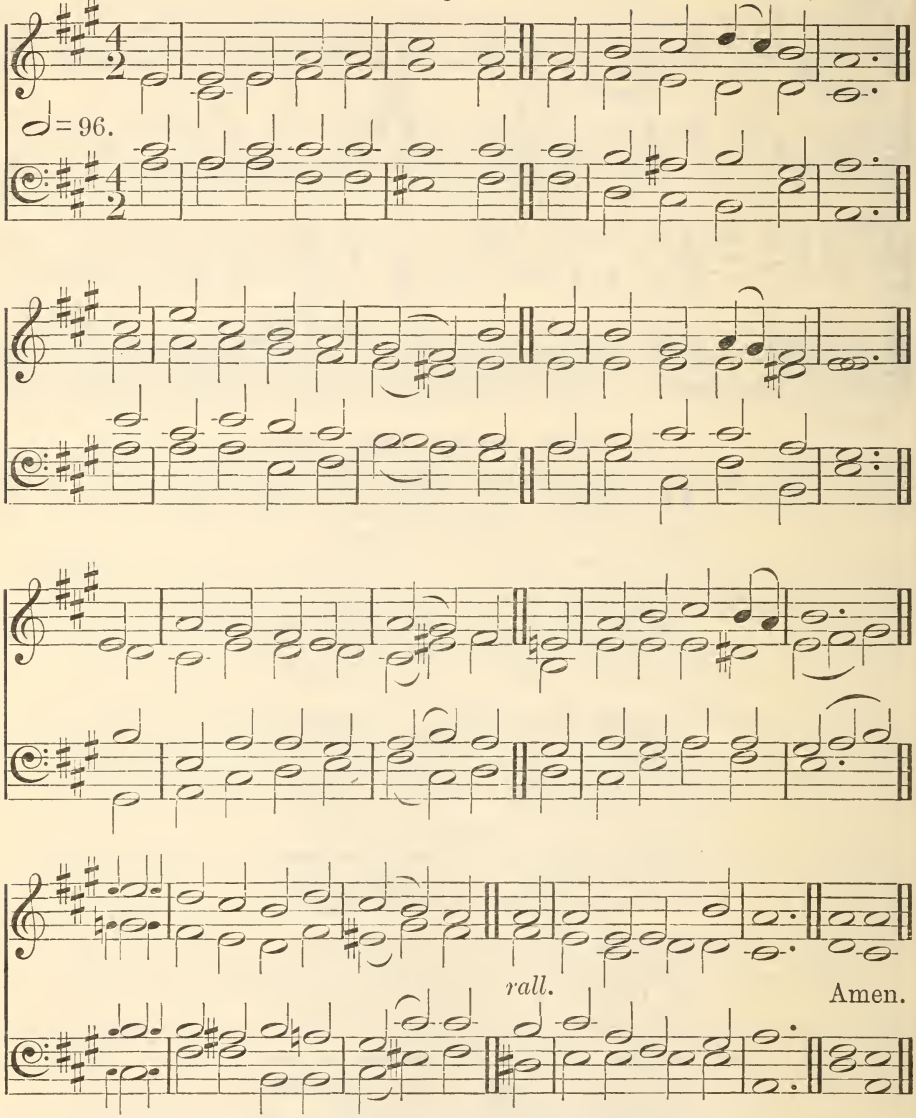
f We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
p But what must it be to be there?

mf We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above;
p But what must it be to be there?

mf Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
cr And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there. Amen.

645

LAUDATE SALVATOREM. Irregular. G. F. COBB, *b.* 1838.



May also be sung to "Ellacombe," *No.* 615.

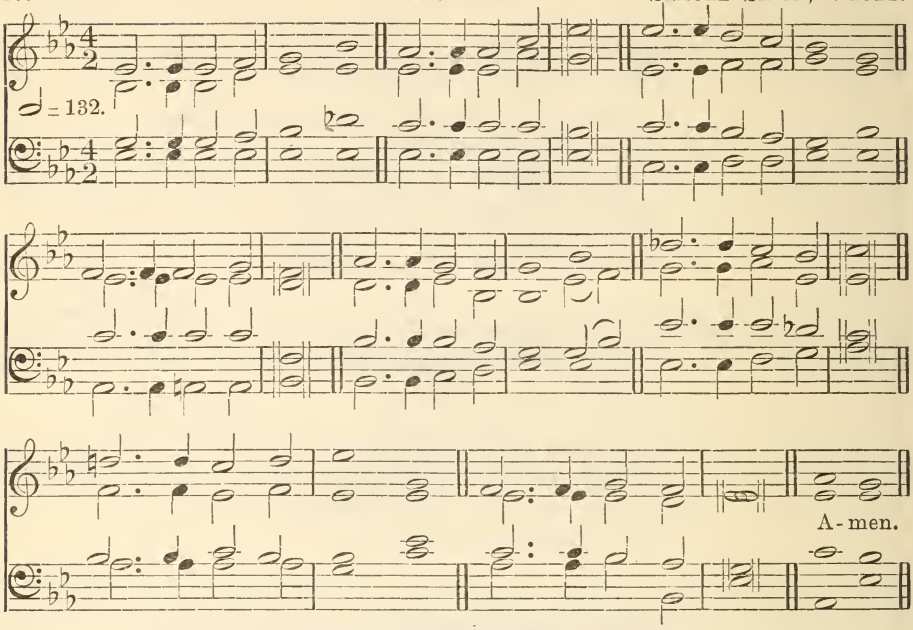
f WE thank Thee, O our Father,
For all Thy loving care;
We thank Thee that Thou mad'st the world
So very bright and fair.
We thank Thee for the sunshine,
And for the pleasant showers;
And we thank Thee, O our Father,
We thank Thee for the flowers.

mf Out in the sunny meadows,
And in the woodlands cool,
And under every hedgerow,
And by each reedy pool,
And on the lonely moorland,
And by the broad highway;
All pure, and fresh, and stainless,
They spring up every day.

And in the dusty city,
Where busy crowds pass by,
And where the tall dark houses
Stand up and hide the sky,
And where through lanes and alleys
No pleasant breezes blow,
cr Even there, O God, our Father,
Thou mak'st the flowers grow.

mf And whether in the city
Or in the fields they dwell,
Always the same sweet message
The sweet young flowers tell.
cr For they are all so wonderful,
They show Thy power abroad;
And they are all so beautiful,
p They tell Thy love, O God. Amen.

RUTH. 6.5.6.5. D. SAMUEL SMITH, *b.* 1821.



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f WHILE the sun is shining
Brightly in the sky,
Ere his rays declining
Tell that night is nigh;
Ere the shadows falling,
Lengthen on our way,
Hark! a voice is calling,
"Work while it is day."

mf Work for God in heaven,
Seek the Saviour's face,
Plead to be forgiven,
Strive to grow in grace;
Watch against temptation,
Watch, and fight, and pray,
Each in his own station,
"Work while it is day."

f Work, but not in sadness,
For your Lord above;
He will make it gladness
With His smile of love.

mf When that Lord returning
Knocketh at the gate,

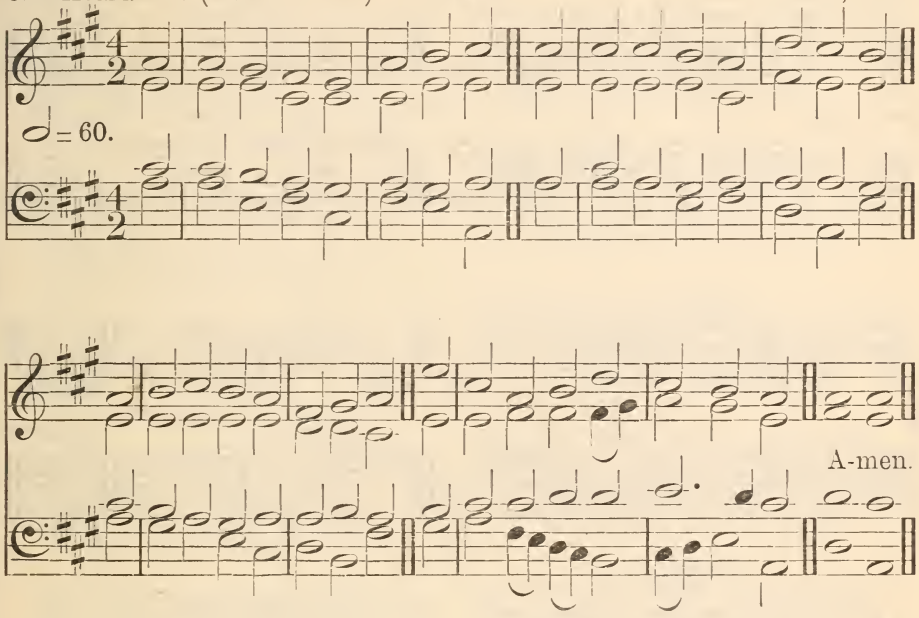
cr Let your lights be burning,
Be like men who wait.

f Happy then the meeting,
When you see His face;
Welcome then the greeting
From the Throne of grace—
"Good and faithful servant
Of My Father blest,
Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest." Amen.

Also the following:
Hark! hear ye not the Angel-song—87
Jesu, meek and gentle—441
The sun is sinking fast—33

647

Old Hundredth (Modern Form). L.M. *Geneva Psalter*, 1551.



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

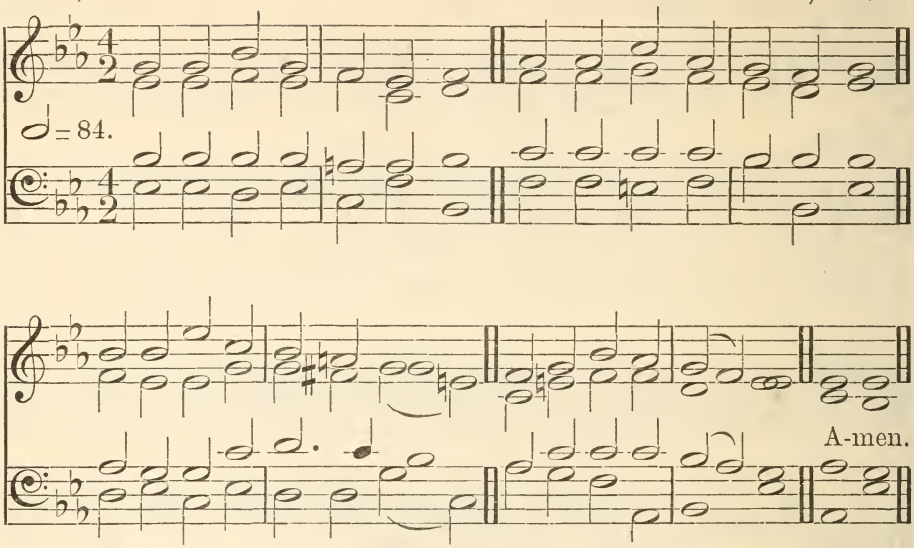
p BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored,
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

mf We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life and health, and every good:
May manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life, sent down from heaven. Amen.

Metrical Litanies.

LITANY, No. 1. 7.7.7.6. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, *b.* 1839.



PART I.

p FATHER, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Christ, beneath Thy Cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Holy Spirit grieved, and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the Tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

We Thy call have disobeyed,
Have neglected, and delayed,
Into paths of sin have strayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, come to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Hearing every contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART II.

p By the gracious saving call
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared man's guilt and fall:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong,
And our day of grace prolong:
We beseech Thee, hear us,

By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the gifts that show Thee near,
By the stripes of love we fear,
Warning us Thy voice to hear:
We beseech Thee, hear us,

By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART III.

p Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That, with loving sorrow torn,
Truly contrite we may mourn:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what indeed is woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it burn away our stain:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us Faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us Hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

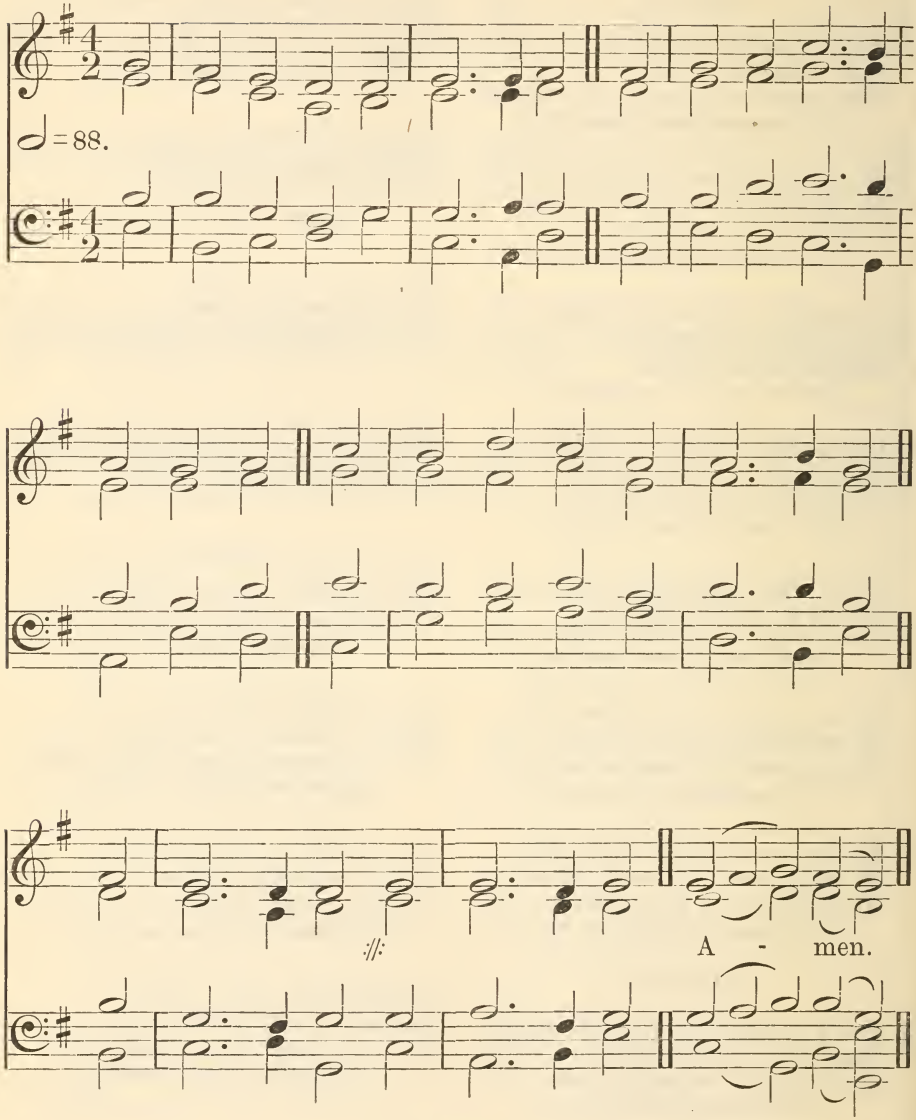
Grant us Love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
Amen.

Metrical Litanies.

Apostolicus. 8.8.8.4. A. H. Brown, *b.* 1830.



mf GOD of all grace, Thy mercy send;
Let Thy protecting arm defend;
Save us and keep us to the end.
p Have mercy, Lord.

mf And through the coming hours of night,
Fill us, we pray, with holy light;
Keep us all sinless in Thy sight.
p Grant this, O Lord.

mf May some bright messenger abide
For ever by Thy servants' side,
A faithful guardian and our guide.
p Grant this, O Lord.

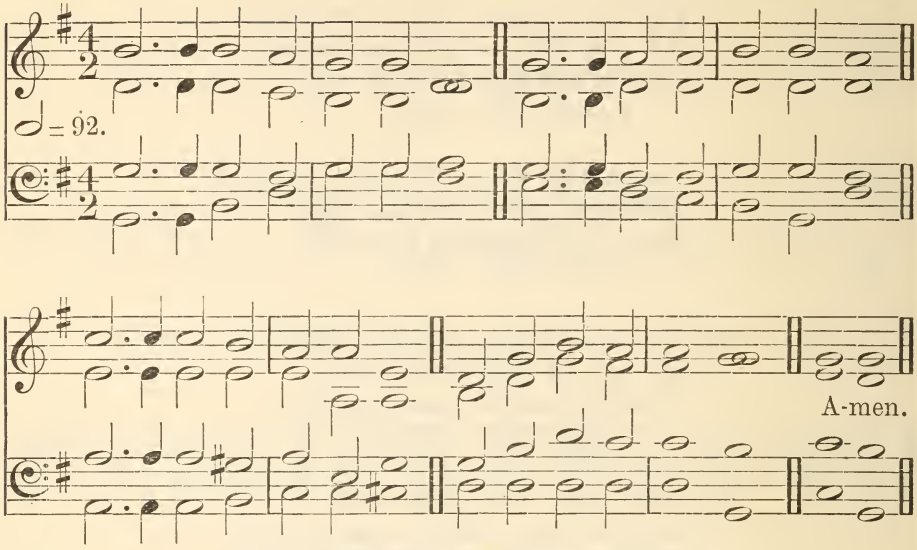
mf From every sin in mercy free,
Let heart and conscience stainless be,
That we may live henceforth for Thee.
p Grant this, O Lord.

mf We would not be by care opprest,
But in Thy love and wisdom rest;
Give what Thou seest to be best.
p Grant this, O Lord.

mf While we of every sin repent,
Let our remaining years be spent
In holiness and sweet content.
p Grant this, O Lord.

mf And when the end of life is near,
May we, unshamed and void of fear,
Wait for the Judgment to appear.
p Grant this, O Lord. Amen.

Litany, No. 2. 7.7.7.6. Harmonized by Arthur Sullivan, 1842–1900.



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PART I.

mf GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne:
p Save us, Holy Trinity.

mf Jesu, Master, Saviour, hear,
We Thy little ones draw near,
Lambs Thou holdest ever dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Tender Shepherd, all the day
Watching lest Thy weak ones stray,
In our perils we would pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

We have wandered from Thy side,
Wayward in our childish pride,
But Thine arms are open wide:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

All Thy tenderness reveal
To Thy children as we kneel,
Holy sorrow let us feel:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

All our past forgetfulness,
All our sins we now confess,
With Thy word of pardon bless:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Give that word in answer now,
While we low before Thee bow,
Thou canst save and only Thou:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou alone canst lead us on,
All the days till all be done,
Till the crown be fully won:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Give us, Lord, Thy Light to show,
Where Thy lambs may safely go,
Where there lurks no secret foe:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Who didst tread the way before,
Wearied with Thy burden sore,
That Thou mightest save the more:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

mf By Thy childhood's stainless years,
By Thy human pains and fears,
By Thy burden and Thy tears:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy days of lonely pain,
When the tempter sought to gain
All Thy will, but all in vain:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy days of ceaseless care,
By Thy nights of lowly prayer,
Lead us all Thy work to share:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the shadows o'er Thy way,
Darkening to that dreadful day,
When Thou would'st not turn away:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the days of bitter strife,
When Thy foes, 'mid passions rife,
Spurned Thy love and sought Thy life:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy Cross and Passion borne,
By the mocking and the scorn,
Wicked blows and crown of thorn:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy loneliness of woe,
By Thy griefs which none may know,
Pains no human word may show:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

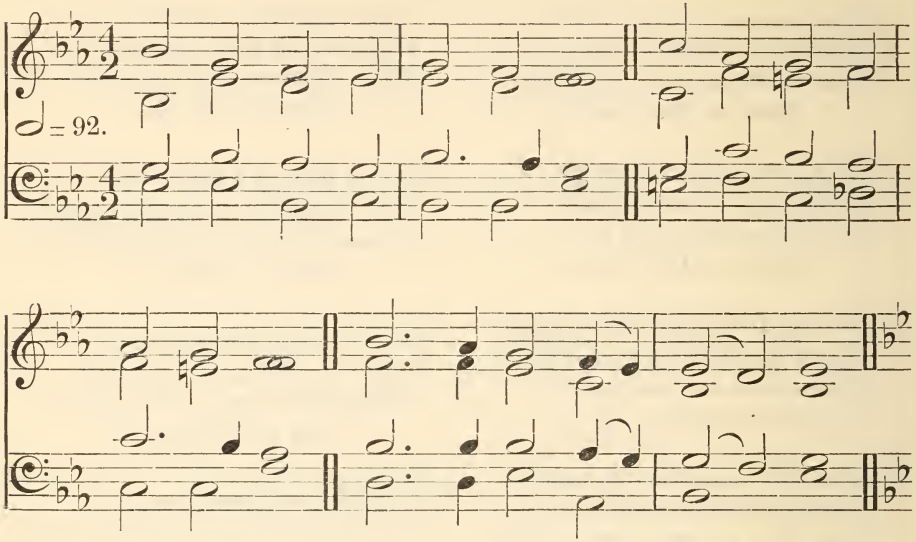
By Thy dying, by Thy cry,
Rising through the darkened sky
To the Father's throne on high:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

Lord of mercy, loving still,
Longing yet each heart to fill,
Raise our spirits, guide our will:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

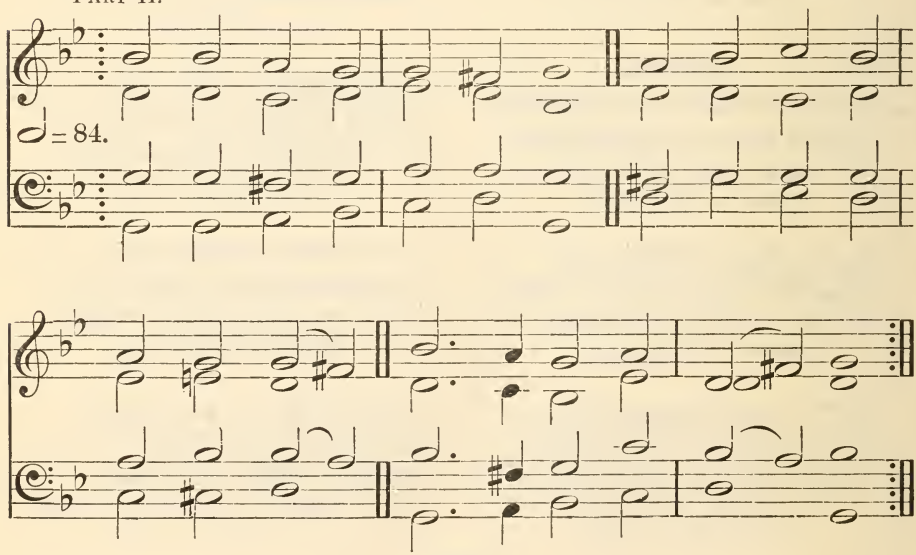
From all ills our souls defend,
Holy days in mercy send,
From all dangers to the end:
Save us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

Litany, No. 3. 7.7.6. W. H. Monk, 1823–1889.

Parts I. and III.



Part II.



PART I.

mf GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
p Spare us, Holy Trinity.

f God of God, and Light of Light,
King of Glory, Lord of might,
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p Very Man, Who for our sake
Didst true Flesh of Mary take,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Shepherd, Whom the Father gave
His lost sheep to find and save,
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Priest and Victim, Whom of old
Type and prophecy foretold,
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

f King of Salem, Priest Divine,
Bringing forth Thy Bread and Wine,
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Paschal Lamb, Whose sprinkled Blood
Saves the Israel of God,
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Manna, found at dawn of day,
Pilgrim's Food in desert-way,
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Offering pure, in every place
Pledge and means of heavenly grace,
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

p By the mercy, that of yore
Shadowed forth Thy gifts in store,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the love, on that last night
That ordained the better rite,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the Death, that could alone
For the whole world's sin atone
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the wounds, that ever plead
For our help in time of need,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

p That we may remember still
Kedron's brook and Calvary's hill,
Grant us, Holy Jesu.

mf That our thankful hearts may glow
As Thy precious Death we show,
p Grant us, Holy Jesu.

mf That with humble contrite fear,
We may joy to feel Thee near,
p Grant us, Holy Jesu.

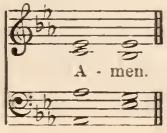
cr That in faith we may adore,
Praise, and love Thee more and more,
p Grant us, Holy Jesu.

p That Thy sacred Flesh and Blood
Be our true life-giving Food,
Grant us, Holy Jesu.

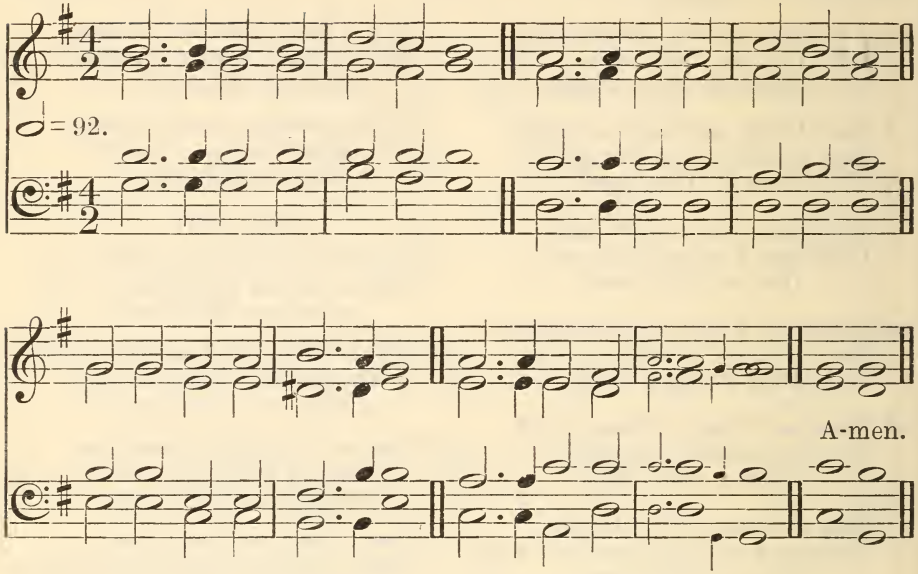
mf That in all our words and ways
We may daily show Thy praise,
p Grant us, Holy Jesu.

p That, as death's dark vale we tread,
cr Thou may'st be our strengthening [Bread,
Grant us, Holy Jesu.

mf That, unworthy though we be,
We may ever dwell with Thee,
p Grant us, Holy Jesu.



EVELYN. 7.7.7.6. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



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mf GOD the Father, seen of none,
God the Sole-begotten Son,
God the Spirit, with Them One,
p Spare us, Holy Trinity.

p Jesu, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By that hour of agony,
Spent while Thine Apostles three
Slumbered in Gethsemane:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray,
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the kiss of treachery,
To Thy foes betraying Thee,
By Thy harsh captivity:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the words of Caiaphas,
Dooming Thee for all Thy race,
By the spitting on Thy face:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Metrical Litanies.

By those sad rebuking eyes,
Moving Peter's tears and sighs,
When he had denied Thee thrice:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy being bound in thrall,
When they led Thee, one and all,
Unto Pilate's judgment-hall:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and crown of thorn:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the insult of the Jews
When Barabbas they would choose,
And would Christ, their King, refuse:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy going forth to die,
When they raised their wicked cry,
"Crucify Him, Crucify!"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the Cross which Thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy nailing to the Tree,
By the title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the parting of Thy clothes,
By the mocking of Thy foes,
As they watched Thy dying woes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

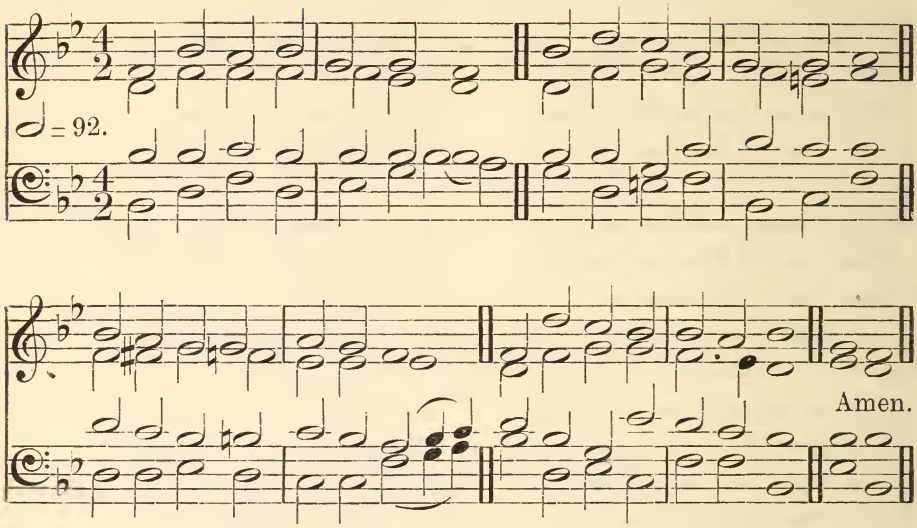
By Thy seven words then said,
By the bowing of Thy head,
By Thy numbering with the dead:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
cr Thou, Whose death hath been our life:
p Save us, Holy Jesu.

While on stormy seas we toss,
cr Let us count all things as loss,
f But Thee only on Thy Cross:
p Save us, Holy Jesu.

mf So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past,
f We may see Thy face at last!
p Save us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

LONSDALE. 7.7.7.7. F. A. J. HERVEY, *b.* 1846.



p HEAVENLY Father, from Thy throne
Look in love and pity down,
On each kneeling, little one;
Father, Lord, deliver us.

Jesus, Saviour undefiled
Once on earth a helpless Child,
Thou on little ones hast smiled;
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

Blessèd Spirit, gentle Dove,
From Thy home in heaven above,
Come and fill our hearts with love;
Holy Ghost, deliver us.

Heavenly Father, Spirit, Son,
Glorious Godhead, Three in One,
Thou canst hear, and Thou alone;
Three in One, deliver us.

By the great and tender love
Thou didst once for sinners prove,
Love which brought Thee from above;
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

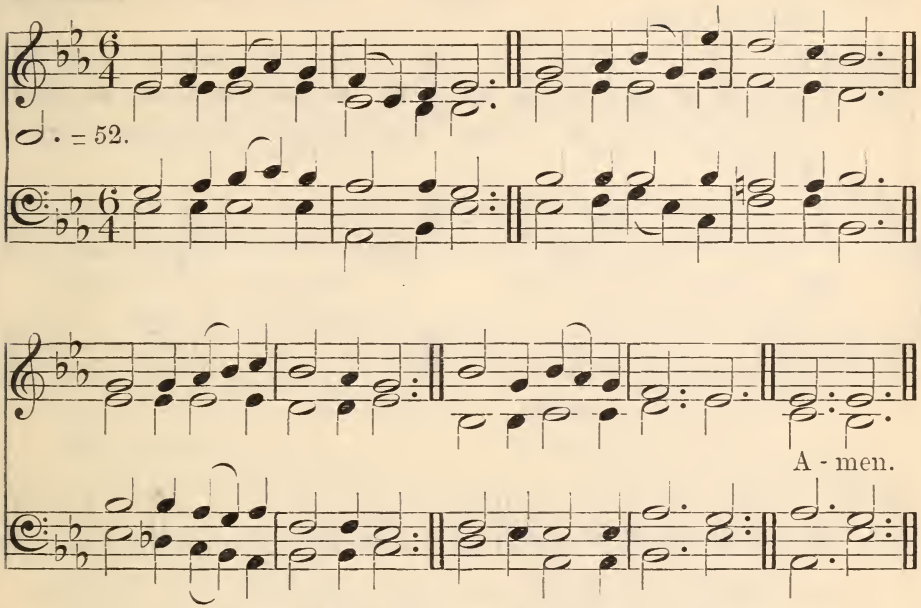
When the evil spirits throng,
Whispering words and thoughts of wrong,
Let our prayer be all along,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

When they tempt our feet to stray
From Thy pure and perfect way,
Teach us from our heart to say,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

When we yield our feeble breath,
When the awful hour of death
Calls us to the tomb beneath,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

cr When Thy voice shall bid us rise,
f When we meet Thee in the skies,
dim By Thy perfect Sacrifice,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us Amen.

Mill Lane. 7.7.7.6. Anon.



May also be sung to No. 650.

p HOLY Ghost! great Gift of grace,
Great Restorer of our race,
Make my soul Thy dwelling-place;
Holy Spirit, hear me!

Be my Guide from day to day,
Lest when tempted I should stray,
From the holy narrow way;
Holy Spirit, warn me!

Light of heaven! softly shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
Make and keep me always Thine;
Holy Spirit, lead me!

When my frequent falls distress,
And I seem to love Thee less,
Raise me from my sinfulness;
Holy Spirit, save me!

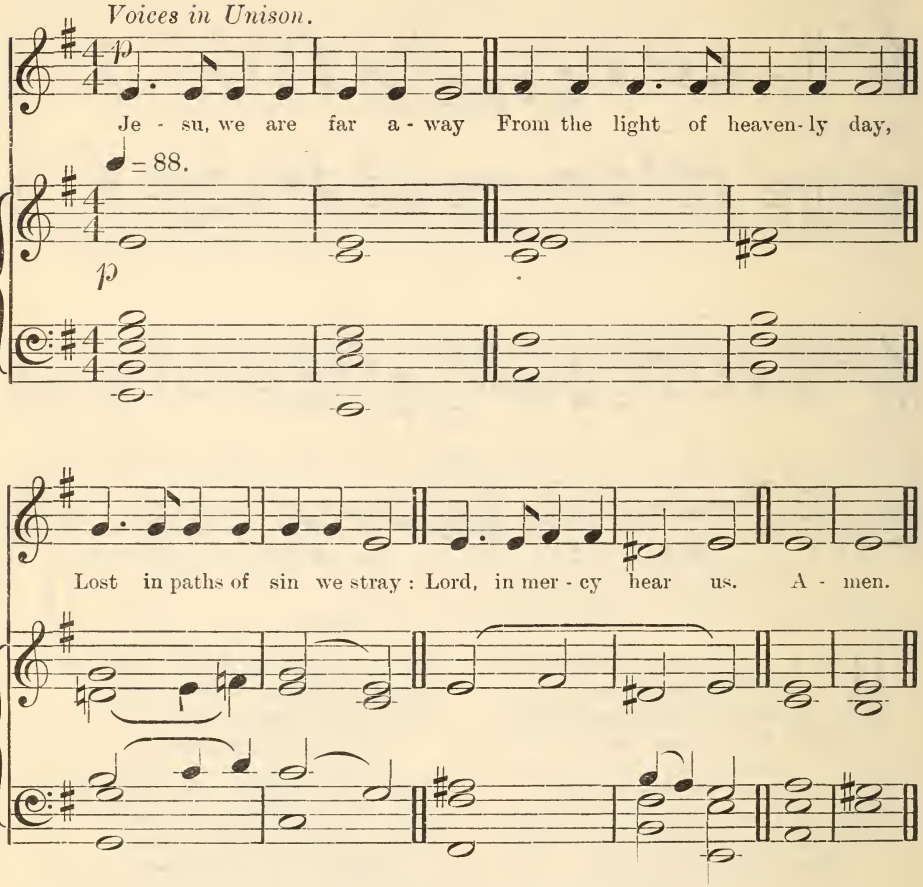
Quicken what the world would kill;
Gently bend my stubborn will,
And Thy purposes fulfil;
Holy Spirit, guide me!

Come, blest Spirit! Heavenly Dove,
Dearest pledge of Jesu's love,
Fix my trust on Him above;
Holy Spirit, help me!

Breathe Thy sweetness o'er my heart;
Bid each vexing care depart;
Make me tender as Thou art;
Holy Spirit, bless me.

Keep me humble, that in me [be;
Thou my Guide and Strength may'st
Give me light and purity;
Holy Spirit, keep me! Amen.

Litany, No. 4. 7.7.7.6. Arthur Sullivan, 1842–1900.


Voices in Unison.
p
Je - su, we are far a - way From the light of heaven-ly day,
♩ = 88.
p
Lost in paths of sin we stray: Lord, in mer - cy hear us. A - men.

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May also be sung to No. 648.

p JESU, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Deeper has the darkness grown;
Saviour, come to seek Thine own,
Leave, Oh leave us not alone:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Metrical Litanies.

Thou our great Example art,
Thou canst needful grace impart
To the wayward, earth-bound heart:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Foolish, weak, and sad we lie;
Guard us with Thy loving eye,
Be our helper, always nigh:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

On our darkness shed Thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white:
Lord, in mercy hear us,

May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May the world seem only dross,
May we welcome shame and loss,
Willingly endure the cross:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellow-creatures' weal
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing, what we say:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

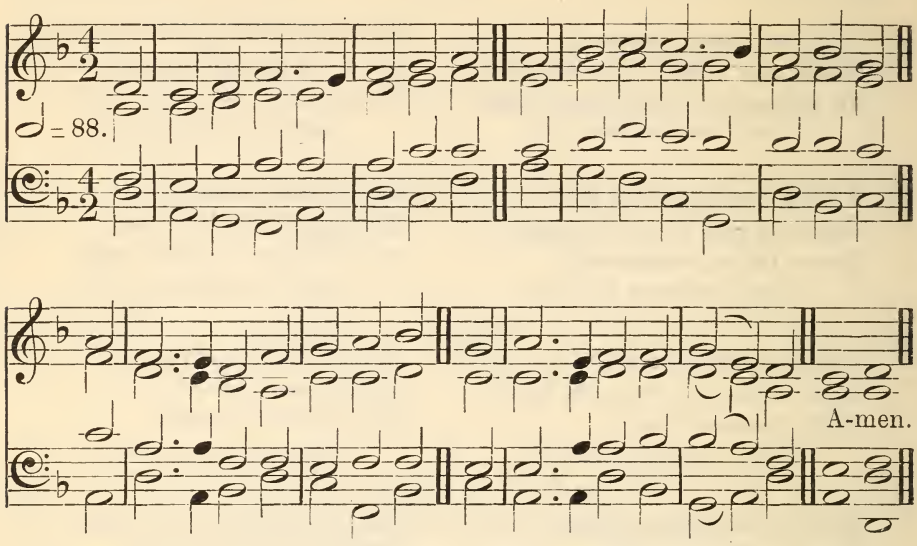
May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

cr So at last, from sin set free,
What we long for, may we see,
f And for ever blessèd be:
p Lord, in mercy hear us.

Amen.

Metrical Litanies.

ORTHODOXUS. 8.8.8.7. A. H. BROWN, *b.* 1830.



mf LORD, to our humble prayers attend,
Let Thou Thy peace from heaven de-
And to our souls salvation send. [scend,
p Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

mf Rule in our hearts, Thou Prince of Peace,
The welfare of Thy Church increase,
And bid all strife and discord cease.
p Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

mf To all who meet for worship here,
Do Thou in faithfulness draw near;
Inspire with faith and godly fear.
p Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

mf Oh let Thy priests be clothed with might,
To rule within Thy Church aright,
That they may serve as in Thy sight.
p Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

mf The sovereign ruler of our land
Protect by Thine almighty hand,
And all around the throne who stand.
p Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

mf In time of war be near to aid,
Strong be the arm for battle made,
Prostrate be every foeman laid.
p Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

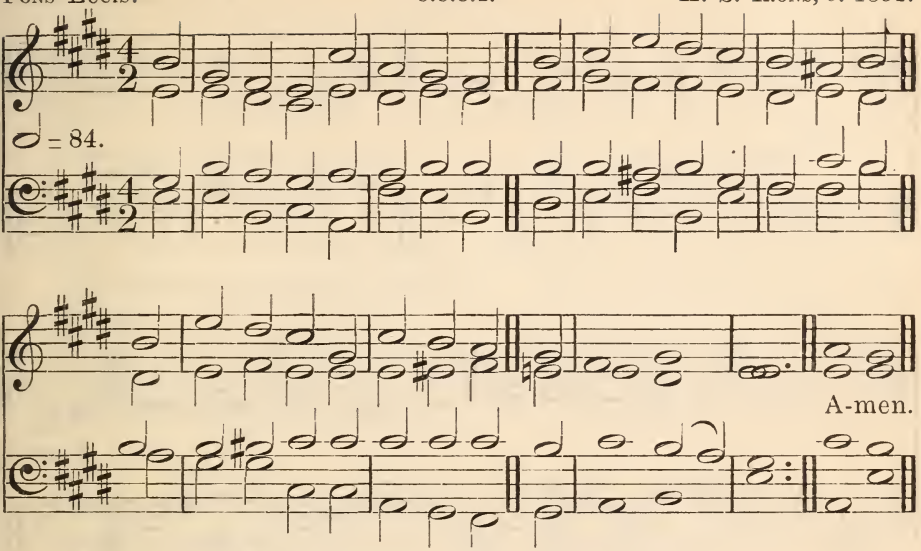
mf Let clouds and sunshine bless the earth,
Give fruits and flowers a timely birth,
Our harvest crown with peaceful mirth,
p Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

mf Let voyagers by land and sea
In danger's hour in safety be;
The suffering and the captive free.
p Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

mf Around us let Thine arm be cast,
Till wrath and danger are o'erpast,
And tribulation's bitter blast.
p Have mercy, Lord, upon us. Amen.

Metrical Litanies.

Fons Lucis. 8.8.8.4. H. S. Irons, *b.* 1834.



May also be sung to "St. Gabriel," *No.* 31.

mf O CHRIST! our Light, O Fount of light!
p Our sin is dark, and dark our night,
cr Hear these our prayers, and on us shine,
Thou Light Divine.

mf Thy sovereign power did us create,
Thy grace renewed our lost estate,
p To us, to all, with loving mind,
Jesu, be kind.

mf 'Tis faith that brings us to Thy knee,
The hope of one day seeing Thee,
'Tis love undying draws us near,
p Good Master! hear.

mf Our toil is done, and evening's hour
Finds us protected by Thy power;
f Thus grateful thanks to Thee we pay
For this Thy day.

p The sun hath sunk, the night is here,
cr Oh may that Sun, Whose radiance clear
Warms Angel hosts to warmest praise,
Send forth His rays.

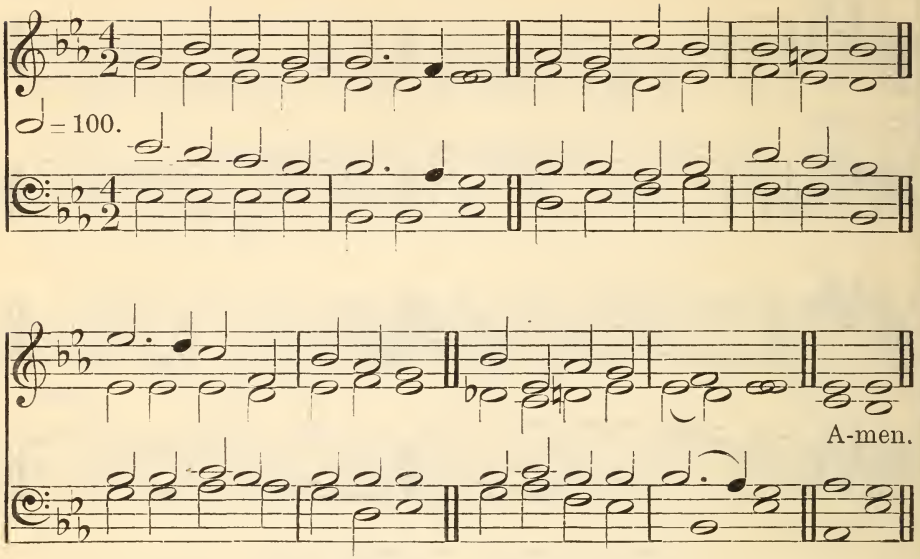
p Put, gracious Saviour! far away
The known and unknown faults of day,
That we with cleansèd mind and breast
May seek our rest.

mf On Thee be every burden cast;
With Thee each waking hour be passed;
May every act and thought fulfil
Thy kingly will.

May these tired limbs, from night's long rest,
Rise for the morning's work refreshed;
And may our bodies ever be
Pure homes for Thee.

Six days our weekly tasks we ply;
p The seventh we seek Thy rest on high.
cr Lord! while earth's joys and duties call,
f Be Thou our All.

AGNES. 7.7.7.6. E. BUNNETT, *b.* 1834.



May also be sung to No. 648.

p SPIRIT blest, Who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One eternal God and Lord :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and Fire of love :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of strength and knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit guiding to the right,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
Him, Whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Metrical Litanies.

Thou, Whom Jesus from His throne
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on Baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

All Thy seven-fold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come, to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come, to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come, to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy, loving, as Thou art,
cr Come, and live within our heart,
f Never from us to depart :
p Hear us, Holy Spirit. Amen.

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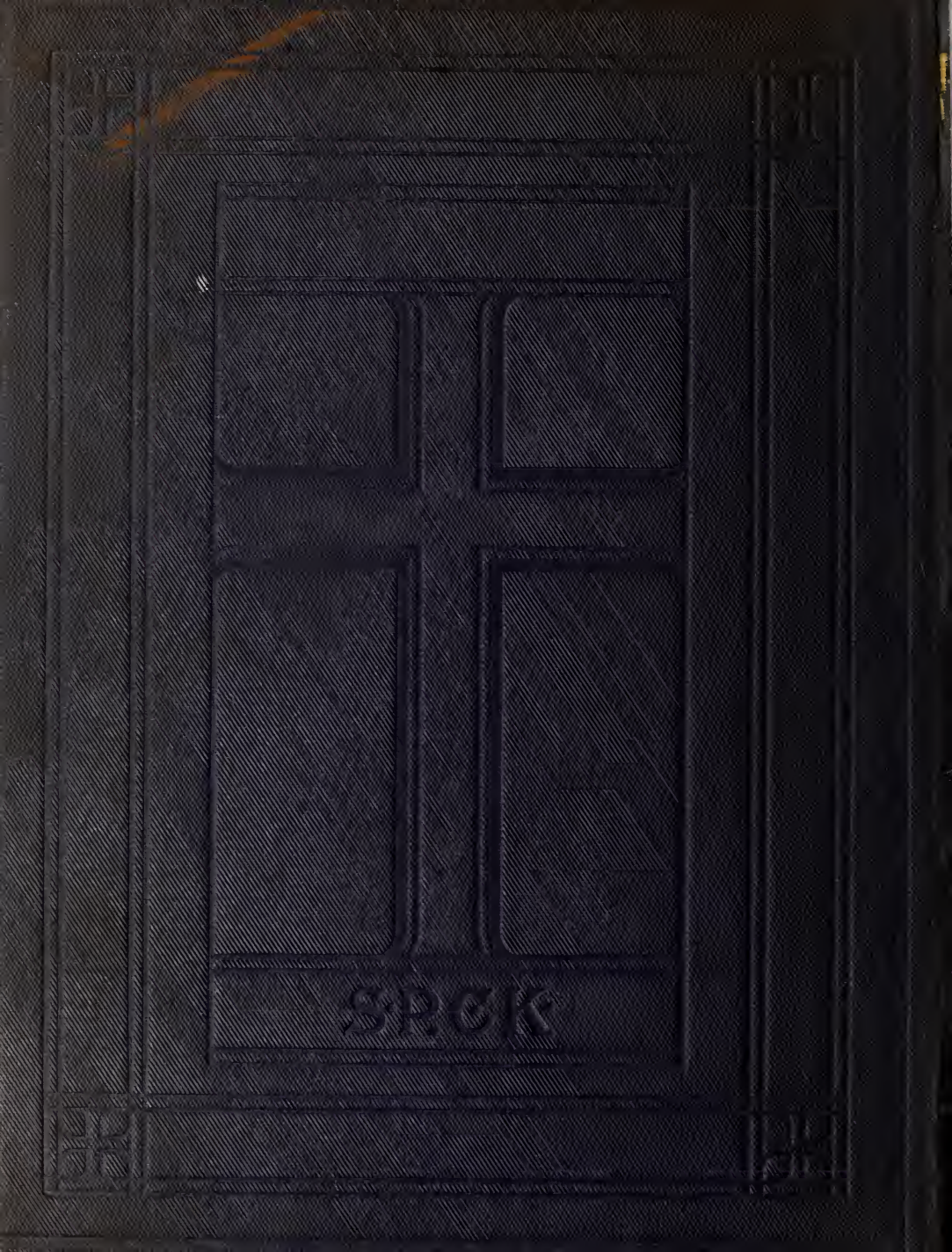
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